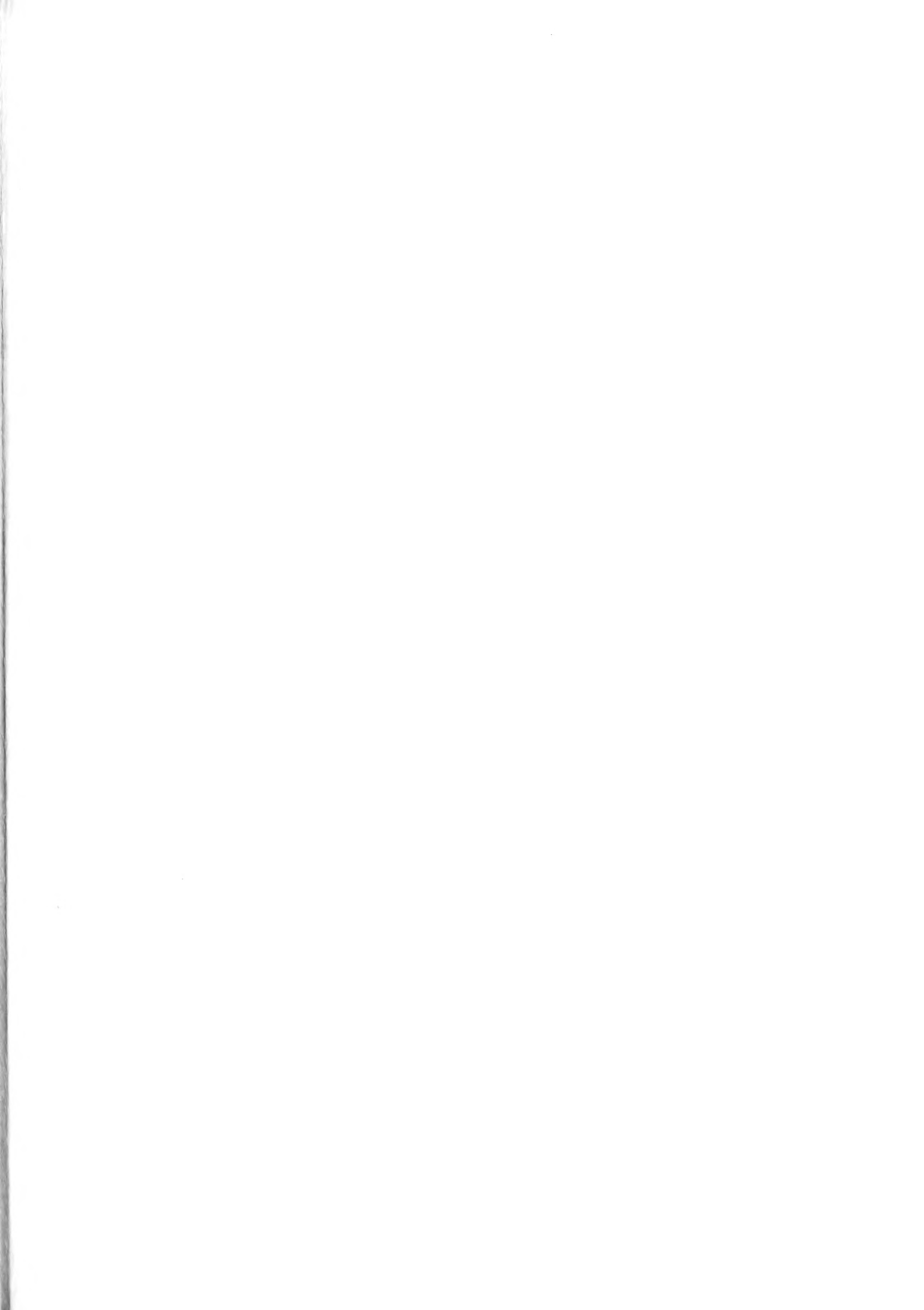




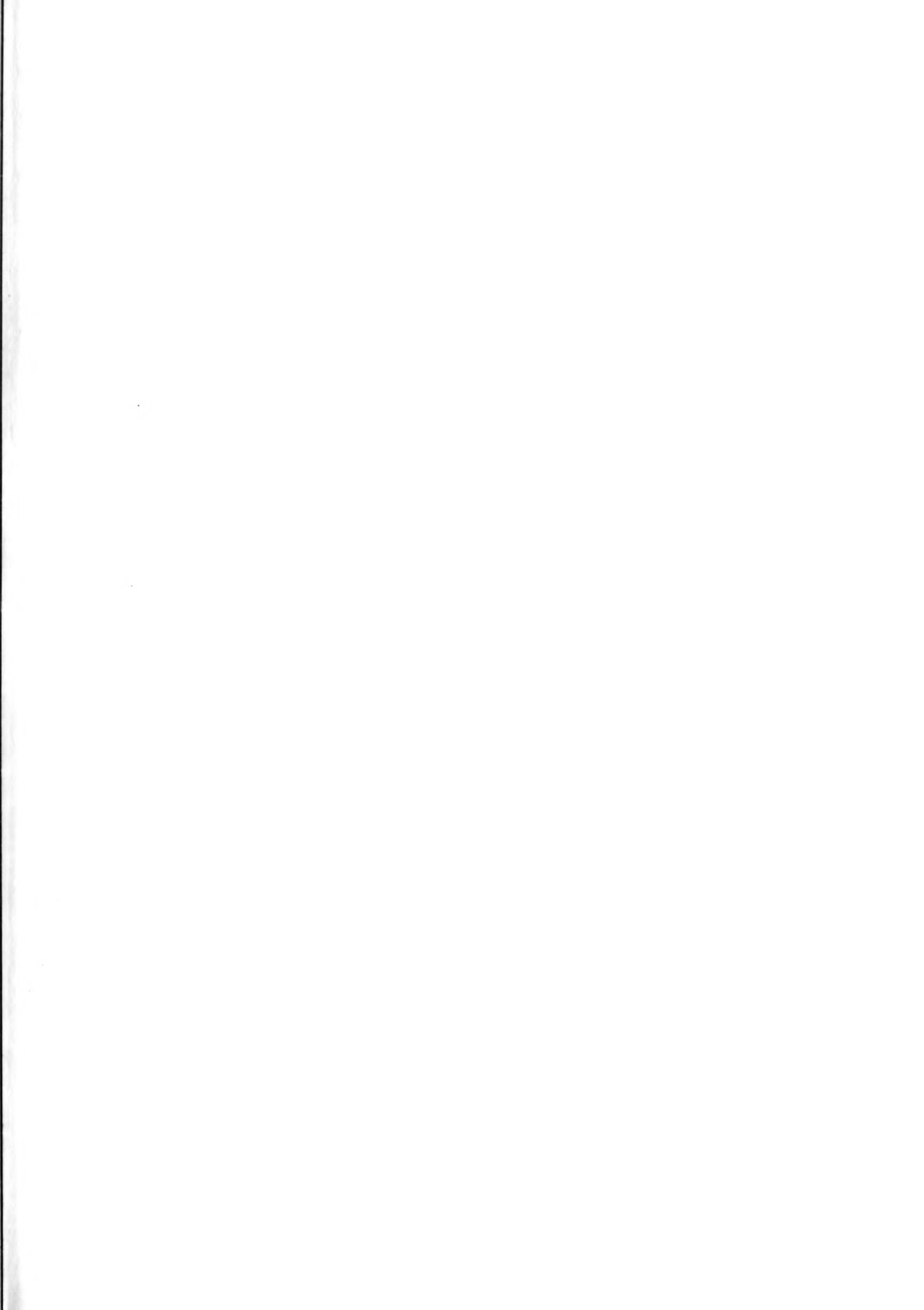
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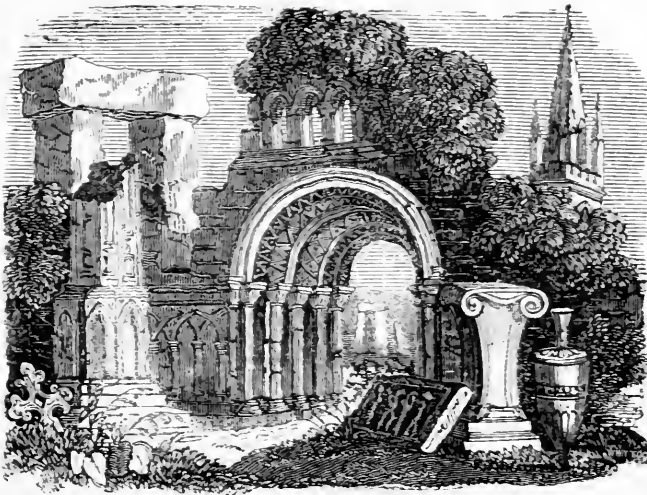
AN ORIGINAL MISCELLANY OF LITERARY, ANTIQUARIAN, AND  
TOPOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION;

Embellished with One Hundred and Fifty Wood-cuts.

EDITED BY

EDW. W. BRAYLEY, ESQ. F.S.A. M.R.S.L. &c.

(AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY,  
AND AIDED BY NUMEROUS COMMUNICATIONS FROM  
EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.



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C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

## P R E F A C E.

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IN the Prospectus originally issued for this Work, the purposes for which it was undertaken, were thus expressed.—“That ANTIQUARIAN and TOPOGRAPHICAL STUDIES may be rendered far more popular than they have hitherto been—more attractive and interesting to the uninitiated, without becoming in such form unworthy the attention of those who have long pursued them—there can be no doubt. Graphic Illustration has a charm for almost every one; and many who have, at first, been attracted by that alone, have insensibly acquired a relish for investigating and inquiring into the subjects thus introduced to them. From careless and casual inspection, they have been led on to make themselves acquainted with the history of the buildings and places they were shewn—to compare their former with their present state, to learn who were their founders or occupiers, and what events or traditions are connected with them; and, afterwards, to study whatever relates to the architecture, the state of art and literature, the manners, the habits, and the costume of former periods,—taking the term costume in its most liberal and comprehensive sense. Such collateral inquiries, if not indispensably necessary to the study of History, in the popular import of the word, are undoubtedly of extensive assistance, while they impart to it an additional charm, and confer on its scenes and actors that reality and those vivid colours, without which History itself either sinks into a dry chronological register of events, or imperceptibly transforms itself into philosophical discussion.

“Our NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES will, of course, occupy a considerable portion of attention, and furnish the chief subjects of our embellishments, comprising Buildings, Monuments, Dress, Arms, Sports, and Amusements, &c. &c.; while the HISTORICAL department will embrace Biography, Genealogy, Family History, Traditions, Anecdotes, Letters, &c., with Portraits of distinguished and remarkable individuals, from monuments and other authentic documents; fac-similes of their autographs, and other illustrations.—But we shall not confine ourselves to the Antiquities and History of our own country:—those of other nations, of such especially, as have been most connected with England, and where the progress of society has been nearly parallel with our own, will obtain our notice. Neither shall we scruple to introduce, as opportunity may offer, subjects of modern Architecture and Topography, feeling assured that they will materially add to the interest of the ILLUSTRATOR, and tend to render it more generally attractive and popular than it could otherwise expect to be.”

Such was the comprehensive design under which this Publication was commenced. In engaging to superintend it, I had the farther object in view of trying whether even a *Cheap* periodical might not be so conducted as to diffuse a more general taste for the higher stages of literary pursuits and research, than had before been prevalent.—By treating them in a pleasing and popular manner, it was my wish to familiarize Archæological inquiries, to extend the influence of Antiquarian lore, to correctly delineate the National Manners of the olden times, to disseminate just principles on Architecture and the Arts, to elucidate points of History of dubious

authenticity, to investigate our Provincial dialects, and finally, to supply instructive Entertainment for an intellectual and high-minded People.

As the Work proceeded, an extensive Patronage, and numerous communications from Literary Friends, seemed to promise a successful result,—but, unfortunately, the failure of the publisher, and the “law’s delay” in arranging his affairs, wholly blighted whatever hopes had arisen from the favourable manner in which the publication was received.—Although in nowise accountable for its termination, the desire of rescuing my Name from the implied demerit of an unfinished Work has induced me thus to complete it, at my own expense, in a SINGLE VOLUME.

Without entering farther into a detail of circumstances, I shall proceed to the more pleasant task of expressing my grateful acknowledgments to my Friends for the many valuable Communications with which I have been honoured:—and it must be evident to every reader, how greatly the interest of this publication has been enhanced by such assistance.

For the series of Papers on the Superstitions and Fairy Mythology of Wales, as well as for those on the Malvern Hills, and of several others bearing the signature of *Vyvyan*, I am indebted to MR. C. V. CLIFFE; and it affords me great pleasure thus to testify my high opinion of his literary industry and attainments. The admirable papers on Architecture, with the attached initials E. T., were written by MR. E. TROTMAN; those on Chivalry, &c. and other articles, signed J. F. R. by MR. J. F. RUSSELL; and those on the Study of Antiquity, by MR. T. STACKHOUSE. Making their names thus public is an act of justice to their abilities. My sincere thanks are also due to SIR S. R. MEYRICK, SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, and SIR FREDERICK MADDEN; from whom, had the work proceeded, I had a well-founded hope of still farther aid. To MR. JOHN STEVENSON, and MR. J. M. MOFFATT, I am also highly indebted, as well as to various other gentlemen, whose names I am not permitted to particularize; independently of many valuable Correspondents, with whom I had no personal acquaintance, but from whose assistance the labours of editing a Weekly publication were greatly lightened.

In consequence of the long suspension of the “ILLUSTRATOR,” (a delay over which I had no control,) I consider that it cannot now be carried on with any reasonable prospect of a successful issue,—yet, as I relinquish it with regret,—and as many—very many of my Friends and Correspondents express a similar feeling at its discontinuance,—it is possible that, in the course of the ensuing Winter, I may engage in some new undertaking on a nearly similar plan,—yet comprehending certain improvements which may still farther deserve the patronage of an enlightened Public.

EDWARD WEDLAKE BRAYLEY.

Russell Institution,  
April 21st, 1834.



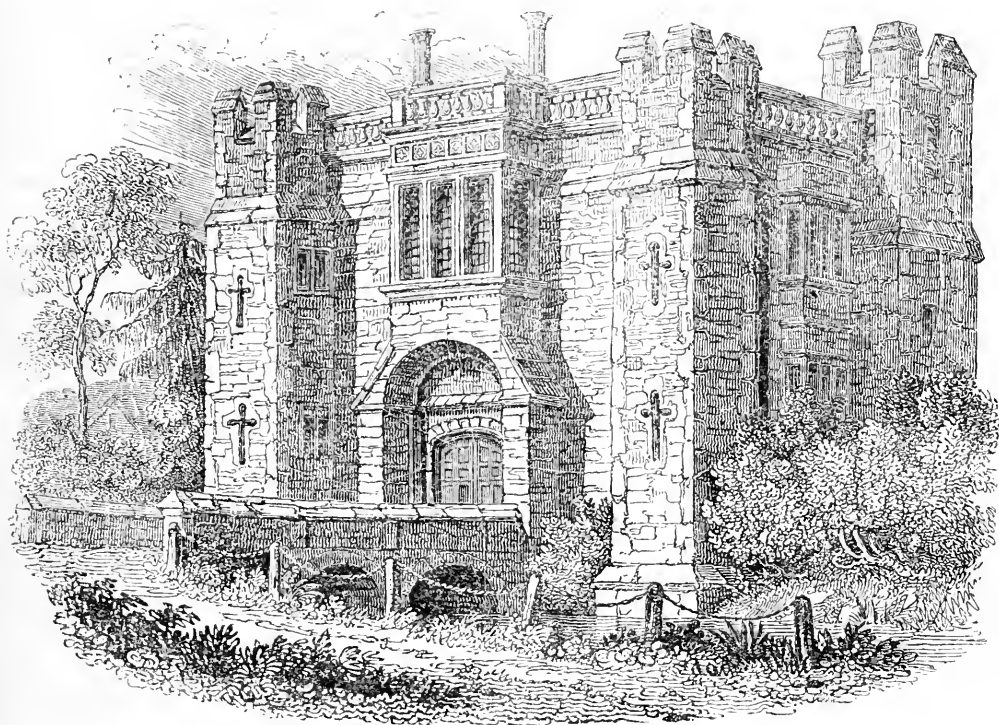
# THE GRAPHIC

AND

## HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATOR.

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BORSTALL TOWER.



BORSTALL is situated on the western side of Buckinghamshire, near the borders of the county, and within two miles of *Brill*, which formed part of the ancient demense of the Anglo-Saxon kings, who had a palace there; to which Edward the Confessor frequently retired to enjoy the pleasure of hunting in Bernwood Forest.\* Tradition says, that the forest

\* A close, near the church at Brill, called the "King's Field," is reputed to have been the site of the Palace.

about that time was infested by a wild boar, which was at last slain by a huntsman, named *Nigel*, to whom, in reward, the King granted some lands to be held by cornage, or the service of a *horn*; a mode of livery which in that age appears to have been common. On the land thus given, Nigel erected a large manor-house, and named it *Bore-stall*, or Boar-stall, in memory of the event through which he obtained possession. These circumstances are corroborated by

various transcripts relating to the manor, which are contained in a manuscript volume, in folio, composed about the time of Henry VI., and now in the possession of Sir Thomas Aubrey, Bart., the owner of this estate. It contains a rude delineation of the site of Borstall House, and its contiguous grounds; beneath which is the figure of a man on one knee, presenting a boar's head to the King, who is returning him a coat of arms.\*

From an inquisition taken in the year 1265, it appears that Sir John Fitz-Nigel, or Fitz-Neale, then held a hide of arable land, called the Dere-hide, at Borstall, and a wood, called Hull Wood, by grand serjeantry, as Keeper of the forest of Bernwood; that his ancestors had possessed the same lands and office prior to the Conquest, holding them by the service of a horn; and that they had been unjustly withheld by the family of Lazures, of whom William Fitz-Nigel, father of John, had been obliged to purchase them.† Prior to this, William Fitz-Nigel had been obliged to pay King John eleven marks for the enjoyment of his father's office, and for liberty to marry at his own pleasure.‡

In the 28th of Edward I., anno 1300, John Fitz-Nigel gave his daughter in marriage to John, son of Richard de Handlo, who, in consequence of this match, became in a few years Lord of Borstall, and in 1322, (6th of Edward II.) he obtained license from the King, "to fortify his mansion at Borstall, and make a castle of it." In 1327, (2nd of Edward III.) the said John was summoned to parliament as a baron, but his son, or grandson, Edmund, dying in his minority, in 1356, this estate afterwards passed, by heirs female, into the families of De la Pole, James, Rede, Denham, Banistre, Lewis, and Aubrey. The latter has been in possession nearly a century and a half. Sir Thomas Aubrey, Bart. the present owner, resides at his seat, near Aylesbury. Bernwood was not disafforested until the reign of James I.

At an early period of the Civil Wars, Borstall House was garrisoned for King Charles, but in the spring of 1644, when it was thought expedient to abandon some of the lesser garrisons, this mansion was evacuated, and the fortifications were partly dismantled. This, however, had scarcely been effected, than the parliamentary garrison at Aylesbury, which had experienced much inconvenience by the incursions from Borstall, took possession, and by seizing pro-

visions and obstructing the intercourse from the neighbouring country, soon became as great a nuisance to the king's garrison at Oxford, as their former neighbours had been to them; in consequence of which, Colonel Gage undertook to reduce it, and having, after a slight resistance, obtained possession of the church and outworks on the eastern side, he opened such a heavy fire against the manor-house and tower that it was shortly surrendered. On this occasion, according to the "Historical Discourses" of Sir Edward Walker, the Lady Denham, the then owner, being conscious of her disaffection, stole away in disguise. In the following year, two attacks were made on the royalists, at Borstall House, (the first by General Skippon, and the next by Fairfax,) but both were unsuccessful. In 1646, on the 10th of June, General Fairfax reduced it after an investiture of eighteen hours only, it being surrendered to him by the governor, Sir Charles Campion, who was subsequently slain at Colchester.

BORSTALL TOWER, the north front of which is represented in the annexed cut, is a good specimen of the castellated architecture of the time of Edward II. Its form is square, with embattled turrets at each angle; the entrance to the tower is over a bridge of two arches, which supplies the place of the ancient drawbridge, destroyed by order of parliament, when the tower and house were dismantled, in the year 1644. The gateway is secured by massive doors, strengthened with studs and plates of iron. Each of the northern turrets contains three apartments, which are light and lofty; the southern turrets contain spiral staircases, with stone steps leading to the upper apartments; the space over the gateway includes two large rooms, but the principal apartment is on the second story, and occupies the whole space between the turrets. Modern improvement has somewhat decreased its dimensions, by cutting off the recesses, formed by the bay windows, at each end and over the gateway, but it is still a noble room; the bay window last mentioned still retains part of the stained glass it was formerly decorated with, particularly an escutcheon of the De Lazures and the De Handloos. The roof is nearly flat, and forms a beautiful terrace; it was formerly covered with lead, which has since been replaced by copper, thinly leaded, to preserve it from corrosion. The south front, as seen from the pleasure ground, is peculiarly light and pleasing. Since the demolition of the old mansion by the late Sir John Aubrey, (who died a few years ago, at the age of eighty-seven,) one side of the moat has been filled up, but the other three sides still remain. A neat pa-

\* Vide "Archæologia," vol. iii. where the plan is engraved.

† Vide Bishop Kennet's "Parochial Antiquities of Ambrosden," &c., p. 265.

‡ Ibid, p. 166.

rochial chapel was erected in 1819, on the ancient site, by the late Sir John Aubrey; the chancel is lit by a handsome window, and contains an elegant monument in dove-coloured and white marble, to the memory of the two wives of Sir John; and another, a very chaste specimen, in the perpendicular Gothic style, has been erected to the memory of Sir John Aubrey himself, who is buried in the vault beneath the chancel.

## OBSERVATIONS

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE CLASSIC STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE, AND THAT DENOMINATED GOTHIC, FOR THE PURPOSES OF MODERN APPLICATION.

It forms a happy sign of improvement in the national taste, that we may now be allowed to institute a comparison of the ancient architecture of Greece and Rome with that of the middle ages in our own country and others adjacent—a permission, which to have asked a century ago would have been thought to stamp any one as an ignorant barbarian. That the case, however, is one not thus easily to be set aside by an affectation of classical accomplishment, (a feeling, perhaps, naturally enough attending the revival of classic literature,) will be evident upon a review of those qualities which are admitted by all to be decisive upon the value of an architectural system.

If the praise of *convenience* be claimed for the Italian and Greek modes, it would be difficult to prove that the Pointed style is in this particular at all their inferior. The difficulties experienced in the treatment of the latter are almost wholly accidental, and not such as grow out of any natural intractability of that style. These difficulties, perhaps, may be assigned to two causes; the one, that our forefathers were alike ignorant and careless of the refinements of modern luxury, and consequently have not left us examples for all those conveniences of arrangement, which modern habits and superfluous luxuries require,—the other, that our architects have for centuries made so little use of the Pointed style, that they have failed from neglect of study to become acquainted with its resources. Let the latter occupy as much of their efforts and attention as the exotic styles have done, and it will soon be found to be destitute of no quality of convenience, whether in public or domestic edifices.

An objection is frequently raised against the adoption of the old English mode, on the supposition of

its being more expensive than that of the others. This objection may be met by the same reply as before, that it is not to the style itself, but to the degree of judgment with which it is treated, that the expense is attributable. Of this we have a perfect demonstration in the instances of three or four churches erected in this style, within the last few years, and which do honour to the metropolis, whose cost has not exceeded the moderate limits of expenditure, that were thought to constitute the great excellence of the modern *Grecian* system of church-making.

It is not to be denied, indeed, that an architect now thinks it impossible, consistently, to imitate the style of the middle ages without filling his windows with elaborate tracery, loading his cornices or string-mouldings with foliage, and vaulting his interiors with large groined ceilings, will find such a scheme altogether incompatible with limited means; but it is equally certain that if he apply an analogous rule of proceeding to the treatment of the other styles he will find himself involved in no less a difficulty. It may be granted further that the old English mode is not quite so manageable as to admit of the square openings and wide sashes, of the flat copings and level ceilings of modern domestic architecture; but it must be allowed in return, that in the former case the production however simplified bears a distinctive character, whereas, in the latter, we frequently cannot apply any epithet of classification to the mass of structures that are, indeed, mere brick boxes to hold human creatures.

But, the considerations of convenience and economy being disposed of, to what extent do the three styles in question relatively promote the ends of architecture as an *ornamental* science? That the great characteristic of the ancient *Greek* remains is extreme beauty, both in the detail and in the mass, must on all hands be admitted. It seems, however, to be a beauty inseparable from strict simplicity of arrangement; and accordingly we find in none of the much-admired remains of *Grecian* temples, any considerable diversity of plan, or variation of form from that of the original parallelogram. This simplicity was indeed so general, that, but for the varied decorations of sculpture, it would probably have soon been attended with satiety and change.

The *Romans*, as if desirous of having a world of their own in architecture as in arms, borrowed from the Greeks only a few crude ideas of component parts, and forthwith struck out for themselves a variety of bold attempts, deriving new and valuable aid in their execution from the great discovery of the

principle of the *arch*. Their Italian successors, systematizing their ideas, and adding new devices as their wants and luxuries required, have produced a style which, though inferior to the Grecian in the beauty and finish of its component parts, much surpasses it in the grandeur of its combinations, and in the varied character of its picturesque masses. In illustration of these distinctive peculiarities of the Italian style, it would be scarcely possible to refer to a finer example than the dome of the metropolitan cathedral; together with which we might particularize the steeples of some half-dozen churches, among which the former rises preeminent. But if to each of these styles, distinguished as it is by its own attribute of the beautiful or the picturesque, we grant its own share of merit, we can scarcely refuse a double portion of approval to a style which unites in itself the qualifications of both the former, and that to an unlimited degree. Such is the *Pointed style* of architecture, stigmatized as it has been with the appellation of "gothic," by those whose contracted minds would not allow them to confess the existence of any beauty which was not regulated by arithmetical calculations, and geometrical problems. If the highest display of elegant combination be not found in the ever-varying designs of the old English windows, in the diversified exuberance of the appropriate foliage, bosses, and crockets, of the cornices, ceilings, and pinnacles,—in the undulating forms and appropriate character of mouldings,—in the clustered richness of the tall column or the sweeping arch,—in the luxuriant tracery or branching ribs of the vaulted ceilings,—or in the elaborate varieties of screen, niche, canopy, altar, and stall,—it is to be found nowhere. Nor is the excellence of this style less in the command which it has of the picturesque in the external distribution of its masses, its shadowy or its flying buttresses, its dignified porches, its rising gables, its varying outlines of plan, broken only to enhance the interest, and its elegant and airy finishings of battlement, pinnacle, and tower, by which the eye is carried off into the clouds. But of all the combinations in which this great style displays its master-power, there is none so impressive as the effect of a well-composed interior. The Greek interiors were of no account; and even the finest efforts of Rome never made the slightest approximation to the overpowering grandeur of effect displayed in York Minster, or in King's College Chapel, those monuments of the artificial sublime. But we may also notice an additional advantage in the Pointed style, as resulting from the completeness of all its

collateral decorations. In the treatment of this style we have not, as in the case of Grecian art, to look abroad for windows, ceilings, pavements, &c. unknown to the inventors of that system; but we have in this a prototype for all the principal accessories sufficient for our direction in similar compositions. Indeed, to do justice to the recommendation of this department of architecture would be far beyond our limits; and almost the only remaining objection to its use that we can anticipate, is that arising from its solemnity of character. That its prevailing aspect is that of gravity, and often of solemnity, is admitted, and we grant therefore that it would not be suited for the purposes of a theatre; but the exceptions are few, compared with the many advantageous opportunities for its application. In short, adapted as it is to our climate and scenery, interesting as it is from old associations, and applicable as it is to all the great purposes of architectural science, we must confess it to be a subject every way worthy of the enthusiastic study of the artist, and the zealous patronage of the Englishman. E. T.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE MALVERN HILLS.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest shady scene . . .  
To climb the trackless mountain,—  
This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold  
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores  
unroll'd.

BYRON.

GENTLE READER, imagine thyself with him who, with the "hand of his heart," is tracing these lines ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MALVERN HILLS. The breeze free, clear, and cutting; the month October, and the day sunny and joyous, though at intervals chequered, like life, with clouds, which cast their light and shade with magical effect, over the surface of that vast and matchless panorama.

Whatever may be asserted to the contrary, Cowper never wrote a truer line than when he said, "God made the country but man made the town." We know this jars with the sentiments of the large class of matter-of-fact people, the *nil admirari* description of travellers, who can hurry through the finest scenes, and cry "'tis all barren;" such persons view even the ocean as merely facilitating the purposes of traffic. To the lover of the country, mountains stand pre-

eminently forth in the poetry of nature. How undefinable are those feelings which arise in our bosoms on beholding a lofty mountain from afar. How heart-stirring a sun-burst amidst hills, now revealing for a moment that rocky hollow, now casting a blaze of radiance around the summit of that half-concealed steep.\*—

But whither are we wandering, we are bewildered with that vast expanse of country, surveying “at one moment county upon county of rich merry sylvan England, mansioned, abbeyed, towered, spired, castled;” in good sooth, we hardly know how to embrace it in description, for in the peculiar nature of the scenery, Malvern stands alone. October is a month after our own heart, and the richly wooded plain of Worcestershire appears to most advantage in its autumnal livery, while nature speaks thus silently, though eloquently,

\* It has been ingeniously argued, that romantic and mountainous scenery exercises no influence in forming poetic fancy. Switzerland, that strong hold of the picturesque, is instanced; yet she has produced only one poet, Gesner. The names and histories of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, and others, are also brought forward by these reasoners, with a view to prove that poetic feeling is affected by hidden and deeper influences, than mere external objects. It is true, that of our eminent English poets, many may have been born or lived in the metropolis; the crowded streets and noises of which are certainly not very poetical, and we believe that Dryden was laughed at for proposing to write an epic poem, because he had never seen a mountain, while a well-known living poet is jeered as the bard of Cockaigne. But we would enquire whether, in the majority of instances, the parties had not passed the period of early youth in the country, when the mind is a virgin field, open to all the mysterious influences of nature? There they drank at the fount of their inspiration, for who recalls without a bounding heart that happy period, when the world was yet a sunny paradise before him, when he climbed that crumbling relic of the olden time, swam that river, bounded over those hills, or lay amongst that new-made hay, looking at the glorious sun, yet unconscious of those quicksands which would ere long too fatally engrasp him. Indeed, the lives of most of our great modern poets stand directly opposed to this town theory. Byron was brought up, in early youth, in the highlands of Scotland, and passed much of his life amidst the most spirit-stirring of nature's scenes. Campbell still fondly clings to the remembrance of the land of his fathers; Scott has undoubtedly drawn the fount of his inspiration from the scenes he has passed his life amongst; Southey and Moore are said to detest a town; we have Wordsworth, “Nature's bard,” with Coleridge, and the other lake poets; nor should we omit Cunningham and Hogg in this brief enumeration. If these few eminent names, and many more might be added, do not establish the influence of scenery on poetic character, we are at a loss for an argument. A fine scene, or the moral of a ruin in a landscape, comes home with more or less effect to every mind. Still, however, we do not mean to argue that genius may not be found in Cheapside, as well as amongst the lakes; the mind, or in other words, the *Soul*, is deep and in-

to our hearts of our own decay; but as poor Keats beautifully sings,

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them: thou hast thy music too,—

While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day,

And touch the stubble plain with rosy hue.

We have understood, that objects in no fewer than twelve counties may be seen from the “Worcestershire Beacon,” the elevation we now stood upon. A landscape may suffer as much from a bad light as a picture, but on this day, the 17th of October, as noted in our journal, the purity and clearness of the atmosphere was very unusual. Immediately below us lay the entire counties of Worcester and Hereford. The eye roved over the vast *sea* of wood in the former, which seems one wide verdant forest. In the midst stood the city of Worcester, famous for its porcelain, with its massive cathedral, (in which repose the ashes of the tyrant John,) and its lofty spires; further onwards, in strong relief, the Clifton and Abberley hills rose over the plain; till we came to the Cleve hills and Wrekin, famed in Salop, which bound the view in this direction; leaving Hagley Park, near which is

comprehensible; it is, however, sufficiently clear, that certain contingent circumstances exercise a powerful influence over it. We have not yet mentioned Burns, of whose poetry it has been remarked, by those whose arguments we have been endeavouring to controvert, that “there is not much that is purely descriptive;” that he seldom soars amongst the more elevated of nature's works, but is most himself whilst describing rural scenes, or in depicting human feelings and human sympathies. We will partly grant this, for they came home to his heart and his early recollections. We will grant also, that that portion of Ayrshire, in which he was born, (for on this they rest the stronghold of their argument,) possesses no claims to the picturesque; but, as a friend of ours has remarked in writing on Burns, “‘Scotia's woods and waterfalls’ had evidently a great effect in directing the efforts of his muse.” The situation of Elliesland, on the banks of the Nith, where he resided after having left his paternal home, was exceedingly beautiful; and it was Burns' greatest delight to walk alone, on a stormy evening, under a *Scaur*, (*Anglicé* precipice,) on the banks of the river, which rolled its swollen and turbulent waters furiously onwards below him. It was then he loved to compose. “Indeed,” says Mr. Lockhart, “I cannot but think, that the result of an exact inquiry into the composition of Burns' Poems would be, that his ‘vein,’ like that of Milton, flowed most happily from the autumnal equinox to the vernal.” It was during a terrific storm of wind and rain, in a solitary ride through the romantic district of the Glenkens, that he composed the celebrated poem of “Bannockburn,” in its first and noblest form. “His best poetry to the last,” says the writer already quoted, “was produced amidst scenes of solemn desolation.” And yet the life of Burns has been especially instanced to prove, that the external influences of nature have no effect in forming poetic feeling.

the Leasowes of Shenstone, and glancing more to the west, we observed dense clouds of lurid smoke rolling in the horizon, over Birmingham and its thickly populated district; nearer to us lay the vale of Evesham, that rich and fertile belt of country stretching for a distance of forty miles, till it terminates at Thornbury, in Gloucestershire; the Severn might here and there be discovered winding through its high and wooded banks; the Edge Hills, near the classic Stratford-on-Avon, where the first encounter between Charles and the Parliament took place, and the extensive Cotswold range melting away in the distance, rose in the background; the towns of Pershore, Tewkesbury, Upton, Cheltenham, with the city of Gloucester and its magnificent cathedral, stood plainly forth on this part of the landscape; while the Bristol channel, having the appearance of a vast lake of molten silver, had an almost magical effect on the distant horizon.

On the reverse of the landscape was, as we have said, the whole county of Hereford, with its city and cathedral. Roving onwards over the irregular and undulating surface of this beautiful county, (watered by the Wye, and rich with orchards,) we rest on the confines of our British Alps, the "innumerable" hills of Cambria, amongst which the Black Mountains of Brecon and Radnor, rising 2600 feet, stood darkly forth on the frontier; till they mingled with the stern and varied features of Monmouth, and the western portion of the county of Gloucester. The gloomy and elevated nature of the scenery in this quarter of the country has a double effect on the mind, when it is considered that by a single turn of the head the senses wander from the wildness and desolation of that scene to the level plain of Worcestershire, prodigal in richness and fertility; while a host of cities, towns, villages, churches, farm houses, and many minor objects of interest are spread out before you as on a map; and the light and shadow, thrown at intervals over the whole country, give it a thousand different hues which a Claude might envy.

Many of the minor features of the Malvern Hills are highly picturesque; a gorge or an elevated broken rock, with scattered sheep, are objects the mind loves to rest on. We seem to rise above and cast off the littleness of the world, as we survey man and his abodes from a lofty elevation. What a vast field for reflection is opened in the scene before us. What a contrast to the busy stream of human existence in the plains beneath did this elevated solitude present. How much of misery or of happiness—of good and of evil; how many an aching heart under a careless brow was to be found in the space embraced

within our gaze. But we were in a mood to read "sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Scenes like these eminently tend to calm and to elevate the mind, and to lead us indeed from nature up to nature's God. One of the boasts of England, a snug farm-house, with its orchard and its trim stack-yard, and well-filled barn and out-tenements, bespeaking plenty and old English comfort, lay below us on the Herefordshire side of the hills. There we turned our eyes with pleasure, for we could *individualise* the interest, and we inwardly thought of the delights and the pleasures of farming and of a pastoral existence; the sterner realities of that once happy occupation were for the moment shrouded by romance.

A word or two on the HILLS themselves and on the interesting watering-place of Malvern, and we have done. The Malvern Hills are a vast mass of quartz and limestone, rising at the southern extremity of Worcestershire, partially dividing that county from Hereford and Monmouth, and stretching gradually towards that tract; rich to a proverb, which is known as the Vale of Evesham. Standing thus alone in the landscape, it possesses a peculiar character. In a hilly country the variety of commanding objects divide the attention; but thy "blue steep," O Malvern, is ever the same, vasty yet not stern, of matchless sweep, a monarch in the land! Thou art yet before us as we saw thee last, at the close of an Autumn's day; thy flowing majesty of outline stretching away with a giant's grasp, till lost and blended with the shadows of evening; whilst the dying halo from the departing sun threw thy purple summits clearly and beautifully out on the heavens.

This was from the "Old Hills," a range of eminences (which are endeared to our remembrance,) about five miles from Worcester and four from Malvern. The view from this point is eminently fine; the eye wandering over a richly-wooded and fertile vale, which sweeps gently away below you, while the Malvern chain, towering in the distance, forms a matchless background. It is a landscape of singular beauty. The sequestered village, (and Abbey church of Great Malvern,) which chiefly lies along an elevated natural terrace on the side of the hills, below the two highest summits, is plainly discernible from this spot. It holds a high rank in picturesque beauty, and as a watering place it is quite unique. The Malvern Hills may lay claim to some interest in a literary point of view, apart from that which they derive from their natural attractions. They were the scene of the earliest British poem, the "Visions of William, concerning Piers Plowman," which is supposed to

have been written by Longlande, though also ascribed to John Malvern, a monk. We present a short extract :

In a summer season, when soft was the sun,  
I slope into shrubs, as I shepherd were;  
In habit as a hermit unholy of works,  
That went forth in the world wonders to hear,  
And saw many cells and selcouthe things;  
As on a May morning on Malvern Hills  
Me befel for to sleep for weariness of wandering;  
And in a laud as I lay, leaved I and slept.

Malvern was a favourite resort of Henry VII., who built the Abbey Church. In its architecture you may trace the same hand which raised that beauteous edifice at Westminster. Its painted windows have long been celebrated, but they exhibit only a type of their olden beauty. Massive and imposing, yet airy in its details, the Abbey exhibits the ravages of the great destroyer on its walls, and a bazaar was held in the village to raise funds for its repair last summer. Since the long visit of the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, we believe Malvern is fast growing in fame and extent. There are three springs, celebrated for their medical efficacy, one of which is far up the acclivity; which combined with the airiness and salubrity of the situation, render it a desirable residence for the invalid. A little below the Worcestershire Beacon is a circular half-ruined building, in which some ladies, who had taken shelter from a storm, were struck dead with lightning a few years since. Some remains at Little Malvern invite the attention of the antiquary.

But we must quit this splendid scene. We may never behold the Malvern Hills again; but their beauty, whether considered alone or in connection with the scenes they overlook, will always live in our remembrance.

VVVYAN.

## NOTES,

### ANTIQUARIAN, TOPOGRAPHICAL, &c.

#### NO. I.—PRIORY CHURCH, LITTLE DUNMOW, ESSEX.

THIS interesting and venerable relic of the olden time stands in a cornfield, about four miles distant from the town of Dunmow, (the *Villa Faustina* of the Romans). It was formerly the eastern end of the south aisle of a magnificent collegiate church, erected for the joint use of the parish, and of a religious house,

founded A. D. 1104, by Juga, sister of Ralph Baynard, (who held the manor at the time of the Domesday survey) for a prior and eleven canons, of the order of St. Augustine, and consecrated by Maurice, Bishop of London. At the suppression, this monastery was given to Robert, Earl of Sussex, by that rapacious sovereign, Henry VIII.; but it has since been in the possession of several different families.—It was on a bright and beautiful morning at the latter end of October, 1831, that I set out from the town of Dunmow, in quest of this little temple.

I had more than one inducement to lead me there, for, besides its having been so long celebrated for the jocular ceremony of awarding the flitch, or gammon, of bacon (thrice performed within its walls previous to the Reformation), it is there that the fair Matilda lies buried, who, better known by the name of *Maid Marian*, shared the fortunes of Robin Hood.

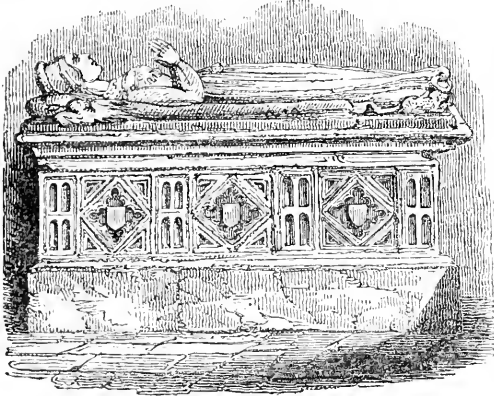
I was aware that Mr. Douce considers the story as a dramatic fiction, and that the female character which figures in the old ballads was borrowed from a French pastoral drama of the eleventh century, entitled, "*Le Jeu du Berger, et de la Bergère*," in which the principal persons are Robin and Marian, a shepherd and shepherdess; and I was well acquainted, on the other hand, with the opinion of Mr. Steevens, Bishop Percy, and Master Drayton, that the name *Marian* was originally assumed by a "lady of high degree," who was murdered at Dunmow priory.

It was, therefore, with feelings of no common interest, that I first caught a distant view of the modest little fabric:—a field and spacious burial ground dotted with headstones, decayed and covered with moss, separates it from the road. These were soon crossed, and having noticed a neighbouring farmhouse, which stands on the site of the monastery (and wherein is an oak table, of great age and huge dimensions, that groaned with the viands of the richer visitors, who came nearly a century ago to witness the last delivery of the flitch to Master Shakeshanks, wool-comber, and his worthy helpmate), and nearly stumbled over a stone coffin, (hollowed within to suit the shape of the body it once contained) I unlocked the nail-studded door, and entered the church. The sunbeams, which streamed through the delicate tracery-work of three lofty windows, shed a mild radiance upon the surrounding objects, and the serenity which pervaded the whole scene, so different from the turmoil of the world, seemed powerfully to whisper, "This is none other than the house of God."

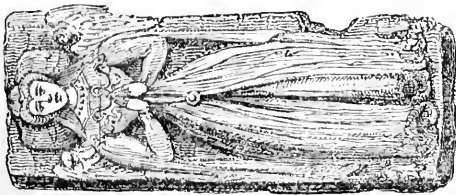
A beautiful airy screen of dark oak, curiously carved, and probably coeval with the pile itself, sepa-



rates the body of the church from the chancel; on the left side of which, between two pillars of the Tuscan order, I found, as I expected, the fair alabaster *Effigy* of the celebrated Matilda. The face, although much disfigured, bears traces of former beauty: her hands are clasped as in prayer.



The following description of this figure, (together with the annexed representations,) is derived from Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*. On the head, which reposes upon a cushion, is a covering like a woollen night-cap. She has a collar of SS; a necklace of pendants falling from a rich embroidered neckerchief; a rich girdle, and long robes, the sleeves close to the wrists, and slit there. Her fingers are loaded with rings, there being two on several of them. Her face is round and full, but rather inexpressive. At her head were two angels, now mutilated, and a dog on each side her feet. According to the "*Chronicle of Dunmow*," in the *Monasticon*, vol. ii. p. 76, she was buried between two columns in the south part of the choir; but her effigy, with its slab, is now placed upon a gray altar tomb in the position before mentioned. The tomb is decorated with shields in quatrefoils, parted by pairs of arches, and evidently of a more modern style than the incumbent figures.



This lady's history is briefly as follows:—She was the daughter of Robert, Baron Fitz-walter, proprietor

of Castle Baynard, who is distinguished in English History, as the "Marshal of the Army of God, and Holy Church;" and the leader of the illustrious barons, who extorted *Magna Charta* from King John. Upon her entering her eighteenth year, he invited the neighbouring nobles to a costly banquet.

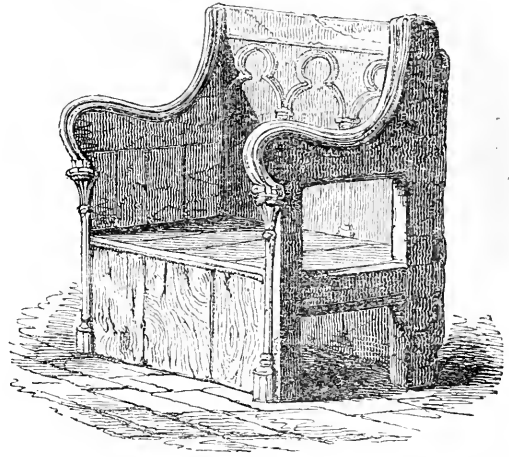
For three days, justs and tournaments delighted the assembled guests, and won honour and lady's love for many a new-made knight. On the fourth, a strange warrior, cased in mail, entered the lists, and vanquished the bravest of the combatants; his gallant bearing and handsome features enamoured the fair young queen of that high festival, and she blushed deeply when she hung the golden chain around the victor's neck, and kissed his lofty forehead. His countenance was clouded with sorrow, and as he came so he departed, none knew whither. Prince John (afterwards king), who had honoured the castle with his presence, became smitten by the charms of the high-born maiden, and basely endeavoured to obtain her for a mistress. The Baron Fitz-walter, her father, treated his proposals with just and natural indignation, which so enraged the headstrong prince, that (taking advantage of his brother's absence in Palestine, where the greater part of his followers were likewise fighting) he immediately attacked Castle Baynard, and slew its owner: but Matilda fled away to the green forest, and there, on the day following, was again met by the stranger knight; his burnished steel was laid aside, and he was clad in Lincoln green, the archer's garb. He told the lady that he was *Robin Hood*, the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon,—“at the mention of whose name the warrior trembled in his hall, and the ecclesiastic turned pale, although reclining on the episcopal throne,”—and that he would shield her innocence from the fierce and cruel ravisher. The prince discovered her retreat, and attacked the foresters; a sanguinary fray ensued, during which it is said that John and the lady (who was then in male attire) met and fought. The prince required her to yield, and she resolutely desired him to *win* her first, and so stoutly did she repulse him, that he was constrained to withdraw from the ungallant contest. This part of the story places Matilda in a somewhat unfeminine light, but great allowances must be made for the customs of that age, and the peculiar circumstances of her case. She afterwards married Robin Hood, and when king Richard restored him his earldom and estates, she became Countess of Huntingdon: when her husband was again outlawed by King John, she shared his misfortunes, and, at his death, took refuge in Dunmow



Priory (which appears to have been enriched by some members of her family), trusting to spend the residue of her days in peace. The tyrant, however, who had never forgotten her bravery in Sherwood forest, dispatched a gallant knight, one Robert de Medewe (the common ancestor of the present Earl Manvers, and of the writer of these "Notes"), with a token to the fair recluse,—a poisoned bracelet. Ignorant of the accursed deed he went to perform, Sir Robert arrived at the priory, and was respectfully and cordially received. Matilda had lost the bloom and vivacity of youth, but her mien was stately, and her person still imposing. The rough warrior felt the flame of love kindling in his bosom, but he strove to stifle it, and, bidding the lady a hasty adieu, speedily departed. Whilst on the road to London, his fond feelings waxed stronger and stronger the farther he proceeded from the object of them, and, at length, being unable any longer to curb his passion, he turned his horse's head, and retraced his way. It was night when he reached the priory, but the light of many tapers streamed through the windows of the adjoining church on the weary soldier, and the solemn dirge of death awoke the slumbering echoes. With fearful forebodings he entered the house of prayer, and there in the chancel, on a bier and covered with flowers, was stretched the lifeless body of the unfortunate Matilda. The bracelet was on her wrist, it had eaten its way to the bone, and the fiery poison had dried her life blood. The flesh was ghastly pale, but a heavenly smile irradiated her fine countenance: the priests were standing around, weeping, and the "Dies iræ" died away on their quivering lips when the warrior entered. He flung himself upon the lady's corpse, invoking a thousand maledictions upon his own head. No persuasions could induce him to return to the camp and court, but, resigning his mail for the cowl and gown, he became a faithful brother of the order of St. Augustine.

Facing the monument of this hapless female is another, erected to the memory of Walter, first of the name, who died A. D. 1198, and was buried with Matilda Bohun, his second wife, in the choir. Sir Walter is clad in *plate* armour, beneath which is a leathern shirt: his hair radiates from a centre curling inwards; the legs are broken off at the knees: the lady wears a tiara, decorated with lace, ear-rings, and a necklace: their heads repose on cushions, and their hands are raised in the usual supplicatory attitude. On the north side of the chancel is a mural monument to the memory of Sir James Hallet, knight; and near it stands the *Chair*, in which the happy couple, who

obtained the flitch of bacon, were carried on men's shoulders round the site of the priory. Probably it was the usual seat of the old abbots; it is in good condition, considering that several centuries have glided away since it assumed its present form, and may last very many years longer, if not mutilated by the knives and nails of Goths, or *pseudo-antiquaries*. The accompanying sketch represents this relic.



J. F. R.

### STAINED GLASS.

#### REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER AND APPLICATION OF ANCIENT AND MODERN STAINED GLASS.

AMONG the numberless discoveries to which the useful and ornamental arts are indebted, few are equal in importance to the invention of GLASS; an invention which has produced in none of those arts a greater change, or developed more striking beauties of combination, than in the department of *Architecture*. We cannot wonder at the feeling of surprise and admiration with which the ancient father beheld the rays of the rising sun streaming through the glazed chancel-window, accustomed as he had been to the sight of a mere unfilled aperture, or at best to the insertion therein of a thin, semi-transparent plate of marble, or of horn. But, great as was the accession of beauty and convenience which architectural science thus derived, it remained for further discovery to show that the very light of heaven might be intercepted in its passage, and made to display a new world of varied imagery and gorgeous colour. The earliest notice that we have of so splendid an effort of refinement is

of the age of Pope Leo III., that is, about the year 800, when an extreme of magnificence was effected in the ecclesiastical establishments of the day; but it was not until several centuries afterwards that the use of stained glass became a matter of frequent occurrence. The manufacture of this article was for a long period exclusively continental, and pursued at no place with so much success as at Venice. Proportionate, however, to the advancement of national liberty in this country on the ruins of feudal tyranny was the progress of the British arts, and among them of that now under consideration. Accordingly we find that, by the time when the Pointed style of architecture had attained its zenith of splendour in our land, we had artists of our own fully qualified for the execution of all those "painted stories" with which the windows of our old ecclesiastical and other edifices are so "richly dight," without having recourse to foreign skill. As affording instances of this, we may refer to the fine windows of York Minster, executed by Thornton, about the year 1400; to several of those in the collegiate chapels and halls of Oxford; and to those also of the matchless chapel of King's College, Cambridge, the glazing of which last was performed in the time of Henry VIII. by Southwark artists, at the total price of one shilling and sixpence for every superficial foot, a pattern-sheet or "vidimus" having been previously prepared for all the various parts of the work, and submitted to the opinion of the official inspectors of the building.

In directing a critical attention to the characteristics of this department of ancient art, we shall find in the primary point of *composition* much that is both distinctive and appropriate. The construction of our old windows necessarily limited the arrangements of design, by affording for the most part only long vertical compartments, divided by substantial stone mullions. Each of these compartments ordinarily contained one or more figures of patriarch, prophet, saint, king, warrior, founder, or benefactor, occupying frequently a sumptuous niche, whose rich canopy filled out the space above, while in that below were seen the armorial bearings either of the individual so depicted, or of some other of note, the whole being then circumscribed by a continued border of roses, oak or vine-leaves, fleur-de-lis, or other objects. A repetition of the same general features prevailed throughout the remaining lower compartments; and the *head* of the window was then decorated, according to the forms produced by its ramifications, with, sometimes, similar devices of figures, grotesques, diapers of foliage, or occasionally with the beautifully-flowing vine-

branch, on a ruby or other ground. There are indeed instances wherein the whole window is a *continued* picture; but the former is the more frequent distribution,—a distribution which, while it is always attended with brilliancy of effect, is productive also of remarkable harmony of lines and of objects with those of the accompanying architectural masses.

But such being the nature of the old composition, the style in which the outlines so produced are filled up is characteristic and striking. With the general effect of *chiaro-scuro*, or the more detailed niceties of light and shade, our early artists were almost wholly unacquainted; and they endeavoured therefore to supply the want of these by the use of strong outline, and by a brilliant opposition of colours. Thus in the representation of niches, canopies, &c. so frequently borrowed from architecture, we find very sparing attempts at shadow, the whole object being usually boldly outlined in black and white, backed, it may be, by a bright ruby or azure ground; and, if further distinction of parts be wanted, it is gained by the substitution of various tints for some of the white or colourless. In the execution of the human figure, where the same minuteness of parts was not to be found, a more free use of shade in the features, limbs, and draperies, was unavoidable; yet this without any approach to the finished effects of modern art. This deficiency of course had a tendency to make *colouring* the great object of display, the brilliancy of which was further enhanced by the constant use of ground tints or carpetings, exhibiting rich diapers of foliage or of tracery, sometimes brought out on any colour by a darker shade of the same, and sometimes produced by blackening the piece of stained glass, and then removing the black in the required forms for the original tint to show through. To this we may add, that a glittering effect of colour was promoted, not only by the endless variety of heraldical achievements, but also by the circumstance of the ignorance of our old artists as to the means of using two distinct colours in conjunction on the same piece of glass; a limitation that obliged them, in sustaining the variety of their subjects, to add to their intricacy by making them masses of reticulated lead-work, the bands of which had the same effect as a distinct outline for subdivision and contrast.

But besides originality of composition and vividness of colouring, there is, in the old productions of this description, much matter of general interest to engage a careful and minute attention. We have already noticed the happy manner in which such subjects harmonize and combine with the features of their asso-

ciate architecture, producing, as they do, a succession of appropriate imagery, a subdued yet rich light, and a mysterious solemnity of effect, which give to some of our ecclesiastical interiors an air of enchantment. If we further investigate the same subjects in detail, we shall find abundant entertainment in contrasting the grace and freedom of outline displayed in some figures with the highly grotesque and even absurd management of others; in observing the peculiarities of costume and habiliment, ecclesiastical, domestic or military, characteristic of the different personages depicted; and in remarking likewise the high degree of finish often lavished on borders, carpetings, and draperies, not unfrequently too minute to be distinguished by the eye of an ordinary observer. To the antiquary and historian the armorial bearings also upon our old windows present on all occasions a valuable aid to the identification of individual characters, and to the discovery of family connexion; while the other subjects furnish them with constant information relative to the customs, the history, and the legends of the past, civil and ecclesiastical. In a country like ours, abounding with antique examples of vitrified painting, any one of which may be to some extent illustrative of the preceding remarks, it would be needless to particularize specimens beyond those already instanced. We have not yet indeed to lament the paucity of subsisting ancient productions; but we have to regret another, and scarcely an inferior, evil in the almost universally unsatisfactory attempts of modern times to restore or to imitate the old remains: a subject to some notice of which the foregoing observations naturally lead. Captivated with the vivid hues of the antique, persons have remarked with more frequency than judgment, "Such colours certainly cannot be equalled in the present day." With the exception perhaps of its reference to the ancient ruby, which appears to have been lost for the past two centuries, this assertion may be altogether denied; and, more than this, besides commanding all the resources of the old artists, ours of the present day are in possession of many practical advantages which the former had not, among which is that of their being able to lay every variety of colour on one and the same piece of glass, and thus often to execute with nicety, in ten pieces, a subject on which a hundred formerly would not have been so well bestowed. With these opportunities, therefore, and with greatly improved ideas upon the science of painting in general, our artists should be qualified for productions of a higher order than those of their ancient predecessors; and it remains then to be asked on what account they fail

to imitate their works with success. The chief occasion of this may be found in the imperfect acquaintance which the modern artists have with the principles of old English *design*, both pictorial and architectural. They seem to forget that these principles are totally distinct from those observed in the paintings of the later *Italian* masters, whose figures and groups are not unfrequently copied for the embellishment of our windows in the *pointed style*, but always without success. Strict simplicity, solemn dignity, and appropriate costume are primary points for consideration in imitating the figures of our old windows. In the imitation also of those architectural decorations, with which such figures were anciently surrounded, it is worse than puerile to suppose that mouldings and foliage borrowed from the Greek and Italian systems can by any possibility be so arranged as to bear a resemblance to the characteristic features of the old English style, a style as isolated as it is magnificent. Errors such as these can only be avoided by means of patient and attentive study, both of actual remains and of the numerous explanatory works now rendered generally accessible by the invaluable labours of able antiquaries and draughtsmen. But after an adequate acquaintance with the principles of *design* is attained, those of *execution* are no less to be observed; all the subjects of the painting, and especially those of an architectural character, being relieved more by strong black outline and variety of colour than by the use of decided shadows. Modern imitations are frequently injured by displaying too much of modern art; the work by being too highly finished, and that in few pieces, often loses the glittering effect that attends its more simple prototype. An additional precaution to be observed consists in the avoidance of excessive depth of colour; a consideration, the neglect of which has given to some modern imitations a vulgar gaudy appearance, totally dissimilar to the equalised and subdued yet lively colouring observed in the best specimens of the middle ages.

But from observing what this beautiful art has done, and may do, after the ancient mode, a mode greatly deserving of attention, now that the public mind is somewhat awakened to a sense of the transcendent merits of the *pointed style* of architecture, we may pass on to welcome the successes of modern skill, in its more accustomed walk. In this department of the subject great advances toward perfection have latterly been made. It is not indeed in the trite decorations of sash doors and staircase windows that we shall find much proof of this; but we shall be better satisfied of the fact upon a stroll through the show-rooms of some

of our principal glass painters. Many of their copies of the historical productions of the old masters are so effectively executed, as to have all the appearance of well-lighted works on canvas, except that they surpass them in brilliancy and permanency of colour. The performances of the late Mr. Muss afford a fine illustration of the extent of cultivation to which the art of vitrified painting has recently been carried; of this one excellent and well-known example may be adduced, in the east window of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, copied from the "Descent from the Cross" of Rubens. We may mention an interesting specimen of a different style, in the instance of a popular western exhibition, descriptive of one of the latest displays of chivalrous pomp during the reign of Henry VIII. It is indeed in the treatment of *historical* subjects that this art is eminently calculated to succeed, distinguished as those subjects are, by the greatest breadth of effect and variety of colouring. But in compositions of a more *domestic* character, and in those of *landscape*, many productions are now executed on glass, which give promise of excellence; and in the representation of the minor objects of fruit, foliage, and flowers, we have scarcely anything left to wish for. Indeed, to notice all the varieties of pictorial composition in which the art in question has of late been successfully employed, would be to enumerate and to review all the schools and productions of painting in general; and we have therefore only to offer some remarks on the use and application to which the productions of this art may be advantageously directed.

In the best days of the Pointed style of architecture, our forefathers seem to have considered their edifices as incomplete without some display of painted glass in their windows; and in this particular, we might frequently borrow a hint from their practice with benefit. An eminent living architect has observed that, if the windows of St. Paul's Cathedral were thus decorated, its internal effect would equal that of our most admired edifices of the *older style*. Without going the length of this assertion, we admit that a greater approximation would thus be gained to the splendour of the antique, and the same in the case of our modern churches in general. We are not, however, to suppose, that an interior must necessarily be improved by the introduction of stained glass, whatever be its style of embellishment, though the contrary of this is too frequently assumed. To answer the purposes of harmony, a Grecian interior undoubtedly requires that any accessories of this kind should be chaste, simple, quiet, and dignified, and, in richness, suited to the more or less decorative character of the architecture.

On the other hand, in edifices of the Italian class, where variety of composition, redundancy of ornament, and picturesque distribution of masses are so predominant, the subjects of the windows may be more elaborate in design, and lively in colouring. The introduction of stained or painted glass will thus be made useful in preserving a consistency of character, while it most successfully remedies the defect of *coldness of colour* complained of in some of our larger interiors, a defect which it is not in the province of architecture or sculpture generally to obviate. For the latter purpose, we occasionally see the utility of this article, even in its simplest form, as used in lantern lights, wherein the introduction of orange or amber-coloured glass diffuses, at all times, an effect of sunshine, which, while it gratifies the eye, has a tendency to exhilarate the spirits. For the exclusion of unsightly objects from the view in our domestic buildings, the utility of ground and painted glass has long been approved, an application which might often be made with increased success, if a greater regard were paid to the principles of panoramic effect in the representation of regular subjects in nature or in art. Opportunities, however, for the introduction of works of this kind, more numerous than we can here particularize, will occur with the suggestions of fancy or convenience. In availing ourselves of these, the chief considerations to be observed are, that the designs adopted should be in conformity with the purposes to which the building they are intended to adorn is applied; and, being so, that a perfect harmony of style and feeling should subsist between them and the architectural decorations with which they are associated. In conclusion, we may observe, that the art of painting on glass commands effects which, while possessed of unrivalled brilliancy, are the least altered, if altered at all, by the lapse of time; and, on this account, as well as for the advantages already considered, we must allow it to be an art, in the highest degree, worthy of assiduous cultivation and liberal patronage.

E. T.

#### WARDROBE OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following curious extract, transcribed *verbatim* from a will, dated 1573, preserved in the registry of the prerogative court of Canterbury, is now first printed.

"I give unto my brother Mr. William Sheney my

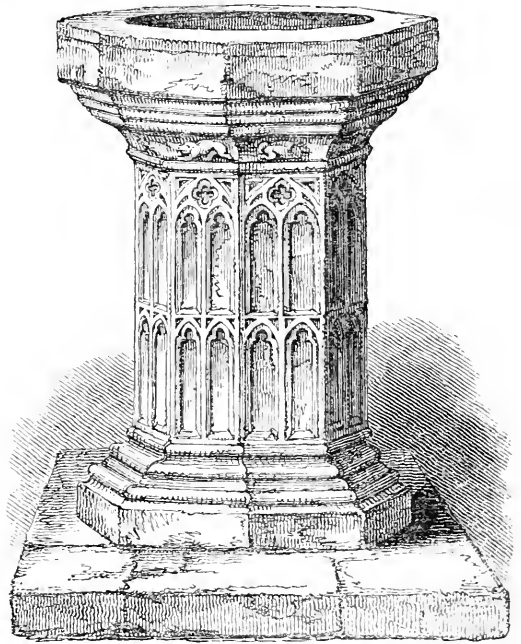
best black gown, garded and faced with velvet, and my velvet cap, also I will unto my brother Thomas Marcal my new shepe colored gowne garded with velvet and faced with cony, also I give unto my son Tyble my sherte gown faced with wolf and laid with Bille-ment's lace, also I give unto my brother Cowper my other shorte gown faced with foxe (skin), also I give unto Thomas Walker my night gown faced with cony, with one lace also, and my ready (ruddy) colored hose, also I give unto my man Thomas Swaine my doublet of canvas that Forde made me, and my new gaskins that Forde made me, also I give unto John Wyldinge a cassock of shepes color edged with pons skins, also I give unto John Woodzyle my doublet of fruite canvas and my hose with fryze bryches, also I give unto Strowde my frize jerkin with silke buttons, also I give Symonde Bisshoppe the smyth my other frize jerkin with stone buttons, also I give to Adam Ashame my hose with the frendge (fringe) and lined with crane coloured silk, which gifts I will to be delivered immediately after my decease."

#### ST. NICHOLAS' HOSPITAL, HARBLEDOWN.

At the little village of Harbledown, near Canterbury, is an *hospital*, dedicated to St. Nicholas, which was originally founded in the year 1084, by Archbishop Lanfranc, for leprous persons, male and female; and endowed, conjointly with St. John's Hospital, at Canterbury, with lands to the amount of £70. annually. Erasmus, in his "*Perigrinatio Religionis ergo*," terms this hospital *Mendicabulum*, or Alms-house, and states, that it was customary for its inmates to present the *upper leather* of the shoe of St. Thomas à Becket, which was "bound with brass, and set with a piece of glass, like a gem," to all horsemen (passengers) to kiss.

After the Dissolution, this hospital was re-established by Edward VI., and all preceding grants were confirmed by letters of inspeximus. Its present yearly revenue, which includes the benefactions of several centuries, amounts to upwards of £450. The entire establishment includes a master, a reader, who is a clerk in orders, fifteen in-brothers, and the like number of sisters, (one of the former being called the prior, and one of the latter the prioress,) and the same number of out-brothers and sisters. The hospital buildings, which are principally of brick, were mostly re-erected in the reign of James II., but the

*chapel* or church, as it is styled, is the original Norman fabric, and must be regarded as curious, from containing an intermixture of both circular and pointed arches. It is a small edifice, consisting of a nave, with side aisles, chancel, and a square tower at the south-western angle. In the window of the north aisle is a good painting, on glass, of St. John Baptist, with a banner, displaying the Agnes Dei. The Font, which is represented in the annexed wood-cut, and is



probably of the time of Henry VI., is octagonal in form; and on the different faces of the lowest moulding are sculptured eight figures of animals, roses, &c., in high relief.

#### HISTORICAL PROPRIETY IN PAINTING.

##### TUDOR ARCHITECTURE.

The greatest master of colour amongst the painters of the present day is at the same time the most remarkable for propriety in his architectural backgrounds, these frequently exhibit designs that may be studied with advantage by the architect, and in expressing my admiration of *Turner*, I wish to avoid the appearance of advocating that servile imitation, which an antiquary is generally supposed to require. Much has been said about taste in domestic architec-

ture, and many attempts have been made to establish a character for it, from the time Lord Burlington built Chiswick House, after a design of Palladio's Villa Capra, to the period of the erection of Fonthill Abbey, on the model of Ely Cathedral, and fifty old churches. I forbear to mention either the complete failures, or the partial accomplishments; but it will not be denied that no one has been entirely successful since the time of Cardinal Wolsey. He indeed produced many splendid examples of original taste, not Greek, not Roman, and certainly not Gothic. His knowledge of what was requisite in the habitation of a person of high degree was doubtless one of the reasons of the King's partiality to him. His edifices, which still remain, are eminently superior, notwithstanding their antiquity, to all others of their kind, in design and magnificence, and his name is familiarly used to denote the highly enriched manner of building then, and afterwards used, during the reigns of the Tudors, by the appellation of "*The Wolsey Architecture*." As an instance I shall mention Hampton Court, one of the superb edifices erected by the Cardinal, which may be truly said to offer an unobjectionable model for a Palace, one that if erected, would not only establish the fame of the architect, or clerk of the works, but would confer celebrity on the reign in which such a noble design was carried into execution. The peculiar style or order of architecture, adopted in every one of the mansions and colleges, erected by the munificence of the Cardinal, is uniform, and original, perfectly suited to the purpose of display. It is completely distinct from the ecclesiastical style, and includes a variety of elegant combinations admirably calculated for the use of the painter in historical composition, as marking the precise period of the subject throughout the Tudor reigns, as well as harmonizing with the extremely gorgeous costume then prevalent, and otherwise employing the fancy of the artist. In Wolsey's buildings the imposing simplicity of the graceful pointed architecture, that had for ages retained its sway, was united with arabesque ornaments skilfully introduced, together with a redundancy of quaint device, and heraldic enrichment of every kind. On the inner walls, gilding and colour were profusely lavished, so as to give a mosaic appearance to the spacious rooms which on state occasions were decorated with tapestry, as described by Wolsey's biographer in the preparation for a banquet. "The Yeomen, and Grooms of the wardrobes, were busied in hanging of the chambers with costly hangings, and furnishing the same with beds of silk and other furniture, apt for the same, in every degree." This practice was carried to greater excess in the reign of Elizabeth. In the

"Fairie Queene" Spenser describes the hangings used.

"For round about, the walls y'clothed were  
With goodly arras, of great majesty,  
Woven with gold and silke, so close and nere,  
That the rich metall lurked privily,  
As faining to be hidd, from envious eye.  
Yet here and there, and every where, unawares  
It showed itself, and shone unwillingly,  
Like to a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares,  
Thro' the Greene gras, his long bright burnish'd back declares."

Our painters do not yet appear to be sensible what a fund of variety an attention to the peculiar style of our early architecture, characteristic of each individual period, will afford in illustration of historical subjects. I am led to this remark by a picture now in exhibition, where Wolsey appears as a conspicuous actor, and in which the omission of the Tudor character in the architectural back-ground is an oversight, the less pardonable as the halls of Hampton Court and Christ Church remain in their pristine splendour. I allude to a representation of the banquet scene, with the introduction of King Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, as described by Shakspeare, painted by J. Stephanoff, at the command of his majesty. This event happened at York Place, (now Whitehall) the very mansion Wolsey had just built in that style, which afterwards became the common fashion. Fuller, the historian, alluding to this period, says, "Now began beautiful buildings in England, as to the generality thereof, *homes* were but *homely* before, but now many most regular pieces of architecture were erected."—This very subject has been previously treated by Hogarth, but in his picture no notice is taken of the gorgeous assemblage of visitors at the banquet. On such occasions, the very sight of them was deemed, to use a common expression, "fit for a prince." Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Elizabeth, on giving a banquet at Lambeth Palace, thus writes, "If her Highness will give me leave, I will kepe my bigger hall, that day, for the nobles, and the rest of her traine; and if it please her majesty, she may come in through my gallery, and see the disposition of the hall, at a window opening thereinto." I shall now take the liberty of mentioning some particulars (though perfectly familiar to the antiquary) in explanation of the enrichments which are usually found at the upper end of our great halls. This room was in every manor-house a necessary appendage for holding "the court," the services belonging to which are equally denominated "the homage," with those of the king's palace. The *dais*, or raised part of the upper end of the hall, was

so called, from the administration of justice. A *dais* man is still a popular term for an arbitrator in the north, and Domesday Book (with the name of which I suppose every one to be familiar) is known to be a list of manor houses. Here also is the oriel window filled with the arms and badges of the various alliances connected with the family of the lord of the manor.

In another picture, in the same exhibition, by A. Chisholm, the subject is Shakspeare before Justice Shallow, to be engraven for a work, entitled the Gallery of the Society of Painters in water colours. In this picture, the artist's idea of the hall window which is introduced must have been taken from some one in the chancel of a parish church; to speak in the mildest terms of criticism. At *Charlecote* itself, where the scene is laid, (but which there is a possibility never actually occurred,) the greatest attention has been paid to propriety in the decoration of the hall; and a numerous series of ancient coats of arms, coeval with Shakspeare, in characteristic compartments, fill the bays of the window. When this subject, therefore, is again taken up, I would recommend the painter to give it his attention, as the subordinate parts of a picture ought to partake of the character, at least, of the period represented,—although it is not recommended to restrict his pencil to a servile copy.

In a third picture, of the same gallery, is King James I. and his jeweller, George Heriott, which has in the foreground a superb vase, designed in the style termed by our goldsmiths, “the *Louis Quartorze*,” almost a century later, in point of historical property, than could possibly have come into King James's possession. This introduction was unnecessary, as the finest specimens of workmanship are to be found, executed previously to the time here alluded to, and which are now so much in request, that any price may be obtained for them.—These hints, from an antiquary, will, it is hoped, be taken as kindly as they are meant, and I have not presumed to speak of the general composition of the pictures mentioned, that part being most admirably treated, particularly in the last piece.

T. M.

#### WEST SHENE PRIORY.

A PRIORY of Carthusians, dedicated to Jesus of Bethlehem, was founded in 1414, at West Shene, in Surrey, (about a quarter of a mile from the old palace at Richmond,) by king Henry the Fifth; in whose will its endowment is stated at forty marks. Perkin Warbeck sought an asylum in this house, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and in that of his successor,

the body of James the Fourth was buried at Shene. Stowe, in his “Annals” says, “I have been shewed the same body (as was affirmed,) lapped in lead, thrown into an old waste room, amongst old timber, stone, led, and other rubble.” At the Dissolution of this Priory, (26th Henry VIII.) its annual revenues, according to Dugdale, amounted to £777 12s. 0½; but Speed states them at £962 11s. 6d. In the 32d of Henry the Eighth, the site of this foundation was granted to Edward, Earl of Hertford; and although Queen Mary restored the convent, it was dissolved again in little more than a year. The seal of these Carthusians, which was small, and of an oval shape, exhibited the Adoration of the Shepherds; beneath which were the arms of France and England, quarterly. In the account of Richmond, in Lysons' “Environs,” it is stated, that “an ancient gateway, the last remains of the priory of Shene, was taken down” in 1769. “The whole hamlet of West Shene, consisting of eighteen houses, one of which was a calico manufactory, was at the same time totally annihilated, and the site, which was made into a lawn, added to the King's inclosures.” In the Survey, now in the Augmentation office, taken by order of Parliament, during the Interregnum, the old church is described to be standing, “but very ruinous and fit to be demolished;”—and also a structure of brick, called the Prior's Lodgings; the Monk's Hall, a stone building; the Lady of St. John's Lodgings; the *Anchorite's* Cell; and an old building, and a parcel of buildings, called the Gallery.

#### ADAM KRAFFT.

FEW cities possess greater attractions for the artist and antiquary, than Nuremberg, which was formerly to Germany what Venice and Florence were to Italy,—the seat of commerce and the abode of art. Even were it less picturesque as a town, less opulent in studies of gothic architecture, in specimens of early painting and sculpture, it would still be interesting to the traveller as a place consecrated to history by names of such men as Albert Durer, Visscher, and Kraft. With the exception of Durer, however, their names are little known in this country, although no one who has beheld the Tomb of St. Sebaldus, or the celebrated “*Sacramentshauslein*,” can refuse to place the other two among those who have been worthy devotees of art. As regards the last-mentioned of this illustrious trio, this, we think, will be in some degree apparent from his own portrait-figure, and we consider ourselves fortunate in being enabled to give a copy of it for the



embellishment of this work. This effigy, with two others, all of the size of life, and in kneeling attitudes, support the lower part of the Sacramentshauslein,



or Tabernacle, in the church of St. Laurence, at Nuremberg. The Tabernacle itself is about sixty-four feet high, and tapers upwards like a spire of rich carved-work till it reaches the roof of the building. It was commenced in the year 1496, and completed in 1500. The execution of the figures, especially that of Krafft himself, is truly admirable, combining the most careful attention to finish, with breadth of style and decision of touch. For anatomical correctness, felicity of expression, propriety of character, in short for energy of nature, and truth, they may shame many of the master-pieces of those whose reputation might seem lowered by the mere allusion to any comparison between them and a German of the 15th century.

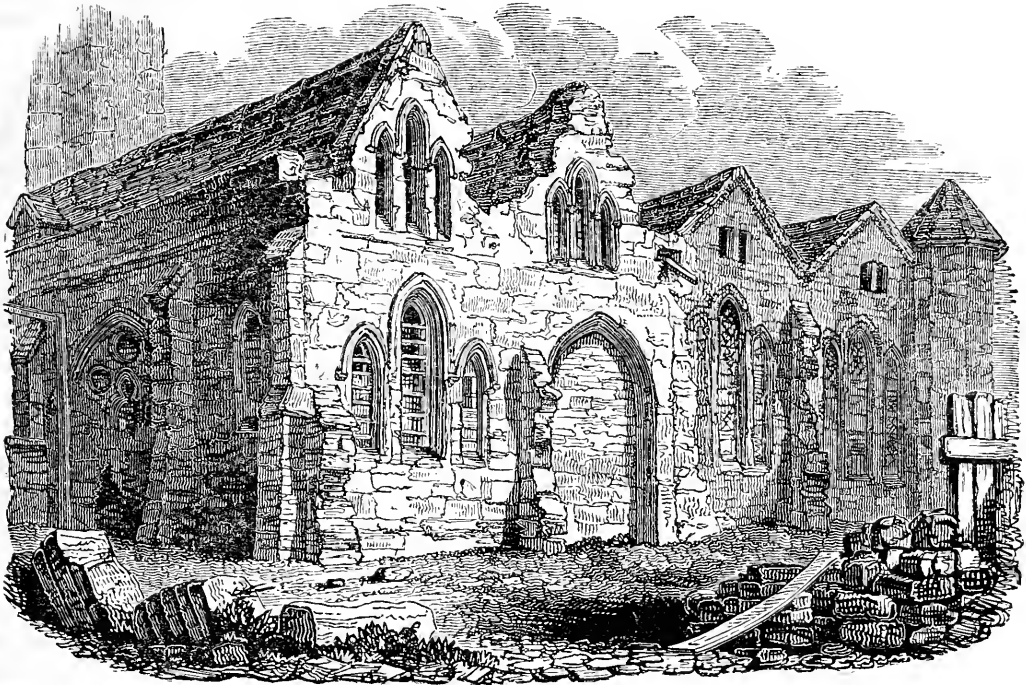
This figure, which is the one facing the west, is the only one of the three that is represented in the costume of a mason or sculptor, and is further distinguished from the rest by displaying more freedom in its attitude, whereas the others seem to be employed more expressly for purpose of supporting the structure to

which they are attached. From this circumstance, and from its occupying the most conspicuous situation, there can be no doubt that it is the artist's own portrait, although it has been generally supposed that the one on the north side, which is that of a bald-headed aged man with a long beard, represented our worthy Adam Krafft. Sandrart has given the head of Krafft from the effigy we have just mentioned, and his authority has misled succeeding writers, who have followed him without due examination, although the supposed identity is altogether at variance with what is said by Neudorfer in his chronicle of Nuremberg Artists; and also with the fact that Krafft, who died in 1507, could not have been so old by many years as that venerable personage with the long beard. As a proof how easy it is for a critic to discover what he is determined to find, we may remark, that the author of "Norica" a recent work containing many anecdotes of our artist and his contemporaries as related by a supposed contemporary, has adopted the more generally-received opinion, and says: "the aspect of the bearded bald-pated sire, is as noble as that of the other two figures is clownish and repulsive." Our readers will judge whether those discourteous epithets can be applied to the one of which we give them a copy. The Tabernacle, which rests against a pillar to the right of the high altar, consists of five divisions or stories, terminating at its summit in a kind of ornamental crosier. Each of those divisions is profusely embellished with columns, turrets, foliage and flowers, of most beautiful and elaborate design, and of such exquisite workmanship that the spectator may fancy he beholds real foliage which has been petrified; not the work of the chisel. This has given rise to a tradition that Krafft was acquainted with some peculiar method of softening stone so as to render it perfectly plastic, if not of fusing it and casting it like metal; which is, of course, a mere idle legend, although the possibility of the process was at one time credited. In addition to the ornaments we have mentioned, each story of the tabernacle, except the uppermost, which is too narrow for the purpose, is embellished with three bas-reliefs, representing various scenes from the passion of our Saviour. On the fifth story are only two figures, that on one side, shewing the Crucified, the other, the Glorified Redeemer.

Besides the preceding, Nuremberg contains various other works which attest the powers of Adam Krafft both as an architect and a sculptor, works of less celebrity, in truth, their fame being swallowed up by that of his master-piece, yet of such merit that any one of them would have conferred distinction on his name.



## THE "LADYE CHAPEL," ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.



THE preservation of those beautiful edifices which were raised by our pious ancestors for the celebration of CHRISTIAN WORSHIP, must be a paramount object of regard with every admirer of our national antiquities; and we conceive that our pages cannot be devoted more usefully than by directing the public mind to those venerable buildings which either time or the ruthless hand of man has reduced to a state of ruin. During the present century, indeed, a great change has been progressively effected with respect to the estimation in which subjects of this kind are held, compared with by-gone times. The people generally have been taught a respect for science; and the merits of our forefathers, as exhibited in their productions, are better known and better appreciated. Still, however, it becomes a duty, wherever the power of imparting information exists, to urge on the already awakened feeling, and by pointing out those dilapidated buildings which, from the talents displayed in their design and construction, demand to be upheld, contribute to the triumph of art, and increase our aptitude for intellectual pleasures.

The Restoration of several decayed edifices within and near London, has recently become a topic of con-

siderable attention, and subscriptions have been commenced for that purpose. St. Alban's Abbey Church, Waltham Cross, Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate-street, and the "LADYE CHAPEL," which forms the east-end of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, and of which a view is annexed, in its present state, are the immediate buildings thus proposed to be restored. Descriptive and other particulars of all the above edifices will be given in our succeeding numbers.

## DISSERTATION

ON THE MANNER AND PERIOD OF THE DEATH OF  
RICHARD II. KING OF ENGLAND

BY LORD DOVER.

*Extracted from the ADDRESS delivered by his Lordship, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, on Friday, May 4th, 1832.*

It is well known, that the old account of the manner of the death of Richard, which was received implicitly by our historians who wrote during the eighteenth

century, has been now for some time exploded. That account first appeared in print in the additions to Hygden's "Polycricon," published by Caxton in 1482; from whence it was copied by Fabyan, Hall, and Holinshed. It has also been adopted by Shakspeare, who has perhaps done more than all the others to render it the popular version of the story. It is also to be found in a manuscript of an earlier date than Caxton's publication, which is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, and entitled, "Relation de la Mort de Richard, Roy d'Angleterre." This manuscript was first quoted by Carte, and has since been made use of by different historians.\*

This relation is to the effect, that King Richard was murdered by Sir Piers, of Exton, and his assistants, with battle-axes; who pursued him about his prison, striking at him till they had dispatched him, in spite of the heroic resistance of the king, who snatched a battle-axe from one of his assailants, and with it killed no less than four of them. In the year 1634, a pillar was still shown in the room which was supposed to have been the prison of Richard, in Pomfret Castle, which was hacked with the blows of the murderers, as the king fled round it from them.†

In spite, however, of this corroborative tradition, and of the general currency of the tale, Mr. Amyot has satisfactorily shewn, in his able paper on the death of Richard II., inserted in the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia*, that the story of Sir Piers of Exton rests upon no satisfactory foundation; but that, on the contrary, all the contemporary historians of the death of Richard II. give a totally different account of that event. Of these, Thomas of Walsingham, Thomas Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, who wrote the life of Richard, and the continuator of the *Chronicle of Croyland*, all relate that Richard voluntarily starved himself to death, in a fit of despair, in his prison at Pomfret. To these must also be added, the testimony of Gower the poet, to the same effect, who was not only a contemporary, but had been himself patronized by Richard.

There is, however, another version of this tragedy, which relates that his starvation was not voluntary; but inflicted on him by his keepers. That he was, to use the expression of Hardyng the chronicler, who, however, only mentions it as a report, "*forhungered*." The Percys, in one of their contests with Henry IV., in their letter of defiance, accuse him of having caused Richard to perish "from hunger, thirst, and cold,

after fifteen days and nights of sufferings unheard among christians." Archbishop Scroop also, in a subsequent manifesto, repeats the same charge; and Sir John Fortescue has copied the Archbishop's words into a work of his, which is quoted by Stowe, and of which the original is supposed by some to be no longer extant. This accusation of the bitter enemies of Henry, and the hearsay evidence of Hardyng, himself a partisan of Richard and of the Percys, cannot however be considered of sufficient weight to overthrow the concurrent testimony of the trustworthy and contemporary historians, who agree in affirming the voluntary starvation of the king. Nor must we, as Mr. Amyot very justly observes, entirely leave out of the account, the known character for clemency of Henry, which should lead us to imagine him not capable of so atrocious a cruelty, as the one he is here accused of. Of course, upon a subject of so mysterious and secret a nature as the death of Richard, certainty is not to be arrived at; but the probabilities of the case would appear to be very strongly in favour of his voluntary starvation.\*

Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be as well to remark, that Mr. Amyot mentions, as the most positive disproof than can be given of the tale of Sir Piers of Exton, that when the tomb of King Richard, in Westminster Abbey, was accidentally laid open, the skull of the body contained in it was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it.† This testimony, however, becomes of no avail, if, according to Mr. Tytler, the body buried, first at Langley, and then in Westminster Abbey, is not that of King Richard; who, as he affirms, is interred in the Church of the Preaching Friars, at Stirling, in Scotland. This latter hypothesis, however, equally disproves the Exton fable,—and this leads us naturally to take a short view of Mr. Tytler's opinion upon the subject.

After the publication of Mr. Amyot's paper, in the *Archæologia*, in 1819, from which I have quoted so largely, the question of the death of King Richard seemed as much set at rest, as the imperfect nature of our knowledge of the transaction would admit of. But in 1829, Mr. Tytler, whose admirable and instructive *History of Scotland* is well known to all the lovers of historical literature in this country, again

\* Sir J. Mackintosh, in his excellent *History of England*, published in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, appears, though he delivers no decided opinion, to incline to that of Richard having been starved to death by his keepers.

† See Mr. King's *Sequel to the Observations on Ancient Castles*, *Archæologia*, vol. vi. (1782). Mr. King is also of opinion that the story of Sir Piers of Exton is fabulous.

\* *Archæologia*, vol. xx.

† *Archæologia*, vol. xxiii. p. 280, note.

raised a controversy upon the subject. At the end of the third volume of his history, he has published an elaborate and ingenious essay on the death of Richard II., which has since been answered by Mr. Amyot, in a paper contained in the twenty-third volume of the *Archæologia*.

In Mr. Tytler's "Historical Remarks on the death of Richard II.," the result of which has been since adopted by Sir Walter Scott, in his *History of Scotland*, and rejected by Sir James Mackintosh, in his *History of England*, the relation is as follows:—That Richard contrived to effect his escape from Pomfret Castle, though the mode in which he did this is nowhere stated. That he travelled in disguise to the Scottish isles; and that he was there discovered, in the kitchen of Donald, Lord of the Isles, by a jester, who had been bred up at his court. That Donald, Lord of the Isles, sent him, under the charge of the Lord Montgomery, to Robert III., King of Scotland, by whom he was supported as became his rank, so long as that monarch lived. That he was, after the death of the king, delivered to the Duke of Albany, the governor of the kingdom, by whom he was honourably treated. And that he finally died in the castle of Stirling, in the year 1419; and was buried on the north side of the altar, in the church of the Preaching Friars, in the town of that name.

This account is given by Bower, or Bowmaker, the continuator of Fordun's *Chronicle*, and a contemporary historian. It is supported, in some of its particulars, by an anonymous manuscript, without a date, in the Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh, who has been consulted by Mr. Tytler; and also by the hearsay evidence of Andrew Winton, Prior of Lochleven, the metrical chronicler, who, however, concludes his account of the fugitive by saying, that "whether he had been the king or not, there were few who knew for certain." But the strongest evidence in favour of the version of the *History of Richard*, which has been adopted by Mr. Tytler, is that of certain entries in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland, during the period in question. These occur in the accounts for the years 1408, 1414–15, and 1417; and are all to the effect, that the Lord Governor (the Duke of Albany) "has neither demanded nor received any allowance for the sums expended by him, for the support of Richard, King of England." In the last of these memoranda, the sums he has expended, for the maintenance of the king for eleven years, are computed to have amounted to £733. 6s. 8d.\*

\* Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. iii.

In confirmation of these authorities, Mr. Tytler cites a French contemporary metrical history of the deposition of Richard II., published in the *Archæologia*, Vol. XX.; also the various rumours as to the existence of the king, propagated by the different conspirators against the rule of Henry IV.;\* and, finally, the testimony of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the great supporter of the Wickliffites, or Lollards, who declared when he was seized in 1417, and brought before the Parliament on a charge of heresy, for which, as it is well known, he was burnt alive, "that he could acknowledge no judge amongst them, so long as his liege lord, King Richard, was alive in Scotland."

This last corroborative circumstance, in which a man, who knew he was about to be put to a cruel death, and who therefore would naturally be inclined to catch at any thing, which might give him a chance of averting his doom, endeavoured to intimidate and puzzle his judges, by asserting that Richard was alive, cannot, upon the face of it, carry much weight with it. Still less can the rumours to the same effect, put forward by the disaffected to the Lancastrian King, whose interest it so clearly was to have such a tale believed, be received with any confidence. With regard to the French metrical history, which expresses doubts whether, instead of having died by starvation, the king "be not still alive and well, and shut up in their prison," it evidently merely records the reports of the day; while at the same time it gives us some insight into the origin of those reports. For it states, not as a rumour, but as a fact, that the conspirators against Henry, whose disturbances broke out in the winter of 1399 and 1400, and who were headed by the Earls of Kent, Salisbury, and Huntingdon, placed one of Richard's chaplains at their head, by name Maudelain, whose resemblance to the king was very striking; and whom "they armed as king, and set a very rich crown upon his helm, that it might be believed of a truth, that the king was out of prison."†

With regard to the memoranda in the Chamberlain's accounts, on which Mr. Tytler lays so much stress, Mr. Amyot remarks, and as it appears to me very justly, that "the proofs that some person, whoever he may have been, was so detained in custody, required no such confirmation; and it is equally clear, that considerable charges must have been incurred in maintaining him suitably to his supposed rank. No

\* Mr. Webb's Notes to French Metrical Romance, *Archæologia*, vol. xx.

† Mr. Webb's translation of French Metrical Romance, *Archæologia*, vol. xx.

claim could decently have been advanced, or even adverted to, for the maintenance of an acknowledged impostor. It may, indeed, admit of a question, whether the fact established by these records, that the Regent neither demanded nor received from the public treasury any reimbursement of these expenses, may not afford an inference, that he had retained his captive for objects of private and personal policy, and that the doubts, which we collect from Winton, to have existed in Scotland, as to the real rank of the captive, might have induced him to refrain from enforcing a demand, which otherwise could not, on public grounds, have been refused.”\*

Mr. Amyot then proceeds to argue, that, under the circumstances in which Albany was placed, during the time the supposed king was in his custody, his retaining possession of him, had he been the real Richard, was to the last degree improbable; though it may have been convenient to him to give the public a notion that the impostor at his court was that unfortunate sovereign. For it must be remembered that, at this time, not only was James, the rightful King of Scotland, a prisoner in England, but also Duke Murdoch, the son of Albany, whom his father would, probably, gladly have received in exchange for his captive, if Henry would have consented to it. On the other hand, it would appear but natural that Henry, if he had believed the real Richard to be still alive, would have consented willingly to any exchange, in order to get him into his own power. So far, however, was this from being the case, that though Archbishop Arundel seems, by a letter, which is preserved in the Cottonian manuscripts, in the British Museum,† to have advised Henry IV. to insist upon the impostor being given up, it does not appear that the king thought it worth while to do so; as, in his answer to the Archbishop, he does not even allude to the subject. So little indeed was the possession of the supposed Richard deemed of importance by the English government, that when, early in the reign of Henry V., Duke Murdoch was sent back to his father, it was not the pretended royal captive, but Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who was selected by the English monarch as the prisoner to be exchanged, and who was accordingly delivered up to him.

Of the other authorities of Mr. Tytler, the continuation of Fordun is the only contemporary one, who asserts the story of Richard's existence in Scotland with any degree of positiveness. The French

metrical romance, and Andrew Winton, the chronicler, only throw out doubts upon the subject; while the anonymous manuscript without a date, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, must be considered of doubtful authority, from the probability there is that its assertions were copied from one of the chronicles already cited. Besides, though it mentions the existence of the supposed Richard in Scotland, and his arrival there, it advances no arguments or facts in favour of his being the person he was pretended to be.\*

The authority of Bower, or Bowmakar, standing as it does thus singly, can hardly be allowed to outweigh the testimonies of Walsingham, Otterbourne, the Monk of Evesham, the Continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland, and Gower the poet, all contemporaries, and who all assert the king's death by voluntary starvation in Pomfret Castle.

It remains to remark briefly, upon the strong corroborative arguments and evidence brought forward by Mr. Amyot, in favour of this latter version of the story of the death of Richard, as contra-distinguished from that adopted by Mr. Tytler.

Mr. Amyot first touches upon the public exposure of the body of Richard in London, previous to his burial at Langley, which is attested by the four following contemporary historians,—Otterbourne, Walsingham, Hardyng, and Froissart; of these, the latter says, that twenty thousand persons came to see the body, which lay for two hours on a litter in Cheapside, with the face uncovered from the forehead down to the throat. In answer to this fact, supported by such various authorities, of whom one (Hardyng) actually saw the body, and which, if allowed, at once oversets the whole story of the king's exile in Scotland, Mr. Tytler has only to produce the doubtful testimony of Creton, the author of the French metrical romance already quoted. Creton *expresses a doubt*, whether the body was that of the king; and says, that he inclines to believe, that it was that of Maudelain the priest, who resembled Richard; unfortunately, however, for this supposition, Maudelain, as Mr. Amyot observes, had already been beheaded some time previously, for the part he had taken in personating the king during the conspiracy of the Earls of Kent, Salisbury, and Huntingdon.

The second point urged by Mr. Amyot, is the solemn removal of the body of Richard from Langley to Westminster Abbey by Henry V., who, upon this

\* Archæologia, vol. xxiii. p. 283.

† For letter of Archbishop Arundel, and the King's answer, see Archæologia, vol. xxiii. p. 297.

\* Boethius affirms the same story, namely, of Richard's death and burial, in Scotland; but he evidently only takes it from the authorities mentioned in the text.

occasion, according to Otterbourne and Walsingham, "mourned for him as for a father." "It is not," continues Mr. Amyot, "to be credited," (had he not been convinced that it was the real body of Richard) "that he would have sanctioned a mockery, the certain effect of which would have been to revive the compassion of the people for their captive sovereign."

Mr. Amyot then adduces the conduct of the Percys and Archbishop Scroop in spreading and strengthening, by their manifestoes, the reports of Richard's death; whereas, had he been really alive, they would undoubtedly have made use of his name, as a great and powerful support to their cause.

He also alludes to what must be considered a strong circumstance in favour of the received account of the death of Richard, and of the period when it happened (1400), namely, that his Queen,—Isabella of France, re-married with Charles, Duke of Orleans, in 1406; twelve years before the time assigned for Richard's death, by those who wish to support the idea of his residence in Scotland. It is certainly neither to be supposed, that the Queen would have consented to this second marriage, nor that the French prince would have sought her hand, unless they had both had sufficient proofs of the death of her former husband. Finally, Mr. Amyot urges, as his concluding argument, the little feeling that appears to have been excited upon the subject, during the nineteen years of the supposed detention of Richard in Scotland; the small importance apparently attached to the mysterious prisoner by Henry IV.; and the entire disregard and disbelief of the tale by all the English historians, "from Hall, Stowe, and Holinshed, down to Rapin, Carte, and Lingard."\*

Mr. Amyot concludes his able dissertation, by professing, with all respect for the talents and research of the Scottish historian, his entire disbelief in the notion of Richard's escape from Pomfret, and subsequent detention in Scotland. In this opinion I feel bound to concur; though at the same time I must allow, that the ingenuity of Mr. Tyler at first, and before I had thoroughly examined the subject, disposed me to lean with some favour to his view of the story. In a matter of such remote history, and occurring in so dark a period, it is impossible on either side to arrive at positive certainty. The best that can be hoped for in such a research is, by comparing different statements, and weighing various authorities, to decide at length upon adopting that account, which appears to possess the greatest degree of probability, and to be liable to the fewest objections.

\* *Archæologia*, vol. xxiii.

\* \* That some interesting evidence on this historical question might be obtained, by *fully* opening the tomb of King Richard, in Westminster Abbey, is extremely probable; for though both Gough and King speak of examining the skull of that ill-fated Sovereign, there appears cause to believe them in error.

Henry the Fourth, as we learn from various authorities, was exceedingly anxious that a knowledge of Richard's decease should be generally promulgated, and for that purpose, according to the "*Chronicle of Dunstable*," (Vide MS. in Bibl. Harl. fol. 164.) "he lette sere him in a linnen clothe, save his visage," which "was left opyn that men myght see and knowe his personne;"—and had him brought to London, where he was exposed to public view, during three days, in St. Paul's Cathedral. There also, his exequies were solemnized in the King's own presence; after which his body was conveyed to Langley, in Hertfordshire, and buried in the Church of the Friars Preachers.

Fabian says, ("*Chronicle*," p. 577) "Anone as Kyng Henry [the Fifth] was crowned, and y<sup>e</sup> solemnitye of the feast of Easter was passyd, he sent vnto the Fryers of Langley, and caused the corps of Kyng Richarde to be taken out of y<sup>e</sup> earth, and so with reverence and solempnytie to be conveyed vnto Westminster, and vpon the south syde of Seynt Edwardes Shryne there honourably to be buried by Queen Anne his wyfe, which there before tyme was entered."

There can be no doubt but that the tomb was constructed during Richard's sovereignty, the original indentures for its erection being still extant.\* The Sub-basement, which faces to the south aisle, is ornamented with six large radiated quatrefoils, on which were formerly shields of arms, affixed at the centres. These shields werestolen many years ago, and "through the holes left by that removal some coffin boards and bones were to be seen." The latter were supposed to be those of Richard and his Queen; and Mr. Gough states, in his *Sepulchral Monuments*, that "he examined both the *skulls* pretty closely, but could find on the King's no mark of St. Piers's pole-axe.†

Now this examination does not by any means decide the historical point to which it was intended to apply; for the sub-basement of the tomb descends nearly four feet below the level of the pavement of St. Edward's Chapel, on which the tomb itself stands.

\* Vide Rymer's "*Fœdera*," vol. vii., p. 795; and Brayley and Neale's "*History and Antiquities*" of Westminster Abbey, vol. ii., p. 111—113.

† Vide "*Sepulchral Monuments*," vol. i. part ii. p. 163.

Beneath that pavement many interments have taken place,—yet it may be reasonably assumed that the remains both of Richard himself and Anne his Queen were deposited *within* the tomb which commemorates them, and consequently, upon a *higher level* than could be examined by Mr. Gough through the holes above mentioned, and which apertures were afterwards stopped up by order of Dean Thomas, who presided at Westminster from July 1768, until August 1793. This presumption is strengthened by what we know to be fact, viz. that the remains both of Edward the Confessor and Edward the First are *within* their respective tombs; and, consequently, *above* the floor of the chapel.

It may be argued in contradiction, that Mr. King's statement is sufficiently particular to induce a belief that the tomb *was* actually opened, his words being as follows:—"And I must add, that when, by accident, I had an opportunity some years ago (with my late friend Sir Joseph Ayloffe, and some other gentlemen), of examining the skull itself in the sepulchre at Westminster Abbey, there did not appear any such marks of a blow, or wound, upon it, as could at all warrant the commonly-received history of this wretched King's unhappy end. A small cleft that was visible on one side, appeared, on close inspection, to be merely the opening of a suture, from length of time and decay,—it being at the top of what anatomists call the "*os temporis*." To this he annexes, in a note,—“A copper gilded crown, that had been placed on the head, remained still in the sepulchre; so also did another skull, that of his Queen, but there were no marks on the latter to authorize any such story as that of Sir Piers Exton, even supposing a mistake with regard to these two poor remains, as to the ascertaining which was which.”\*

Mr. Amyot considers this statement as a “complete proof” of the falsehood of the reputed assassination;† yet, as Mr. Gough affirms (in a subsequent passage to that quoted above), that he was *present* with Mr. King at “the examination of the skulls in the tomb,” and recollects the circumstance of the small cleft on the left side of one of them mistaken for a fracture, but pointed out to be a suture of the “*os temporis*,” (though “the copper gilded crown escaped his notice”), the examination alluded to, must, from his account, have been made through the holes left by the removal of the shields in the *sub-basement*. The

tomb itself, therefore, for all that appears may yet have been uninspected:—though the writer has reason to believe that different sepulchres within the Abbey Church have been wantonly opened by the workmen when employed on the eve of a coronation. ED.

## REMARKS ON THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

BY THE LATE MR. PINKERTON.

THE Highland Dress is, comparatively, quite modern; and any improvement may be made in it without violating antiquity: nay, the trowsers are far more ancient than the philibeg.\*

The philibeg cannot be traced among any of the Celtic nations, Ireland, Wales, or Bretagne, either as an article of dress, or as a word in their languages. Giraldus Cambrensis, A. D. 1180, informs us that the Irish wore *braccæ*, or *brecchi*, (that is, the long, ancient breeches, now called pantaloons, or trowsers). On old monuments the Irish kings are dressed in a close tunic, or vest, long trowsers down to the ankle, and a long loose robe, fastened at the waist by a large brooch.

In the book of dress, printed at Paris, 1562, (from which I have published fac-similes), the Highland chief is in the Irish dress; and I can discover no philibeg. No part of the dress is tartan: nor is there a plaid, but a mantle. The woman is dressed in sheepskins; and, as that sex is always more ornamented than the other, there is reason to believe that the common Highland dress was then composed of sheep or deer skins.

Certain it is that Froissart, though astonished at the “*sauvages d'Escoce*,” as foreigners termed the Highlanders even down to Mary's reign, and though a minute observer, remarks no fixed appropriated dress among them, though the plaid and philibeg, if then worn, must have struck him as most particular.

\* The philibeg is a short petticoat, the proper name of which is kilt. In the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” it is described as a “modern substitute” for the lower part of the plaid. Sir John Sinclair, in a letter to Mr. Pinkerton, dated in May, 1796, says,—“It is well known that the philibeg was invented by an Englishman in Lochabar, about sixty years ago, who naturally thought his workmen would be more active in that light petticoat than in the belted plaid; and that it was more decent to wear it than to have no clothing at all, which was the case with some of those employed by him in cutting down the woods in Lochabar.” Vide Pinkerton's “*Correspondence*,” Vol. i. p. 404.

\* “*Archæologia*,” vol. xx. p. 428.

† King's “*Sequel to his Observations on Ancient Castles*,” *Archæologia*, vol. vi.



Fordun, lib. ii. cap. 9, only mentions the Highland people as "*amictu deformis*," a term which rather applies to a vague savage dress of skins, &c. than to any regular habit. Hector Boece, 1526, though very minute, is equally silent; but he mentions canvas hose, or trowsers, as a part of the old Scottish dress.

Lesley and Buchanan, 1570-1580, are therefore the first who mention the modern Highland dress. The former represents tartan as then confined to the use of people of rank. The latter says the plaids of his time were *brown*.

Advocates for the antiquity of the philibeg say it is borrowed from the Roman military dress; but it is quite different; for the Roman skirts were mostly those of the tunic, which was worn under their armour; whereas the philibeg is a detached article of dress.

It once appeared to me that the tunic with skirts to the knees, used by the common people of England in the Saxon and Norman times (see Strutt's Plates), had passed to the Lowlands, and thence to the Highlands, where it remained, as mountaineers are slow in changing fashions. But it now seems to me far more probable, that the philibeg arose from an article of dress used in France, England, and Scotland, from about the year 1500 to 1590, namely, the ancient *haut-de-chausses* proper. In Mountfaçon's plates may be seen some of these, which are absolute philibegs.

The ancient loose *braccæ* were followed by tight hose, covering thigh and leg; but, as manners advanced, these began to seem indecent, (being linen, fitting close, and showing every joint and form); and the *haut-de-chausses* (or top of the hose) began to be used. At first it was very short, and loose as a philibeg; was lengthened by degrees; and Henry IV. of France wears it down to within three or four inches of the knee, and gathered like a petticoat tucked. Louis XIII. first appears with what are now called breeches. Hose were still worn under the *haut-de-chausses*; but, as the latter was lengthened, the former was shortened, till the present fashion prevailed. The Germans call breeches *hosen*, a term which we confine to stockings.

But the *haut-de-chausses* or philibeg, at first invented for the sake of modesty, and to cover that indecent article of dress the *bragetto*, has become among the Highlanders most indecent in itself; because they do not wear, as they ought, long hose covering thigh and legs under the philibeg. It is not only grossly indecent, but is filthy, as it admits dust to the skin,

and emits the fœtor of perspiration: is absurd, because, while the breast, &c. are twice covered by vest and plaid, the parts concealed by all other nations are but loosely covered: is effeminate, being mostly a short petticoat, an article of female dress: is beggarly, because its shortness and the shortness of the stockings, joined with the naked knees, impress an unconquerable idea of poverty and nakedness.

As to the plaid, there is no reason to believe it more ancient than the philibeg. The chief in 1562 appears in a mantle; and, if the common people were then clothed in sheep-skins, the plaid was superfluous. But I suppose the plaid and philibeg passed from the Lowlands to the Highlands about the same time. Our old historians, in speaking of the Highlanders, always judge and describe, as was natural, from those next the Lowlands. In 1715 the remote Highlanders were only clothed in a long coat buttoned down to the mid-leg.\*

It is to be regretted, on many accounts, that our old historians wrote in Latin; whence their terms are often so vague as hardly to admit accurate interpretation. John Major, who wrote in 1521, says, p. 34, that the *caligæ* (hose) of the Highlanders did not extend below the mid-leg; and he describes their whole dress to be a linen shirt, tintured with saffron, and a *chlamys* (plaid, mantle, or loose coat,) above. He is speaking of the chiefs: the commoners he describes as proceeding to battle in a quilted and waxed linen tunic, covered with deer-skin. Not a particle, you will observe, of the modern dress.

The tartan, I dare say, passed from Flanders (whence all our articles came) to the Lowlands about the fifteenth century, and thence to the Highlands. It is never mentioned before the latter part of that century. It first occurs in the accompts of James III., 1474, and seems to have passed from England; for the *rouge tartarin*, in the statutes of the Order of the Bath, in the time of Edward IV. (apud *Upton de Re Milit.*), is surely red tartan, or cloth, with red stripes of various shades. Tartan plaids were common among old women in the Lowland in the last, and even in the present century.

Lord Hailes (*Annals*, i. 37.) ludicrously supposes

\* At that time, according to information derived from the minister of Mulmearn (father of the professor Ferguson) which lies in the direct line of the rebels' march, those Highlanders who joined the Pretender from the most remote parts of the Highlands were not dressed in party-coloured tartans, and had neither plaid nor philibeg; their whole dress consisting of what we call a Polonian, or closish coat, descending below mid-leg, buttoned from the throat to the belly, and below that secured, for modesty's sake, with a lace till towards the bottom. It was of one colour, and home-made; and they had no shirt, shoes, stockings, nor breeches.

tartan was introduced by St. Margaret. The writer he quotes is only speaking of clothes of several colours, red cloth, blue cloth, green cloth, &c.; while the Scots, probably, before followed the old Norwegian custom of wearing only black.

From these remarks it may be evinced, that no antiquary can object to the propriety of changing the philibeg to pantaloons, a change which, if universally introduced into Highland regiments and into the Highlands, would be a laudable improvement. From the same remarks it is also clear, that nothing can be more absurd than the costume adopted by many of our late painters, stage-players, &c., who have represented the tartan as the Scottish dress in all ages. It is proper to inform all such persons, that a Highlander is as different from a Lowlander as a Welshman from an Englishman. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were those of Highlanders only. The Highlands comprise Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, the west part of Inverness and Perthshire, and all Argyleshire.\*

#### CHURCH MEDALS. No. I.



THE first stone of this church was laid by the Right Honourable the Earl of Dartmouth, on the 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord, 1821: and the second year of the reign of his Majesty, King George the Fourth. Length of the church, one hundred and thirty feet; breadth, fifty-six feet; height of the tower, one hundred and fourteen feet. Francis Goodwin, architect, London. John Hedge, builder, Little Compton Street, Soho, London.

\* Vide Pinkerton's "Correspondence," Vol. i. pp. 405—410.

#### ANCIENT CUSTOM OF SALUTATION.

THE practice of greeting females by salutation was common in England in the middle ages. According to Chalondylus, "whenever an invited guest entered the house of his friend, he invariably saluted his wife and daughters, as a common act of courtesy." The custom is frequently alluded to by Chaucer, who wrote in the same age, and in the picture of the frere in the Sompnour's Tale, he very archly touches on the zeal and activity with which the holy father performed this act of gallantry. As soon as the mistress of the house enters the room, where he is engaged in "groping tenderly" her husband's conscience,

———"he riseth up full curtishly  
And hir embraceth in his armes narrow  
And kisseth her sweet, and chirkeeth as a sparrow  
With his lippes."

The custom also formed a part of the ceremony of drinking healths, at least so says Robert de Brunne:

"That sais wasseille drinkis of the cup,  
Kiss and his felaw he gives it up."

In the sixteenth century, Erasmus describes, in glowing language, the extreme liberality with which our fair country-women granted these favours.\* But after the Reformation severer manners prevailed; and by the rigid puritans the practice seems to have been discountenanced. Among others was John Bunyan, who gives us an amusing account of his scruples on the subject, in his "*Grace Abounding*." "The common salutation of women," he says, "I abhor: it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it.—When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made balks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill favoured go?" Such, however, were only the scruples of a few conscientious persons: for the custom prevailed generally through the reigns of James and Charles. In Lupton's London and the Country Carbonaded, 1632, a pretty hostess, or a pretty maid, or daughter, to salute the guests, is represented as an established attraction of a country inn. The practice appears to have gone

\* Epist. Fausto Andrelinio.



out about the time of the Restoration. According to Peter Heylin it had for some time before been unfashionable in France, and its abandonment in England probably formed a part of that French code of politeness, which Charles introduced on his return. The last traces of its existence are perhaps in one or two letters, from country gentlemen, in the Spectator, one of which occurs in No. 240. The writer relates of himself that he had always been in the habit, even in great assemblies, of saluting all the ladies round; but a town bred gentleman had lately come into the neighbourhood, and introduced his "fine reserved airs." "Whenever," says the writer, "he came into a room, he made a profound bow, and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so on. This is taken for the present fashion; and there is no young gentlewoman within several miles of this place who has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us."

B.

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CAXTON, DE WORD, AND PYNSON,  
THE PRINTERS.

THE following notices of these eminent persons, or of their families, which occur in the Churchwarden's Accounts of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, may prove acceptable to many of our readers. The last extract relates to the Powder Plot.

1478. The day of burying of William Caxton, for ij torches and iiij tapers, at a low masse .....	s. d.	
	1	8
1491. At the burying of William Caxton, for iiij torches .....	6	8
1497. Item in books called Legend of the bequest of William Caxton .....	13	0
1498. For the knelle of Elizabeth de Word with the great bell .....	0	6
1500. For the knell of Julian de Word with the great bell .....	0	6
1504. Reward of Robert Pynson for iiij tapers .....	0	4
1506. iiij printed books ij of them the Lyfe of St. Kateryn, and other ij of the Birth of our Lady, of the gift of the executors of Caxton.....		
1605. Paid for the ringers for ringing at the time when the Parliament House should have been blown up	10	0

POPULAR ESSAYS ON CHIVALRY,  
ARCHERY, &c.

NO. I.—THE ANCIENT KNIGHT \*



"FOR long," eloquently observes Mr. James, "the Christian religion had struggled alone, a great but shaded light, through the storms of dark and barbarous ages. Till Chivalry arose there was nothing to uphold it; but from that moment, with a champion in the field to lead forth the knowledge that had been imprisoned in the cloister, the influence of religion began to increase, the influence of the divine truth itself gradually wrought upon the hearts of men, purifying, calming, refining, till the world grew wise enough to separate the perfection of the gospel from the weakness of its teachers, and to reject the errors, while they restrained the power of the church of Rome.

"Chivalry stood forth the most glorious institution

\* The figure of the Knight at the head of this article is a reduced copy from an engraving in the 21st volume of the "Archæologia," executed under the direction of Mr. Meyrick, to illustrate the manner of putting on the armour.

that man himself ever devised. In its youth and in its simplicity it appeared grand and beautiful, but from its own intrinsic excellence and from its contrast with the things around. In its after years it acquired pomp and luxury; and to pomp and luxury naturally succeeded decay and death; but still the legacy that it left behind to posterity was a treasure of noble feelings and generous principles.

"There cannot be a doubt that chivalry, more than any other institution (except religion) aided to work out the civilization of Europe. It first taught devotion and reverence to those weak, fair beings, who but in their beauty and gentleness have no defence. It first raised love above the passions of the brute, and by dignifying woman, made woman worthy of love. It gave purity to enthusiasm, crushed barbarous selfishness, taught the heart to expand like a flower to the sunshine, beautified glory with generosity, and smoothed even the rugged brow of war."\*

Such was CHIVALRY! It arose, like Christianity, from very small beginnings, and was fostered by the approving smiles of heaven and the church. It flourished till its work was complete; until might no longer usurped the place of right; until it had polished the manners of society, and made a high way in the desert of savage hearts for that religion, of which it was the faithful handmaid.

Chivalry flings a romantic colouring over bygone time. When we look back through the cloudy vista of past years, and see the lordly prelates and priests and abbots glide by with all the pomp and circumstance of the papacy, we gaze upon the solemn vision with awe and reverence, and no more; but when we fancy the gallant train of mail-clad *knights* pouring from the baronial castle, "to succour the helpless and oppressed, and never to turn back from an enemy," and the bright and beautiful maidens, the idols of their idolatry, whom they loved and honoured next to their Redeemer, and for whom they were always willing to shed their life blood; when we follow these swordsmen to the camp, and see them raging like lions in the battle-field, yet sparing and assisting their fallen adversaries,—to the court, and behold them the great examples of all that dignifies humanity, we feel constrained to love them like our own brethren, and to regard them as instruments peculiarly chosen to fructify and advance the amelioration of our species.

As yet we have only viewed these champions *en masse*, let us single out *one* of them, and on the

present occasion take a short survey of the education and initiation of an *ancient Knight*.

The young aspirant for martial fame remained till he was five years of age (some say seven) under the care of his mother or female relatives, who taught him the rudiments of christian learning and holy chivalry. He was then removed from his home to the Castle of some illustrious chieftain, who, unbiassed by parental tenderness, initiated the embryo warrior into the trials and hardships of his intended profession. There for seven years longer he was distinguished by the name of *page* or *valet*; he served his lovely mistress at her toilet, slept in her bed-chamber, and attended her at the just and tourney; he poured out the wine for his lord at the banquet, and the rest of his time was fully employed in learning all sorts of gymnastic exercises,\* the principal blasts of *venerie* to be sounded when the hounds were uncoupled, when the prey was discovered, when it was brought to bay, and when it fell; to flay and disembowel the prostrate animal, place it on the table, and carve the dishes. This is "the noblest way," observes the poet,

"Of breeding up our youth in letters, arms,  
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises,  
And all the blazon of a gentleman.  
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,  
To move his body gracefully, to speak  
His language purer, or to turn his mind  
On manners more to the harmony of nature,  
Than in these nurseries of nobility?"

When the boy attained fourteen, he was admitted to the degree of *squire*, when he plunged at once into all the perils of the tented field; thither he followed his leader, buckled on his armour, and led his war-horse, and while the knights fought hand to hand in deadly strife with *other knights*, their equals, his duty was to cover his master, should he fall, and drag him out of the *melée*, and to furnish him with fresh horses and weapons, when the latter were broken or wrenched from his grasp, and the former perished under him; but he might not draw the sword (which he exchanged for the short dagger with religious ceremony on his entering into the second grade of chivalry) against the *knightly* adversaries of his gallant lord. At other times he engaged in martial exercises: "he was taught," says the biographer of Bouçicaud, when a

\* One was, to ride in full career against a wooden figure holding a buckler, called a quintaine. This quintaine turned on an axis; and as there was a wooden sword in the other hand of the supposed opponent, the young cavalier, if he did not manage the horse and weapon with address, received a blow when the shock of his charge made the quintaine spring round.

\* James's "History of Chivalry," p. 14.

squire, "to spring upon a horse while armed at all points; to exercise himself in running; to strike for a length of time with the axe or club; to dance and throw somersets, entirely armed, excepting the helmet; to mount on horseback behind one of his comrades, by barely laying his hand on his sleeve; to raise himself betwixt two partition walls to any height, by placing his back against the one and his knees and hands against the other; to mount a ladder placed against a tower, upon the reverse or untouched the rounds with his feet; to throw the javelin, and to pitch the bar."\* Enormous must have been the exertions of these youthful swordsmen, if we judge of the effects produced, and if we may credit the relations of the old chroniclers and romancers, when they tell us, that, in after life, "they fought from matins until even-song cased in steel, yet without tiring, till the sand was dyed with their hot gore, and the spectators wept with very pity."

Chaucer has left us a very beautiful portrait of the *squire* of his time :

"With him ther was his sone a yonge *SQUIER*  
 A lover and a lusty bachelor,  
 With lockes crull [curled] as they were laide in presse,  
 Of twenty yere of age he was I guesse;  
 Of his stature he was of even lengthe,  
 And wonderly deliver [nimble], and grete of strengthe;  
 And he had be [been] sometime in chevachie [in military ex-  
 peditions]  
 In Flaundres, in Artois, and Picardie,  
 And borne him wel, as of so litel space,  
 In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.  
 Embrouded [embroidered] was he, as it were a mede  
 Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.  
 Singing he was or floyting [playing on the flute] all the day;  
 He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.  
 Short was his goune, with sleeves long and wide,  
 Well coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.  
 He coude songes make, and wel endite  
 Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.  
 So hote he loved, that by nightlerale  
 He slep no more than doth the nightengale,  
 Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,  
 And carf before his fader at the table.†

At twenty-one, and in particular cases a year earlier, the squire received the honour of *knighthood*. Having been well tried, *well educated*, and prepared in all respects to devote himself, soul and body, to the service of virtue and valour, to spare neither his blood nor life in defence of the catholic faith, and to succour "the fatherless children and widows and

all that are desolate and oppressed;" he was now to begin his holy career, and the ceremonies of his *initiation* were of a grade and impressiveness commensurate with the dignity of his profession. On the night preceding the day of his receiving the *accolade* the candidate watched his arms in a church or chapel, and prepared for the honour about to be conferred on him with vigil, fast, and prayer. Solemnly divested of the brown frock which he had previously worn, and having bathed, he put on the more costly dress appropriate to knighthood; he was solemnly invested with the knightly armour, and reminded of the allegorical and mystical explanation of each article of his dress. The novice being apparelled in the armour of knighthood, but bare-headed, and without either sword or spurs, a rich mantle was thrown upon him, and he was conducted in solemn procession, attended "by all the knights and nobles at that time in the city, where the solemnity was to be performed, with the bishops and clergy, each covered with the appropriate vestments of his order; the knight in his coat-of-arms, and the bishop in his stole,"\* to the principal church in the place; high mass was then sung, and the acolyte kneeling on the altar steps, took the oath to submit to the laws of chivalry, after which his godsire advancing, *dubbed* the warrior *KNIGHT*. Then the maidens present belted on the sword and spurs of their new votary, amid the joyous acclamations of the spectators, and the din of martial minstrelsy. The novice next received the *accolade*, *generally* from the sword of the Sovereign, who rising from his throne, struck him thrice upon the shoulder with his naked sword, and said, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I make thee knight; be loyal, bold, and true." Sometimes the churchman of the highest dignity who was present belted on the champion's sword, which had been previously blessed and deposited on the high altar, and the ladies only his spurs.

Such was the general outline of the ceremonies of the *initiation*. When knighthood became distinguished by its several orders, as the Bath, the Garter, &c. these ceremonies were varied considerably. The rituals, belonging to the order of the Bath, are extremely curious, and are probably more ancient than any others with which we are acquainted.

Each of the new knights was "attended by two esquires of honour, gentlemen of blood, and bearing coat-arms, who were worshipfully received at the door of that chamber by the king of arms, and the

\* Vie de Boucicaut, Coll. Peletot et Momerque.

† "Canterbury Tales," edited by T. Tyrwhitt, Esq. vol. i. p. 166.

\* James's History of Chivalry, p. 22.

gentleman usher of the order: and the person thus elected entered into that chamber with the esquires, who, being experienced in matters of chivalry, instructed him in the nature, dignity, and duties of this military order, and took diligent care that all the ceremonies thereof (which had their allegorical significations) should be powerfully recommended and punctually observed; and such esquires, who from this service were usually called esquires governors, did not permit the elected to be seen abroad during the evening of his first entry, but sent for the proper barber to make ready a *bathing vessel*, handsomely lined on the inside and outside with linen, having cross hoops over it, covered with tapestry, for defence against the cold air of the night, and a blanket was spread on the floor, by the side of the bathing vessel. Then the beard of the elected being shaven, and his hair cut, the esquires acquainted the sovereign, or great master, that, it being even-song, the elected was prepared for the *bath*. Whereupon some of the most sage and experienced knights went to council and direct the elect in the order and feats of chivalry; which knights, being preceded by several esquires of the sovereign's household, making all the usual signs of rejoicing, and having minstrels playing on several instruments before them, forthwith repaired to the door of the prince's chamber, while the esquires governors, upon hearing the music, undressed the elected, and put him into the bath; and the music ceasing, these *grave* knights, entering the chamber without any noise, severally, one after the other kneeling near the bathing vessel, *with a soft voice*, instructed the elected in the nature and course of the *bath*, and put him in mind, that for ever after he ought to keep his body and mind pure and undefiled. And thereupon the knights each of them cast some of the water of the *bath* upon the shoulders of the elected, and retired, while the esquires governors took the elected out of the *bath*, and conducted him to his pallet bed, which was plain, and without curtains. And as soon as his body was dry, they clothed him very warm in a robe of russet, having long sleeves reaching down to the ground, and tied about the middle with a cordon of ash-colored and russet silk, with a russet hood, like to a hermit, having a white napkin hanging to the cordon or girdle; and, the barber having removed the bathing vessel, the experienced knights again entered, and from thence conducted the elected to the chapel of King Henry VII. And they being there entered, preceded by all the esquires making rejoicings, and the minstrels playing before them, the elected thanked

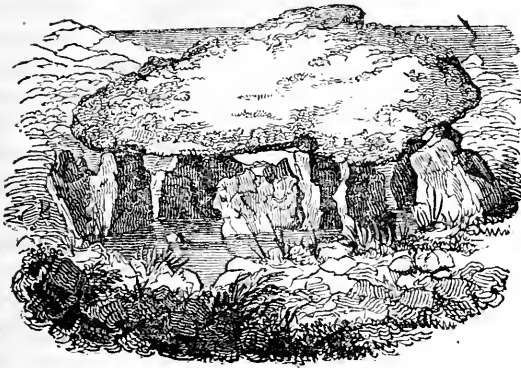
the knights and esquires for their kind services, and they all departed, leaving only the elected, one of the prebendaries of the church of Westminster, the chandler, and the verger of the church. There he performed his vigils during the whole night, in prayers to God, with a taper burning before him. And when the day broke, and the elected had heard mattins, the esquires governors reconducted him to the prince's chamber, and laid him in bed, and cast over him a coverlet of gold, lined with carde. And when the proper time came, these esquires acquainted the great master that the elected was ready to rise, who commanded the experienced knights as before to proceed to the prince's chamber; and the elected having been roused by the music, and the esquires having provided every thing in readiness, the experienced knights at their entry wished the elected a good morning, acquainting him that it was time to rise; whereupon, the esquires taking him by the arm, the oldest of the knights gave him his shirt, the next his breeches, the third his doublet, the fourth a surcoat of red tartarin, lined and edged with white sarce-net, two others took him out of bed, two others drew on his boots, in token of the beginning of his warfare, another girded him with his white unornamented girdle, another put on his coif or bonnet; and lastly, another flung on him the costly mantle of his order."—The above account is abridged from the *fourth statute* of the "Order of the Bath," and the ceremonies recorded are said to be "precisely those which have been observed in former centuries." In modern times these rites are never performed, although they are enjoined by the laws and ordinances.

J. F. R.

#### GRAMMONT'S MEMOIRS.

WALPOLE, speaking of this work, in a letter to Pinckerton, dated Jan. 25th, 1795, says:—"Harding copies likeness very faithfully in general; but then the engravers, who work from his drawings, never see the originals, and preserve no resemblance at all; as was the case with the last edition and translation of Grammont, in which, besides false portraits, as Marshal Turrenne, with a nose the reverse of his; and a smug Cardinal Richelieu, like a young abbé; and the Duchess of Cleveland, called by a wrong name; there is a print, from my Mrs. Middleton, so unlike, that I pinned up the print over against the other, and nobody would have guessed that one was taken from the other."—The edition of Grammont alluded to was that published in 1794, in quarto.

## ARTHUR'S STONE.



ABOUT ten miles west of Swansea, on the top of a mountain called Cefyn Bryn, in the district of Gower, is a *Cromlech*, known by the name of Arthur's Stone; most probably from the practice into which the common people naturally fall, of connecting every thing remarkable for its antiquity, the origin of which is obscure or unknown, with the most prominent character in some memorable period of their history.\*

Cefyn Bryn, in English "the ridge of the mountain," is a bold eminence, called by Llwyd, in his additions to Camden's Glamorganshire, "the most noted hill in Gower," overlooking the Severn sea; and, upon the north-west point of it this cromlech stands. It is formed of a stone, is fourteen feet in length, and seven feet two inches in depth, being much thicker, as supposed, than any similar remains in Wales. Generally speaking, its shape is irregular; but one side has been rendered flat and perpendicular, by detaching large pieces to form mill-stones. It has eight perpendicular supporters, one of which, at the north-west end, is four feet two inches in height; the entire height of the structure is therefore eleven feet four inches. The supporting stones terminate in small points, on which the whole weight (which cannot be less than twenty-five tons) of the cromlech rests. Some few other stones stand under it, apparently intended as supporters, but not now in actual contact. All the component stones are of a

\* In Anglesea, in the northern part of the isle, on the lands of Llugwy, is a stupendous Cromlech, of the rhomboidal form, called *Arthur's Quoit*. The greatest diagonal measures seventeen feet two inches, the lesser fifteen feet; its thickness is three feet nine inches. It has several supporting stones, but is not more than two feet from the ground. In Llugwy woods are several Druidical circles, nearly contiguous to each other.—ED.

hard compact *lapis molaris* (mill-stone), of which the substratum of the mountain is said to consist.

Immediately under the cromlech is a spring of clear water, or "holy well," which has obtained the name, in Welsh, of Our Lady's Well: a spring thus situated plainly shews that the monument is not sepulchral. The fountain and cromlech are surrounded by a vallum of loose stones, piled in an amphitheatrical form. As we know that the *Druids* consecrated groves, rocks, caves, lakes, and fountains to their superstitions, there is little doubt but that Arthur's Stone was erected over one of their sacred springs: it afterwards became a place of Christian assembly for instruction and prayer; and, as the adoration of the Virgin began, in the darker ages, to vie with, if not altogether eclipse, that of the Saviour of Mankind, the fountain obtained the name of Our Lady's Well.

Arthur's Stone is celebrated in the Welsh Triads (which are notices of remarkable historical events and other matters conjoined in *threes*) as one of the three stupendous works effected in Britain; of which Stonehenge is another, and Silbury Hill perhaps the third. In the Triads it is called the *Stone of Sketty*, from a place of that name in its neighbourhood; and, "like the work of the Stone of Sketty," has grown into a Welsh proverb to express undertakings of great difficulty. The people who elevated these enormous masses have left no written records of their own immediate times, although their descendants were not slow in lighting their torch at the flame of human learning. We gather what may be considered but obscure sketches of their customs, from the contemporary poets and historians of more polished nations; yet they have scattered the surface of the British soil with imperishable monuments of their existence, against which the storms of two thousand years have wreaked their fury in vain. Though silent witnesses, the antiquary considers them as a link in the tangible records of human history, which connects it, in some degree, with the postdiluvian times.\*

## WELL-FLOWERING.

THE custom of decorating springs and fountains with flowers was derived from ages long anterior to the introduction of Christianity; although in many places,

\* This article is condensed, principally, from a communication made to the Society of Antiquaries, by A. J. Kempe, Esq. F.S.A., and published in the Appendix to the 23d volume of "The Archaeologia," pp. 420-425. The cut also is copied (but reduced) from that work.

where yet continued, it is regarded as a vestige of Catholicism. Great festivals were annually celebrated at the Fountain of Arethusa, in Syracuse, in honour of the Goddess Diana, who was fabled to preside over its waters;\* and the *Fontinalia* of the Romans were religious observances dedicated to the nymphs of wells and fountains, in which rites the throwing flowers upon streams, and decorating the wells with crowns of flowers, formed the chief ceremonies.

In our own island, this custom has not yet fallen into complete desuetude. Shaw, in his "History of the Province of Morray," observes, that heathenish customs were much practised amongst the people there; and as an instance he cites that "they performed pilgrimages to wells, and built chapels in honour of their fountains." The practice of throwing flowers upon the Severn and other rivers of Wales, as alluded to by Milton in his *Comus*, and Dyer in his poem of the *Fleece*, is unquestionably a remnant of this ancient usage. Speaking of the Goddess Sabrina, Milton says,

"The shepherds, at their festivals,  
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,  
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."

Dyer's words are these;—

"With light fantastic toe, the nymphs  
Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain;  
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,  
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,  
Mixed with green of burnet, mint, and thyme,  
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms:  
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,  
From Wrekin's brow to rocky Dolvryn."

At the village of Tissington, near Ashborne, in Derbyshire, the custom of Well-flowering is still observed on every anniversary of Holy Thursday. On this occasion, the day is regarded as a festival; the villagers array themselves in their best attire, and

\* That travellers very differently estimate the objects of their curiosity is proved in reference to this celebrated fountain. Cicero describes it as "incredibly large," and "full of fish;" and Brydone says,—"It is indeed an astonishing fountain, and rises at once out of the earth to the size of a river." Simond, however, in his more recent "Tour through Sicily and Malta," after referring to Cicero's description, remarks,—"instead of this we saw at the bottom of a sort of spacious well, a trifling spring, in the water of which fifteen or twenty washer-women, bare-legged and tucked up almost to their middle, were actively employed in dipping, flapping, rubbing, and squeezing modern chemises upon blocks of stone." What poet, after this, will choose the nymph Arethusa, as the goddess of his inspiration?

keep open house for their friends. All the wells in the place, which are five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Boards are sometimes used, cut into different forms, or figures, and then covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted to preserve their freshness, and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work; when thus adorned, the boards are so disposed at the springs, that the water appears to issue from amidst beds of flowers. After service at church, where a sermon is preached, a procession is made, and the wells are visited in succession: the Psalms for the day, the epistle and gospel, are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, sung by the church-singers, accompanied by a band of music. Rural sports and holiday pastimes occupy the remainder of the day.\*

## EXETER CATHEDRAL.

HENRY THE EIGHTH AND BISHOP VEYSEY.

ON the death of Bishop Hugh Oldam, at Exeter Palace, in June, 1519, he was succeeded by John Veysey, alias Harman [Oxmantown], LL. D. and Dean of Exeter, who had been chancellor to Archbishop Arundell, and appears to have been brought by that prelate from the diocese of Lichfield. He was collated to a canonry at Exeter on the 5th of August, 1503, and consecrated its bishop on the 6th of November, 1519. Historians agree that he was an accomplished and polite scholar, and a *perfect courtier*; but notwithstanding the latter qualification, he was compelled, by the rapacious injunctions of Henry VIII., to alienate many valuable possessions of his See. The overbearing mode in which this was effected will be evident from the following Letters, copied from the Bishop's Register, at Exeter, vol. ii. and now first made public. The first, which is from the king, bears the date of June 28, 1534; the other, from Lord John Russell, was "roten" (written) four days afterwards; and as both letters are dated from Hampton Court, there can be little doubt that his lordship, in enforcing the king's request by his own advice, was acting under the immediate direction of the sovereign. Lord Russell, whom Heylin describes as "a principal actor in the affairs and troubles of the times," procured for himself a grant of the manors

\* Vide Rhodes's "Peak Scenery," p. 315.

of Bishop's Clyst and Bishop's Tawton. He had previously obtained the appointment of receiver-general to Bishop Veysey.—

By the Kynge.

Right Reuēde Father yn God, Right trustie and welbeloved we grete you well. And wherē it hathe byn supplied vnto vs on the behalff of oʳ trustye & Right welbelovyd Cownseuloʳ Sʳ Thoñs Denys knight that you the Reuēnd Father in god the Busshope of Excestre have a pke called Crediton pke w<sup>th</sup> iiij water mills in the tenure of John Roo And a certeyne pke conteynynge by estimacon oōij hundrethe acres lyenge very comōdyusly for oʳ sayde counsoulor by reason wherof he wulld gladlye obteyne the same at yoʳ hands either by exchaunge or in fee ferme as yow shall together agree & thinke most convenyent Yow shall vnderstande that beyng no lesse desirous that oʳ said counsoulor shulde obteyne his suite in this behallfe Thenne of firm and constant opinion that as well you my lorde of Excestre woll most gladlye gratifie vs in the grawntyng of the same as you the Dean and Chapitre of oʳ Cathedrall church of excestre woll do the semblable for the confirmacon of suche dedds and wtyngs vndre yoʳ chapitre sealle as shalbe right to be made for the pʳpose aforesayde We have thought mete to rite these oʳ lettʳs vnto yowe ryht hartely desyrynge yowe at the spiāll contemplacion of the same to grawnte oʳ sayde counsailors desire in all the pñissh And in such frienlie and spedye sorte to go thorough w<sup>th</sup> hym therein as we ..... yʳ doynge in good pte and to thanke you for the same w<sup>ch</sup> we shall not faile to Doo as the case shall require accordynglye geven vnder oʳ Signet at oʳ Honor of Hampton corte the xxiiij<sup>th</sup> off June the xxxiiij<sup>th</sup> yere of oʳ reigne.

To the Right Reuēde father yn God oʳ trustie and welbeloved Counsailor the Busshope of Excestre & to oʳ trustie & welbeloved the Dean & Chapitre of oʳ Cathedrall Church of the same.

The letter of Lord Russell is as follows:—

My veray goode Lorde yn most hartye wyse I re-  
coñiende me vnto yoʳ good lordshipe signefynge the  
same of the Kings Hyghnes most pspus healthe and  
off all yoʳ Friends here. I have Recevyd yoʳ lord-  
ships lettʳs as to pʳ yoʳ lordships effect coñniūg yoʳ  
bill I have sett fourth the same vnto the cownsoale  
here whitche is stayed vntyll the repayer hether of  
the Chawncelor of the tenths at whose cumyng  
doubt you not my lorde but that I wyll further the

same to thutmost of my powar. My lord of Durham  
and my lord Wynchestʳ were in lyke cais but they  
sueyde yn tyme. And now I understand theyr ys a  
Statute made so as a greate parte of your suete yn  
the sayde Chawncelor whom I wull not faille to re-  
member yn yʳ behalff God wollyng. My lorde among  
others I am cōplaynyd unto By Dyverse of the kynys  
subiects of Devonshere and Cornewall of there greate  
disquyettnes and trouble By reason they are com-  
pellyd to sue here so farre of for redresse of theire  
iniuries & wrongs w<sup>th</sup> the w<sup>ch</sup> they finde themselfes  
moche grevyd as vndoubtedlye they have no less  
cause. My lorde as towchinge that I wulde right  
gladlie knowe yoʳ best advyse And what you thinke  
to the redresse thereof And even so shall I not faylle  
to be a suter to the kynges highnes for the pchase of  
theire bettr quyettnes therein. Moreover my lorde  
whereas it hathe pleasyd the kynys highnes to dyrect  
his lettʳs as well to yʳ lordshipe as to yʳ Deane and  
Chapitre of Exceter in the favor of my spcāl good  
frinde Sʳ Thoñs Denys knight for suche mattier as is  
pported in his saide highnes lettʳs. Theise shalbe to  
Requyer yow not onlye for y lordships parte to  
way and further the same his graces request but even  
so accordynglye to anymate yʳ sayde chapitre there-  
vnto so as hys maiestie shall well understand that they  
be conformabell w<sup>th</sup> your lordshipe to that complishe-  
ment of his maiesties plesure in that behalff Other-  
wyse if there shall apper anye obstinacye vnto his  
highnes thereyn in anye behalff as I dowt not that hit  
shall it may then folow yoʳ thanks to be drownyd  
And yet this moche I may say to yoʳ lordshipe that  
the kyng ys very earnest yn hytt & fullye Detmynyd  
that the said Sʳ Thoñs Dennys shall enioye the same  
by other lawfull means Wherefore I thought no lesse  
than goode to adūtyse yoʳ lordshipp the whole some  
of his highnes pleasure And to requier you as I wold  
my hartiest Frynde that you shulld yn no mañ of  
wyse nor anye of yoʳ sayde chapitre Disagre there-  
unto: Thus my good lord I take my leave of yow for  
thys tyme besichynge most hartely allmighty god to  
send yow longe lyff to his plesure. Roten at the  
kynys house of Hampton Courte the seconde Day of  
July by yoʳ lordships assuryd

J. RUSSELL.

To the Right honourable & his approvyd  
goode lorde the Busshope of Excetoni  
his good Lordshipe.

The above letters had their intended effect, and  
Crediton Park was assigned to Sir Thomas Denys  
under the decided threat of these imperative missives.



## THE LANDGATE, WINCHELSEA, SUSSEX.



Few towns in the south of England have higher claims to the notice of the Historic Illustrator than Winchelsea. It is one of the cinque ports, and is said to have been a considerable place before the arrival of the Saxons in England. The site of the ancient town is now overflowed by the sea; a notice of this inundation is retained in the records of Rye, in the following words:

"Be it remembered that in the year of our Lord 1287, in the even of St. Agath, the Virgin, was the town of Winchelsea drowned and all the lands, climesden, and the voches of Hithe."

After this tremendous event the inhabitants resolved to build a new town, upon the top of a hill, about a mile and a half from the sea; three of the gates of which are now standing, viz.: Newgate, Strandgate, and Landgate. The latter, as represented in the cut, is a square building, with circular towers at each angle; the high and pointed arch, (forming the principal entrance to the town from Rye), was enriched with bold and massive mouldings, parts of which are still to be seen. The ceiling above the gateway was groined, and had rich pendants at the intersection. A flat tablet, inclosed in a trefoil panel, is placed on one side of the gateway, probably to commemorate the date of its erection; but no trace of an inscription remains. The masonry is in good preservation. At the present time this gate is used as a granary; but there can be no doubt that it was formerly a place of confinement as well as of defence.

Winchelsea has been disfranchised under the recently-passed Reform Act; prior to which, under the distinction of a rotten borough, it had the degrading honour of returning two members to parliament.

## THE TARTAN CLOAK.

THE following curious instance of Scotch nationality is related in Mr. Earle's "Journal of a residence on the island of Tristan D'Acunha," in the South Atlantic ocean, published in his recent volume on New Zealand. There is a small settlement on Tristan D'Acunha (which is probably of volcanic origin,) formed for the purpose of preparing oil from the fat of the sea-elephant, and other marine animals, frequenting the surrounding seas, and Mr. Earle, who had been left on shore whilst on his voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, was constrained to remain there for several months, in the year 1824. The chief person, or *governor*, as he was designated, of this little community, was a native of Roxburgh, in Scotland. He was named Glass, had been a corporal of the artillery drivers, and during an adventurous career, had become an experienced tailor, as well as an excellent operative in various other trades. Knowing his abilities, "I proposed to him," says Mr. Earle, "when my clothes were completely worn out, to make me a full-dress suit out of my Tartan cloak. He agreed to do so; but still my clothes were not forth-coming. One evening, on my return from a fatiguing day's ramble, Glass came to me with a most melancholy face, and begun,—'It is no use holding out any longer, Mr. Earle; I *really cannot find in my heart to cut up that bonnie Tartan*. I have had it out several times, and had the scissors in my hands, but I cannot do it, sir. It is the *first* Tartan that was ever landed on Tristan D'Acunha, and the first that ever I have seen since I left Scotland; and I really cannot consent to cut it up into pieces.'"

This moving address induced Mr. Earle to present him with the cloak, bargaining, however, that the governor should make him a pair of trowsers out of any thing he might have among his stores. His new "Cossacks," the produce of this agreement, had a front of sail cloth, and a back of dried goat's skin, the hair outside, which he was assured would be found very convenient in descending the mountains.—I laughed heartily, says Mr. Earle, when I first sported this Robinson Crusoe habiliment.—"Never mind how you look, sir," said my kind host; "his majesty himself, God bless him! if he had been left here, as you were, could do no better."



## ON THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITY. No. I.

ANTIQUITY is a relative term; having reference to some other, by which its meaning is limited. Thus with regard to time present, a transaction may be recent or ancient, and a production of art may be modern or antique, according to its nearness *to*, or remoteness *from*, our own age. With respect to general circumstances, a few *centuries* may authorize the application of this epithet, in other cases the lapse of several centuries seems requisite to sanction it.

The subjects which principally constitute the province of the antiquary are these:—The rise and progress of nations; the works of a people whose political existence has been long extinct; the remains of edifices; ancient coins, arms, arts, records, &c. These, with numerous others of a similar nature demand his attentive consideration, and supply materials for recondite inquiries and ingenious investigation. While considering this subject, the necessity of a distinction in ARCHÆOLOGY becomes obvious. *That* branch of the study of antiquity, therefore, which embraces researches into the rise and progress of ancient nations, with the monuments of kingdoms, states, and empires, whose mouldering ruins and fragments of former grandeur are the only evidences of their having existed, should be distinguished from researches of *minor importance* and *less remote* antiquity by the term *higher Archæology*. Thus with respect to our *own* country, every subject prior to the time of its subjugation by the Romans, at the commencement of the Christian era, will come under the distinction of the *higher Archæology*; but from that period downwards to the Elizabethan age (through all the intervening centuries which were distinguished by the erection of some of the most magnificent ecclesiastical structures in this or any other land) every object treated on will constitute a lower grade of our national antiquities.

Of the higher class are those remains of *ancient* Britain, usually denominated DRUIDICAL; and with regard to antiquity in *general*, every circumstance and every object prior to the Christian era is entitled to be thus distinguished. The more recondite branches of the British Archæology will be first attended to in these communications.

There is scarcely any employment of our intellectual faculties more gratifying than researches into the events of past ages; into the manners and circumstances of mankind, in primeval times and in distant

countries. Our ardour for this pleasing pursuit is, however, greatly depressed by the discouragements that we meet with at the very outset; for the early state of every ancient nation, that of the Jews excepted, is involved in almost impenetrable obscurity. It is not until after the lapse of ages has brought a country into some tolerable degree of eminence, that any inquiries into the circumstances that attended or contributed to its rise and progress are instituted, and then, unfortunately, they are too late.

Thus it is with respect to the infancy of our native country, no national record, no pillar nor tablet inscribed with the name or actions of our British predecessors, now meets the eye of the curious and eager enquirer; indeed it is highly probable that no such documents ever existed. From what source then, it may be reasonably asked, shall we derive that light which is so needful to guide our steps through the long dark vista of unrecorded years?

We answer, that the only satisfactory substitute for historical record is to be sought for in the ancient remains of that country whose infant state we are enquiring into. In proportion as they are rude and void of every appearance of art, so much nearer do they conduct us to the primitive ages of the world.

To these vestiges of former times,—these silent but faithful monuments of men and days that have long since been forgotten, we must have recourse in our inquiries into the ancient state of Britain; and fortunately there are few countries in the world in which such vestiges are so numerous as in this. It is scarcely possible to go a day's journey in any direction without meeting many objects of this description. On the one hand we observe numerous mounds of earth, of such vastness and so formed that they seldom fail to attract the traveller's attention and excite his curiosity; on the other hand, single masses of stone or groups of massy stones, variously disposed, surprise him by their arrangement and magnitude; and his mind is awed into a kind of solemn feeling by the silence and mystery that hover around them.

It must be obvious to the most cursory observer that these works were erected at a time when not only architecture and sculpture, but even cemented walls and regular masonry, were unknown in this country. From the entire dissimilarity of these ancient erections to those of modern times, we necessarily refer them to anterior ages; and by pursuing our inquiries, are enabled to recognise the analogy between these ancient British remains and the *primeval* works of other countries.

At this point the antiquary finds a treasure in the

patriarchal part of sacred history ; for there is no country in which these erections of unhewn stone can be rationally accounted for except in Palestine, and that through the medium of sacred history. In Hindostan these structures are called Pandoo Koolies, and are attributed to a fabulous being, called Pandoo, and his sons. We find them distributed over various parts of the earth, bearing such similarity of character as attests them to have had one and the same origin. In India, on the shores of the Levant and the Mediterranean, in France, in Belgium, in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, on the shores of Britain, from the Land's End, in Cornwall, to the Straits of Dover ; and also in many parts of the interior of our country, these remains exist, and they are frequently accompanied by sepulchral mounds and other earth works.

The various remains of these erections of unhewn stone present themselves to our view under the following varieties :

1. The single stone, called a pillar, or obelisk.
2. Circles of these stones, varying in number and arrangement.
3. Sacrificial stones.
4. Cromlechs and cairns.
5. Logan stones.
6. Colossal stones, called Tolmens.

The pillar, or single stone, is of patriarchal origin, so also is the circle of single stones ; those erected by the Israelites consisted of twelve stones, answering to the number of their tribes.

## ON ARCHITECTURAL ARCHÆOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH one general style of architecture prevailed throughout the whole of Western Europe for several centuries succeeding the period of the Crusades, each country exhibits peculiar modifications of that style, analogous to the different dialects of one common tongue. Hence the Spanish Peninsula, Lombardy, and the rest of Italy, France, England, the Netherlands, and Germany, furnish very striking differences of character in buildings classed together under the comprehensive generic term Gothic,\* varying more or less from each other, yet all having, as it were, one

leading idea, the substratum of the whole. We shall yet, it is hoped, be put into possession of a more complete course of comparative architecture, as regards this style, than we have hitherto been furnished with ; since very much indeed remains to be accomplished for that purpose, although the scattered materials are sufficiently numerous. By confronting with each other various particulars selected from English and foreign structures of this class, a more complete insight would be obtained of the style itself, and much might be collected that would prove of considerable practical use in the application of Gothic architecture to modern purposes. Such a course of study may, undoubtedly, be pursued by an individual, yet very few can afford such a collection of expensive works as it would require,—to say nothing of the inconvenience of consulting, at the same time, a multiplicity of publications, where similar subjects might be very differently treated ; and from which it would be a task of no small labour to deduce any clear and general synopsis.

A *Parallel of Gothic Architecture* would be an undertaking of some magnitude ; still, by a judicious economy both of selection and arrangement, a few hundred plates might be made to contain a great number of highly valuable and curious studies, many of them comparatively little known in this country, and, certainly, not to be met with in any preceding English work. We should hardly recommend Durand's "*Parallèle*" as a model, since that exhibits, for the most part, merely a series of small and almost minute elevations, in an inconveniently large volume, while the advantage of all the subjects being drawn upon the same scale is greatly counterbalanced by the scale itself being necessarily adapted to the larger edifices, and consequently too diminutive to display more than the general features of the smaller ones. This inconvenience would be still more sensibly felt in a work on Gothic architecture, because we cannot, as in the "*regular*" Italian or Italianized style, take any of the detail for granted, and from the leading indications of the parts guess, with tolerable accuracy, of their subordinate members and finishings. Besides which, (although it happens rather unfortunately for the doctrine of those who maintain that in order to produce effect, Gothic buildings require to be upon a large scale,) many of the most impressive specimens of

\* However incorrect the term "Gothic" may be historically, and it is after all, perhaps, not a whit more so than the term "Corinthian," applied to the foliage-capitalled (if the phrase be allowable) order of the ancients, it is now too firmly rooted in the language of art in all European dialects to be got rid of,

even could another be substituted for it equally intelligible and expressive. And if to object to it as erroneous be hypercritical, to object to it as opprobrious, when its history and principles have been so assiduously inquired into as of late, is absolutely ridiculous.

that style will be found in structures of very moderate dimensions. This will hardly be disputed by those who have at all studied what it is capable of accomplishing in such productions as porches, chapels, chantries, oratories, cloisters, &c.; and if it be urged that these are rather to be considered component parts of larger edifices, than independent structures, we may vindicate our opinion, by referring to many strikingly beautiful examples of ancient market crosses.

In selecting the materials for a work of this description, which after all would be exceedingly limited, in comparison with the extent and copiousness of the subject, it would be advisable to make choice of such examples as should illustrate this style of architecture generally, rather than those which are peculiar to this kingdom. While we admit the surpassing beauties of many of our own Gothic structures, we cannot help thinking that their merit has rendered us somewhat too inattentive to those of other countries,—incurious as to their peculiarities, and cold as to their merits. With the exception of what has been done for Normandy, and some other parts of France, by English artists or antiquaries, hardly any attempt has been made to familiarize us with the “Gothic examples” of the Continent. In saying this, we mean not to disparage the spirited productions of Mr. Coney’s pencil, yet, although they are exceedingly picturesque delineations, and convey a satisfactory idea of the character of the buildings represented; they certainly do not supersede the necessity for more strictly architectural representations, on the contrary, an inspection of them serves to convince us what rich stores, both of ecclesiastical and domestic architecture, are to be met with upon the Continent, and which are hardly known here, except by vague report and a certain prescriptive reputation.

With regard to our travelled architects, their researches are almost exclusively confined to “classic” land; besides Italy and Greece, rarely do they visit any parts of the Continent, except indeed such as lie in the direct route thither. Thus, while we meet again and again with observations on buildings, whose merits had been sufficiently discussed before, we are still as far as ever from obtaining any information of a thousand others, many of which possess equal, and some superior claims to notice. Those who place the Bourse at Paris among the finest architectural works of the present century, can hardly by any chance have heard of the magnificent works at Gran, in Hungary, of the restorations at Marienburg, Berlin, and Munich. Krescovicz and Rosenstein are in their

maps very obscure places, nor could they even guess at the site of the Tauridan Alhambra? Whether any such a work as that here suggested be ever undertaken or not, ardently do we hope that some one of competent skill and industry will, ere long, in some degree fill up a dreary hiatus in our literature of antiquity and art, by treating of the progress of architecture on those parts of the Continent which have hitherto been, if not entirely overlooked, only briefly alluded to. As regards Germany in particular, ample materials, both for historical information and analytical criticism, may be derived from the labours of Moller, Sulpitz Boisserée, Costenoble, Quaglio, Steiglitz, Busching, Hundeshagen, and various others, who have zealously cultivated this interesting branch of archaeology.

W. L.

## NOTICES OF LEGAL USAGE AMONGST

### THE ANCIENT NORTHMEN.

THE manners, customs, and superstitions of the English, the idioms of their language and spirit of their laws, were the thing not otherwise notorious, would sufficiently prove their descent from, and affinity to, the spreading nations of Northmen. It may thence be assumed that a few details, curious enough in themselves, connected with the ancient institutions of one of those nations may be interesting. A work on *Teutonic Legal Antiquities*, published at Gottingen, by Dr. Jacob Grimm, furnishes authority.

The penal laws of the Teutones were sanguinary and barbarous in the extreme:—yet, what is at once a mark of our kindred character, and of the inefficacy of inordinate punishments, they were even anxious to afford some loop-hole for the criminal’s escape; either in the shape of quibble, or by an ordeal of chance. How far such humane facilities were necessary will appear after a sample of the revolting inflictions adjudged. *Removers of boundary stones* were buried up to the neck in the earth, and ploughed to death! With that frequent taste for spell-like formalities we find amongst rude people, it was further directed, that a new plough, four unbroken horses, and a ploughman who had never turned a furrow, should be brought to the act. *Forest burners* were placed with their naked feet exposed to a slow fire, and kept there until these dropped off. But the most horrid fate befell him who destroyed the bark of trees,—a fate we almost shrink from describing. His navel was dug out,

nailed to the barked tree, and the unhappy wretch driven round, until he had belted the denuded trunk with his own bowels!

All this too at a time when every man's life had its *evergelt*, or price. A race, born and bred warriors, deemed the spilling of blood but an offence of circumstances. Indeed, a reluctance to shed it seems to have been a crime, for we find *cowards* condemned to be "smothered in mud." At the same moment, the manly and chivalrous, though mistaken and unchristian feeling which governed, peeps out in the fact that a woman's *evergelt* was treble a man's, because *she could not defend herself*.

The Northmen have always been remarkable for a more respectful and affectionate treatment of the fair, than has prevailed in Southern and Oriental regions. They surpassed the polished Greeks and Romans in this respect. Amongst the Teutones, it was lawful for a host to beat soundly a guest who spoke immodestly before the ladies, and the privilege was a rare one.

The lords of the soil were of old, as at present, inexorable in the enforcement of "game laws." Of their strictness in the land whereof we speak, some idea may be formed from what appears meant as a good-natured fishing indulgence. To us it savours marvellously like the liberty to catch larks when the sky falls. The grace runs thus :---"If a good fellow of the country enter the water, with his hose and shoes on, and *catch hold* of a fish, and eat it with good friends, he has done no wrong." What with first and second proviso, it is to be feared the old German boors took little by the license.

The savage custom of exposing new-born infants prevailed in ancient Germany. The learned are aware it was by no means confined thereto. Amongst the Teutones, it was usual to leave the child on the floor of the chamber, whereon the mother herself lay, until the father, being called, acknowledged his offspring, either by taking it in his arms, or by directing it to be cast forth. Then comes in another of those superstitious observances, so often made part and parcel of eldern codes. The infant might not be legally abandoned, if it had acquired a right to live by tasting food. A story is told, that Liafburga, mother of St. Ludiger, was preserved to the world through such an incident. The babe had been carried away by a servant, with orders to immerse it in a pail of water; he did so, but the destined mother of the saint clinging to the sides of the vessel instinctively, was pitied and snatched away by a matron passing, who applied some honey to her lips ere the emissary could prevent. Strictly, however, the law only permitted the ex-

posure, not the destruction of children; nor was it capriciously acted on.

The tenures whereby the ancient vassals held their lands were often exceedingly whimsical. Grimm cites an example amusingly characteristic. Certain monastic tenants, whenever they indulged in the luxury of a roasted capon were bound to expose it, cooked, for a brief while in the hall of the convent; in order that the brethren might enjoy the gustatory savour. Whether there existed a further understanding that one or other of these should be invited home to partake more earnestly, he does not add. We should suspect there did; and thence the exaction, unless indeed we can believe the *self-denying* friars meant the tantalizing service as a penance to themselves. The old Germans exhibit a sense of *bonhomie* amidst their feudal barbarities; as for instance, though it was allowable to wring the neck of a hen that strayed beyond prescribed limits, yet was it required to be thrown back into the owner's premises, together with such a supply of herbs as would suffice to garnish it handsomely for table.

There does, or did flicker amongst the vulgar in England a conceit that children born before marriage might be legitimated by being placed under their mothers' garments during the ceremony. With the Teutonic people it *was* law. Perhaps it may likewise have been so with our Saxon and Danish ancestors. The same people appear to have exactly defined the age at which a man might be called an old bachelor. It was when he had seen fifty years three months and three days. Like ourselves, they seem never to have dared an attempt at similar precision with regard to ancient maidenhood. The right of adoption obtained: one form of it consisted in making the adopted put on the shoes of the adopter. It has been asked whether our phrase of "standing in his shoes" may not owe its origin to this custom.

The wild poetry infused throughout the forms and usages of the Northmen is often imposing. The language of their feudal courts partook of it, and we are tempted to conclude these mixed notices by a specimen. It presents a condemnation to a dreadful sort of outlawry :---"For this we judge thee and doom thee; and take thee out of all rights and place thee in all wrongs; and we award thy feifs to the lord from whom they came, thy patrimony and acquired property to thy children, and thy body and flesh to the fowls of the air, the beasts of the forest, and the fish of the water. We give thee over to all men and all ways; and wherever man has peace and safe conduct thou shalt have none; and we turn thee forth upon the four ways

of the world; and no man can sin against thee." Another, reciting the penalty on a breach of solemn compact, may be tolerated:—

"He who breaks this compact shall be banished, and driven as far as man can be driven: wherever Christian men go to church and heathen men sacrifice in temples—wherever fire burns and earth *greens*; child cries for its mother, and mother bears child—wherever ship floats, shield glitters, sun melts snow, fir grows, hawk flies the long spring day and the wind stands under his wings—wherever the heavens vault themselves and earth is cultivated, water runs, and man sows corn, shall HE be refused the church and the Lord's house, and good men deny him any home but hell."

C. S. A.

#### KATHERINE, NATURAL DAUGHTER OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

THE existence of a natural daughter of Richard the Third is not very generally known, hence a copy of an agreement between her father and William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, for her marriage with that nobleman, is of some interest. Dugdale observes, "Whether this marriage took effect or not, I cannot say, for sure it is, she died in her tender years."

"This endentur made at Londoñ the last day of Februar', the first yere of the reigne of oure souverain, Lord King Richard third, betwene oure said souverain Lord on the oon partie and the right noble Lord William Erle of Huntingdoñ on the other, pte witnesseth that the said Erle promiseth and graunteth to oure said souverain Lord, that before the fest of Saint Michel next comýng, by god's grace, he shall take to wiff Dame Katherine Plantagenet, dought, to oure saide souverain Lord, & before the day of their mariage, to make or cause to be made to hir behouff, a sure, sufficient and lawfull estate of certain his manoirs, Lordships lands and tenements in England, to the yerely valewe of CCLI over all charge, to have, and hold to him and the said Dame Katherine, and to their heires of their two bodies lawfully begotten, remayndre to the right heires of the said Erle, for the whiche oure saide souverain Lord graunteth to the said Erle, and to the same Dame Katherine, to make or cause to be made to them before the said day of mariege, a sure, suffisaunt and lawfull estate of manoirs, Lordships lands and tenements of the yerely value of a M. març

over all reprises to have to theim and to their heires males of their two bodyes, lawfully begotten, in maner fourme folowinge, that is to witt Lordships, manoirs, lands and tenements in possession at that day to the yerely value of vj<sup>e</sup> març and Manoirs, Lordships lands and tenements in revercion after the decesse of Thomas Stanley, Knight, Lord Stanley, to the yerely value of iiij<sup>e</sup> març, and in the meane season oure said souverain Lord graunteth to the said Erle and Dame Katherine an annuite of iiij<sup>e</sup> març yerely to be had and pceyved to them from Michelmasse last past during the lif of the said Lord Stanley, of the revenues of the Lordships of Newport, Brekenok, and Hay in Wales by the hands of the receyvoirs of them for the tyme being, and over this oure said souverain Lord granteth to make and bere the cost and charge of the said mariage at the day of the solempnizing thereof In witnesse wherof oure said souverain Lord to the oon partie of these endentures remayngng with the said Erle, hath set his Signet, and to the other partie remayngng with oure said souverain Lord, the said Erle hath set his seal the day and yeare abovesaid."

#### THOUGHTS

##### ON THE INFLUENCE OF CONTINGENCY IN FORMING THE SCIENCE OF ARCHITECTURE.

WE might indeed say "the Influence of Contingency" in forming the fine arts in general; for in a certain sense man himself is the creature of circumstances, and his most finished works shew the marks of the same hand which has done so much in modelling his own chaacter. But, of these three principal branches of study usually designated by the appellation "fine arts," two, namely, Painting and Sculpture, may be said to be purely and primarily *imitative*, and therefore to a great degree must be evidently under the control of contingency. For what is the province of these arts but to represent man under the influence of all the accidental relations in which he acts or by which he is acted upon; or at other times to bring before the eye all the casual varieties of natural scenery or of animal life? The influence then of contingency over these subjects, and therefore over the works that represent them, will be admitted; but it is not so readily apprehended by many how the same influence extends to a science which they are accustomed to consider so essentially a matter of rule as that of architecture.

That however it *has* such an extent is unquestionable ; and, while we fully recognize the authoritative character of the usually admitted principles of architectural composition,—principles whose object it is to support the distinctiveness of any approved style by a strict attention to its characteristics in detail,—we shall not find it uninteresting or useless to consider for a few moments how far those principles are the effect of any immutable laws of beauty on the one hand, or of the accidental circumstances of life on the other.

To form any judgment upon a subject of this kind, we must take into consideration the particulars of time, of situation, and of event which have attended the appearance and developement of any given style of the art ; and these indeed constitute contingencies of unlimited operation. Thus, if we direct our attention to the venerable remains of Egyptian grandeur, we find them, as standing earliest in time, characterized by the greatest degree of simplicity and by the least of what may be called experiment in art. What is the huge pyramidal mountain of stone but the astonishing ideal of simplicity ? What is the tall obelisk, or the rude compound of the human and bestial forms in the giant Sphinx, but a monument of the same quality ? The like may be observed of the Egyptian temple, imposing as it was for massive dignity. Again the *situation* in which as well as the time when, this style of architecture happened to arise will be found to have imparted to it many of its principles and decorations. Exposed to the beams of a hot sun, the apertures of structures in that country were small compared with the masses placed in a region seldom visited by rain, the temples had no pediments or inclined roofs. The palm-tree and the lotus, rising on all sides, furnished the builders of the day with elegant foliage for the capitals of their columns. The reed from the banks of the Nile, single or grouped, afforded them bands for their entablatures and large hollow cornices—whence, in all probability, the Greeks of after times derived their triglyphs. The bright sun, ever riding over their wide plains, was portrayed above their temple-doors as symbolical of the presiding genius of the land, and not unfrequently associated with other celestial devices. The serpent, the crocodile, and numerous animals, the objects of their veneration, provided them with additional forms of architectural embellishment. If we further take into consideration the varied observances of sacerdotal mystery by which the disposition of the sacred edifices was regulated, and the different contemporaneous events which frequently conferred a character on the collateral decorations of those edifices, we shall be prepared to allow

the great influence of contingent circumstances in constituting the Egyptian style what it was.

And has *Grecian* art been less exposed to the operation of the same influence ? Jealous as the ancient Greeks were of their claims to originality in every respect, they would not for the most part allow that their sciences any more than their national ancestry were of foreign derivation. To such a story, however, we may award what degree of credit we please when we remember that Athens, afterwards the fountain of all refinement, owed its foundation, and of course its earliest arts, to the Egyptian Cecrops. The principles of analogy, indeed, as well as the facts of history, lead to the conclusion that the bold Doric order of the Greeks was but an improvement on the massive form of the Egyptians. Having thus however gained some fundamental ideas to proceed upon, the former did not, like those from whom they borrowed their elements of art, feel an inducement, from the charms of old association, or the requirements of national customs, to perpetuate the detailed forms of their prototypes to any greater extent than might be agreeable to their own independent ideas of fitness. And *here* then also we find a number of accidental circumstances combining with the suggestions of taste to produce novelty of style. The sun's rays fell with mildness on Greece compared with their fervour in Egypt ; and the prospect on all sides was that of beautiful variety, and not of sandy plains dotted with palm-trees. Hence, instead of a few columns occupying as it were a mere opening in a wall, the common Egyptian distribution, the Greeks found the advantage of a continued colonnade, in which they might walk, to enjoy the benign influences of the atmosphere, and the charms of luxuriant scenery. In Greece, however, while the air was more temperate, rain was frequent and copious ; in consequence of which the sloping roof was resorted to, whose ends, by being finished with the same cornices as the horizontal fronts had been, produced the dignified pediment. From these two features, of the peristyle or colonnade, and the pediment at each extreme, the otherwise plain oblong cell derives its distinctive character of the Grecian temple. And passing from the mass to the detail, we recognize with satisfaction the happy contingency which scattered on all sides round the Greek artificers the acanthus, the rose, the honeysuckle, and other vegetable productions with modifications of which they have so beautifully decorated their works as to have constituted them examples of taste to all future times. From the graceful convolutions and foliage of some of those vegetable subjects the Ionic order probably, and

certainly the Corinthian took their rise, whatever may have been the statements of fable upon this point. And, if we look for an additional effect of contingency upon architecture, as attending the customs and events of the times, we shall find that effect as developed by the refinement which gave birth to the Grecian theatre, by the heroism which was rewarded with new monumental structures, by the legends and observances which afforded subjects for the collateral decorations of the sculptor, and by the encouragements offered by the government, or the oracle, as interest or circumstances suggested. The Greek style, thus formed by the union of many adventitious occurrences with the exercise of much judgment and taste, stands to the Roman in the relation of the graceful and accomplished sister to the less fair but more powerful brother. The character of the latter style seems to have conformed to the spirit of the bold but rugged masters of the world. It was the probably-accidental discovery of the arch that gave the Romans the great advantage in composition over the Greeks, of whom they had been the careless copyists. Hence their triumphal arches, their Pantheon, their aqueducts and other structures; and hence a fund of valuable ideas upon the treatment of ceilings. The subordinate ornaments of the Roman style had, in almost all instances, some prototypes in the Grecian; though the former modified those subjects, and carried them out to their full developement. A contingent circumstance to which this style was greatly indebted was the superior wealth and power of its patron nation, an advantage Greek art never possessed to such an extent, and which carried all the conceptions of Italian skill into grand effect.

But passing from this style, let us give a moment's attention to the last great architectural system, which appeared after long ages of darkness had succeeded the splendour of imperial Rome,—the Pointed style. In this, the consummation of art, matters of accidental origin and those of study and intention are so intimately connected that it is difficult to draw the line of distinction. Some general points however there are in which none can be mistaken. We can indeed, on the one hand, trace the origin of this style down through successive modifications and corruptions of the Roman, a progress of art resembling the course of a traveller, who, having strayed during night from his intended course, finds by morning that his wanderings have led him into a scene of unimagined splendour. On the other hand many contingent circumstances have perceptibly affected this style as well as the rest, not to enlarge upon the fact, that the pointed arch itself was

an accidental discovery. To our more inclement sky are owing the high roofs and gables of our old architecture, the more effectually to throw off the abundant snow and rain. To our more moderate sunshine is owing the ample dimension of the richly-ramified window. To the productions of our soil are owing the beauties of varied foliage, adding an inexhaustible richness to the detail of composition. To the enterprises of chivalry is owing,—according to many, even the first use of the pointed arch,—certainly a vast accumulation of subjects of heraldical and monumental interest.

In fine, accustomed as we are to the praise of the venerable antique remains, and

Temples, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave—

or to the admiration of those edifices still more interesting from old association, which, in the style peculiarly our own, exhibit

The long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,

we shall find it a great assistance to our judgment,—in considering the origin of an architectural style,—to recall to mind the contingencies of time, of climate, and of event, that have attended its formation, being convinced that these have often a greater connexion with the subject than either the research of the antiquary or the pride of the artist is prepared to admit.

E. T.

## THE PEAK CAVERN, OR DEVIL'S CAVE,

DERBYSHIRE.

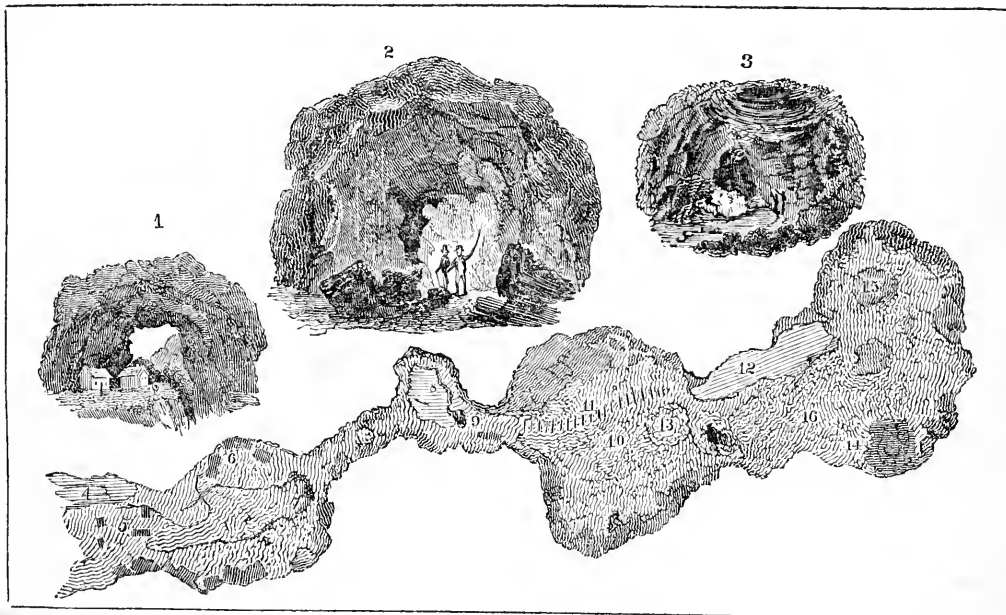
CASTLETON DALE, in the High Peak of Derbyshire, is highly celebrated for the impressive beauty of its scenery; but this arises more from the effect of local contrast than from the positive superiority of its picturesque charms over other valleys in the same county. Environed by bleak and precipitous mountainous tracts, regions which sterility and desolation appear to have withered by their frowns, the luxuriance and variety of the dale refresh the eye like a rich picture teeming with sunshine and joyousness. Through its bosom flow several meandering rivulets, and from the north and south various lesser dales open into it from different distances. Within its limits are situated the villages of Hope, Castleton,



and Brough: the former, with its spire-crowned church, forms a very attractive feature in the scenery, when beheld from the steep and rugged descent, called the *Winnats*, or Wind-gates, by which Castleton is approached by the road over the mountains from Chapel-in-the-Frith. As the road winds along the declivity, making several inflections in its downward course, the traveller obtains a prospect of CASTLETON, which appears clustered near the bottom of the precipitous eminence at whose feet the famous *Cavern of the Peak* unfolds its massive portals, and whose brow is crested by the ruins of the ancient castle, from which the place derives its name. The presumed depth of the vale, below the general level of the surrounding country, is 1000 feet; its length is between five and six miles, and its breadth in some parts is two miles.

Near the entrance of the village, (which, on a near approach, is partly hid by some full-grown branching trees,) a low bridge has been thrown across the rippling stream which issues from the Cavern, at some distance to the right. Formerly, a ditch and vallum extended in a semicircular course in front of the village, from the mountain on which the Peak Castle stands, and may still be traced in particular directions. The buildings are mostly of stone, and the chief support of the inhabitants is derived from mining occupations, and from the expenditure of those visitors who are induced by curiosity or science to inspect the remarkable scenes in this district.

Of these scenes the PEAK CAVERN, or, as it is frequently denominated, the *Devil's Cave*, and sometimes also by a still more vulgar patronymic derived from "Auld Horney," is the most extraordinary



The entrance, or vestibule, as it may be called, is extremely magnificent, the Cave itself being situated at the extremity of a deep and gloomy recess, formed by a chasm in the rocks, which range perpendicularly on each side to a great height, having on the left the rivulet which flows from the cavern, and pursues its foaming way over crags and broken masses of limestone. A vast canopy of unpillared rock,

“By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,”

and assuming the appearance of a depressed arch, forms the mouth of this stupendous hollow. This

arch, which is nearly regular in its structure, extends in width one hundred and twenty feet, in height about forty-two, and in receding depth about one hundred feet. Within this shadowy gulf are several rude huts, the humble dwellings of men, women, and children, meanly clad, and employed in the manufacture of twine. Some of them officiate as guides; and the combination of their machines and uncouth abodes with the sublime features of the natural scenery of the spot produces a strange and singular effect.

Proceeding about thirty yards, the opening contracts, the roof becomes lower, and a gentle descent



conducts, by a detached rock, to the immediate entrance of the Cave itself. Here the radiance of day, which had been gradually softening into a dubious twilight, wholly disappears, and all further passage must be explored by torch-light. The way now becomes low and confined, and the visitor is obliged to proceed in a stooping posture, until a spacious vault or hollow in the rocks above his head, again permits him to stand upright. Hence the path conducts to the margin of a small lake, leading by an accumulation of sand, great quantities of which are deposited by the water that flows through the Cave after heavy rains. This stream has a subterraneous passage from the spot called Perry Foot, about three miles from Castleton, on the road to Chapel-in-the-Frith. The Lake, which is locally termed the *First Water*, is about fourteen yards in length, but not more than two or three feet in depth. Here a small boat, partly filled with straw, upon which the passenger lies down, is ready to convey him into the interior of the cavern, beneath a massive arch of rock, which in one place descends to within eighteen or twenty inches of the water. "Here," says a former traveller, "we stood some time on the brink; and as the light of our dismal torches, which emitted a black smoke, reflected our pale images from the bottom of the lake, we almost conceived that we saw a troop of shades starting from an abyss to present themselves before us." This place indeed is extremely favourable to the wanderings of the imagination, and the mind versed in classic lore at once refers to the crossing of the Styx in the fatal bark of Charon.

Beyond the lake a spacious vacuity, 220 feet in length, 200 feet broad, and in some parts, 120 feet high, opens in the bosom of the rocks; but, from the want of light, neither the distant sides, nor the roof of this abyss, can be seen. In a path at the inner extremity of this vast hollow, the stream which flows at the bottom, spreads into what is called the *Second water*; but this can generally be passed on foot; at other times, the assistance of the guides is requisite. Near the termination of this passage, is a projecting pile of rocks, named *Roger Rain's House*; the genius of Rain being supposed to have made it his habitation, from the circumstance that water is incessantly falling in large drops through the crevices of the roof. This water descends from a spring, rising near the upper part of the Cave Valley, (which surmounts the cavern), and probably, in ancient times, made useful in supplying the Peak Castle. Beyond this spot, another fearful hollow, called the *Chancel*, opens on the left, where the rocks appear greatly

dislocated and broken, and large masses of stalactite incrust the sides and prominent points of the cavity. In this part, the stranger is generally surprised by an invisible vocal concert, which bursts in wild and discordant tones from the upper regions of the chasm; yet, being unexpected, "and issuing from a quarter where no object can be seen, in a place where all is still as death, (and every thing around calculated to awaken attention, and powerfully excite the imagination to solemn musings), it can seldom be heard without that mingled emotion of fear and pleasure, astonishment and delight, which is one of the most impressive feelings of the mind." At the conclusion of the strains, the choristers display a few torches, and become visible; and eight or ten women and children, the inhabitants of the vestibule, are seen ranged in a hollow of the rock, about fifty or sixty feet from the ground, a situation they attain by clambering up a steep ascent which commences in an opening on this side the second water.

From the Chancel, the path leads onward to the *Devil's Cellar*; and thence, by a gradual, and somewhat rapid descent, of about one hundred and fifty feet, to the *Half-way House*, as it is denominated; but neither of these places furnish any objects particularly deserving of remark. Further on, the way proceeds beneath three natural arches, pretty regularly formed; beyond which is another vast concavity in the roof, assuming the shape of a bell, and from this resemblance, called *Great Tom of Lincoln*. This part, when illumined by a strong light, has an extremely pleasing effect; the according position of the rocks, the stream flowing at their feet, and the spiracles in the roof, making a very interesting picture. The distance from this point to the termination of the cavern is not considerable; the vault gradually descends, the passage contracts, and at last nearly closes, leaving no more room than is sufficient for the passage of the water; which, from the *ratchell*, or small stones brought into the cavern after great rains, has an evident communication with the distant mines of the Peak Forest.

The entire length of this vast excavation is about eight hundred yards; and its depth, from the surface of the mountain between two and three hundred. It is wholly formed in the limestone strata, which are replete with marine *exuviae*, and occasionally display an intermixture of chert. Some communications with other fissures open from different parts of the cavern, but not any of them equal it either in extent or aspect. In very wet weather, the interior cannot be explored, as the water fills up a great part of the cavern, and

rises to a considerable height even at the entrance: at other times, the access is not very difficult. A singular effect is produced by a *blast*, or the explosion of a small quantity of gunpowder, when wedged into the rock in the inner part of the cavern; the sound appearing to roll along the roof and sides like a heavy and continued peal of overwhelming thunder.

The effect of the light, when returning from the deep recesses of this cavern, is particularly impressive; and the eye, unaccustomed to the contrast, never beholds it without lively emotions of admiration and pleasure. The gradual illumination of the rocks, which become brighter, and assume more decided forms, as they approach the entrance, and the chastened blaze of day, which "shorn of its beams" by the vast concavity of the roof, arrays the distance in morning serenity, is probably one of the most beautiful scenes that the pencil could be employed to exhibit.

The accompanying Ground-plan has been engraven from an Indian-ink drawing that was given to the Editor by the late Hayman Rooke, Esq. F.S.A. The subjoined views of the interior are reduced copies of drawings made by Mr. Edmund Dayes, which were engraved about thirty years ago for the "Beauties of England and Wales." References to the Vignettes and Ground-plan, :—

1. Entrance or Vestibule to the Cavern looking outwards.
2. Roger Rain's House.
3. Great Tom of Lincoln.
4. General Entrance under the great arch.
5. Huts or Cottages under the twine-spinners.
6. Broken rocks, fallen from the roof and sides.
7. The Doorway or entrance leading to the interior of the Cavern.
8. The First Water.
9. Entrance to the passage leading to the Chancel.
10. The great interior Caverns.
11. Steps cut in the sand, and descending to the Second Water.
12. The Second Water.
13. Roger Rain's House.
14. The Chancel.
15. The Bell House.

### SOLILOQUY OF BEN BOND,

THE IDLETON.

[For the following pleasant illustration of the dialect of Somersetshire, we are indebted to Mr. JAMES JENNINGS, from whose valuable Manuscript "Ob-

servations" on the local phraseology of that county, it has been wholly derived. Its introduction here may be regarded as the precursor of a series of glossarial elucidations of the various dialects now existing in England; but which, however useful in enabling us to trace the derivation of our language, are rapidly progressing into obscurity and disuse.]

Whatever may be said in commendation of rural life and rural occupation, and much can be said, it is nevertheless, and I believe indisputably, true, that to *enjoy* the country, to *relish* its scenes, its seasons, its inhabitants and its labours, a certain degree of cultivated knowledge and, it may be added, of refinement, is absolutely necessary. He, who has never had his mind excited and impelled by extensive admixture with mankind and the world, will rarely be capable of making many excursions into the upper regions of thought. He, who has always been confined within the narrow boundaries of his own locomotive powers and observation, will generally make a very false, or at least incomplete estimate of himself and of all by which he is surrounded: more especially will this be the case if he be restricted to some remote, secluded spot in the country,—for what can he, or indeed any one else, reason but from what he knows?

The writer of this can testify that till he had resided for some time in a populous city, till he had been deprived of rural sights, sounds, and associations, he never knew sufficiently how to appreciate the country, either as a place of residence or for occasional retirement: that which is readily obtained and always at hand is rarely if ever estimated at its real value. *Beauty* itself and even *sublimity*, when always present with us, lose much of their power of excitement and attraction.

Yet in justice to the author's taste, he must add, that so well pleased was he with his rural, his *native* home, that had he been permitted to consult, when verging into manhood, his own inclinations, he never would have permanently left it; the day of quitting it was to him a day of considerable anguish.

### MY NATIVE COT!

God knows how most unwillingly of heart  
I left thy quiet when amid the world  
I first began to wander. I had thought  
Of nought but happiness, and cared for nought;  
Bear witness, thou dark heath! ye wilds and shades,  
Bear witness with what sorrowing of soul  
I left you for the world.—*Retrospective Wanderings.*

Agricultural and other labourers, whose exertions are usually great, and sometimes from long conti-

nance extremely grievous, are apt to suppose that the chief happiness of life consists in having *nothing to do*; in a word, in being *idle*. Alas! how mistakenly ignorant are such persons of their own nature.

BEN BOND was one of those sons of Idleness whom ignorance and want of occupation in a secluded country village too often produce. He was a comely lad, on the confines of sixteen, employed by Farmer Tidball, a querulous and suspicious old man, to look after a large flock of sheep.—The scene of his Soliloquy may be thus described.

A green sunny bank, on which the body may agreeably repose, called the *Sea Wall*; on the sea side was an extensive common called the *Wath*, and adjoining to it was another called the *Island*, both were occasionally overflowed by the tide. On the other side of the bank were rich enclosed pastures, suitable for fattening the finest cattle. Into these enclosures many of *Ben Bond's* charge were frequently disposed to stray. The season was June, the time mid-day, and there will be no anachronism in stating that the western breezes came over the sea, a short distance from which our scene lay, at once cool, grateful, refreshing, and playful. The rushing *Parrot*, with its ever shifting sands, was also heard in the distance. It should be stated, too, that *Larence* is the name usually given in Somersetshire to that imaginary being which presides over the *IDLE*. Perhaps it may also be useful to state here that the word *Idle-ton*, which does not occur in our dictionaries, is assuredly more than a provincialism, and should be in those definitive assistants.

During the latter part of the Soliloquy Farmer Tidball arrives behind the bank, and hearing poor Ben's discourse with himself, interrupts his musings in the manner described hereafter. Whether it be any recommendation to this Soliloquy or not, the reader is assured that it is the history of an occurrence in real life, and at the place mentioned. The writer knew Farmer Tidball personally, and has often heard the story from his wife.

#### SOLILOQUY.

"LARENCE! why does'n let I up? Oot let I up?"  
*Naw, I be a slēapid, I can't let thee up eet.*—  
"Now, Larence! do let I up. There! bimeby maester'll come, an a'll beät I athin a ninch\* o' me life; do let I up!"—*Naw, I wunt.*

\* *Ninch*, inch. It frequently happens that when the substantive begins with a vowel, the *a* in the article *an* is separated from the *n*, as in this word; the *n* being carried over to the *inch*—*ninch*.

"Larence! I bag o'ee, do ee let I up! D'ye zee! tha sheep be âll a breakin droo tha hadge inta tha vive-an-twenty yacres; an Former Haggit'll goo ta Lâ wi'n, an I shall be a kill'd!"—*Naw, I wunt—'tis zaw whit: bezides, I hant a had my nap out.*

"Larence! I da za, thee bist a bad un! Oot thee hire what I da zâ? Come now an let I scoose wi'\*. Lord a massy upon me! Larence, whys'n thee let I up?" *Câz I wunt. What! muss'n I há an hoür like uither vawk ta ate my bird an cheese? I do zâ I wunt; and zaw 'tis niver-tha-near† to keep on.*

"Maester tawl'd I, nif I war a good bway, a'd gee I iz awld wâsket; an I'm shower, nif a da come an vine I here, an tha sheep a brawk inta tha vive-an-twenty yacres, a'll vlang't awâ rust! Larence, do ee, do ee let me up! Ool ee, do ee!"—*Naw, I tell ee I wunt.*

"There's one o' tha sheep 'pon iz back in tha gripe,‡ an a can't turn auver! I mis g'in ta tha groun an g'out to'n, an git'n out. There's another in tha ditch! a'll be a buddled!§ There's a gird'l|| o' trouble wi' sheep! Larence; cass'n thee let I goo.' I'll gee thee a há penny nif oot let me."—*Naw, I can't let thee goo cet.*

"Maester'll be shower to come an catch me! Larence! doose thee hire?" I da za, oot let me up I zeed Farmer Haggit zoon âter I upt, an a zed, nif a voun one o' my sheep in tha vive-an-twenty yacres, a'd drash I za long as a cood ston auver me, an wi' a groun ash' too! There! Zum o'm be a gwon droo tha vive-an-twenty yacres inta tha drauve:¶ thâ'll zoon hirn\*\* vur anow. Thâ'll be poun'd.†† Larence! I'll gee thee a penny nif oot let me up." *Naw I wunt.*

"Thic not-sheep‡‡ ha got tha shab! Dame tawl'd I whun I upt ta-da ta mine tha shab-wâter;§§ I shall pick it in whun I da goo whim.|||| I vorgot it! Maester war desperd cross, an I war glad ta git out o' tha langth o' iz tongue. I da hate zitch cross

\* *Scoose wi'*—discourse or talk with you.

† *Niver-tha-near*, adv. To no purpose; uselessly.

‡ *Gripe*, s. a small drain or ditch, about a foot deep, and six or eight inches wide.

§ *Buddled*, part. Suffocated in mud.

|| *Gird'l*, s. Contracted from great deal, and implying the same; as, *gird'l o'work*, a great deal of work.

¶ *Drauve*. A drove, or road to fields.

\*\* *Hirn*, v. n. To run.

†† *To poun*, and not to *pound*, is the verb in Somersetshire.

‡‡ *Not-sheep*, s. Sheep without horns.

§§ *Water to cure the shab*, or itch, in sheep.

|||| *Whim*, s. home.

vawk! Larence! what, oot niver let I up? There! zum o' tha sheep be agwon down ta *Ready Ham*; withers be gwon into *Leek-beds*; an zum o'm be in *Hounlake*; dreë o' vour o'm be gwon za vur as *Slow-wá*: the ditches be, menny o'm za \* dry 'tis all now rangel common! There! I'll gee thee *dreë há pence* ta let I goo." *Why, thee hass'n bin here an hoür, an vor what shood I let thee goo? I da zá, lie still!*

"Larence! why doos'n let I up? There! zim ta I, I da hire thic pirty maid, *Fanny o' Primmer Hill*, a chidin bin I be a lvin here while tha sheep be gwain droo thic shord an tuther shord; † zum o'm, a-mâ-be, be a drown'd! Larence; doose thee thenk I can bear tha betwitten o' thic pirty maid? She, tha Primrawse o' Primmer-hill; tha Lily o' tha level; tha gawl-cup† o' tha mead; tha zweetist honeyzuckle in tha garden; tha yarly vilet; tha rawse o' rawses; tha pirty pollyantice!§ Whun I zeed er last, she zed, "Ben, do ee mine tha sheep, an tha yeos an lams, an than zumbody ool mine *you*." Wi' that she gid me a beautiful spreg o' jessamy, jist a pickt vrom tha poorch,—tha smill war za zweet.

"Larence! I mus|| goo! I ool goo. You mus let I up. I ont stâ here na longer! Maester'll be shower ta come an drash me. Thic awld cross fella wi' iz awld wâskit! There, Larence! I'll gee *tuther penny*, an that's ivry vard'n I a got. Oot let I goo?" *Naw, I mis ha a penny moor.*

"Larence! do let I up! Creeplin Philip'll be shower ta catch me! Thic Cockygee!¶ I dwont like en at âll; a's za rough an za zoür. An *Will Popham* too, ta betwite me about tha maid: a câll'd er a rathe-ripe *Lady-buddick*.\* I dwont mislike tha name at âll, thawf I dwont care vor'n a stra, nor a read mooâte; nor tha tite o' a pin! What da thâ câll he? Why, tha *upright man*, câs a da ston upright; let'n; an let'n wrassly†† too: I dwont like zitch *hoss-plás*,‡‡ nor *singel-stick* nuther; nor *cock-*

\* *Zá*, say.

† *Shord*, s. A sherd; a gap in a hedge: *stop-shord*, a stop-gap.

‡ *Gawl-cup*, s. Gold-cup.

§ *Pollyantice*, s. *Polyanthus*.

|| *Mus' goo*,—must go. This dropping of the final t is by no means uncommon.

¶ *Cockygee*, s. Cockagee, a rough sour apple.

\*\* *Lady Buddick*, a rich and early ripe apple. Rathe-ripe, adj. Ripening early—

"The rathe-ripe wits prevent their own perfection."

Bishop Hall.

†† *Wrassly*, wrestle.

‡‡ *Hoss-plás*, s. p. Horse-plays; rough sports.

*squailin'*;\* nor menny wither mâ-games that Will Popham da volly. I'd rather zit in tha poorch, wi' tha jessamy ranglin roun it, and hire Fanny zeng. Oot let me up, Larence?"—*Naw, I tell thee I ont athout a penny moor.*

"*Rawzy Pink*, too, an *Nanny Dubby* axed I about Fanny. What bisniss ad thâ ta up wi't? I dwont like norn 'om! *Girnin Jan* too shawed iz teeth an put in his verdi.—I wish theeäze vawk ood mine ther awn consarns an let I an Fanny alooâne.

"Larence! doose thee meän to let I goo?"—*Eese, nif thee't gee me tuther penny*.—"Why I hant a got a vard'n moor; oot let me up!"—*Not athout tha penny*.—"Now Larence! do ee, bin I hant naw moor money. I a bin here moor than an hoür: whaur tha yeos an lams an âll tha tuthermy sheep be now I dwon'† know.—*Creeplin Philip* ‡ ool gee me a lirropin shower anow! There!—I da thenk I hired zummet or zumbody auver tha wäll."

"*Here, d—n thee!* I'll gee tha *tuther penny*, an *zummet besides!*" exclaimed *Farmer Tidball*, leaping down the bank, with a stout sliver of a crab-tree in his hand.—The sequel may be easily imagined.

## HOSTELRY OF THE PRIOR OF LEWIS,

SOUTHWARK.

Stowe, when speaking of St. Olave's, Southwark, says, "Over against the parish church, on the south side of the streete, was sometime one great house, builded of stone, with arched gates, which pertained to the Prior of Lewis, in Sussex, and was his lodging

\* *Cock-squailin'*, s. A barbarous sport, consisting in tying a cock to a stake, and throwing a stick at him from a given distance, until the bird is killed.

† Here, instead of *don't*, or *dwont*, for *do not*, we have *dwon* only, which, in colloquial language, is very common in the west.

‡ Even remote districts in the country have their satirists, and wits and would-be wits; and *Huntspill*, the place alluded to in the *Soliloquy*, was, about half a century ago, much pestered with them. Scarcely a person of any note escaped a parish libel, and even servants were not excepted. For instance:—

Nanny Dubby, Sally Clink,

Long Josias an Rawsy Pink,

—Girnin Jan,

Creeplin Philip and the upright man.

*Creeplin Philip*, (that is "creeplin," because he walked lamely) was *Farmer Tidball* himself; and his servant, *William Popham*, was the *upright man*. *Girnin Jan* is *Grinning John*.

when he came to London: it is now a common hostelry for travellers, and hath to sign the *Walnut Tree*.”\*

The Priory of Lewis, in Sussex, which was dedicated to St. Pancras, was founded by William, first Earl Warren and Surrey, and his son William, the second Earl, who died in 1138, confirmed the grant of the church of St. Olave, in Southwark, to that foundation. There are sufficient grounds for believing that the Prior of Lewis had no lodgings in St. Olave's at that period; for in the time of the Countess Isabel, daughter and heir of the third Earl Warren and Surrey, Osbert, Prior of Lewis, “gave to John, son of Edmund, and his heirs, a tenement in *London*, belonging to the convent, viz. the dwelling and houses of Wibert de Araz, and lands holden of the monks of Westminster, and Robert the Chamberlain; to hold at a rent of fourteen shillings, and by this service, that as often as the Prior of Lewis, or his monks, or the monks of the cells belonging to St. Pancras, came to London, that John and his successors should give them fit lodging, ‘*suscipiat hospicio congruo et deb'ato*,’ and find them fire and water, and salt, and sufficient vessels for their use.”

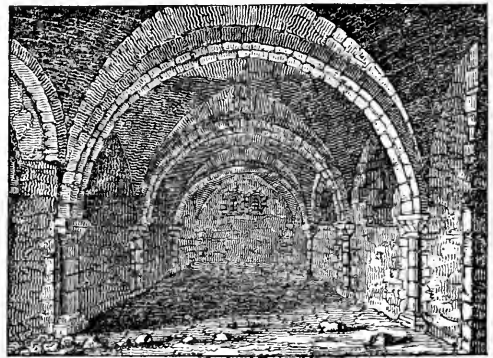
That the Priors of Lewis, however, had a lodging here at a remote period is certain, “for in a release from William de Wynttingham, carpenter to the Prior of Lewis, in the 44th of Edw. III. anno 1370, it is specially set forth that the Prior and his predecessors, in right of their church of St. Pancras, were seized, from time immemorial, of a piece of ground nigh the gate of their hostelry, in Southwark,—and a building agreement between the same parties in the 47th Edward III. speaks of the ancient north-east gate of their hostelry, (which was standing in the time of the historian Stowe), ‘*Le dit William ad grauntee et se oblige de fayre en l'est partie deinz launciene porte norest de l'ostel de ditz Priour et Covent en Suthwark cynk schoppes*.”—It appears from Godwin, (“*De Præsulibus*,”) that Peter, Bishop of Winchester, who governed that see in 1205, appropriated St. Olave's Church to the Prior and Convent of Lewis, for the purposes of hospitality, ‘*in usus et refectonem hospitum*.’

In the 29th year of Henry the Eighth, anno 1531, in Michaelmas Term, Robert, late Prior of Lewis, “levied a fine to the King of all the possessions of the Priory, in which fine the Church of St. Olave, and messuages, gardens, lands, and rents in Southwark, Kater Lane (Carter Lane), comprehending the site of the Hostelry, are particularly specified.” On

the 16th of February following, these possessions were granted by the King to Thomas, Lord Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, in fee; the Hostelry, (which is there described as in Gutter Lane) being valued at eight pounds yearly.

After the attainder of Cromwell, the Hostelry appears to have been divided, for in the 24th of Queen Elizabeth, Cuthbert Beeston, citizen and girdler of London, died seized of the Walnut Tree Inn, (which occupied the east side of the Hostelry), together with its garden and fifteen messuages in the adjoining lane, held of the Queen in chief, and worth yearly £5. 6s. 8d.; but the west wing had been purchased by the parish for the use of the grammar school of St. Olave, which Elizabeth had founded in the thirteenth year of her reign.

Nearly the whole of the superstructure of this Hostelry was destroyed long ago; and the remaining parts of the sub-structure were demolished (about two years since) in forming the present approach from Tooley Street (St. Olave Street) to New London Bridge. In the direction of Carter Lane, where the site of the Walnut Tree Inn had been built on, in modern times, no vestige of the original building was discovered, but some ancient foundations were visible in the direction of Carter Lane. Of the Old Hall, which had been converted into the School Room, portions of the walls, to the height of ten or twelve feet, remained,—and beneath it was a vaulted chamber or Crypt, as represented in the annexed wood-cut. This



formed a parallelogram forty feet three inches in length, sixteen feet six inches broad, and fourteen feet three inches high; the roof was supported by six demi-columns attached to the side walls, each, including the capitals and base, being five feet ten inches high. This Crypt had been long used as a wine cellar. The columns and arches were of wrought stone, a mixture of freestone and Kentish rag, but

\* “Survey of London,” 4to, 1598, pp. 340, 341.

Caen stone had been used in the entrance door-way from the porch, which was crowned by an elliptical arch, and had been approached by a flight of steps. The vaultings were entirely chalk, nine inches thick; the lower walls, which were three feet three inches in thickness, were of rubble. There were five semi-circular headed windows carried up close to the vault, within the Crypt, and there appeared to have been another door-way opposite to the entrance porch. The capitals were chiefly of the fluted character; but on one were three sculptured ornaments, resembling a reversed fleur-de-lis. Three strong semicircular arches, of squared stones, supported the roof of the porch, which was eleven feet nine inches in width, and nineteen feet in length, and had probably been longer. Some fragments of highly-finished sculpture, representing grotesque animals, with foliage, were found among the rubbish.

There was a striking resemblance in the general features of this part of the Hostelry to those of the Manor-house at Boothby Pagnel, Moyses Hall at St. Edmundsbury, and Pythagoras' School at Cambridge; a building of two stories, the lower vaulted; no fire-place in the lower, a fire-place in the upper; an external staircase to the upper, with the addition of a porch to the lower chamber. The plain unmixed character of the circular style in these remains would lead to the conclusion that this part of the Hostelry was built before the time of Prior Osbert, (who presided at Lewis from 1170 to 1186,) were it not difficult to reconcile that date with his grant, as mentioned above; if, as we may presume, the building was erected by the monks of St. Pancras.\*

#### A TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1634.

THE following extracts from a tour made through a great part of England, nearly two hundred years ago, are derived from a *Manuscript* in the Lansdowne collection, in the British Museum (viz. No. 213, pp. 317-348†) intituled, "A Relation of a Short Survey of Twenty-six Counties, briefly describing the Cities and their Scytuations, and the Corporate Townes and Castles therein: observ'd in a Seven Weekes Journey

\* Vide "Archæologia," vol. xxiii, from a Communication by John Gage, Esq. F.R.S., in which the late remains of the Hostelry are delineated, in five engravings. From that paper the above account is derived, but the accompanying wood-cut is from an original drawing by Mr. Whittock.

† Lansd. MSS. No. 213, pp. 319-348.

begun at the City of Norwich and from thence into the North,—on Monday, August 11th, 1634, and ending at the same Place. By a Captaine, a Lieutenant, and an Ancient [Ensign]; all three of the Military Company in Norwich."—No alteration has been made in the language, but the immaterial parts have been omitted, and a few words of connexion occasionally introduced.

"Three Southerne Commanders, in their Places, and of themselves and their purses, a Captaine, a Lieutennt., and an Ancient, all voluntary members of the noble Military Company in Norwich, agreed at an opportune and vacant leysure, to take a view of the Cities, Castles, and chiefe Scytuations in the Northerne and other Counties of England: To that end and purpose, all businesse and excuses set apart, they had a parley, and met on Monday, the 11th of August, 1634; and mustering up their triple force from Norwich, with souldiers' journeying ammunition they marcht that Night to the Maritime Towne of Lyn.

"The next morning they consulted, and thought it not soe fit to passe the Washes, being neither firme, nor safe for Travellers, especially now of late, by reason of the new-made sluces and devises for turning of the naturall course of the waters neere adjoining, and therefore they rather chose to goe by Wisbich, where we spent the best part of an houre, in viewing a little army of artificers, venting, contriving, and acting outlandish devises about the same. Longer, (though willingly wee would,) wee durst not stay, for that Sol's fleet Coursers would have out-run our jades, and loth we were to dishearten them, or puzzle ourselves at our first setting out: away therefore we posted over Tid-Sluce, the parting of the shires of Norfolk and Lincolneshire; and soe over a rich flat levell of ground for Spalding, and made it night before we came there, where we were strongly lodg'd at the Castle. Wee fear'd somewhat as wee entered the towne, seeing the bridge pull'd downe, that we could not have pass'd the river, but when wee came to it that feare was soon past, for the river had not soe much water in it as would drowne a mouse.

"At this we perceiv'd that the towne and country thereabouts much murmur'd, but let them content themselves, since the fien drayners have undertaken to make their River navigable 40 foot broad and 6 foot deepe, from ffrosdick slough to Deeping, w<sup>ch</sup> they need not long be about, having 600 men dayly at worke in't: early the next mornin we heard the drum beat, w<sup>ch</sup> caused us to inquire the reason thereof, and rous'd us from our Castle, and it was told us, that it was for a second army of Water-Engineers."

From Deeping the travellers proceeded to Sleaford, "where," says the writer, "wee dyn'd, and spent about an houre in viewing the fayre Church and Ornaments there, chiefly 3, viz<sup>t</sup>. Sir Robert Carr's, and his Grandfather's, and Mr. Walpoole's. Of the Towne I can say but little, onely this, that as our last night's towne was, soe is this furnished w<sup>th</sup> a market, and graced w<sup>th</sup> a sessions, and also w<sup>th</sup> two knights' habitations." [Sir Robert Carr's and Sir Ham. Whitchcote's.]

Lincoln. "When we first espi'd the high towers of the Cathedrall, we thought it neere, but it prov'd to our paines and patience, a full Jury of Miles." Having arrived at Lincoln in the evening—"The next morning we got up early, and went out to behold the ruines and reliques of that once stately, famous, flourishing city: and in the first place that ancient castle, built by the Conqueror K. William, as much decay'd as any part of her, yet so much thereof standing, and strong enough to keep prisoners: where so soone as we were entred, forth came Mr. Jaylor, handing his staffe of authority; and saluting us, bad us welcome, and speedily endeavour'd to shew us the chiefe remarques there.

"Amongst the rest: Queene Lucie's Tower upon a high ascent, from the levell of the Castle-yard, looking towards Trent, where she maintayn'd a long Seidge, and bravely defended her selfe. We clym'd many slyppery and decay'd stony steppings to that lofty mount. All within the Tower is now a Garden, w<sup>ch</sup> invited us so much the longer there, because from thence we could view the whole country circumjacent, and informe ourselves the better where the Castles, chiefe Seates, and Places of Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen thereabout stood, though we had not time to visit them."

The travellers went to the Cathedral Church, and "ascended one of the 3 Steeples, where that great Admirale Bell hangs, and they all stood upright under it, upon the ring of the clapper, at ease."

They then returned to their inn to breakfast, "which," says the writer, "by this time stay'd for us. Notwithstanding as soone as we entred our chamber we durst not ceaze [seize] on it, for feare our memories should beguile us of our morning's sight, and therefore every one of us betooke ourselves to our travelling taske, and tooke notes thereof; and whilst we were all thus busy, our invited guest, Mr. Jaylor, entered, who diligently observing our earnestnes in our worke, began to be somewhat suspicious off, and inquisitive into the cause thereof. Our Captain modestly told him, 'twas for no other end but to informe

and satisfy ourselves of the observables we met with in our Travell: but marke, this little satisfy'd the deep-reaching conceit of this jealous curious cock-combe, for truly, reply'd he, I tooke you twaine (meaning the Captain and Ancient) for Clerkes of the Greene Cloth, and that you came about the Monopolies; his chiefest reason so to induce him being, for that they two were clad like young floresters. His company gave us small content, and retarded our speed, therefore we hastned, gave him what we promis'd, and so sent him to the place from whence he came, indeed the fittest place for him."

(To be continued.)

### ALL-SAINTS CHURCH, PONTEFRAC<sup>T</sup>, YORKSHIRE.

THE Church of All-Saints, or All-Hallows, at Pontefract, is a rich though dilapidated specimen of an early stage of our pointed architecture. As this edifice was formerly the parish church, it seems probable that it occupies the site of the more ancient church which is mentioned in the Domesday Book, as existing at *Kirkeby*, the appellation of Pontefract in the Saxon times. During the memorable siege of Pontefract Castle, in the years 1648-49, All-Saints Church was greatly damaged; the roof was almost destroyed, the fine lantern surmounting the tower was battered down, and the interior was desecrated. Some partial repairs were afterwards effected, and the lantern was rebuilt in its present form, in consequence of a vote of Parliament, (which allotted £1000. for that purpose, out of the money accruing from the sale of materials belonging to the Castle,) yet the building never regained its original splendour. After the Restoration a farther effort was made to preserve it from ruin, and £1500. was collected by brief, but the whole sum is said to have been embezzled by Dr. Nath. Johnston, a physician, to whom it had been consigned, as a trustee for the repairs.\* Since that period, a progressive deterioration, the result of neglect and wanton spoliation, has reduced this once magnificent edifice to a state of ruin.

It appears from Boothroyd's "Pontefract," that All-Saints Church,—but this must have been a prior edifice to the one now standing,—was granted to the Benedictine Priory of St. John, at Pontefract, in

\* Vide Boothroyd's "Hist. of Pontefract," p. 347. Dr. Johnston was the author of "The Kinges Visitatorial Power Asserted," &c., 1688, 4to. and other works.



1090, (temp. William Rufus,) by Robert de Lacy, usually called Robert de Pontefract, the founder of that priory. For upwards of a century from that time, the brethren of St. John performed divine service, and enjoyed all the tithes, first-fruits, and oblations of this parish; but early in Edward the Third's reign, a vicar was appointed;—and we find that, on November the 20th, 1361, it was ordained by John, Archbishop of York, that “the Prior and Convent of Pontefract, and their successors, should for ever receive all and singular the fruits, rents, profits, tithes, oblations, and emoluments of this church, on condition of paying to the Vicar thirty marks annually.” About one hundred years afterwards, a house in the

Balay, within Pontefract, was assigned to the vicar for his residence. In 1533, an agreement was made between the town and the Prior and Convent, in consequence of which, the Archbishop of York ordained that the latter should find and sustain two chaplains, the one to celebrate the divine offices in this church, and the other to officiate in the Chapel of St. Giles, in Pontefract. When, from the increasing decay of All-Saints Church, it became dangerous to assemble in it, an Act of Parliament was obtained, viz., in the 29th of George III., to constitute St. Giles's the parish church.

The Church of All-Saints is cruciform in plan, and at the intersection of the nave and transept is a hand-



some tower, crowned by an enriched octagonal spire, surmounted by pinnacles. The length of the church is fifty-three yards, and that of the transept twenty-three yards. Four pointed arches, rising from octagonal columns, separate the nave from the side aisles, and the former has a clerestory. The large windows, both at the east and west ends, were furnished with light and elegant tracery, but the whole is now greatly mutilated.

Gent informs us, on the authority of other writers, that the “four outward corners of the belfry” were adorned with the figures of the Evangelists, and that

the statues of eight Apostles stood on pedestals at the angles of the octagon; but all these have been destroyed. There is a curious double stair-case leading to the belfry, and thence to the roof, which winds round the same centre, but has two entrances. Only one bell now remains, which, as appears from the inscriptions upon it, in black letter, was dedicated to the Trinity, and called the Trump of God, “*Hæc est tuba Dei.*” The annexed wood-cut, executed from an original drawing, by Mr. N. Whittock, gives an accurate representation of the present state of this edifice.



## SOME PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE OF JANE SHORE.

BY THE LATE REV. MARK NOBLE, F.S.A., AND VICAR  
OF BARMING, IN KENT.

[Now first printed from the Original Manuscript.]

### PREFACE.

RECITING the words of Sir Thomas More, copied both by Stowe and Speed, will best plead apology for the following pages. "I doubt not some shall think this woman too slight a thing to be written of, and set among the remembrances of great matters." He then notices her present, with her once splendid estate, for she was then living, but since Sir Thomas More's time a few more particulars are gathered of her story, an eventful one; and, such as regards a part of our history, the most complicated and most disputed of any.

I must here remark, that I have given the extracts in the modern spelling—but I have taken no liberty with the language. The poems are in their original orthography.

My own study has furnished me with all the materials here used. Sir Thomas More's relation takes the lead; our chroniclers, Hall, Stowe, Holingshed, Speed, and others, follow him exactly, particularly as far as relates to the history of Richard III., previous to his usurping the crown; so do our earlier historians after that period.

The relation here given pretty generally notices my authorities. I hoped to have seen some notice of Jane Shore in the will of Edward IV., but the will is not given with those of our sovereigns, and other illustrious characters; it is certain that the monarch left a will, but where it is deposited is not known.

Let me add that these pages throw some light upon Richard's history, and destroy all that Lord Orford has written about Sir Thomas More's supposed error in mistaking William Hastings, Lord Hastings, for Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset. I do not intend to go into the merits, or demerits of Lord Orford's Historic doubts, at this time. I have already given my opinion publicly, upon one, the greatest stain upon Richard's character, the murder of his nephews, Edward V. and the Duke of York. As to the king's behaviour to Jane Shore, it was beneath the majesty of a monarch, for it was the meanest of revenge. If he feared the influence of her charms and wit before he

had usurped the crown, he could not afterwards, when he had already stripped her of all her wealth, and degraded her before the eyes of the whole city of London. Jane's wrongs were more than her offences. She is an object more of compassion than reproach. Many have erred with her; few had so many palliative virtues; few underwent so many and such bitter reverses of fortune, and far fewer have borne them with so much humility and self-abasement.

Could Sir Thomas More, or any other very wise man have gained her confidence, and obtained from her mouth an insight to Edward IV.'s court, its parties and their intrigues, what a valuable morsel would have been bequeathed to posterity? He wrote in 1513, several years before Jane's death.

Strange as it may seem, these particulars are not given so much to draw out a life of a beautiful, frail, and unfortunate Fair, as to give a detail of some memorable circumstances of an historical nature, connected with the story of Jane.

*Barrow & Passonage.*  
March 26<sup>th</sup> 1813.



### THE LIFE OF JANE SHORE.

"What had I to do with Kings and Courts?"

LOVE is a passion, if properly directed, that leads to the greatest felicity which human nature can experience; but if wrongly diverted, to the extremest misery. Few instances, on record, more verify this than the fate of Jane Shore.

No one of our writers give us the name of this memorable woman's parents; they generally content themselves with copying each other. Biography was formerly little known, or regarded, especially what related to females, even of the highest rank. The wonder is, that we know so much of her story, for the names of her frail sisterhood, who shared the royal Edward's favour, except Elizabeth Lucy, a knight's wife, (mother by the King to Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle), have not reached us.

Sir Thomas More says, "What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known."

But others tell us that she was a native of London, and amongst these Stowe, also a citizen by birth; yet this indefatigable chronicler does not notice her parents' names. I see indeed that Sir Thomas also says she was born in London. She was, [he adds, " worshipfully friended, honestly brought up, and very well married, saving somewhat too soon; her husband was an honest citizen, young and goodly, and of good substance."

The husband is called in Churchyard's Ballad, intitled "Shore's wife," only by his surname. In the poem of Jane Shore, given in Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore's Ancient English Poetry, or as his Lordship styles the volumes, "Reliques" of such, Master Shore is called Matthew, but poets are poor authority for history, or biography; these rude productions are not true things, but as contrary to fact as Rowe's play, of the "Tragedy" of Jane Shore. In Richard III.'s Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln, which will be given hereafter, the baptismal name of the husband is called William. Such no doubt it was.

He was by trade a goldsmith, then the first in opulence: the goldsmiths were bankers, and even to the sovereign. The last family of goldsmith-bankers to our Kings, were the Childs, afterwards ennobled, possessing an earldom. Whether Mr. Shore was Edward IV.'s banker does not appear, but he was a man well known, and esteemed in the city, and at a time too, when even royalty courted, by every mean, the good will of London. The King had raised some of the corporation to conspicuous honours, some he had knighted in the field, and to four of them, he had given the order of the Bath.

The surname of Shore is well known in many parts of the kingdom. The Shore family in the period we are now writing of were very opulent. I do not see the name in the magistracy of the city, previous to Mr. Shore's time, but it was soon after, for Richard Shore was Alderman of London, in 1505; and, no doubt, he was related, perhaps nearly so, to Jane's husband, who resided, says the poem, in Lombard-street; this is most probable: it was then, as now, the Banking street, so called from the Lombards, the Italians who first succeeded the Jews in this calling.

Our Author and his followers tell us that Jane was not happy in her alliance with the goldsmith. Sir Thomas More states it thus, "But, for as much as they were coupled ere she were well ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed, which was happily the thing, that the more easily made her incline unto the King's appetite, when he required her."

We are not told (except in fictitious legends), how the King knew of her beauty, or when, or where he first saw her; but an eminent goldsmith in London must, for the reasons already given, be well known, even to the Court; and his beautiful bride would not escape notice, where all was love and gaiety.

Crime admits of no excuse. Jane ought to have known, as she did know, that she had nothing "to do with Kings and Courts," and whether Mrs. Blague, the Alicia of Rowe's Play, urged her or not, duty demanded that she should have been true and chaste.

Edward IV. her sovereign, who solicited her to quit the nuptial bed was, if not wise in the Cabinet, an Hero in the Field, he had won, personally won, nine pitched battles. Women love valour. He was young, in the full strength of his manhood: the most gallant of Princes, and in person beautifully formed, and graceful; his face every thing that even female fancy could form. Not to trust to our own writers, who all, however, agree in this, hear what the eloquent, and faithful Philip de Comines, who personally knew Edward, says, "King Edward was not a Man of any great Management or Foresight, but of an invincible courage, and the most beautiful Prince my eyes ever beheld."—"His thoughts were wholly employed upon the Ladies, Hunting and Dressing. In his Summer-hunting his custom was to have Tents set up for the Ladies, where he treated them after a splendid and magnificent manner, and indeed his Humour and Person were as well turned for love-intrigues as any Prince I ever saw in my life: for he was young, and the most beautiful Man of his Time." This was written of him in 1470, when he was twenty-nine years of age, his Majesty being born in 1441. The year 1470 was a most memorable one in this King's life, for he was driven from his kingdom by the Earl of Warwick, the King-maker. Saw his rival Henry VI., restored: returned, killed Warwick in battle, deposed again the weak, unfortunate Henry, and regained the throne—all this happened within a few months.

The time when Jane went from Lombard-street, to Westminster does not appear, but I presume it was immediately before, or after 1470, I think the latter. Be this as it may, "the respect of his," Edward's "royalty, the hope of gay apparel, ease, pleasure, and other wanton wealth, was able to please a soft tender heart." What age she then was, is not said, but I presume, that she was several years younger than the King. Churchyard tells us, that she served an *apprenticeship* to wedded love. Early as she is represented to have married, she must therefore have been twenty-three or twenty-four, when she became

one of the royal concubines. "When the King had abused her, anon her husband, as he was an honest man, not presuming to touch a King's concubine, left her up to him altogether."

Now let us view her in the glare of a resplendent Court. She, "yet delighted not men, so much in her beauty, as in her pleasant behaviour, for a proper wit she had, and could read well, and write,"—which few of the highest Ladies then could. "Merry in company, ready and quick of answer, neither mute nor full of babble, sometimes taunting without displeasure, and not without disport: in whom King Edward took special pleasure, whose favour, to say the truth, for sin it were to belie the Devil, she never abused to any man's hurt, but to many a man's comfort and relief: when the King

took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind; where men were out of favour, she would bring them in his grace; for many that highly offended she obtained pardon. Of great forfeitures she gat them remittance. And finally, in many weighty suits, she stood many men in great stead; either for none, or very small rewards, and those rather gay than rich; either for that she was content with the deed itself, well done; or that she delighted to be sued unto, and to shew what she was able to do with the King; or for that wanton women and wealthy be not always covetous." This commendation has never been controverted by any one. She still is remembered, as the gentle Mrs. Jane Shore.



"The King would say that he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversely excelled. One the merriest, another the wittiest, and the third the holiest harlot in his realm, as one whom

no man could get out of the church lightly (easily), to any place, but (except), it were to his bed. The other two were somewhat greater personages, and nevertheless of their humility content to be nameless,

and to forbear the praise of those properties. But the merriest was this Shore's wife, in whom the King, therefore, took special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved." Who can wonder at the royal Libertine's preference. She was the Nell Gwynne of his Court, but she had this advantage of Mrs. Helen, she was well educated. She was as merry, and as void of avarice.

Such was her temper; now let us view her person. Sir Thomas More expresses himself thus: "There was nothing of her body that you would have changed, unless you would have wished her something higher." Drayton, in his poetical Epistle from Jane to her royal Lover, has notes, by which it appears that, "Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark jet, low, her face round and full, her eyes grey, delicate harmony being between each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of her was such as she rose out of her bed in a morning, having nothing on, but a rich mantle cast under one arm, over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair, on which her naked arm did lie." This is another trait in her history like Nell Gwynne, whom Charles had used to have painted as an undressed Venus.\*

Unhappy beauty, thy evil days came, and were many. The hero Edward was lost in indulgence: his manly fine form became bloated by feasting at the banquet, and his frame weakened, by excess in sensual pleasures: a dropsy terminated the scene. The change which ensued filled England with crimes of all descriptions, and sorrows of every kind.

Edward died at Westminster, April 9th, 1482,

\* I remember seeing, when a young man, in an old family mansion, near Coventry, let for a kind of Vauxhall, some ancient paintings, amongst them, on board, was a portrait in oil of her to the waist, without clothing, or ornament, except jewels in her hair, and a necklace also of jewels. It was quite like that at Eton in the Provost's lodging. There is another in the lodge of the Provost of King's College, Cambridge; to both these Foundations, which were of Lancastrian birth, she is supposed to have exerted her interest in their behalf to King Edward. The Duchess of Montagu had, says Granger, a lock of Jane's hair; it appeared as if it had been powdered with gold dust. Yet beautiful and lovely as was this Venus de Medici, as I may call her, from her small stature, fine face, and just proportion, yet "Her courtly behaviour, facetious conversation, and ready wit, were more attractive than her person." The portrait in Eton College is scraped by John Faber, it is large 4to; it is scarce: a MS. date was upon a copy, 1483. The Rev. Michael Tyson, Fellow of C.C.C.C. has etched that in King's College. It is coarsely done in 4to. There is a far more pleasing print of Jane, sm. 4to, engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.

aged forty-two, after a reign of twenty-two years. In that month he was buried in St. George's chapel, at Windsor. The day is not given in our chronicles, nor in the ceremonial of the burial printed in the first volume of the *Archæologia*. Scarcely was the king consigned to his grave, than his ambitious, unprincipled brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, determined to usurp the throne. The weakness and unpopularity of the Queen mother, Elizabeth, aided his criminal designs. Having seized upon the young king, Edward V. his nephew, he brought him prisoner, to London; having before sent away his faithful subjects Earl Rivers, his maternal uncle, Lord Richard Grey, his half brother, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, to Pontefract, in Yorkshire.

To carry on his design, Richard gained over the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Edward Shaw, the Lord Mayor of London, his brother, Dr. John Shaw, and Penker the provincial of the Grey Friars: the people were assembled; the conspirators acted their parts; an army was without. Buckingham to cajole and intimidate, the Lord Mayor to countenance, and the two ecclesiastics to sanction the nefarious deed. Dr. Shaw dared to preach from the text, "*Bastard Plants shall take no deep root*," declaring that as the late king's marriage was illegal, his issue was illegitimate. Richard, not satisfied with this, declared his own mother unchaste, though then alive, and that her eldest son was not by her husband; and, therefore, as Clarence the second son died attainted, that he, Richard, was the rightful sovereign.

Gloucester at first, *modestly*, took the title of Protector only. He even had made a pretence to have preparations made to crown Edward V., but he soon betrayed his infamous designs.

It is not, however, my intention to write a history of those turbulent times, but only to give what is necessary to elucidate the life of poor Jane.

On the fatal June 13th, after Gloucester had met the council in the Tower with every degree of amity, he retired, but in an hour after, between ten and eleven o'clock he returned, with all the tokens of anger and fury; when, addressing the council, he accused the Lord Chamberlain, Hastings, of plotting against him, jointly with the Queen Dowager,—though from hatred to her Majesty, he had so lately seized, and given up her brother Anthony Earl Rivers, and her son Lord Richard Grey,—but as if all kind of incongruities were to unite, Jane Shore was joined with the Queen in the attempt, and this too, by sorcery, or witchcraft!

Stowe shall be my guide, he is an honest chronicler.

"Then, said the Protector, ye shall see in what wise that sorceress, the Queen, and that other witch of her council, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body: and therewith he plucked up his doubled sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm,—where he showed a wirish withered arm, and small, as it was never other," or as Shakespeare expressed it.

"*Gloucester.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,  
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm  
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me."

Act iii. Sc. iv.

"And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel: for they well wist (knew) that the Queen was too wise to go about any such folly: and also if she would, yet would she of all folk least make Shore's wife of council, whom of all "women she most hated, as that concubine, whom the king, her husband, had most loved. And also no man there present, but well knew that his arm was ever since his birth such." Struck with surprise, Hastings answered and said; "Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment."

Richard answered to this, with the utmost vehemence, and as had been agreed, his armed men came in, seized Hastings, whom "the Protector bad speed and shrive (confess) him apace, for by St. Paul, I will not to dinner, till I see thy head off;" and without any trial, he was led forth "into the green, beside the chapel, within the tower, and his head laid upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off, and afterward his body with the head was interred at Windsor, beside the body of King Edward."

Every one must indeed sincerely have pitied this able, and valiant nobleman; had he not delivered up the Queen's relations to Richard; who were beheaded at Pontefract on the same day as Hastings had died by violence in the Tower.

No sooner was Hastings decapitated, than in the afternoon was published a Proclamation, already drawn up, against this Peer, accusing him of evil council to the late King, and Richard's father, a preposterous charge, adding the ill example he had given, "as well in many other things, as in vicious living, and inordinate abusion [abuse] of his body, both with many other, and also, especially, with Shore's wife, which was one also of his most secret council of this heinous treason, with whom he lay nightly, and namely the

*night last past next before his death.* So that it was the less marvel, if ungracious living brought him to an unhappy ending." This was strong language to be published two hours only, after Hastings' death. It came the worse from a Prince stained with so many crimes, and of almost every description.

Lord Orford triumphs, as he supposes, over Sir Thomas More in thinking that Jane did not cohabit with Hastings, but with the Marquis of Dorset, of the latter I shall also notice hereafter. Now I shall confine myself to Jane's connexion with Hastings.

Sir Thomas More and his followers say that Hastings, the Lord Chamberlain, "from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doated in the King's life, saving, as it is said, he did that while forbear her, out of reverence toward the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend.\* The time since the death of the late King was a little time indeed, but Jane was not his widow, and concubines are seldom very delicate. We see that Richard accuses him roundly in his proclamation of sleeping with her, and even on the preceding night. It is true the king was so lost, not only to all sense of truth and honesty, as well as mercy, but even to probability, even to possibility, that no reliance can be placed upon this, his proclamation, to establish a fact—we will leave it at present.

Ruthless as Jane knew the Protector to be, she would immediately guess, after her accusation and Hastings's destruction, that ruin awaited her. We have seen the detestable conduct of Shaw, the Lord Mayor of London. The Sheriffs, William White and John Matthew, were equally the minions of Gloucester's wickedness. These men, by the Duke's command, went to Jane's house, for she lived, it appears, neither with her husband, nor Lord Hastings, nor any one else, but in her own house, and deprived her of the whole of her property, consisting of money, jewels, household furniture, &c. amounting to the value of three thousand marks, a sum now equal to about £20,000. This seizure, we are told, Richard did not so much make from avarice as from anger. Sir Thomas More says, it was Sir Thomas Howard who seized her.

Gloucester was not one who contented himself with half measures. The plundered victim was taken by the Sheriffs and conducted to the Tower, where she underwent an examination.

\* Mr. Bell (vide "Huntingdon Peerage") tells us that Hastings attempted the honour of Jane before the King took her, although she with scorn rejected him before Shore, but I doubt it.

We may suppose how rigorously she was examined by the council. Gloucester was her personal accuser of sorceries against himself, by which his flesh was wasted. The council must have had a difficulty in listening to this; the Protector was not more fortu-

nate in his allegation that she had joined Hastings in a design to assassinate him. No proof of either could be brought. Her defence was so good, that even the council, Richard's tools, could not condemn her.



She was dismissed from the Tower, but no sooner had she reached her home than the Sheriffs again seized her, and put her into Ludgate, a city prison, where she remained until he could wreak his vengeance with certainty. Her advowtry was too notorious not to be proved. She had been the royal concubine, and she was accused of having been that also of Hastings! Dr. Thomas Kempe, Bishop of London, who sat from 1449 to 1489, was applied to, and was obliged to proceed against the fair offender. She was ordered to do penance. This was most rigorously

obeyed. On a Sunday she walked before the cross in procession, with a taper in her hand.\* "She went in countenance and pace demure, so womanly, and albeit she were out of all array (apparel) save her kirtle (petticoat), only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely red

\* The annexed portrait is copied from that in the possession of the Hastings family, engraved for Bell's "Huntingdon Peerage;" but a more correct back-ground, shewing the spire of old St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Cross in Cheapside, has been introduced.



in her cheeks, of which before she had most miss, that her great shame won her much praise, among those that were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul. And many good folks also that hated her living, and glad were to see sin corrected, yet pitied they more her penance than rejoiced thereat, when they considered that the Protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous intention." The penance so far from raising Gloucester, really exalted the person meant to be abased. It is probable that she was truly penitent.

No date is given of this penance, but I am apt to believe it soon followed her commitment.—The bloody farce ended June 22nd, when Richard gained his object by being proclaimed king. The event must have been grievous every way to the unfortunate Jane, whom the tyrant did not set free, though neither sorcery nor witchcraft could be substantiated, nor treason nor conspiracy; and though she had submitted with humility to the censures of the church. It is evident that Richard kept her still in Ludgate.

She now had reason to lament leaving her proper protector, and husband, Mr. Shore, whom probably about this time she lost,—and, much to her credit, she wished to leave a life of irregularity for domestic happiness. I can give no account of Mr. Shore after she left him, only that he retired from London, but I think I have somewhere read that he went upon the Continent,† probably to Flanders.

Before I speak of her intended re-marriage, I must give an extract from a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, in October, 1483, in which he offers a reward of one thousand marks in money, or one hundred marks a-year in land, if any one would take "Thomas, late Marquis of Dorset," who "not having the fear of God nor the salvation of his own soul before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore." [Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. xii. p. 204.] Poor Jane seems the butt of all Richard's malice. Lord Orford thinks Hastings did not, but that Dorset did, keep Jane, perhaps neither of them did. He who slandered the late Monarch his brother, and in doing it, (as well as in other respects,) even spared not his own mother, could have little delicacy about a royal concubine.

Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, K. G. was son of Elizabeth, the Queen of Edward IV. by her former husband, and hence so obnoxious to Richard III. To throw a particular odium upon him, he is represented

as living in *adultery* with Jane Shore. It could not be before she was taken by Edward; it could not be during that King's life; it could not be afterward, by Richard's own account, for by his proclamation she then was the mistress of Hastings to the night preceding his being put to death. It could not be after that catastrophe, for ever after then Richard kept her either in the Tower or in Ludgate, a close prisoner. Now what becomes of Lord Orford's supposed triumph? Beside, from the time of the seizure of Edward V. where was Dorset? Not in dalliance with Jane, but in concealment from the power of Richard, as well when Protector as King. Happily he effected his escape to the continent, saw Henry VII. upon the throne, and married his half-sister. This accusation against Dorset and Jane is one of the many gross and infamous untruths of Richard. Contemporaries give Jane as the mistress of Hastings, but whether only upon Richard's accusation or not, I do not know; if it rested upon him only, or originated in him, I should pay little regard to it. Sir Thomas evidently believed it, and I think he is good authority, but as to Dorset's keeping Jane it appears impossible. The allegation is meant to throw a peculiar odium upon them, as being an incestuous connexion; as living in concubinage with the mistress of his father-in-law, Dorset standing in that predicament, as being Edward IV.'s son-in-law, from Edward having married his father's widow.

As I have thus, I believe, cleared Jane from one foul accusation, I hasten to shew that she intended to re-marry, and with a person of no less consequence than Thomas Lynom, the solicitor of Richard, a pretty evident proof that Jane was pitied and respected for her then chaste behaviour; for there could be no inducement of money or interest in the case.

Did the king rejoice in Jane's wish to live as a matron? Oh no! He was too righteous a master to permit his servant and solicitor to marry Mrs. Jane Shore. In Lord Hardwicke's "State Papers" is a copy of a document preserved in the Harleian Library, which I here transcribe:

#### "BY THE KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c., signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our servant and solicitor, Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now being in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel, to proceed to effect the same. We, for many causes, would be sorry that

† The Ballad says he went abroad.

he so should be disposed, pray you, therefore, to send for him, and in that ye godly may exhort, and stir him to the contrary. And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertised, then, if it may stand with the law of the church, we be content, (the time of marriage being deferred to our coming next to London,) that upon sufficient surety found of her good abearing ye do send for her keeper, and discharge him of our commandment, by warrant of these, committing her to the rule and guiding of her father, or any other, by your discretion, in the mean season. Given, &c.

“To the Right Reverend Father in God  
the Bishop of Lincoln, our Chancellor.”

There is no date given to this curious paper, yet we may pretty well ascertain the time when it was written, for John Russell, D.D., the “learned and good” Bishop of Lincoln, from 1480 to 1495, was appointed Chancellor of England, November 26, 1484, and was succeeded in that office by Thomas Barrow, Master of the Rolls, August 1, 1485; when I say succeeded in that office, I do not speak accurately, for Barrow was only Keeper of the Seals.

It is evident that Jane was still in Ludgate prison when Mr. Lynom would have married her. It is probable that the Bishop of Lincoln prevailed upon him not to marry her; and as she is called Jane Shore, when an old woman, by another Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, we may affirm that she never did re-marry.

Can it be doubted that she remained a prisoner during the reign of Richard; happily it was of no long continuance, he fell at Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485, after a reign of two years and two months.

Unfortunate Jane! what a change to you, whose beauty and wit charmed an illustrious monarch and his court, to spend two lonely years immersed in a vile prison. It had almost been mercy to have led the fallen beauty to execution. A heart of flint might melt at the woes and, I may add too, the wrongs of this degraded woman. She had cruelly wronged her husband and (in common with several, with many others) the Queen. Who else had she injured? How many had she served? But she was in the strong hands of one who was without the common charities of human nature, and who trampled on the rights of every one.

Richard's fall at Bosworth, we may suppose, opened the prison doors for Jane again to breathe the air of freedom; but how was her liberty accompanied, not with property, she had been robbed of all. She had no house to retire to, no means to furnish one.

The short space of two years had taken away many of her friends, who, like Hastings, had been taken off by violence. She fatally experienced the world's ingratitude; they who had stooped to ask the protection of a royal concubine could not be expected to have the correctest ideas. It would have redounded to their honour to have paid by kindness and liberality what they owed her; instead of which, it is very probable they were ashamed to own their obligations openly, and too mean to open those very purses she had been the means of filling. She was now only less to be pitied than when, proceeding from the Bishop of London's, she did penance, being led to the cathedral and thence to St. Paul's Cross, when

“Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;  
A burning taper in her hand she bore,  
And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd,  
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung;  
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;  
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain,  
While, barefoot as she trod the flinty pavement,  
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.  
Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining;  
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth.  
Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,  
To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,  
And beg that mercy man denied her here.”—*Rowe*.

King Henry VII. might have restored the wealth which Richard III. had taken from her, yet it could not be expected that he should. Many had been stripped by his predecessor who had far greater claims upon the royal bounty. The worst vice of Henry was avarice. In Jane's case he may well be exonerated of blame. Who then had this unhappy woman to ask aid of at court; not surely the widow of Edward IV. This Queen Dowager was in disgrace and poverty, so that if it had been even decent to have asked her assistance, it would have been fruitless. Elizabeth, the Queen Consort of Henry, had but little power, and she too might think it indecorous to openly befriend Jane. Jealous and acrimonious as the Tudors were to the Yorkists, I cannot believe that this miserable woman could be an object of political importance to King Henry.

Lord Orford says, “Did either of the succeeding Kings, Henry VII. and Henry VIII., ever redress her wrongs? Certainly not, yet I think they are exculpated from blame. They did not receive what Richard III. unjustly took from her, unless you will say the former obtained the tyrant's treasure, but, I believe, this was of no great importance. His lordship is more just when he adds, “She (Jane) had sown her good deeds, her good offices, her alms, her



charities, in a court; not one took root, nor did the ungrateful soil repay her a grain of relief in her penury and comfortless old age."

She never married again. Little could she suppose that from the date of her liberation from Ludgate, that she had between forty and fifty years of penury and want to experience.

Calamitous was the remainder of her life. We are told of no incident of her after Richard's death, as, how she was maintained. Bred in affluence, married to wealth, and living in the luxury of a splendid court, she was ill able to contend with the hardships of her altered situation. Each year would rob her of some, or other of those who had known her in better days; she was more than in the middle state of life when Henry VII. died. I am told that there is a tradition, that she strewed flowers at his funeral.

All was economy in his reign, in that of his son and successor, Henry VIII. splendour, profusion, and extravagance marked the first years of his government. Jane was less thought of then than before; age and misery now marked her for their own.

Beauty thinks that the roses and lilies are never to fade: that power is permanent; and riches inexhaustible—but the flowers lose both perfume and form: power is lost, often more easily, and sooner than it is gained; and as to riches, "they have wings and fly away."

Mrs. Shore had experienced all that criminal pleasure could contribute in the morning of life, but ere noon arrived, how was the scene changed! Horrors of various kinds, and misfortunes of many descriptions overtook and overwhelmed her, nor left her until death, and yet she lived to be more than fourscore years old, dying in 1533 or 1534, being the 26th year of the reign of Henry VIII., whose accession day was April 22nd.

Every one knows that when we have lived to half Jane's age, we look in vain for many of the friends and companions of our youth; but, at fourscore years and more it is impossible to see scarcely one. The fortunate if they survive to this advanced period, mixing with the world, and being looked up to for interested motives, still acquire other acquaintances for those they have lost, but not so the wretched, all fly from them as contagious; as to obtaining new connexions, it is impossible; deserted by fortune every eye is averted as from a convicted culprit. Happy, thrice fortunate is the individual who in the hour of necessity can boast of a single friend. Jane might truly have said,—

"My form, alas! has long forgot to please;  
The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd;  
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,  
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;  
But haggard grief, lean-looking sorrow care,  
And pining discontent, a rueful train,  
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn."—Rowe.

Age and sorrow had made such a change, that some who knew her only in the evening of her days would not be persuaded she ever had been beautiful. Sir Thomas More, who wrote of her when an ancient woman, thus expresses himself; after describing her as she was represented in youth, adds, "albeit some that now see her, for yet she liveth, deem her never to have been well visaged, whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed, by her scalp, taken out of the chancel-house; for now is she old, lean, withered, and dried up, nothing left but rivelled skin and bare bone. And yet being even such, who so well advise, contemplating her visage, might guess and devise, which parts now filled would make it a fair face."

Sir Thomas then (I have already given his words) commends her wit, a wit all are willing to confess she possessed, but if it was asked,

"Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face,  
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?"—Rowe.

Alas! wit, cheerfulness, and gladness were lost to poor erring Jane, for ever; all that remained was sadness and sorrow, and I sincerely believe, remorse; for as all ages had gazed upon her in Edward's days, so every tongue spoke of her fall, and consequently every mind would be employed in watching her future conduct; but even scandal here is dumb.

To her accusers we may presume she might with truth have used the same poet's language.

"Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;  
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,  
My soul is justly humbled to the dust:  
All tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,  
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,  
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.  
Yet let the saints be witness to this truth,  
That now, tho' late, I look with horror back,  
That I detest my wretched self, and curse  
My past polluted life. All-judging heav'n,  
Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for them."—Rowe.

No stone tells us where Jane's remains were deposited.—We read of no offspring of gentle Mrs. Shore, either by her husband, the King, or any other, so that probably she never had any issue.

Such was Jane Shore. If it be necessary to make a particular apology for writing her sad story, and as true as sad, it shall be in the words of her original biographer, Sir Thomas More. "I doubt not some will think this woman too slight a thing to be written of, and set among the remembrances of great matters; which they shall specially think, that happily shall esteem her only by that they now see her. But me seemeth the chance so much the more worthy to be remembered in, how much she is now in the more beggarly condition, unbefriended, and worn out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as great favour with the prince, after as great suit and seeking to, with all those that in those days had business to speed, as many other men were in their times, which be now famous only by the infamy of their ill deeds. Her doings were not much less, albeit they be much less remembered, because they were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil turn, to write in marble; and who so doth us a good turn, we write it in dust, which is not worse proved by her; for at this day she beggeth of many at this day living, that at this day had begged if she had not been."

For almost half a century Jane Shore was a living monitress to avoid illicit love, however fascinating. The biographer and poet, as well as the historian, by detailing her unhappy fate, have made her so for nearly three centuries since her death; but how little has this deterred presumptuous beauty! Every female, when she sails upon the ocean of pleasure, thinks her fortune secure, until shipwreck ensues.

I have, since I wrote this, read Aubrey's notes, where I have found that Lady Southcot, sister of Sir John Suckling, had at her house in Bishop's Gate Street, "a rare picture, viz. of that pretty creature, Mrs. Jane Shore, an original."—It appears, also, from Nugent Bell's publication of the "Huntingdon Pedigree," that her father's name was Mr. Thomas Wainstead.

## APPENDIX.

I SHALL add two poems long since written upon this beautiful unfortunate. The first is taken from John "Higins' Collection," in which are "many Foreign stories, chiefly Romaine, and Itallike, from Bocas, translated by Dan Lidgate: to these are added, a brief Memoriall of sondry unfortunate Englishmen, and also one, at least, Englishwoman, with a preface to these by William Baldwine. Imprinted at London, by Henry Marsh, being the assigne of Thomas Marsh,

near to Saint Dunstanes Church, in Fleete-streete, 1587." The introduction to Jane Shore's story is,

"The open brute of Princes falles and such as have sway in this Realme, made mee poore haplesse woman (though once in great place) presume to shew myselfe emong that infortunate flock. And making more haste then good speede, I appeared fyrst to one Baldwine, a Minister and a Preacher, whose function and calling disdaynes to looke so lowe, as to searche the secrets of wanton women (though commonly a Preacher, with sufferance, may rebuke vice.) Wherefore I have better bethought mee, and so doe sodaynly appeste and appeare to some marshall men, who hath more experience both in defending of women's honour, and knowes somewhat more of theyr conditions and qualities; and the other, because my tragedy was in question among some that would not spare due commendation to the autor therof. I now appeare to him that fyrst set mee forth, a writer of good continuance, and one that dayly is exercised to set out both matter tragicall, and other prophane histories and verses, whose name is Churchyard; hee shall not only have the fame of his own worke (which no man can deny, but shall likewise have all the glory I can gieve him, if hee lend mee the hearing of my woefull tale, a matter scarce fit for womans shamefastnes to bewray. But since without blushing I have so long beene a talkative wench (whose words a world hath delighted in) I shall nowe goe on boldly with my audacious manner: and so step I on the stage in my shrowding sheete as I was buried."

I must add that William Baldwine, A.M., a west countryman, a clergyman, and a schoolmaster, wrote many things, and published "The Myrroure for Magistrates," in which is the following Poem. He died in Elizabeth's reign. Thomas Churchyard, a native of Shrewsbury, author of the Poem of "The Worthiness of Wales," dying in 1604, was buried in St. Margaret's church, in Westminster.

HOW SHORE'S WIFE, KING EDWARD THE FOURTH'S CONCUBINE, WAS BY KING RICHARD DESPOYLED OF ALL HER GOODS, AND FORCED TO DOE OPEN PENANCE.

AMONG the rest, by Fortune overthrowne,  
I am not least, that most may wayle her fate;  
My fame and brute, abroad the world is blowne,  
Who can forget, a thing thus done so late?  
My great mischance, my fall, and heavy state,  
Is such a marke, whereat each tongue doth shoote,  
That my good name, is pluckt up by the roote.

This wandering world, bewitched mee with wyles,  
 And won my wits, with wanton sugred joyes :  
 In Fortune's frekes, who trustes her when she smiles,  
 Shall finde her false, and full of fickle toyes,  
 Her triumphs all, but fill our eares with noyse,  
 Her flattring giftes, are pleasures mixt with payne,  
 Yea, all her wordes, are thunders threatning rayne.

The fond desire, that wee in glory set,  
 Doth thirle our hearts, to hope in slipper hap ;  
 A blast of pompe, is all the fruite wee get,  
 And under that, lies coil'd a sodayne clap,  
 In seeking rest, unwares wee fall in trap,  
 In groping flowrs, with nettels stong wee are,  
 In labring long, wee reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceite, with painted face for sho,  
 Oh poysned bayte, that makes us eger still,  
 Oh fayned frend, deceiving people so,  
 Oh world of thee, wee cannot speak too ill :  
 Yet fooles wee are, that bend so to thy skill.  
 The plague and scourge, that thousands dayly feele  
 Should warne the wise, to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop the streame, that runnes full swift ?  
 Or quench the fyre, that is crept in the strawe ?  
 The thirsty drinckes, there is no other shift.  
 Perforce is such, that neede obayes no lawe,  
 Thus bounde wee are, in worldly yokes to drawe,  
 And cannot stay, nor turn, agayne in tyme,  
 Nor learne of those, that sought too high to clyme.

My self for prooffe, loe here I now appeare,  
 In womans weede, with weeping watred eyes,  
 That bought her youth, and her delights full deare,  
 Whose lowde reproch, doth sound unto the skies,  
 And bids my corse, out of the grave to ryse,  
 As one that may, no longer hyde her face,  
 But needes must come, and shew her piteous case.

The sheete of shame, wherein I shrowded was,  
 Did move mee oft, to playne before this daye,  
 And in myne eares, did ring the trumpe of brasse,  
 Which is defame, that doth each thing bewraye ;  
 Yea though full deade, and lowe in earth I laye,  
 I heard the voyse, of mee what people sayde,  
 But then to speake, alas I was affrayde.

And nowe a tyme, for mee I see prepare,  
 I heare the lyves, and falles of many wights :  
 My tale therefore, the better may bee harde,  
 For at the torch, the litle candell lights,  
 Where pageants bee, smale things fill out the sights.  
 Wherefore geve eare, good Churchyard do thy best,  
 My tragedy, to place among the rest.

Because the truth shall witnes well with thee,  
 I will rehearse, in order as it fell,  
 My lyfe, my death, my dolefull desteny,  
 My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale,  
 My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell :  
 A whole discourse, by mee Shore's wife by name,  
 Now shalt thou heare, as thou hadst seene the same.

Of noble blood, I cannot boast my byrth,  
 For I was made, out of the meanest molde,  
 Mine heritage, but seven foote of th' earth,  
 Fortune ne gave, to mee the giftes of golde :  
 But I could brag, of nature if I wolde,  
 Who fild my face, with favour fresh and fayre,  
 Whose beauty shon, like Phœbus in the ayre.

My shape some sayde, was seemely to ech sight,  
 My countenance, did shew a sober grace,  
 Mine eyes in lookes, were never proved light,  
 My tongue in words, was chaste in every case.  
 Mine eares were deafe, and would no lovers place,  
 Save that, alas, a Prince did blot my browe,  
 Loe, there the strong, did make the weake to bowe.

The majesty, that Kings to people beare,  
 The stately port, the aweful cheere they showe,  
 Doth make the meane, to shrinke and couch for feare,  
 Like as the hounde, that doth his maister knowe :  
 What then ? since I was made unto the bowe,  
 There is no cloake, can serve to hide my faulte,  
 For I agreede, the fort hee should assault.

The Eagle's force, subdues ech bird that flies,  
 What metall may, resist the flaming fire ?  
 Doth not the sun, dasill the clearest eyes,  
 And melt the yse, and make the frost retyre ?  
 Who can withstand, a puissaunt King's desire ?  
 The stiffest stones, are perced through with tooles,  
 The wisest are, with Princes made but fooles.

Yf kynde had wrought, my forme in common frames,  
 And set mee forth, in coulours blacke and browne,  
 Or beauty had, been percht in Phœbus' flames,  
 Or shamefust wayes, had pluckt my fethers downe,  
 Then had I kept my fame and good renowne :  
 For nature's gifts, were cause of all my greefe,  
 A plesaunt pray, entiseth many a chiefe.

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacock's pride,  
 By cloathing me with natures tapestry ;  
 Woe worth the hewe, wherein my face was dyde,  
 Which made mee thinke, I pleased every eye.  
 Like as the sterres, make men behold the skye,  
 So beautyes showe, doth make the wise full fond,  
 And brings free harts, full oft to endlesse bond.

But cleare from blame, my frends cannot be founde,  
 Before my time, my youth they did abuse :  
 In marriage, apprentice was I bounde.  
 Then that meere love, I knew not how to use,  
 But welaway, that cannot mee excuse,  
 The harme is mine, though they devisd my care,  
 And I must smart, and sit in slaundrous snare.

Yet gieve mee leave, to plead my cause at large ;  
 Yf that the horse, do run beyond his race,  
 Or any thing, that keepers have in charge,  
 Doe breake theyr course, where rulers may take place :  
 Or meate bec set, before the hungryes face,  
 Who is in fault ? th' offender, yea or no,  
 Or they that are, the cause of all this woe.

Note well what strife, this forced marriage makes,  
 What lothed lives, do come where love doth laike,  
 What scratching breers, do grow upon such bankes,  
 What common weales, by it are brought to wracke,  
 What heavy load, is put on patients backe,  
 Whatstraunge delights, this braunch of vice doth breede,  
 And marke what grayne, springs out of such a seede.

Compell the hawke, to sit his wont unmande,  
 Or make the hound, untaught to drawe the dere,  
 Or bring the free, against his will in band,  
 Or move the sad, a pleasant tale to here,  
 Your time is lost, and you no whit the nere :  
 So love ne learns, of force the knot to knit,  
 She serves but those, that feelee sweete fancies fit.

The lesse defame, redounds to my dispraise,  
 I was entiste by traynes, and trapt by trust :  
 Though in my powre, remayned yeas and naves  
 Unto my frends, yet needs consent I must  
 In every thing, yea lawfull or unjust.  
 They brake the bowes, and shakte the tre by sleight,  
 And bent the wand, that mought have growne full  
 streight.

What helpe in this, the pale thus broken downe,  
 The Dere must needs, in daunger run astray :  
 At mee therefore, why should the world so frown,  
 My weaknes made, my youth a Princes pray,  
 Though wisdom should, the course of nature stay,  
 Yet try my case, who list, and they shall prove,  
 The ripest wits, are soonest thralles in love.

What need I more, to clere my selfe so much :  
 A King me wan, and had me at his call,  
 His royall state, his princely grace was such,  
 The hope of will, that women seeke for all,  
 The ease and wealth, the gifts which were not small,  
 Beseiged mee, so strongly round about,  
 My powre was weake, I could not holde him out.

Duke Hanniball, in all his conquest great,  
 Or Cæsar yet, whose triumphes did excede,  
 Of all theyr spoyles, which made them toyle and sweate,  
 Were not so glad, to have so rich a meede,  
 As was this Prince, when I to him agreeede,  
 And yeilded mee, a prisner willingly,  
 As one that knewe, no way away to fly.

The Nitingale, for all his mery voyce,  
 Nor yet the Larke, that still delights to sing,  
 Did never make, the hearers so rejoyce  
 As I with words, have made this worthy King :  
 I never jarde, in tune was every string,  
 I tempred so, my tongue to please his care,  
 That what I sayde, was current every where.

I joynde my talke, my jestures and my grace  
 In witty frames, that long might last and stand,  
 So that I brought, the King in such a case,  
 That to his death, I was his chiefest hand,  
 I governd him, that ruled all this land :  
 I bare the sword, though he did weare the Crowne,  
 I strake the stroke, that threwe the mighty downe.

Yf justice sayd, that judgment was but death,  
 With my sweete wordes, I could the King perswade,  
 And make him pause, and take therein a breath,  
 Till I with suite, the sautors peace had made ;  
 I knewe what way, to use him in his trade,  
 I had the arte, to make the Lyon meeke,  
 There was no poynt, wherein I was to seeke.

Yf I did frowne, who then did looke awrye ?  
 Yf I did smile, who would not laugh outright ?  
 Yf I but spake, who durst my words denye ?  
 Yf I pursude, who would forsake the flight ?  
 I meane, my powre, was known to every sight.  
 On such a height, good hap had built my bowre,  
 As though my sweet, should nere have turnd to sowre.

My husband then, as one that knew his good,  
 Refusde to keepe, a Princes Concubine,  
 For seeing th' end, and mischief as it stood,  
 Against the King, did never much repine ;  
 Hee sawe the grape, whereof hee dranke the wine.  
 Though inward thought, his heart did still torment,  
 Yet outwardly, hee seemde he was content.

To purchase prayse, and win the peoples zeale,  
 Yea rather bent, of kinde to do some good,  
 I ever did, upholde the common weale,  
 I had delight, to save the guiltless blood :  
 Each sutors cause, when that I understode,  
 I did prefer, as it had bene mine owne,  
 And help them up, that might have bene orethrowne.

My powre was prest, to right the poore mans wrong,  
 My hands were free, to geve where neede required :  
 To watch for grace, I never thought it long,  
 To do men good, I neede not bee desyred.  
 Nor yet with gyfts, my heart was never hyred,  
 But when the ball, was at my foote to guyde,  
 I playde to those, that Fortune did abyde.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will,  
 My robes were rich, and braver than the sunne :  
 My Fortune then, was far above my skill,  
 My state was great, my glasse did overrunne,  
 My fatall threede, so happely was spunne,  
 That when I sat, in earthly pleasures clad,  
 And for the tyme, a Goddesse place I had.

But I had not, so soon thys lyfe possest,  
 But my good hap, began to slyp asyde ;  
 And Fortune then, did mee so sore molest,  
 That unto playnts, was tourned all my pryde.  
 It booted not, to rowe agaynst the tyde ;  
 Myne oares were weake, my heart and strength did fayle,  
 The wynde was rough, I durst not beare a sayle.

What steps of stryfe, belong to high estate ?  
 The climbing up, is doubtfull to endure,  
 The seate itselfe, doth purchase privy hate,  
 And honours fame, is fickle and unsure,  
 And all shee brings, is flowres that be unpure ;  
 Which fall as fast, as they do sprout and spring,  
 And cannot last, they are so vayne a thing.

Wee count no care, to catch that we doe wishe,  
 But what wee win, is long to us unknownen :  
 Tyll present payne, bee served in our dishe,  
 Wee scarce perceive, whereon our greife hath growen :  
 What grayne proves well, that is so rashly sowen ?  
 Yf that a meane, did measure all our deedes,  
 In steede of corne, wee should not gather weedes.

The settled mynde, is free from Fortunes power,  
 They neede not feare, who looke not up aloft ;  
 But they that clyme, are carefull every hower,  
 For when they fall, they light not very softe,  
 Examples hath, the wisest warned oft,  
 That where the trees, the smalest braunches bere,  
 The stormes do blowe, and have most rigoure there.

Where is it strong, but nere the ground and roote ?  
 Where is it weake, but on the highest sprayes ?  
 Where may a man, so surely set his foote,  
 But on those bowes, that groweth lowe alwayes ?  
 The litle twygs, are but unsteadfast stayes,  
 Yf they breake not, they bend with every blast,  
 Who trusts to them, shall never stand full fast.

The wynde is great, upon the highest hylles,  
 The quiet lyfe, is in the dale belowe ;  
 Who treads on yse, shall slyde against their wills,  
 They want not cares, that curious artes would knowe.  
 Who lives at ease, and can content him so,  
 Is perfect wise, and sets us all to schoole,  
 Who hates this lore, may well bee calde a foole.

What greater griefe, may come to any life,  
 Then after sweete, to taste the bitter sowre ?  
 Or after peace, to fall at warre and strife,  
 Or after myrth, to have a cause to lowre ?  
 Under such props, false Fortune buildes her bowre,  
 In sodayne chaunge, her flittering frames bee set,  
 Where is no way, for to escape the net.

The hasty smart, that Fortune sendes in spite,  
 Is harde to brooke, where gladnes wee embrace :  
 Shee threatens not, but sodaynly doth smite.  
 Where joy is most, there doth shee sorrow place.  
 But sure I thinke, this is too straunge a case,  
 For us to feele, such griefe, amid our game,  
 And knowe not why, untill we taste the same.

As erst I sayde, my blisse was tournde to bale,  
 I had good cause, to weepe and wring my hands,  
 And shew sad chere, with countenance full pale :  
 For I was brought, in sorrowes wofull bands,  
 A pirry came, and set my ship on sands  
 What should I hyde, or coulour, care and 'noy ?  
 King Edward dyde, in whome was all my joy.

And when the earth, received had his corse,  
 And that intombe, this worthy Prince was layde,  
 The worlde on mee, began to shewe his force,  
 Of troubles then, my parte I long assayde,  
 For they of whome, I never was afraide,  
 Undid mee most, and wrought mee such dispite,  
 That they bereft, mee from my pleasure quite.

As long as lyfe, remaynde in Edward's brest,  
 Who was but I ? Who had such frends at call ?  
 His body was, no sooner put in chest,  
 But well was hee, that could procure my fall :  
 His brother was, myne enmye most of all,  
 Protectour then, whose vice did still abound,  
 From yll to worse, tyll death did him confound.

Hee falsely faynde, that I of counsell was,  
 To poyson him, which thing I never ment :  
 But he could set, thereon a face of brasse,  
 To bring to passe, his lewde and false entent.  
 To such mischiefe, this tyrants heart was bent.  
 To God, ne man, hee never stood in awe,  
 For in his wrath, hee made his will a lawe.

Lord Hastings bloude, for vengeance on him cries,  
And many moe, that were to long to name :  
But most of all, and in most woeful wise,  
I had good cause, this wretched man to blame.  
Before the worlde, I sufferd open shame,  
Where people were, as thicke as is the sand,  
A penaunce tooke, with taper in my hand.

Each eye did stare, and looke mee in the face,  
As I past by, the rumours on mee ran,  
But patience then, had lent mee such a grace,  
My quyet lookes, were praysde of every man :  
The shamefast blood, brought me such colour than,  
That thousands sayde, which sawe my sobre chere,  
It is great ruth, to see this woman here.

But what prevaylde, the people's pitie there ?  
This raging wolfe, would spare no guiltles blood.  
Oh wicked wombe, that such ill fruit did beare,  
Oh cursed earth, that yieldeth forth such mud :  
The hell consume, all things that did thee good ;  
The heavens shut, their gates agaynst thy spreete,  
The world tread downe, thy glory under feete.

I aske of God, a vengeance on thy bones,  
Thy stinking corps, corrupts the ayre I knowe :  
Thy shameful death, no earthly wight bemones,  
For in thy lyfe, thy workes were hated so,  
That every man did, wish thy overthroe ;  
Wherefore I may, though parcial now I am,  
Curse every cause, whereof thy body came.

Woe worth the man, that fathered such a childe,  
Woe worth the howre, wherein thou was begate :  
Woe worth the brests, that have the world begylde,  
To nourish thee, that all the world did hate,  
Woe worth the Gods, that gave thee such a fate,  
To lyve so long, that death deservde so oft,  
Woe worth the chaunce that set thee up aloft.

Yee Princes all, and rulers everych one,  
In punishment, beware of hatreds yre.  
Restore yee scourge, take heede, look well thereon :  
In wraths ill will, if mallice kindle fyre,  
Your hearts will burne, in such a hote desyre,  
That in those flames, the smoke shall dim your sight,  
Yee shall forget, to joyne your justice right.

You should not judge, till things be well discerned,  
Your charge is still, to mayntayne upright lawes :  
In conscience rules, yee shoulde bee thoroughly learned,  
Where clemency, bids wrath and rashnes pause,  
And further sayth, stricke not without a cause :  
And when yee smite, doe it for justice sake,  
Then in good parte, ech man your scourge will take.

If that such zeale, had mov'd this tyrants minde,  
To make my plague, a warrant for the rest,  
I had small cause, such fault in him to fynde,  
Such punishment, is used for the best :  
But by yll will, and powre I was opprest,  
He spoylede my goods, and left me bare and pore,  
And caused mee, to beg from dore to dore.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,  
To watch for crums, among the blynde and lame :  
When almes were delt, I had an hungry share,  
Because I knew, not how to ask for shame,  
Tyll force and neede, had brought mee in such fame,  
That starve I must, or learne to beg an almes,  
With booke in hand, to say S. David's Psalms.

Where I was wont, the golden chaines to weare,  
A payre of beades, about my necke was wound,  
A linnen cloth, was lapt about my heare,  
A ragged gounne, that trailede one the ground,  
A dish that clapt, and gave a heavy sound,  
A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,  
I bare about, as wnesse of my fall.

I had no house, wherein to hyde my heade,  
The open streete, my lodging was perforce ;  
Full oft I went, all hungry to my bed,  
My flesh cousumde, I looked lyke a corse :  
Yet in that plight, who had on mee remorse ?  
O God thou knowste, my friends forsook mee than,  
Not one helpe mee, that succred many a man.

They frownd on mee, that fawnd on mee before,  
And fled from mee, that followde mee full fast :  
They hated mee, by whom I set much store,  
They knew full well, my Fortune did not last,  
In every place, I was condemnde and cast.  
To plead my cause, at bar it was no boote,  
For every man, did treade mee underfoote.

Thus long I liv'd, all weary of my lyfe,  
Tyll death approcht, and rid mee from that wo :  
Example take, by mee, both mayde and wyfe,  
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly so :  
A Mirour make, by grace to overthro.  
Defye the world, and all his wanton wayes,  
Beware by mee, that spent so yll her dayes.

THO. CHURCHYARD.

Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," gives the following Ballad. His lordship says it is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, "The Woefull Lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, some time King Edward IV. his

Concubine. To the tune of Live with me, &c." To every stanza is annexed

"Then maids and wives in time amend,  
For love and beauty will have end."

No doubt this Ballad is subsequent to the preceding one. Here the poet makes Jane die of hunger after doing her penance. We may suppose it became a popular error. The learned, and, as he became, the venerable prelate has given many particulars of Jane, which with others I have used in her history.

If Rosamonde, that was so faire,  
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,  
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,  
That was beloved of a King.

In maiden yeares my beauty bright  
Was loved dear of lord and knight;  
But yet the love that they requir'd,  
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,  
A husband for me did obtaine;  
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,  
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,  
Till lust brought ruine to my life;  
And then my life I lewdlye spent,  
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard Street I once did dwelle,  
As London yet can witness welle;  
Where many gallants did beholde  
My beauty in a shop of golde.

I spread my plumes, as wantons doe,  
Some sweet and secret friende to woove,  
Because chaste love I did not finde  
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring  
Into the eares of Englandes King,  
Who came and lik'd and love requir'd,  
But I made coye what he desir'd.

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,  
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,  
Did say, It was a gallant thing  
To be beloved of a King.

By her persuasions I was led  
For to defile my marriage bed,  
And wrong my wedded husband Shore,  
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,  
That I had made so sweet a choice:  
And therefore did my state resigne,  
To be King Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,  
To reape the pleasures of content;  
There had the joyes that love could bring,  
And knew the secrets of a King.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe,  
Commanding Edward with mine eye,  
For Mrs. Blague I in short space  
Obtaine a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time  
I made unto promotion climbe;  
But yet for all this costlye pride,  
My husbände could not mee abide.

His bed though wronged by a King,  
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;  
From England then he goes away  
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name  
Impaired by my wanton shame:  
Although a prince of peerlesse might  
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,  
With lords and ladies of great sorte;  
And when I smil'd all men were glad,  
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore  
To helplese people that were poore;  
I still redrest the orphans' crye,  
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,  
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;  
And never look'd for other gaine  
But love and thanks for all my paine.

At last my royall King did dye,  
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;  
When crook-back Richard gat the crowne,  
King Edward's friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,  
That I so long had lived in;  
Yea, every one that was his friend,  
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,  
That made a strumpet of a wife,  
I penance did in Lombard-street,  
In shamefull manner in a sheet.



Where many thousands did me viewe,  
Who late in court my credit knewe ;  
Which made the teares run down my face,  
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee,  
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,  
And charg'd that none should me relieve,  
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,  
To whom my jewels I had sent,  
In hoped thereby to ease my want,  
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she denyed to me the same,  
When in my need for them I came ;  
To recompense my former love,  
Out of her doores she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,  
Which now my soul repents too late ;  
Therefore example take by mee,  
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,  
Whom I before had seen distrest,  
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,  
Did give me food to succour me :

For which by lawe, it was decreed  
That he was hanged for that deed.  
His death did grieve me so much more,  
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,  
Durst not afford mee any food :  
Whereby I begged all the day,  
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,  
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;  
My chains and gems and golden rings  
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,  
For leading such a wicked life :  
Both sucking babes and children small  
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,  
Whereby my hunger might be fed :  
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,  
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus weary of my life, at lengthe  
I yielded up my vital strength,  
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,  
Where carrion dogs did much frequent :

The which now since my dying daye,  
Is Shoreditch call'd as writers saye,\*  
Which is a witness of my sinne,  
For being concubine to a King.

You wanton wives that fall to lust,  
Be you assur'd that God is just :  
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,  
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,  
That yielded only to a King,  
How shall they scape that daily run  
To practise sin with every one ?

You husbands, match not but for love,  
Lest some disliking after prove ;  
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,  
What plagues are due to sinful lives.

Then maids and wives in time amend,  
For love and beauty will have end.

\* Dr. Percy's note is, "But it had this name," Shoreditch, "long before, being so called from its being a common sewer, vulgarly shore, or drain. See Stowe." I wonder his lordship was ignorant of its being called Shoreditch, from a very wealthy and worshipful family. Sir John Shoreditch was lord of a manor called Shoreditch, long before Mrs. Jane Shore was born. Shoreditch church was in this manor, and has its name from it. I will add, that Lysous, in his *Environs of London*, remarks that in Hackney was an ancient mansion, called by Stowe, Shore-ditch-place, but why it had it Stowe did not know." I should suppose it to be the residence of a branch of the Shoreditch family. Lysons tells us that "Since Stowe's time it has been called Shore-place; and tradition has prevailed that it was the residence of Jane Shore, to support which, a portrait, said to be hers, was shewn there." Strype's Edition of Stowe, vol. ii. p. 796. "The old mansion was pulled down some years ago, when the name of Shore-place was given to a row of houses built near its site." The idea of its being Jane Shore's residence is preposterous. Her father was never able to live in such a house, previous to her marriage with Shore; and then probably she was not more than sixteen or seventeen; she lived with him seven years; she then left him for Edward IV., when no doubt she removed to or near to Westminster; perhaps she had apartments in the palace there. After that monarch's death she lived in London, for the Sheriffs seized her goods by command of Richard III., during whose reign she was a prisoner in Ludgate. When enlarged, stripped of all she possessed, she was so far from owning or renting a mansion, that she lived upon alms until her death.

Let me remark of this Ballad, given by Dr. Percy, that it does not appear to me to be older than the middle of the seventeenth century. In point of excellence, as to depth of thought, it is contemptible when compared with Churchyard's. The husband's baptismal name is erroneous. Whether Mrs. Blague is a real character I do not know; but Jane's penance in Lombard-street, a man being hanged for relieving her, dying of hunger, and in a ditch, is all fictitious. She was lodged and fed in Ludgate after her penance, and survived that disgrace nearly half a century.



## ON THE UNION FLAG.

[At a moment when the public attention is particularly drawn to the UNION FLAG, from its having been adopted as a badge of Political Union in a great National cause, the following account of its origin, which is abridged from a larger work on the subject,\* intended for publication, by SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, will, we trust, prove acceptable.]

To a common observer it is, perhaps, a matter of indifference from what source the National Flag of this country has been derived; and, satisfied with the respect which its appearance ensures in whatever quarter of the world it may be unfurled, he is as indifferent to its origin, as to its present complicated arrangement. There are, however, it is presumed, many who may not only wish to be informed of its history, but likewise to have its combination of Crosses and Colours fully and satisfactorily explained. After describing the various alterations which have been made in the Union Banner, some suggestions will be offered for its improvement; not merely in an Heraldic point of view, but that it may properly present the different charges of which it professes to be composed. An attempt will also be made to trace the etymology of its more popular appellation, "The Union Jack."

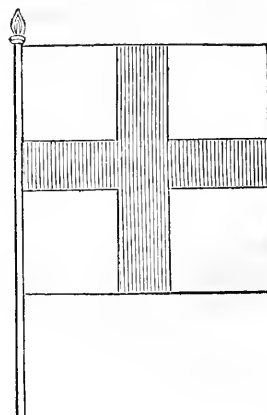
In early periods of English history, when an army took the field, every Banneret who had furnished the quota of men for which he had engaged, was entitled to bear a Banner of his Arms, under which his retinue served. The King bore three Banners; † namely, the Royal banner, which contained the arms of the sovereign, and Banners of the arms of St. Edmund, St. Edward, and St. GEORGE; but as this article relates only to the latter, it is unnecessary to take any farther notice of either of the others.

As the tutelar saint of England, St. GEORGE's BANNER always ranked first in importance; and long after the banners of St. Edmund and St. Edward fell into desuetude, it continued to be the National Banner of this country. In Heraldic language, it was "Argent, a cross, Gules," thus:

\* Part of this article originally appeared in the *Naval and Military Magazine*, for March, 1827, a work of very limited circulation, and which has for some time been discontinued.

† An article, descriptive of the Banners used in the wars in the English army during the middle ages, will be found in the new series of the "Retrospective Review."

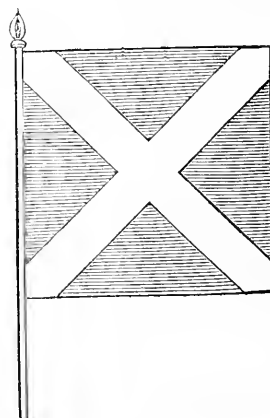
No. 1.



i. e. a White flag, with a plain Red cross, such as is now the distinguishing flag of an Admiral of the White Squadron, and where alone, excepting at a coronation or other great ceremonial, it floats in its pristine purity. It may here be observed, that the cross of St. George forms part of the ensigns of the Order of the Garter, of which that Saint is the patron; and that in the fourteenth and subsequent centuries, even if the custom did not prevail at a much earlier period, every English soldier was distinguished by wearing that simple and elegant badge over his armour.‡

About three years after King James the First ascended the throne, the BANNER OF St. ANDREW of Scotland, "Azure, a saltire, Argent,"

No. 2.



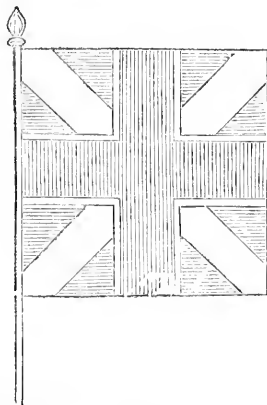
‡ It generally extended from the neck to the thighs, both in front and behind, and in some illuminated MSS. in the British Museum, they are frequently represented in that manner; but the following extract from the Ordinances, made for the

was then *united* to that of St. George; by virtue of a Royal Ordinance, of which the following is a copy:

"Whereas some difference hath arisen, between our subjects of South and North Britain, travelling by seas, about the bearing of their flags: for the avoiding of all such contentions hereafter, we have, with the advice of our council, ordered that from henceforth all our subjects of this isle and kingdom of Great Britain and the members thereof shall bear in their maintop the Red cross, commonly called Saint George's Cross, and the White Cross, commonly called Saint Andrew's Cross, joined together, according to a form made by our Heralds, and sent by us to our Admiral, to be published to our said subjects; and in their foretop our subjects of South Britain shall wear the Red cross only as they were wont; and our subjects of North Britain in their foretop the White cross only, as they were accustomed. Wherefore we will and command all our subjects to be conformable and obedient to this our order, and that from henceforth they do not use or bear their flags in any other sort, as they will answer the contrary at their peril. Given, &c. 12th April, 4 Jac. I. 1606."

There is every reason to believe that the flag arranged by the Heralds on this occasion was the same as on the Union with Scotland became the National Banner, because it occurs on one of the Great Seals of Charles the Second, and is represented on the bowsprit and mizen-mast of the "Sovereign of the Seas," (which ship was built in 1637,) in pictures of that vessel by Vandevelde and Heywood. The flag in question may be thus blazoned: "the Cross of St. Andrew surmounted by that of St. George, the latter fimbriated Argent."

No. 3.

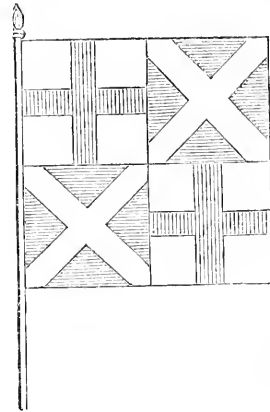


government of the army with which Richard II. invaded Scotland, in 1386, and which were also adopted by Henry the Fifth, will best shew the regulations on the subject:

By a Royal Proclamation, dated 28th July, 1707, pursuant to the authority which was vested in the Crown by the Act of Union, this combination was ordered to be the Ensigns Armorial of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

Instead of adhering in this arrangement to the usual rules for marshalling Arms, by which the Cross of St. George would have been *quartered* with that of St. Andrew, as is represented in the annexed wood-cut,

No. 4.



and which would have been far preferable, either with respect to popular feelings, or to the laws of Arms, it was deemed proper to *engraft the one upon the other*; but, apparently from an adherence to Heraldic rules, which was little to be expected upon an occasion when its first principles were violated, a fimbriation, or slight edging, was introduced, with the view of preventing the blue in the St. Andrew's banner from touching the red of the Cross in that of St. George,† but which did not produce the desired effect.

It is evident, from a reference to the wood-cut No.

"Also that everi man of what estate, condicion, or nation thei be of, so that he be of owre partie, bere a signe of the armes of Saint George, large, bothe before and behynde, upon parell that yf he be slayne or wounded to deth, he that hath so doon to hym shall not be putte to deth for defaulte of the cross that he lacketh. And that non enemy do bere the same token or crosse of Saint George, notwithstanding if he be prisoner, upon payne of deth."\*

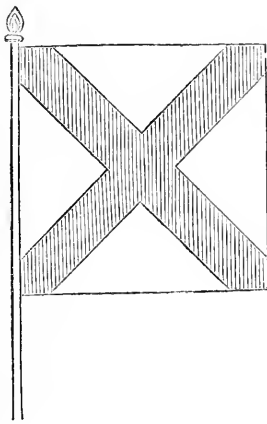
† It is scarcely necessary to remark that it is a fundamental law of Arms that a metal shall never be placed upon a metal or a colour upon a colour. The metals are silver and gold: but in this instance, that rule did not require a fimbriation or edging round the cross.

\* Harl. MSS. 1309.

3, that the Banner of St. Andrew not only became engrafted upon the Banner of St. George, but actually usurped the greater part of it; and that ensign which had so often triumphed over its new partner, lost its own individuality by its concession to its former rival. If one spark of English pride had animated the breasts of those who had the management of the affair, such an arrangement would never have occurred, for it would have been a sufficient indication of the Union of the two Kingdoms, if the Banner of St. Andrew had been *quartered* with that of St. George in the way before pointed out by the wood cut No. 4.

The Union Flag continued in this state until the 1st of January, 1801, when, upon the Union with Ireland, the last, and from the manner in which it was arranged, most injudicious alteration was made. Instructions were issued to those whose duties related to such matters, to prepare a design for a *combination* of the Cross of St. Patrick, "Argent a Saltire Gules,"

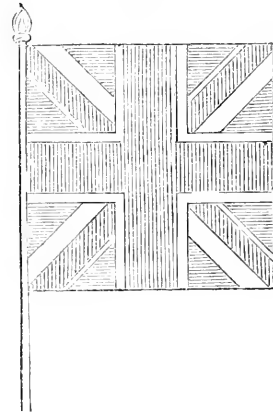
No. 5.



with those of St. George and St. Andrew, as they were then used. An obedience to those directions necessarily produced the present disjointed, and, (as the object was to *unite* the three Crosses so that each might be 'clearly distinguished,) most absurd arrangements; for the Cross of St. Andrew, instead of being *charged* with that of St. Patrick, is *quartered* with it; and consequently, in lieu of a perfect saltire being presented upon it, four bendlets appear, but which, if considered as "bendlets," all the terms of heraldry cannot describe. Thus, not only is the saltire of St. Patrick broken by the fimbriations of the cross of St. George, but no two parts of it are opposite to each other, as is shewn by the engraving

of the present Union Banner of Great Britain and Ireland, in the subjoined wood-cut.

No. 6.

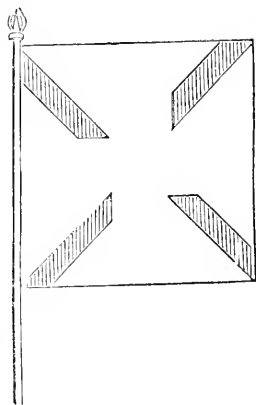


The Banner is thus blazoned in the Royal Proclamation of the 1st January, 1801: "Azure, the Crosses " Saltire of St. Andrew and St. Patrick quarterly, " per Saltire counterchanged, Argent and Gules; " the latter fimbriated, and the second surmounted " by the Cross of St. George of the third, fimbriated " as the Saltire."

This extraordinary amalgamation arose from the wish of *combining* the three Crosses *into one*, without the least regard to the manner in which the rules of Heraldry, or considerations of propriety in the appearance of the Flag, would be neglected. The subject did not, however, escape observation at the moment, for a correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine for January 1801, expressed his disapprobation of the new Banner, and after sneeringly alluding to the taste which formed it, entreated an explanation from the heralds; and suggested that instead of introducing the saltire of St. Patrick, it would have been preferable to have placed an escutcheon of pretence on the centre of the Cross, containing " Vert, a Harp Or, stringed Argent," the emblem of Ireland. But as the original Banner of St. George was adulterated, and the usage of arms infringed upon in one instance, it was certainly more consistent that the same principle should be acted upon in the second, by *joining* the Saltire of St. Patrick to that of St. Andrew, although the manner in which it was introduced was objectionable upon this ground, that it *does not present* the addition in a clear and distinct form. This is best shewn in the annexed engraving, of the

manner in which the Saltire of St. Patrick *actually* appears on the Union Flag.

No. 7.

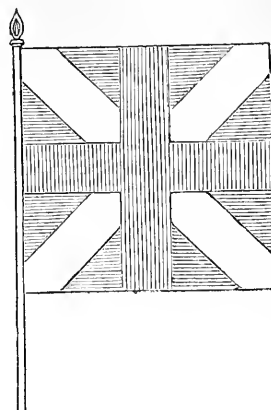


That it bears no resemblance to the plain Saltire in the wood-cut, No. 5, is manifest; yet, after a few observations upon the blazoning of the Banner, it will be proved that by a very slight alteration, it would be rendered consistent in every respect with the rules of Heraldry, and what is of more importance, with the principle upon which it was altered.

The objection to the present blazon is, that even to the most skilful Herald it is not only very obscure, but some doubt exists whether it properly describes the charges. Setting aside the positive jumble of terms, which is unavoidable from its present complicated arrangement, it is by no means certain that a "fimbriation" does not extend *all round* the field, in which case the Cross of St. George would be still further "shorn of its beams" for it would be *entirely surrounded* by a narrow white border. But even admitting that a fimbriation should not extend all round the Cross, there can be no question that a charge, if a colour, merely fimbriated by a metal, does not justify such charge being placed on another colour; and hence the present blazon of the Union Flag is *false Heraldry*.

Although the fimbriation of the Cross of St. George in 1707, is conjectured to have arisen from the wish to prevent the colours and metals being improperly mingled, the fimbriation was wholly unnecessary. The Cross of St. Andrew being a metal on the blue, admitted of that of St. George being placed over it, and the Banner would then have appeared as in the wood-cut annexed;

No. 8.



but as the Cross of St. Patrick is a colour, it would be improper to place that of St. George upon it, without an intervening metal. Notwithstanding that the fimbriation alluded to, is here deemed to have arisen from a mistaken idea of its necessity, it is possible that its introduction was caused by a wish to represent the Banner of St. George, "Argent a cross Gules," rather than the Cross alone, in which case it should have been blazoned "A cross Argent charged with that of St. George."

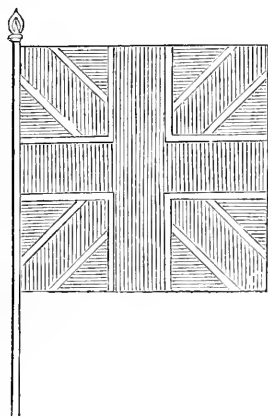
It having been shewn in the wood-cut No. 4, in what manner the Banners of St. George and St. Andrew ought to have been united according to the usage of Arms, it is only necessary to observe that according to that usage, the Cross of St. Patrick should have occupied the *third* quarter instead of repeating the Cross of St. Andrew, which Banner would be thus simply blazoned: Quarterly, 1st and 4th, Argent, the Cross of St. George; 2nd, Azure, the Cross of St. Andrew; 3rd, Argent, the Cross of St. Patrick; and such a disposition seems infinitely superior to blending the three charges into one.

Having shewn that the Union Banner, as it now appears, is alike defective in the principle upon which it was altered in 1801, and that the blazon of it, if not erroneous, is at least objectionable; and assuming that the National Flag ought to be so simple in its combination that each Cross should be as distinct and clear as possible, and its Heraldic description fully intelligible and of undoubted correctness, a plan will be submitted by which these desirable objects can be fully attained.

The only sacrifice in the principle that produced the present Banner which is required, is, that the absurd idea of *uniting* the three Crosses *into one* should be

abandoned, and which is not now attained; for, however much it may be argued, that the Crosses of St. Andrew and St. Patrick are *joined* by being quartered, the effect is that the latter has in fact totally ceased to exist, whilst the Cross of St. George is blazoned alone—"surmounted by the Cross of St. George."

The following blazon will present a union of the three Crosses in their original forms, as is shewn by the subjoined wood-cut; and at the same time that it is contended that the Flag itself is decidedly improved, that the leading principle is adhered to and the object attained, the Heraldic description is both clear and intelligible. \* "Azure, the Cross of St. Andrew, thereon the Cross of St. Patrick surmounted by a Cross, argent, charged with the Cross of St. George;" and which would appear thus:—



The etymology of the term "Union Jack" has never, it is presumed, been explained, for it does not occur in any lexicon or glossary. The word "Union" obviously arose from the event to which the Flag owes its origin, and the only difficulty is therefore as to the expression "Jack." As the alteration in the Banner of St. George occurred in the reign of James the First, it may, with great probability, be supposed to have been a corruption of "Jacques." If, however, this hypothesis be rejected, the following is submitted. It has been already stated that English soldiers were accustomed to wear the Cross of St. George on their upper garment; and as it appears from early writers that the upper dress of a horseman, and according to others, a coat of mail, was

\* Another blazon is, "Azure, on a saltire Argent a saltire Gules, surmounted by a cross of the second, charged with another of the third;" or in plain language, on a blue ground, a white saltire, containing a red saltire, and over all, on a white cross, a red cross.

called a "Jack," it admits of the inference that a small flag merely containing the cross in question was termed a "Jack" when used at sea; after the word Banner, which, more properly speaking, is confined to the field, fell into comparative disuse. The former of these conjectures appears, however, the more probable.

Before these observations are concluded it may not be improper to speculate upon the probability of the slight alteration which has been suggested being introduced. Much may fairly be said against an innovation in an Ensign which has acquired such transcendent glory; but as this consideration was not allowed to prevent its being wholly changed in the 17th century, after it had existed in its original form from an early period, it affords but a weak argument against an obvious improvement, grounded upon the view of perfecting the principle which caused its latest arrangement. It may be urged that the point is of no importance, and with such an assertion it is difficult to cope; for those who view it in that light are not likely to be convinced by argument, or enlightened by information. Such an assertion must arise from ignorance alone, and little is to be expected to be gained from opponents who measure every thing by the standard of mere *utility*. But if it be worthy of a nation's care that its churches, its monuments, and its palaces, should be built according to the rules of science and beauty, that in their construction something besides *usefulness* should be attended to, are there not still more cogent reasons why the Ensign of three Kingdoms should receive the same care, exhibit the same correctness in design, and the same adherence to the laws of the science upon which its formation depends?

About four years since the Union Flag underwent another ridiculous change when used by Merchants' ships. It was ordered that no Merchant's vessel should use the Union Flag, excepting it was surrounded by a plain white border, under a heavy penalty. This was professedly done to distinguish Merchants' vessels from men of war; but surely the pendant and the white and blue ensign, were a sufficient distinction for his Majesty's ships. A border, in an Heraldic sense, is an *abatement*, and not unfrequently a *mark of baseness*; and it remains to be shewn why every English ship should not have a right to bear the National colours in their integral form. Such a distinction was therefore as invidious as it was unnecessary; and may in some cases prove extremely injurious, for when a Merchant's vessel displays her colours in presence of an enemy, she at once betrays her defenceless situa-

tion, by preventing the possibility of being mistaken for a ship of war.

It is sufficiently connected with this subject to observe, that the NATIONAL COCKADE\* of this country is in wretched taste. A *plain black* Cockade conveys no meaning, and produces no associations; and it is moreover worn by officers' servants, whereas a *National* Cockade should be the peculiar badge of the servants of the Crown and of the Nation. The American officers, who also use it, distinguish themselves by the appropriate addition of a golden Eagle in the centre. As a badge of a great country, the Cockade ought to be peculiar, and should be founded upon the National colours. English soldiers were formerly marked with the Cross of St. George, and the present anomalous, if not ridiculous distinction, seems to have been adopted by accident. Is it not enough to suggest that the *National Cockade* of Great Britain should be the UNION BADGE, to ensure a cordial approbation of the idea whether considerations of elegance of appearance, or of patriotism be allowed their influence? The present era is an auspicious one for the change; for as the Union Badge was generally used as a Badge of Reform before that great measure was carried, the adoption of it now by the Crown as the National Cockade, would commemorate that event, and convert the emblem of a party into the distinguishing badge of the Nation's defenders against *foreign* enemies.

## ANCIENT CUSTOM OF SALUTATION.

NO. II.

MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent B. (vide p. 24) has quoted several instances in proof of the antiquity of the kiss as a mode of salutation in England, but has not mentioned that it was *peculiar* to this country, and considered by foreigners as characteristic of the English people only. The three following passages will sufficiently illustrate this point. Cavendish, in one of the most graphic episodes in his delightful biography of his master, Cardinal Wolsey, dwells with consider-

\* It is remarkable, when the use and import of a COCKADE are considered as national or party emblems, that no other meaning should be given to the word in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary than the following:

"Cockade, *n* s. [from Cock] a ribband worn in the hat," and that the only example which the Editor adduces of the use of the word is,

"Pert infidelity is wit's Cockade."—YOUNG.

able naïveté on this custom:—"I being in a fair great dining chamber," (in a castle belonging to 'Mons. Crequi, a nobleman born,') says he, "where the table was covered for dinner, and there I attended my lady's (Crequi's wife) coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me, 'For as much,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and although it *be not so here in this realm* (France), yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her women."\*

This was in France, in the reign of Henry VIII., we will now descend some years lower, to the reign of James I. and observe how it was regarded by the Spaniards. In the library at the British Museum there is a pamphlet in Spanish, in 4to. dated 1604, which gives an account of the ceremonies observed during the residence of the Duke de Frias (Ambassador Plenipotentiary from the Spanish Court) in England. "The Ambassador," says the writer, afterwards kissed her Majesty's hands, craving at the same time permission to salute the ladies present, "a custom of which the non-observance on such occasions is deeply resented by the fair sex of this country," and leave was accordingly given.†

Again, at a still later period, when the celebrated Bulstrode Whitelock was at the court of Christina, Queen of Sweden, as Ambassador from Cromwell, he waited on her on May day to invite her "to take the air, and some little collation which he had provided as her humble servant." Having obtained her consent, she with several ladies of her court accompanied him, and her Majesty, "both in supper time and afterwards," being "full of pleasantness and gaiety of spirits, among other frolics, commanded him to teach her ladies the English mode of salutation, which after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelock most readily."‡ From these passages it is evident that the custom was as much admired by the ladies of other countries as it was *peculiar* to this.||

\* Cav. Life of Wolsey, p. 171, ed. 1827.

† Ellis' Letters on English History, v. 3, s. 2, p. 211. The pamphlet from which the extract is taken was King James's own copy, and is said by Mr. Ellis to be of the "utmost scarcity."

‡ Gent.'s Mag. v. 92, part 1, p. 325.

|| It has been stated that the old English practice of salutation was discountenanced by the Puritans after the Reformation,

## ON THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITY. No. II.

THESE unsculptured, unlettered, and unhewn stones bespeak a time prior to the arts of architecture and sculpture. They were also evidently erected before the invention of letters. The investigation therefore of this subject will require that we should commence our researches with the infancy of the post diluvian world; for it irresistibly carries us back to that point.

The earliest notice that we have of the unhewn pillar is in the Scriptural account of the flight of Jacob from the presence of his justly-offended brother Esau.\* Being benighted in his journey towards Padanaram, the residence of Laban, his mother's brother, we are informed that "he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down to sleep." Whilst sleeping he was visited with a vision from the Lord, the recollection of which, on his awaking, filled his mind with an awful sensation; so that he exclaimed, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven. And Jacob rose up early and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it. And he called the name of that place Beth-el:"—i. e. the House of God. Though this is the earliest mention of the unhewn stone being set up as a pillar, it does not follow, of course, that this was the first of such erections; it is very likely that such pillars were in use in Palestine perhaps centuries before this; they were probably before the discovery of the art of writing, set up to commemorate some remarkable occurrence in the place where they were thus erected, and they are in the sacred writings called *stones of memorial*. It is however not unreasonable to suppose that the name *Bethel* was now, for the first time, imposed on these pillars, from the peculiarity of the circumstances that led Jacob to apply it. This name was adopted by the Phœnicians, with a small dialectic change from Bethel to Bothel, of which there is an instance in Cornwall; for some pillars erected in that part of Britain by the Phœnician miners settled there still

but even prior to that era we find it subjected to animadversion. In Whytford's *Pype of Perfection* (fol. 213, b. 1532) is this passage, "It becometh not therefore the persones religious to folow the *manner of secular persones*, that in theyr congresses or commune metyngs, or departyngs, done use to *kyssse*, take hands, or such other touchings that good religious persones shulde utterly avoyde."—Ed.

\* Vide Genesis, chap. xxviii.

retain the name of Bothel; and, on account of an oak near the spot the place is called Bothel-ac, a compound of the British name of the stones and the Saxon name for the oak.

The Grecians for a long time had no other sepulchral monument than these unhewn pillars, which they erected on the summit of the tumulus, as the patriarch Jacob set up one of these pillars on the grave of his beloved Rachel, which remained to be called the pillar of Rachel's grave. These pillars the Greeks designated by the more sonorous epithet of *Batuloi*, evidently derived from the ancient word Bethel. But when these people became eminent for sculpture, they gave a more artificial form to the sepulchral pillar, and loaded it with long and fulsome eulogies on the person whose memory they were intended to perpetuate; and to such an extreme was this folly carried, that at length the legislature interfered, and enacted that no sepulchral inscription should exceed certain prescribed limits.

But to return to Jacob's pillar, we are told "he poured oil on the top of it." The Hindoos, the writer of this article has been credibly informed, continue to this day to pour oil on their Pandoo Koolies when they have to pass them, and a name given to such stones by the Phœnicians is *men-ambres*, the anointed stones. Such very probably was the origin of Ambres-bury, near Stonehenge. The name Stonehenge is not British but Saxon; its proper British name was *Gwaith Emrys*, or *Emries*,---the *Structure of the Revolution*. The stones were most likely anointed, and in consequence might be called *men-ambres*; hence the settlement in its vicinity was named Ambres-bury, or the town near the Ambres.

The pillar in earliest times was a stone no bigger than what a man might carry to its destined spot, as in Jacob's Bethel, and the Gilgal of Joshua; yet stones that one man could bring to any place, and another might carry away from it, we find remained in their places for ages. This shews that the practice was a general one and of long standing, and that these deposits were regarded with inviolable respect. In time the magnitude of the pillar, or of the altar, of unhewn stone was considered as a circumstance conferring dignity on the erection. Thus the pillar near the oak at Shechem, in the vicinity of which the Israelites were assembled by Joshua, is noticed as being a "great stone."—Joshua, xxiv. 26. And the altar erected by the tribe of Reuben and of Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, on the banks of Jordan is said to be "a great altar to see to."—Joshua, xxii. 10. Some of the stones employed in building



Solomon's Temple are also noticed as "costly stones, —stones of eight and of ten cubits in length."

The pillar or stone of memorial had various applications in patriarchal times, being raised in commemoration of some instance of *Divine interposition*, as Jacob's Bethel and Samuel's Ebenezer; of some *solemn covenant* entered into with the Almighty, as the pillar at Shechem; and of a *civil compact* between man and man, as the Galeed of Jacob and Laban; it was also used as a *sepulchral memorial*, as in the pillar of Rachel's grave; and lastly, these stones were set up in *remembrance of individuals*, as the stone of Abel and the pillar which Absalom erected in the King's Dale. The circumstance is thus related: "Now Absalom had, in his life time, reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the King's dale, for he said, "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name. And it is called unto this day Absalom's Place."\* Thus of these stones of memorial set up in patriarchal times we have very satisfactory and circumstantial accounts from about a thousand to sixteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. The groups of stones set up by the Israelites were twelve in number, according to the number of the tribes; and this circumstance distinguished them from the similar works of the Canaanites, their neighbours.

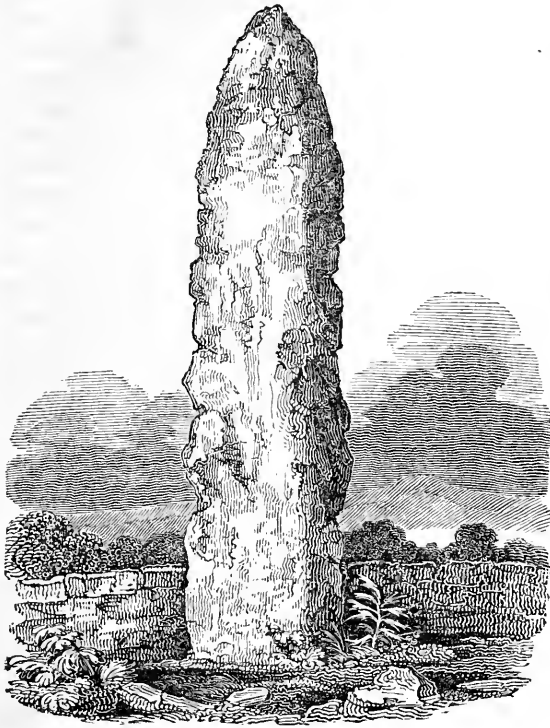
Of the pillars and other remains of rude unhewn stones in India, on the shores of the Red Sea, and of the Mediterranean, as well as those in Gaul, the northern parts of Europe, and in almost every part of Britain, we have no means of ascertaining for whom or on what occasion they were set up; and in every country they are accounted for by some absurd tradition. Their similarity in places so remote from each other would almost induce the belief of an intercourse existing between these countries, and indeed there is but one way of accounting for them, and that is by ascribing to the Canaanites of Tyre and Sidon the introduction of these primeval works, so strongly resembling each other, into countries so far separated. The Tyrians inhabited a narrow slip of sterile land, incapable of being profitably cultivated, but affording convenient harbours for shipping, and Hermon and the adjacent hills abounded in cedar and timber of various kinds, suitable for the building of vessels of every dimension. Thus situated, the Tyrians of necessity became a commercial people, and the population of Tyre and its coasts were in the commencement of their establishment chiefly mariners and fish-

ermen. Their commerce at first consisted in the article of corn, which they conveyed from Egypt to various neighbouring countries, accessible by sea. By this they gradually became the most expert and adventurous navigators of antiquity, and in the days of King Solomon, in conjunction with a fleet sent out by that King, circumnavigated the peninsula of Africa. Before this they had made a settlement at Utica, on the southern coasts of the Mediterranean sea, and another at Gades, now Cadiz; on the northern coast they had also ventured to explore the British channel, and settle a colony at the western extremity of Britain, on account of the tin and other metals which they found there. That the main support of the Tyrian commerce was the corn of Egypt is asserted by the prophet Ezekiel, in these words: "The harvest of the river (Nile) was thy revenue." The settlement at Cadiz constituted the *dépôt* of the Phœnician merchants for the tin of Britain, together with its lead and the silver obtained from it by the separating process of testing, and the iron of Sweden. This station was also called Tartessus, and is allowed by the most approved writers to be the Tarshish of the Scriptures. Ezekiel thus notices this branch of the Phœnician commerce: "Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs." These are the very articles which Britain and the northern countries bordering on the German Sea would supply; between which places and Tyre, Tarshish would be a most convenient intermediate station. Tin, a metal peculiar to the western extremity of Britain, is mentioned by Moses, who flourished fifteen centuries before Christ was born. Homer also frequently names tin in his Iliad; and the Grecians designated the Scilly isles by the title of *Cassiterides*, or the Tin Islands.

The pillars and altars established by the patriarchs were dedicated to the service of Jehovah, the only true God; but those, by the Canaanites, were consecrated to the purposes of an idolatrous worship, of which Baal or the sun was the chief object. To this false god these Phœnician merchants erected the pillar, the altar, &c. wherever they established a settlement. This accounts for the striking semblance that is to be found in the remains of ancient days still extant in places so widely remote from each other; at the same time these remains attest the wide range that commerce had taken but a very few centuries after the Deluge. In this country there are many of these rude pillars, some of which are immense stones, standing from fifteen to more than twenty feet out of the ground, of which there are instances in all parts of Bri-

\* "Samuel," ii. c. 18.

tain, the low and fenny counties excepted. At Rudstone, in Yorkshire, stands one of these large pillars, of which the annexed wood-cut gives a correct delineation:\*



In Palestine, in the patriarchal times, the pillars might be discriminated from each other, and their primitive designation recognized; but in the present day we have no exact means of discriminating them, except perhaps with regard to the sepulchral pillar, of which there is an instance in a field near the church

\* The immense single stone represented in the cut, stands within a few yards of the north-east corner of Rudstone church, on the Wolds, in the East Riding of Yorkshire: the church itself is situated on an eminence, not very far from the sea-shore. Drake, in his "*Eboracum*," describes it as "coarse rag-stone, or mill-stone grit; and its weight is computed at between forty and fifty tons. In form (the sides being slightly concave) it approaches to the oval, the breadth being five feet ten inches, and the thickness two feet three inches, in its general dimensions. Its height is twenty-four feet, and,—according to a brief account communicated to the late Mr. Pegge, in the year 1769 (vide "*Archæologia*," vol. v. p. 95) its depth underground equals its height above,—"as appeared from an experiment made by the late Sir William Strickland." There is no tradition of any authority, either respecting the time, manner, or occasion, of its erection. It is very probable that the village of Rudstone,—written in old documents both *Rud-ston*, and *Rudde-ston*, derived its name from this pillar. In Yorkshire, as well

at Brighton, where a stone is placed at the foot of a sepulchral mound, reminding one of the pillar of Rachel's grave. There are also similar instances in other parts of the kingdom.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A TRAVELLER. No. I.

In a preceeding article of this work (vide p. 29.) an engraving is given of Arthur's Stone, a *Cromlech* in South Wales, and as we are intimately acquainted with the beautiful district in which it is situated, perhaps the following desultory notes may not be entirely devoid of interest to the reader.

The circumstances which led to the Norman Conquest of South Wales, almost belong to the Romance of History. We must premise that Glamorgan, (in Welsh *Gwlad Morgan*), once the country of the Silures, originally extended from the river Tawe to the banks of the Severn, at Gloucester. About the year 1091, a quarrel arose between Jestyn ap Gwrgan, Lord of Glamorgan, and Rhys ap Tewdyr, Prince of South Wales. Rhys had invited Jestyn to a meeting for the apparent purpose of establishing a friendly intercourse between them; but with the real design of carrying off the wife of the latter, who is represented as a woman of great beauty. A timely discovery of this plot frustrated his intentions, but it led to a war. After a furious contest, Jestyn proved the weaker party; however, he sent a messenger to Eineon ap Cadifor, a revolted vassal of Rhys, who was then

as in the British and Saxon languages, the word *Rud* or *Rhudd*, and *ƿeod*, means *red*.

In its shape and character, this stone forcibly corroborates an old opinion, which Mr. Higgins, in his recent work, intitled "*The Celtic Druids*," (vide p. 209) has thus expressed:—"Throughout all the world, the first object of idolatry seems to have been a plain, unwrought stone, as an emblem of the generative or procreative powers of nature. In its origin, this seems to have been of a very simple and inoffensive character, though at last it came to be abused to the grossest and most superstitious purposes. In all parts of India these kinds of stones are to be found under the name of Linghams: many of them are of immense size, and they generally stand near some magnificent temple. It is probable that most of them, at least of those that were very ancient, were themselves the first objects of adoration, and that the temples were built near to them as in a place of peculiar sanctity." The sepulchral pillar is incidentally noticed by Homer (vide "*Iliad*," book xi. l. 475) where, speaking of the fate of Achilles, he says, 'Paris shot his arrows, bending behind the pillar, placed on the tumulus, that contained the ashes of Ilus, the son of Dardanus, the ancient king of Troy.'—ED.

in London, requesting he would call in the aid of the Normans, and promising him his daughter in marriage, with a large portion, if he proved successful. Eineon, who had served in the Anglo-Norman armies, gladly entered into the views of Jestyn, and induced Sir Robert Fitzhamon, a near relation of the English monarch, to march to the relief of Jestyn. Twelve Norman knights, viz: Sir Richard de Granavella, (brother of Fitzhamon) Sir William de Londres, Sir Paine Tuberville, Sir Richard Seward, Sir Gilbert Humphreville, Sir Roger Berkrolles, Sir Reginald de Sully, Sir Peter le Soare, Sir John Fleming, Sir Oliver St. John, Sir William le Esterling, and Sir Robert de St. Quintin, accompanied him in the adventure, and they joined Jestyn at the head of a small but well disciplined force. A severe battle took place at Hirwain Wrgan between the combined army and that of Rhys, which ended in the total defeat of the latter. In the pursuit he was overtaken and beheaded at a place called Penrhys, where a monastery was afterwards built; a mound which was made over the place of his interment is still known as *Bryn y beddau*, (hill of Graves). The Normans then withdrew, but Jestyn instead of fulfilling his engagements with Eineon, treated him with the utmost contempt. Eineon immediately left the camp, and followed the Normans with the greatest expedition. When he reached the sea-shore (it is said at Pennarth, near Cardiff) they had already embarked; but in consequence of the lightness of the wind were still close to the land; and he waved his mantle and made other signals for their return. Sir Robert Fitzhamon then came ashore, and being easily induced to listen to the representations of Eineon, he disembarked his forces, marched towards Jestyn and claimed the performance of his promise. The latter refusing, his army was soon defeated and dispersed near the river Taff; and Fitzhamon then divided the country among the twelve knights, reserving for himself Cardiff castle and the surrounding district, with the seignory of the whole. Neath Castle and the Manor of Monk Ash were awarded to Sir R. de Granavilla; and Sir W. le Esterling had St. Donats Castle, an important fortification on the coast, near Cowbridge, which we shall allude to in a future paper. Eineon was rewarded with a hilly tract in the northern part of the country. The Lords of the Marches were thus established in Wales; and many descendants of the Norman families now exist in Glamorgan.

The following traditional story is said to refer to Griffith, the son of Rhys ap Tewdyr, the rightful Prince of South Wales. Happening to be passing

near Savathan Lake, in company with two English nobles who had obtained a large grant of the conquered country, one of them remarked to Griffith, that a tradition existed that if the rightful lord of the land should command the birds afloat on the lake to sing, they would instantly obey his mandate. Griffith replied that as the lake was now their property they had better put the prophecy to the test. But if their title had only rested on this evidence, it would have fared ill with them. An echo alone replied to their commands; silence prevailed on the lake and amongst the hills. Observing this, Griffith alighted from his horse, and offering up a prayer, to the astonishment of the strangers, the whole of the feathered tribe on the lake rose in the air, and the unison of voices ascended clearly and joyously in the solitude. This, according to Giraldus, occurred in the reign of Henry I.

The Normans having established themselves in the country, many military adventurers were attracted to enter the field. The Peninsulated district of Gower, which now forms the western portion of Glamorgan, was yet unconquered. All the country, says Camden, beyond the river Nedd (or Neath) to the river Loughor, or British Llwchyr, the west boundary of this county, is called by us Gower, and by the Britons *Gwyr*. In 1099, Henry de Newburgh, Earl of Warwick, entered Gower, and defeated the sons of Caradoc ap Jestyn, the independent Lords of the Seignory. He practised many cruelties, and built Swansea castle and several other strongholds to defend his territories against the aggressions of the Welsh.

In the year 1108, a numerous party of Flemings landed in the South of England, having been driven from their own country by an encroachment of the sea. They greatly annoyed the inhabitants on the coast, and Henry I. sent them into South Wales, one division settling in Gower, and another in the Peninsula of Castle Martin, in Pembrokeshire. The industrious habits, language, and manners of the new settlers presented a striking contrast to the warlike pursuits and restless dispositions of the surrounding people. The country was, in consequence, for a long period in an unsettled state. However, they never intermixed with the Welsh, and it is a very interesting circumstance to find, in the nineteenth century, the descendants of these Flemings in a great measure distinct from the other inhabitants; and it is rare to meet with a person in Gower who does not speak the English language. Many families indeed are to be found (as we have been informed) in the south-western portion of the Peninsula, who are not acquainted with the Welsh language, still preserve many Flemish words,

seldom intermarry with their Welsh neighbours, and are further distinguished by their costume and dialect. Lace is also made in Gower resembling the manufacture of Flanders.

After the death of Henry de Newburgh, his son Thomas conveyed the seignory to the crown. King John, in the fourth year of his reign granted a charter of "the whole land of Gower, with its appurtenances in Wales, to his beloved and faithful William de Braose, to hold the same by one military service, for all the services." It afterwards passed by marriage to the families of Mowbray and Huntingdon; and in the reign of Edward IV., Elizabeth, only child of William, Earl of Huntingdon, married Sir Charles Somerset, whose descendants still have much property in Gower, the Duke of Beaufort being hereditary lord paramount of the liberty. An act was passed in the reign of Henry VIII., which incorporated Gower with the county of Glamorgan; but it still possesses many distinct privileges.

Gower abounds in antiquities. Within the Peninsula, which is about fifty miles in circuit, we find the castles of Swansea, Oystermouth, Pennard, Penrice, Oxwich, Landewy, Llanmadoc, Cheriton, Webley, Llanridian, and Loughor. The necessity which existed for the erection of these strongholds is very evident when the perpetual disputes between the conquerors and the conquered, which so long agitated South Wales, are considered. Many of the natives took refuge among the fastnesses and wilds of the hills; and for a long period used to descend, at uncertain intervals, like the highlanders of the north, on predatory excursions amongst the inhabitants of the low country. We find also in Gower vestiges of Roman antiquities. Loughor is considered to be the *Leucarum* of Antoninus, and the fifth Roman station on the *Via Julia*. The mound, which forms the foundation of Castle Loughor, is attributed to them, and the remains of two encampments and many Roman coins have been discovered in the neighbourhood. Further down the River Burry there are many vestiges of a Roman fortification on Llanmadoc Hill. Within the town of Loughor is an old building, called "the Sanctuary," which is said to have belonged to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. A building, similarly designated, is also to be found near the village of Penrice. Some Druidical remains also claim the attention of the antiquary.—Whilst wandering amid these monuments of remote ages, the past and the present are brought together, and we are insensibly reminded of that benighted period when the early inhabitants of these isles, crouching around their *der-*

*wen* (oak) or *demlan maen* (stone temples) were the unresisting victims of a debasing superstition, and we are by comparison the better able to estimate the blessings consequent on the introduction of the light of the Gospel.

It is a pleasant drive of twelve miles from Swansea to Cefyn Bryn, and the road to Western Gower passes over the hill. There was an old tradition, which is proved to be fabulous, that a well under King Arthur's Stone ebbed and flowed with the tide. The peasantry consider the present position of the stone as an extraordinary effort of strength on the part of King Arthur, about whom so many traditions are current in Wales. The summit of the hill is nearly a level, and we have seen a carriage driven in safety, for a distance of about two miles, to the southern extremity. The view from this point is eminently beautiful. Below you lies Penrice Castle (the residence of C. R. M. Talbot, Esq. M. P.) and its extensive and finely wooded grounds, with the ruined Castles of Penrice, Pennard, and Oxwich. Near the base of Cefyn Bryn, a short distance from Penrice Castle, a bloody engagement took place, in 1108, between Henry, Earl of Warwick and Rhys, the last Welsh lord of Gower, who fell after the contest. When we look at the peaceful and happy state of the country before us, we are led to reflect on the vicissitudes and fluctuations of society. Ages roll on, man "falleth away like a shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain," but nature is still unmoved and unchangeable. But to return to "the ridge of the mountain." Passing over the romantic shores of Oxwich bay, the eye embraces a magnificent view of the Bristol Channel, till it is lost in the wilds of the Atlantic ocean; resting perchance on Lundy Island, that

"Precious stone set in the silver sea,!"

while Ilfracombe and the mountains of North Devon and Somerset rise on the distant horizon. To the north-east Swansea bay, with its picturesque shores, bounded by the Glamorgan hills, presents much to delight the beholder; and nearly the whole of Gowerland, with the wide expanse or firth of the Burry River, and extensive glimpses of the county and bay of Carmarthen, complete this very interesting series of panoramic views.

There is much to interest the geologist in Gower. On the western side of Caswell bay there is a remarkable instance of surface earth being changed into rock by the action of sea water. The violence of the sea has undermined a portion of the acclivity, and large masses of earth may be seen lying on the

beach in various stages of change. Some can now hardly be distinguished from the adjacent rocks. The coast scenery is of the most interesting description.

Some extensive commons exist in this district; indeed much good land remains waste throughout Wales. We find that out of 4,752,000 acres of land in the principality, 1,635,000 remain uncultivated, of which 530,000 are computed to be capable of improvement. We may here mention a custom which exists in Wales connected with the commons. The traveller must often have remarked little detached cottages, with enclosures round them, rearing their heads in these wastes. The people fancy in many parts that if they can enclose a plot of ground round their cottages, in one night, by throwing up a bank of turf or stones, that they are entitled to the same in fee. These enclosures are constantly taking place, and cottages are in consequence scattered over many of the commons. But if the law in some places has been allowed to fall into desuetude, it confers no right on the parties. In law such persons are called encroachers, and may be ejected by the lord of the manor. A nominal yearly rent is however generally paid to the lord of the manor; but should they occupy these encroachments for sixty years without molestation, they then become lawful owners thereof. In perambulating the manors, which is done in most places every few years, the enclosures are often thrown out to the common. In some parts of North Wales the peasantry entertain strong notions of what they term their ancient rights, and serious riots have resulted on these occasions. The custom of enclosures is a most desirable one, as the cottager is enabled to grow his potatoes and wheat, and in several ways to add greatly to his comforts.

Few counties in the kingdom are more diversified in their features than Glamorgan. Wales may indeed be called the stronghold of the antiquary; for ruins and monuments of former ages almost every where diversify the landscape; and both in a picturesque and a scientific point of view it presents eminent claims to attention.

VVVVYAN.

### THE INITIATION OF A WITCH.

THE ensuing particulars are condensed from a work, printed in 1646, 8vo., intitled, "Select Cases of Conscience touching Witches and Witchcraft; by John Gaule, Preacher of the Word," &c., pp. 57-65.

If our author believed that these unhallowed ceremonies of Induction were actually practised, both his understanding and his ignorance must have been truly pitiable; and that he did so believe, the whole tenor of his arguments bears testimony. We much fear, indeed, that even at the present day, Witchcraft has numerous votaries, not alone among our uneducated peasantry, but even among classes where superior information might be expected to have awakened the reflective powers. The *horse-shoe* is still the protecting genius of many thresholds, and numerous are the counter-spells still used in various parts of the island against the influences of Witchcraft. To what a deplorable degree of superstitious debasement must the mind be reduced, that could give credence to ceremonies like the following!—Well might Burton, the *Anatomist* "of Melancholy," exclaim—"A lamentable thing it is to consider how many myriads of men this idolatrie and superstition (for that comprehends all,) hath infatuated in all ages, besotted by the blinde zeale, which is religion's ape, religion's bastard, religion's shadow, false glasse."

The Convention for a solemne Initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation; on the Lord's-day, or some greate holy-day or chief festivall, they meete in some church, near the font or high altar, and that either very early, before the consecrated bel hath toll'd, or the least sprinkling of holy water; or else very late, after all services are past and over. There the party, in some vesture for that purpose, is presented, by some confederate or familiar, to the Prince of Devills; sitting now in a throne of infernal majesty, appearing in the form of a man, (only labouring to hide his cloven foote,) to whom (after often bowing, and homage done in kissing his backe parts) a petition is presented, to be received into his association and protection; and first, (if the witch bee outwardly christian) baptisme must bee renounced, and the party must be re-baptized in the Devill's name, and a new name is also imposed by him; and here must be God-fathers too, for the Devill takes them not to be so adult, as to promise and vow for themselves. But, above all, he is very busie with his long nayles, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the signe of the crosse was made, or where the chrisme was laid. Instead of both which, he himselfe impresses or inures the marke of the Beast, the Devill's Fleshbrand, upon one or other part of the body; and teaches them to make an oyle or oyntment of live infants, stoln out of the cradle, (before they be signed with the sign of the

crosse,) or dead ones stolne out of their graves, the which they are to boyle to a jelly; and then drinking one part, and besmearing themselves with another, they forthwith feel themselves imprest and endowed with the faculties of this mysticall art. Further, the witch (for his or her part) vowes, (either by word of mouth, or peradventure by writing, and that in their own blood,) to give both body and soule to the Devill. To deny and defie God the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost; but especially the blessed Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nickname or other. To abhor the Word and Sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of masse. To spurne at the crosse, and tread saints' images under feet; and, as much as possibly they may, to profane all saints reliques, holy water, consecrated salt, waxe, &c. To bee sure to fast on Sundayes, and eate flesh on Fridayes; not to confesse their sinnes however they do, especially to a priest. To separate from the Catholike church, and despise his vicar's supremacy. To attend the Devill's nocturnall conventicles, sabbaths, sacrifices: take him for their God, worship, invoke, and obey him. To devote their children to him, and to labour all they may to bring others into the same confederacy. Then the Devill, for his part, promises to be always present with them, to serve them at their beck. That they shall have their wills upon any body, that they shall have what riches, honours, pleasures, they can imagine. And if any be so vary as to thinke of their future being, he tells them they shall be principalities ruling in the aire; or shall bee turned into imps at worst. Then hee preaches to them to be mindfull of their covenant, and not to faile to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then he commends to them (for these purposes) an impe, or familiar, in the shape of a dogge, cat, mouse, rat, weazle, &c. After this they shake hands, embrace in armes, dance, feast, and banquet, according as the Devill hath provided in imitation of the supper. Nay, oft times he marries them ere they part, either to himselfe, or their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer. After this they part, till the next great conventicle or sabbath of theirs, which is to meet thrice in a year, conveyed as swift as the winds from remotest places of the earth, where the most notorious of them meet to reintegrate their covenant, and give account of their improvement; where they that have done the most execrable mischiefe, and can brag of it, make most merry with the Devill, and they that have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, are jeered and derided by the Devill and all the rest of the company. And

such as are absent, and have no care to be assoygned, are amerced to this penalty, so to be beaten on the palms of their fæete, to be whipt with iron rods, to be pinchd and suckt by their familiars, till their heart blood come, till they repent them of their sloath, and promise more attendance and diligence for the future.

## CHURCH MEDALS. No. II



THE Foundation was begun the 11th day of May, 1825. The first stone was laid the 26th day of July, 1825, by the Rev. Charles Curtis; Rev. Laurence Gardner, D. D.; and James Taylor, Esq. the local Commissioners for building Churches in this district. The Church was consecrated the 10th day of August, 1827, by the Hon<sup>ble</sup> & Right Rev. Henry Ryder, D. D., Lord Bishop of the Diocese. The total cost of erecting the Church amounted to £13,087. 12s. 3d. being £882. 10s. 8d. less than the approved Estimate; which sum, together with £5,718., the cost of site, was defrayed by his Majesty's Commissioners for Building new Churches, out of the Parliamentary grant of £1,000,000. The Church contains 1903 Sitings, of which 1381 are appropriated to the accommodation of the Poor.—Rev. L. Gardner, D. D. Rector of the parish. Rev. A. J. Clarke, A. M., Minister. J. W. Whateley and John Cope, Esqs. Churchwardens. ---Rickman and Hutchinson, Architects.

## CROSBY HALL, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

THE improved state of public feeling upon matters of antiquarian interest has, of late, been the source of various laudable and successful attempts to restore the fading beauties of those architectural subjects which have been transmitted to us from our forefathers. Two hundred years ago, if any one of the old edifices of that class, since known by the appellation of "Gothic," had fallen into a state of dilapidation, its remains would either have been summarily cleared away, or forthwith subjected to the patchwork operations of the architects of the day, with whom it should really seem to have been a not-uncommon maxim, that reparation was never so judiciously effected as when its productions bore no possible resemblance to the style of the original. Such a reparation was that which extended over a great part of the old St. Paul's Cathedral, and which was consummated by that masterpiece of absurdity the Corinthian portico of Inigo Jones. The expediency, in such cases, of the adoption of a mode somewhat more conformable to that of the antique was felt by Sir Christopher Wren when erecting the towers, &c. of Westminster Abbey; but, even in this instance, while the intention was better, the result was almost as incongruous. In our own times, however, we have seen that a real feeling for and application to the subject will produce works of a far higher order than these. Thus the antiquary may now view the front of such a building at Westminster Hall, or such an exterior as that of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, with the consciousness that in restorations of this class he has presented to him the forms wrought by the hand of the ancient workman. It is this feeling of confidence in modern architectural skill which later works have tended to produce, united with the more cultivated state of public taste, that has excited such zealous efforts for the preservation of the well-known and interesting adjunct to St. Saviour's Church; and it would have been paradoxical indeed if the same sentiments had not operated also in favour of that more admirable relic (for such it is) of whose external aspect we have inserted a representation.\*

The building now known by the name of Crosby Hall, (and which lies back to the east of about the

middle of Bishopsgate-street within,) formed part of an extensive mansion erected about the year 1465 by Sir John Crosbie, a citizen of London, and member of the Grocer's Company, who had amassed great wealth in the prosecution of the wool-trade. He appears to have been a man of considerable influence, having been invested with some important trusts, and standing in esteem for beneficence and liberality. Sir John lies buried in the adjacent church of St. Helen, where a neat old altar-tomb, with recumbent figures of himself and his wife, perpetuates his memory. Some time after his decease the edifice under consideration was purchased by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., who made it his place of residence. Shakespeare has given an intimation of this circumstance in a well-known passage which Gloucester is represented to utter in the course of his interview with the Lady Anne, during the funeral procession of the unfortunate Henry VI., wherein the Duke, having already "taken her in her heart's extremest hate," makes the request,

"That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby Place;  
Where,—after I have solemnly interred  
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble King,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you."

The scene of several other parts of the drama from which these lines are taken is laid in the same locality. It should seem, however, as if the execration which is attached to the memory of the "crook-backed tyrant" had been attended with a correspondent fatality on the place of his abode; for the latter has from that time been progressively "curtailed of its fair proportions," and had its remains much injured by their application to a variety of mean purposes. The great hall indeed, which constitutes the principal part of the present structure, was for a considerable time rescued from the effect of worse usage by its appropriation as a dissenting chapel; but its beauties have subsequently suffered much from the division of its interior into several stories, and from its merciless treatment while occupied as an ordinary warehouse, for which it has been used up to a very recent period.

To afford a correct idea of the architectural character of these remains, as distinctly considered from the intermixture of modern barbarism, we may observe that they consist principally of two fine rooms. The great hall before mentioned, which extends in a direction from north to south, and a smaller apartment

\* Of these buildings, as well as Waltham Cross, and St. Alban's Abbey Church, it is gratifying to know that subscriptions are now being raised for the purposes of restoration; and a confident belief is entertained that all these undertakings will prove successful.



lying north-west of the former, which has usually, though perhaps accidentally, received the appellation of the "Council-chamber." Of these the great hall forms a parallelogram of about eighty-seven feet in length, twenty-eight in width, and thirty-six in height, deriving an increase of size from a large oriel or bay-window near to the north-west extremity. Besides this oriel window, the west side, which is the only exposed front, has also a tier of six other windows, each of them of lofty proportion, having a depressed or flat-pointed arch for its head, and being divided into two lights by a vertical mullion, whose top, parting in a corresponding curve, forms an arched head of tracery to each light: all the windows are surmounted externally by one continued hood-moulding. The oriel, which has five sides or faces, comprehends three whole and two half windows, similar in composition to the others, except that, as being longer, they are divided by transoms, or cross mullions, into three heights, each subdivision being finished with a head of tracery as before. This oriel is externally fortified at each angle by a small graduated buttress, having a panel of tracery on its front at every gradation. Our description of the exterior will be complete by adding that it is in part, and should be entirely, based upon a high continued plinth with bold mouldings; and that it is finished above by the usual hollow cornice or string at a little distance from the tops of the windows, with the characteristic coping-moulding surmounting it.

This front exhibits no remains of any original doorway, the present entrance being by an opening of more recent date, at a considerable height, close to the oriel window, and to which access is gained by an unsightly flight of stone steps against the wall. The formation of this aperture has added to the reckless work of mutilation by interfering with and removing the lower half of the window next the oriel. There is, however, in the adjoining avenue of Great St. Helen's, where just a corner of the building makes its appearance, an old doorway, which, though it should seem scarcely suitable for the principal entrance to so large an edifice, is of a bold and good character, having a head in the ordinary style of the day, viz. a plain flattened arch inscribed within square lines, and finished with a label. Above this occurs a small window of the simplest description, being square and divided by two mullions into three vertical compartments.

On entering the great hall, our attention is soon arrested by the beauty of the ceiling, which constitutes a specimen of ancient ornamental carpentry of

unrivalled excellence. Its general form is that of one long vault, whose section or curvature is a flattened arch, corresponding in style to that which occurs in various other parts of the building. This vault is then divided by a number of large moulded ribs which spring across it, one occurring at every window-pier, and rising on each side from a richly-moulded corbel, or bracket. Each of the arches so formed by these ribs, is then made to contain within its sweep four smaller arches of a flattened description, but distorted to suit the curvature of the former. The three points at which these smaller arched ribs unite, and which under other circumstances would have been springings, are finished with beautiful pendants, very similar to the former corbels. These small arches are then connected, also, in an opposite or longitudinal direction by a number of similar arches, occurring between each set of the former and its neighbour, and terminating in the same common pendants; the whole forming consequently three parallel lines of arches running from end to end of the hall. The spandrels, or triangular spaces left by the sides of the smaller arches, are in all instances filled with neat vertical panels of tracery. The surface of the ceiling-vault is formed into long panels by moulded ribs or styles; and all the larger mouldings in their continuation and at their intersections, are profusely adorned with rosettes and foliage. Each of the side walls, at the level from which the ceiling rises, is decorated with a beautiful line of quatrefoil panels of tracery in wood, with arches beneath them corresponding with those last described. This ceiling is constructed of chesnut, and not less admirably managed as a piece of carpentry, than striking for its splendid richness in perspective.

The oriel window, which is connected with the hall by a lofty archway of the flattened kind, possesses a stone ceiling of much merit, intersected by beautiful lines of ribs, rising from the capitals of tall columns, which grace each angle of the bay; these ribs being also embellished with varied knots of foliage, the armorial bearings of Sir John Crosbie, and other subjects. This hall further contains a large flat-arched chimney-piece, now closed up like a gateway with doors. The whole room has suffered greatly, not only from its modern division into more stories than one, but from the removal of a large portion of the bottom part of its south end and area to form a passage into Crosby-square.

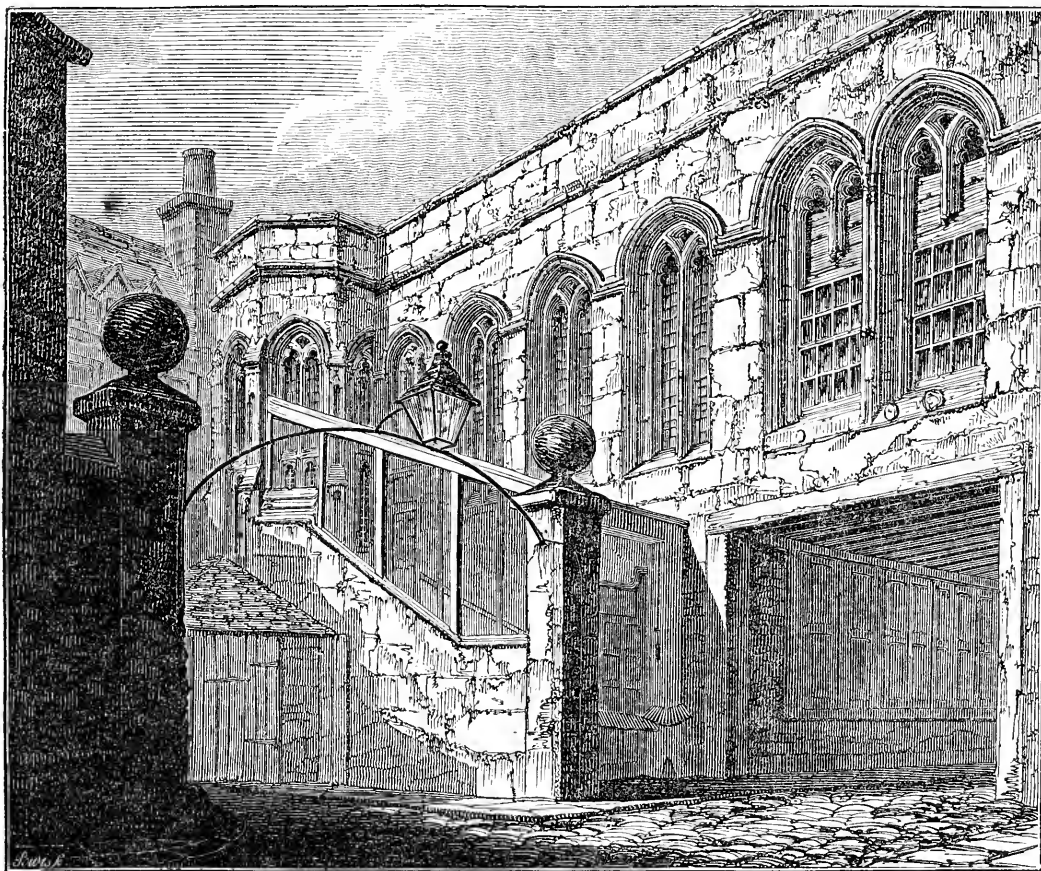
The adjoining room before noticed as being called the council-chamber, and which has shared the maltreatment of the former, is particularly remarkable, on account of another fine ceiling of wood of the same

vaulted form with that already considered, but more simple in its subordinate decorations—being divided by large and again by inferior ribs of moulding, studied with flowers into square panels, each originally filled with a beautiful compartment of tracery. An elegant cornice of wood extends along the sides of the room to which are attached small pendants, forming the terminations to the greater ribs of the ceiling.

But not to dwell at greater length upon minor points, we must allow ourselves to express a high degree of satisfaction at the probable reinstatement and preservation of this edifice, as a most interesting specimen of ancient domestic architecture, and of old English workmanship.

E. T.

## CROSBY HALL.



To the above account of Crosby Hall, by an architectural friend, we shall subjoin a few particulars from other sources; and first from the description communicated by A. J. Kempe, Esq. F.S.A. to our much respected and venerable *contemporary*, Mr. Urban; that is if we, a mere *Hebdomadal*, and scarcely a month old, may be allowed the privilege of so distinguishing ourselves.

“Crosby Place was the most important domestic

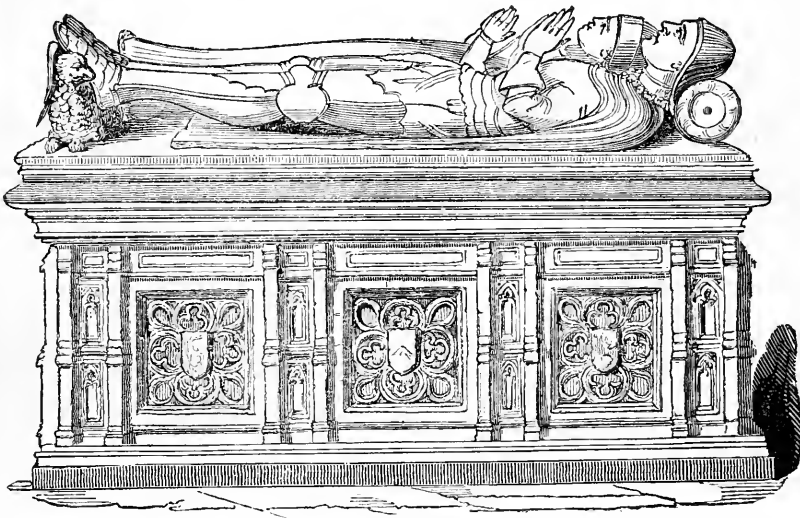
edifice which adorned the city of London in the fifteenth century; and although it would require some labour to obtain a tolerable idea of its original plan, data exists for such an undertaking. Portions of its groined vaults remain, I believe, under several of the houses in the present Crosby Square; and in a cellar, on the right of the outer approach towards the hall, is a crypt and some architectural remains; these perhaps belonged to an entrance gate. My idea of the

building is, that it consisted of two courts, divided by the hall, the outer one the smaller, the inner about thirty yards in depth by twenty in breadth, placed a little to the S. E. of the outer. The entrance to the inner court was, as at present, under that portion of the south end of the hall which was anciently appropriated as a music gallery. The modern buildings in Crosby Square, in all probability, occupy the line of the original apartments and offices which surrounded the quadrangle. Access from the mansion to the priory precinct and church was had by a doorway which still remains.

"The founder of this building was a rare exception in the class of persons who generally constructed these costly mansions. Sir John Crosby was no potent feudatory *in capite* of the crown, but an eminent grocer and wool merchant of the City of London. He accumulated a large fortune by his commercial pursuits in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. A current tradition, arising perhaps from the passion of the vulgar for the marvellous, was, that he was a foundling and derived his name from being taken up near one of those public crosses, so common for-

merly in our highways; hence he was called *Crosby*. Stowe rejects the story as fabulous, and thinks he might be the son of one John Crosby, a servant of Henry IV. to whom he granted the wardship of Joan, the daughter of John Jordaine, a wealthy fishmonger. This John Crosby might have married his ward, and thus established himself as a person of consequence in the city. His son, of whom I am speaking as the founder of Crosby Place, was an alderman of London, and one of the sheriffs for that city in 1470. In 1471, he met Edward IV. on his entry into the city, and was then knighted. In the following year he was a commissioner for treating with the Hanse Towns relative to some differences in which the Duke of Burgundy was concerned.

"Having obtained, in 1466, of Alice Ashted, the prioress of the Convent of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, a lease for ninety-nine years of certain lands and tenements adjoining the precinct of her nunnery, at the rent of 17 marks (£11. 6s. 8d.) per annum, Sir John Crosby erected for himself the magnificent mansion now under review. He died in 1475, and was buried in the chapel of the Holy Ghost, near Agnes his [first]



wife.\* Their effigies, beautifully sculptured in alabaster, remain in the church at this day, and his helmet is suspended from the wall in the vestry. He is said to have been a zealous Yorkist, and it is very remarkable that his effigy does not wear the Lancastrian

badge, the collar of SS., a very general distinction for persons of gentility or noble blood, but a collar composed of roses and suns alternately disposed;---the white rose and sun being the badge adopted by Edward IV. after the ominous parhelion which ap-

\* Numerous benevolent bequests were made by Sir John Crosby, (in his last will, bearing date March 6th, 1471, and proved on February the 6th, 1475,) to religious houses, prisons, buildings, &c., and the residue of his effects, in de-

fault of heirs, were, agreeably to the instrument, applied to charitable uses under the direction of the Grocers' Company. His will has been printed at length, in Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments." Appendix, No. IV. Ed.

peared in the heavens on the day of the victory at Mortimer's Cross."<sup>\*</sup>

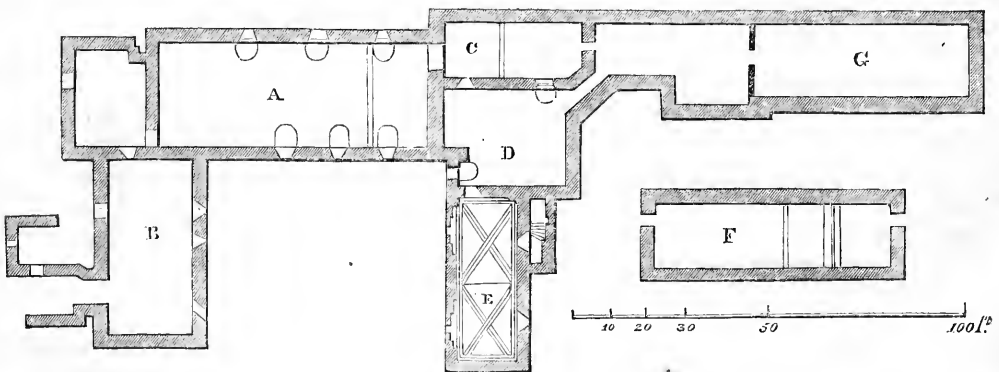
The tomb of Sir John Crosby is represented in the annexed cut. His figure is sculptured as in plate armour, with a mantle and standing cape; the knee pieces appear rivetted on the inside. At his feet is a griffin; his head rests on a helmet, but the crest, supposed to have been a ram, is gone. He wears a dagger on the right side, but has no sword. His lady is in a mantle and close-bodied gown, (enwrapping the feet,) with tight sleeves coming down to the wrists. On her head is a singular close cap, with long lappets, beneath which the hair is tucked up. Her head rests on a cushion supported by two small angels. On the pannelled quatrefoils in front of the tomb are shields, formerly blazoned with the Crosby arms, viz. Sable, a chevron Ermine, between three rams trippant Argent, horned and hooped Or. The inscription, now defaced, is thus given by Weever:—

Orate pro animabus Johannis Crosby, Militis, Ald. atque tempore vite Majoris Staple ville Caleis, et Agnetis uxoris sue, ac Thome, Ricardi, Johanni, Margarete, et Johanne, liberorum ejusdem Johannis Crosby, Militis; ille obiit 1475, et illa 1466, quorum animabus propitiatur Deus.†

In the wood-cut which concludes this article, both the helmet, whereon the knight reposes, and his real helmet, in the vestry-room, are correctly delineated.

Stowe says, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester and Lord Protector, afterwards King, by the name of Richard III., was lodged in *Crosby House*;" but he

does not inform us, whether as tenant or as owner. It is, however, most probable that Richard was merely an occupant under the Prioress of St. Helen's, as we learn, that after the Reformation (viz. in 1542) Henry VIII. granted this mansion, with all its appurtenances, to Anthonio Bonvice, a rich Italian merchant, as "parcel of the late Priory of St. Helen."‡ Its next inhabitant was Garman Cioll; and after him, William Bond, an alderman of London, who erected a new turret on the roof. After his decease, in 1576, it was occasionally appropriated for the reception of foreign ambassadors. It was next purchased by Sir John Spencer, alderman, who, according to Stowe, "made great reparations" there. He likewise kept his mayoralty in Crosby Place in 1594; but whilst it still continued in his possession, (viz. in the first year of King James the First,) "Monsieur de Rosney, Great Treasurer of France, with his retinue, which was very splendid, was there harboured." Strype, writing prior to 1720, says, "This large and convenient house is now built into a square of good houses, and called Crosby Square." The Great Hall, however, which in the reign of Charles the Second was first adapted (soon after the Act of Uniformity was passed,) as a place of worship for Non-conformists, was kept standing; and it continued to be occupied for religious meetings for nearly a century and a half. Its more recent occupiers were wharfingers and packers, and its present owner is "the grandson and heir of the late Admiral Williams Freeman."§



From the annexed plan of the vaults formerly belonging to this mansion, but now in part connected

\* Vide "Gentleman's Magazine," June, 1832, p. 506.

† Engravings of the figures of Sir John Crosby and his lady are given in Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments," and again, but more accurately, in Stothard's "Monumental Effigies."

with other houses, it will be apparent that the buildings extended upwards of forty yards further westward than the present hall; and it is believed that

‡ Vide Strype's "Stowe's London," p. 106, (Edit. 1720) vol. i. p. 435, from the original deed.

§ Vide "Gent's Mag." June, 1832, p. 507.

other vaults remain, to which access has not been obtained. Except one, all the vaults have plain arched roofs of brick, plastered over.

## REFERENCES :

A. The vault under the Great Hall is crossed by a modern wall. It is nine feet six inches in height, and has iron rings in the middle of the roof.

B. The vault under the Council Chamber, with continuations eastward.

C. This also is crossed by a modern wall, and is nine feet six inches in height.

D. Nine feet high, and has two large iron rings in the roof.

E. The roof here is groined, and better finished than the others. In this division are the remains of a staircase which led to the upper apartments.

F. This is a cellar under a house in Bishopsgate Street, but of the same character as the other vaults.

G. A very long vault, which is divided by a wall, and has had two communications with other cellars.

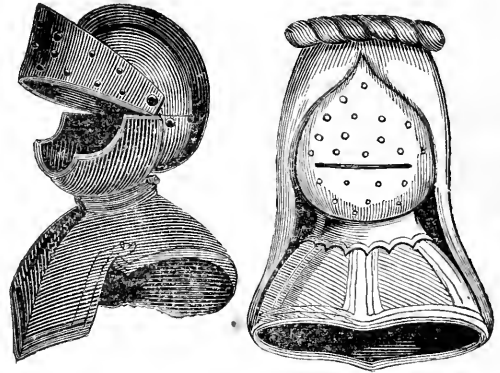
"On the eve of demolition," says Mr. Kempe, "threatened on all sides, like many other venerable foundations, to be swept away by the spring tide of reformation and improvement, or, at least, of the devastating principle so called,---Crosby Hall has been fortunate enough to find, in an intelligent literary lady, its near neighbour, and in various other public spirited individuals, a timely and energetic protection. A public subscription has been entered into for the purpose of securing an interest in the Hall, on a term of lease, equal in point of possession to a freehold, and for restoring its architectural details to their primitive splendour.\*"---That the proposed restoration may meet with every success is our decided hope; for buildings displaying such high architectural science and enriched beautiful design, as CROSBY HALL, have few parallels in modern erections. It may be truly said of our forefathers, that, in architecture, "There were giants in those days;"---and it would be well if their posterity, instead of lavishing an affected pity over the presumed "ignorance of the *dark ages*," were emulously to strive at the attainment of the same superior excellence in performance, the same deep insight into principles, the same vigorous judgment, and the same beautiful taste, which distinguished the labours of our ancestors.

It has been proposed that Crosby Hall, when repaired, should be appropriated as a "Museum of National Antiquities;" yet, for that purpose, it is hardly

of sufficient extent. Another and better appropriation is that suggested by Mr. Carlos, viz. as the "Theatre for the Gresham Lectures," which are now delivered in an insignificant apartment in the upper story of the Royal Exchange, and that in a style which

"Keeps the word of promise to the ear,  
But breaks it to the hope."

B.



## POPULAR ESSAYS ON CHIVALRY, ARCHERY, &c.

### NO. II.—THE ANCIENT KNIGHT.

HAVING already taken a glance at the education and initiation of an *ancient Knight*, we will now portray the leading features of the Knightly character as illustrated by Chaucer and the elder poets and romancers.

The ancient Knights were distinguished for their ardent piety, their devotion to the fair sex, and their fraternity in arms. When we bear in mind that Chivalry was an ecclesiastical order founded by holy men and favoured by the church as her champion and servant, we at once perceive that a *felon*, or unchristian Knight, would in those days have been regarded with a feeling of abhorrence, similar to that which *we* should entertain towards a *priest* who denied the truths and ridiculed the sacraments of his own religion.

In all the descriptions, therefore, of these gallant warriors, we find their piety lauded in the warmest terms, but, alas! Christianity was then but a feeble light shining in a dark place. Its principle of *universal love* was but little understood, and although it infused into the spirit of Chivalry all that rendered it worthy of our honour, regard, and gratitude; *yet*

\* Gent's. Mag. June, 1832, p. 507.

as explained and enforced by the Romish Hierarchy, and darkened by human superstition, it inspired its servants with a flaming zeal rather to defend its cause than obey its precepts, goaded on the armies of Christendom to wars of extermination, and taught that, like heavenly charity, the slaughter of "Pagan houndes" would cover and extenuate a multitude of sins. To abandon land, wealth, friends, and relatives, and struggle in Palestine for the Cross of Christ, was esteemed a sufficient atonement for the greatest crimes; and Chaucer, in his lively portrait of "a veray parfit gentil Knight," prefers recording that he fought against the Saracens in the far-off east rather than at *Cressy* and *Poictiers*. For these martial missionaries Heaven is represented as visibly manifesting itself; and seraphs and glorified saints escorted the crusading forces. At the conquest of Jerusalem, St. George descended upon Mount Olivet and waved his glittering shield. This circumstance is narrated in *history*; and if we turn to the works of the old *romancers*, we are edified with legend upon legend, describing the marvellous assistance rendered to the "Elect warriors." We find their very angels instigating the most cruel massacres. When an embassy from the Soldan came to King Richard, with the offer of a fair partition of the sovereignty in all the empire subject to Saladin, on condition of his renouncing the Christian faith and embracing that of Mahomet, the English monarch sternly replied, that if the Holy Cross were not brought to him on the following day, every prisoner taken at Acre should then be sacrificed. The ambassador answered, that a compliance with this article was impossible, because the Cross could not be found, so Richard gave orders for the immediate execution of sixty thousand captives:—

"They were led into the place full even  
There they heard *angels of heaven*  
They said "Signeurs tuez, tuez!"  
"Spares hem nought, and beheadeth these!"  
King Richard heard the angels voice  
And thanked God, and the holy cross."\*

So ardent was the zeal of the Knights against the infidels, that they seem for the most part to have thrown aside their noted courtesy when contending with the eastern nations. "If an infidel," observes a great authority, "impugn the doctrines of the Christian faith before a churchman, he should reply to him by argument; but a *Knight* should render no other reason to the infidel than six inches of his

falchion thrust into his accursed bowels." Their oath required them never to witness pagan or superstitious rites without expressing their detestation of them, and likewise to make no peace with heretics. They regarded their Paynim adversaries as savages in league with demons,—who, by their innumerable abominations and their cruel treatment of unoffending pilgrims, had drawn down upon their own heads the judicial vengeance of God,—and themselves the instruments in the hand of Providence of their destruction. They sincerely and honestly believed that they were performing a Christian duty when they slew the "Infidel Turks," and willingly exposed themselves to agony and death in the cause of religion, with a pious enthusiasm which shames the lukewarm piety of many of their more enlightened descendants. How noble was the conduct of the victorious Godfrey, when standing in the city he had won at so great a price, he refused to wear the golden chaplet in the place where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns!

We are told that Sir Bevis of Southampton, although smitten by the incomparable charms of the daughter of the heathen Soldan, resolved rather to pine away with unsatisfied desire than wed one who had not been washed with "the water of regeneration," and that this same Knight, when on an embassy to Damascus, was so mastered by his godly zeal, that upon observing a crowd of people preparing to sacrifice to an image representing their Prophet, he rushed towards the idol, seized it by its golden crown, hurled it in the dust, and jeeringly requested the Mahometans to go and help their helpless Deity.

The populace rose *en masse*, but nothing daunted, Sir Bevis hewed his way through the indignant multitude until he reached the royal palace, when, dropping on his knees before the Prince, he delivered his credentials, accompanying them with an oration expressive of his contempt for his Majesty's sacred person, and for the believers in Mahomet of all ranks and conditions.\*

The piety of these zealous Christians did not alone manifest itself in acts of valour against the Philistines, nor wholly evaporate in the decapitation of the liege subjects of the terrified Sultans. Very frequently, when they had passed the meridian of their life, and their blood waxed cold and their strength feeble, they took the cowl and devoted the remainder of their days to the service of the cloister. The heroes

\* "*Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*," by G. Ellis, Esq., vol. ii. pp. 245, 6.

\* "*Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*," vol. ii. p. 125.—In a future number the Romance of Sir Bevis, will be considered more at length. Ed.



of nearly all the old Romancers make their *exit* in some lonely hermitage. The famous *Sir Lancelot* became a priest, and distinguished himself for his active and exemplary piety for seven years, until at length his soul departed heavenwards, escorted by "thirty thousand and seven angels;"---but the most singular instance of this sort on record is the case of *Guy of Warwick*, who perhaps to punish the fair *Felice*, (who had enjoined him to become the most illustrious Knight in the "round world" ere he might win her hand and love), forty days after his marriage bethought him,

"How he had done many a man wo,  
And slain many a man with his hand,  
Burnt and destroyed many a land,  
And all was for woman's love,  
And not for God's sake above."

and determined to spend the residue of his life in a state of penance and mortification!

We pass on from recounting the piety of these sons of chivalry, to notice their *ardent devotion to the Fair*. It is singular that Chaucer omits to ascribe this sentiment to his Knight, he only informs us that,—

"he loved chevalrie  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie,  
At mortal batailles hadde ben fittene  
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene  
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.  
This ilke worthy Knight hadde ben also  
Somtime with the lord of Palatie (Palathia in Anatolia)  
Agen another hethen in Turkie  
And evermore he had a sovereine pris. (prize?)  
And though that he was worthy he was wise,  
And of his port as meke as is a maydé,  
He never yet ne vilanie ne sayde."\*

Spenser, however, a century after sings;

"It hath bene through all ages ever seene,  
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie,  
The prize of beauty still hath ioyned beene,  
And that for reason's special privitee,  
For either doth on other much relie:  
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve  
That can her best defend from villenie,  
And she most fit his service doth deserve,  
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve."†

And Cervantes writes, "a knight without a mistress is like a tree without leaves or fruit, or like a body without a soul."

Immediately after the young swordsman had received the *accolade*‡ (if he had not done so previ-

ously), he chose some high-born maiden to be the queen and mistress of his heart, whose favour like a sun-beam might light up his dangerous path, and nerve his spirit in the hour of peril. The lady on the other hand appointed him her champion, and gave him a glove, or other token of her regard to wear on his helmet, and frequently promised him farther favours,—her hand in marriage, if by his exploits he proved himself worthy of so high an honour. When the little page, *Jean de Saintre*, was introduced to the *Dame des Belles Cousines*, she asked him, on whom he had placed his chief affections; he simply replied that he loved his mother best, and next his sister Jacqueline. And on being again requested to say whom he loved *par amours*, and he answering *no one*, the dame replied, "Ah, false gentleman and traitor to the laws of Chivalry, dare you say that you love *no lady*? well may we perceive your falsehood and craven spirit by such an avowal." The countess then gave her young pupil a lengthy lecture on the person whom he ought to choose for his mistress *par amours*, and when at last he observed that he should not be able to find so amiable a character, she sharply concluded her address by asking him "why should you not find her---are you not gently born, are you not a fair and proper youth, have you not eyes to look on her, ears to hear her, a tongue to plead your cause to her, hands to serve her, feet to move at her bidding, body and heart to accomplish loyally all her commands, and having all these can you doubt to adventure yourself in the service of any lady whatever."\*

His oath bound every new-made knight to defend the cause of all women without exception, and the most pressing way of conjuring them to grant a boon, was to implore it in the name of God and the *Ladies*. French and English Chieftains in the midst of a campaign, have been known to proclaim a truce that they might unite their forces, and rush to the assistance of an oppressed female, and the smiles of lovely maidens have nerved their knights with renewed courage when nearly vanquished by the superior strength of their adversary. We find some beautiful illustrations of this in that famous old romance, the "*Morte d'Arthur*," and of these the following extract is a fair specimen.

"Sir Beaumayns & another warrior having fought from noon 'tyl evensong tyme, till their armour was so far hewn that the spectators beheld their naked sides; they by common consent sate down upon the

\* "*Canterbury Tales*," Edited by T. Tyrwhitt, Esq. vol. 1. p. 165.

† "*Faery Queene*." Book iv. Canto 5. Stanza I.

‡ See before, p. 27.

\* Quoted by Sir W. Scott, in the "*Ency. Brit.*"



blood dyed turf and unlaced their helms and inhaled the refreshing breeze; and thenne whan Syr Beaumayns' helm was of, he loked vp to the wyndowe, & there he sawe the faire lady Dame Lyones, & she made hym suche countenance that his herte waxed lyghte and joly, & ther with he bad the reed (red) knight of the reede laundes make hym redy & lete vs doo the bataille to the vtterance. I will wel, said the knyghte, & thenne they laced vp their helmes, & their pages auoyed, & they stepte togyders (together) & foughte fresshely, but the reed knyghte of the reed laundes awayted him, & at an ouerthward smote hym within the hand, that his sverde felle oute of his hand, & yet he gaf hym another buffet vpon the helme, that he felle grouelynge to the erthe, & the reed knyghte felle over him, for to holde hym doune. Thenne cryed the maiden Lynet, on hyghe, "O, Syr Beaumayns, where is thy courage become? Allas, my lady, my syster beholdeth the, & she sobbeth & wepeth, that maketh myn herte heuy." When Syr Beaumayns herd her say soo, he abrayed up with a grete myght & gate hym vpon his feet, and lyghtely he lepte to his swerd & gryped hit (it) in his hand & doubled hys paas vpto the reed knyghte & they foughte anewe bataille togyder. Sir Beaumayns redoubled his strokes, smote the sword out of his enemy's hand, & felle upon hym, & unlaced his helme to have slayne hym, and thenne he yelded him & asked mercy, & said with a lowde vois, "O, noble knight, I yeld me to thy mercy."†

A learned contributor to *Dr. Rees' Encyclopedia*, under the head *Chivalry*, observes, "The courtesy, affability, and gallantry, for which these adventurers were so famous, are but the natural effects and consequences of their situation. The castles of the barons were the courts of those little sovereigns, as well as their fortresses; and the resort of their vassals hither, in honour of their chiefs, and for their own proper security, would render that civility and politeness which are seen in courts, and insensibly prevail there, a predominant part of the character of these assemblies. Besides, the pre-eminence of the ladies in those courts and circles of the great would operate so far on the sturdiest knight, as to give birth to the attentions of gallantry."

It cannot be denied that this devotion to the fair sex, when over strained, sometimes enticed the warriors a little out of the path of rectitude. The old Romancers frequently describe the amorous adventures of knights who in all other respects were per-

fect exemplars of virtue and piety: indeed there is one instance recorded in which a luckless swordsman having fallen desperately in love with the daughter of a king, to whom he had rendered the most essential services; his own wife, to ease his conscience, consented to become dead to the world, and take the cowl in a nunnery, which was erected and endowed by her husband, and the narrative concludes by saying that the union of the knight and his second mistress was followed by many years of happiness, and that they closed a life employed in constant acts of charity and benevolence, by retiring to the monastic cell. The lady was received into the order of her kind rival, and the knight took the cowl in a monastery, to the endowment of which he devoted the rest of his possessions.

Roger Ascham writes, that "the whole pleasures of the *Morte d'Arthur* standeth into two special points, in open manslaughter, and *bold bawdry*,"‡ and many of the monkish writers of the middle ages declaim heavily against the sensuality and luxury of the knightly order; but Ascham's censure is much too sweeping, and the monks were especially peevish and ascetic. We do not deny that the knights' attachment to their "ladye loves" sometimes degenerated into licentiousness---"vices and irregularities," observes a modern writer, "creep into every system, and chivalry, like all others of human invention, carried the seeds of corruption in its own bosom;"---but we contend that the advantages which accrued from that most prominent feature in the knightly character, greatly counterbalanced any evils which may have arisen out of it, and that to "the permanent impressions of its amenities we are under the greatest obligations;" since "courtesy of manners, that elegant drapery of chivalry, still robes our social life, and liberality of sentiment distinguishes the gentlemen, as in days of yore it was wont to distinguish the knight."§

We cannot conclude this sketch of the character of the ancient knights, without first briefly noticing *their fraternity in arms*. This practice of fraternal adoption was originally derived from their heathen predecessors, among whom it was not unfrequently connected with the most disgusting ceremonies. Christianity corrected this custom, and sanctified it to the nobles and lords. The champions, in the presence of the clergy and congregation in the temple of God, vowed to defend each other while life remained, and

† See the *Morte d'Arthur*, edited by Dr. Southey. Quarto edition, vol. i. p. 212.

‡ In his "*Schoolmaster*," p. 245, of his English Works, Ed. 1815.

§ Mills' "*History of Chivalry*, &c."

abjured all intention of enmity and rivalryship. Without some pact like this they never could have accomplished their high duties; their energies would have been scattered or turned against each other, and Europe had remained uncivilized. J. F. R.

## VERSES

AT THE END OF A LATIN POEM, INTITULED MARIALE IN LAUD. MARIE VIRG. AMONG THE LIB. MSS. BIBLIOTH. REG. MUS. BR. 7 A. VI. I.

*Lex* is layde and lethyrly lukys.  
*Justicia* is exylde owt of owre bowkys.  
*Patientia* is pluckyt, that mony men hym lothys.  
*Fides* is sybles and goys in torynde clothys.  
*Caritas* is lowkyde & knokytt fulle smawylle.  
*Verus* is noght usyde nothyng at alle.  
*Humilitas* is hyde, he will noght be seyne.  
*Castitas* is pusonde, as mony men wenye.  
*Veritas* is demytt to hange onn the ruyde.  
*Verecundia* was drownytt at the laste fluyde.  
 So that few freyndys may a mann fynde.  
 For *rectum iudicium* commys so farre be hynde.  
*Fraus* is fykylle, as a fox, and renys in this lande.  
*Furor* is hys freynde, as I undyrstande:  
*Deceptio* is his chamerlane, haif heire of no dowtte:  
*Detractio* is of his counselle: (I beschrew that rowtte.)  
*Falsum iudicium* is a lordschype of hys:  
*Violentia* berys hys swerde, he may noght mysse:  
*Invidia* is als umpeire, gwen thai begyn to stryfe.  
 Syche anothyre falschype God latt tham never thryfe.

## ANCIENT STONE CAPITAL:

FORMERLY AT WESTMINSTER.

THERE is scarcely in English sculpture a more choice relic of antiquity than the *unique* CAPITAL which forms the subject of the present article; and the preservation of which is wholly due to the persevering tact of our late lamented friend, Mr. Capon, whose talents as a correct architectural draughtsman were unrivalled. From his drawings, now in the possession of Mr. Britton, (to whose kindness we are indebted for their use,) the attached wood-cuts have been executed, though on a reduced scale. It is almost superfluous to state, that no representation of this very singular remain has hitherto been laid before the public.

The following particulars of the discovery of this

Capital are condensed from Mr. Capon's own notes. During the short reign of King Richard III., a *gateway* was erected at the north-west extremity of the Palace Court, at Westminster, as a means of communication between the palace and the premises belonging to the Abbey. It stood almost directly facing the gate of the Sanctuary, but a little to the north of it, and is represented both in Ralph Aggas's Plan of London, published early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and in Hollar's View of the New Palace Yard, engraved about the year 1640. Subsequently all the gateway was pulled down, except the south wall, which seemed as a separating wall between the well-known Mitre Tavern, in Union Street, and the Horn Tavern, which stood at the western extremity of the Palace Yard. In June, 1807, when the taverns and other houses in Union Street were demolished, to make way for the "improvements" (so styled) at Westminster, the remaining wall was taken down, and in that wall, distinguished by its size from the other stones, the Capital was found. By sedulously attending the workmen, Mr. Capon preserved the sculpture from any further damage than what it had received when built up in the wall in King Richard the Third's time, and he became himself the possessor of this rare fragment. After keeping it with great care for many years, Mr. Capon eventually sold it for one hundred guineas, to the eccentric Sir Gregory Page Turner, Bart.

We now proceed to a description of this Capital;—the great singularity of which is, that it has an indented *legend* on the abacus, that, in connexion with the sculpture itself, decidedly refers to the bestowing of some *grant*, or *charter*, by King *William Rufus*, to *Gislebertus*, Sub-Abbot of Westminster. In all probability, therefore, this stone formed part of some building (belonging to the abbey) erected in the reign of that monarch;—but the materials of which were afterwards wrought into the gateway of King Richard's time. It is deeply to be regretted, that the prominent figures on one of the sides should have been chopped off by the workmen of that day, in order to make it lie flat on the, *then*, new work of the sub-structure.

This Capital (which is of freestone) is thirteen inches and a half in height, twelve inches square at the top, (and decreasing conically,) about nine inches in diameter at the bottom. On three of the sides, under a sort of trefoil-headed arch (an *approximation* to the *Pointed style*), are three figures sculptured in bold relief, as represented in the annexed cuts;—but the fourth and defaced side, (on which only the feet

remain, and the lower parts of the supporting pillars,) it has not been considered necessary to engrave.



In the first Compartment is the King, holding with upraised arms a long roll, or charter; on one side is the Abbot, distinguished by his crosier; and on the other, an attendant monk with a book. One arm of the King's seat represents the head and neck of a dog. On the abacus is WILLELMO SECVN—, and two broken letters. It is remarkable that the W is actually formed by a double V.



In the second Compartment is the Abbot, in the

centre, bearing the charter in his left hand, and in his right holding what appears to be a key. On each side is an attendant monk, one of whom seems to be considering the extended roll. The remaining inscription is —V. SVBABBE. GISLEB—.



The third Compartment represents the Abbot as standing before a kind of reading desk, held by an attendant, on which are the open scriptures, with the words EGO SUM on the dexter page. Behind the Abbot is another figure, partly mutilated, who is, also, holding a book. The letters remaining on the abacus appear to read thus,—E. CLAVSTRV. ET RELL,—but the two last, from their broken state, are perhaps questionable.

To what particular grant, or instrument, these sculptures refer is unknown. Very few charters were given by William the Second; and neither Dugdale, nor any other writer that we have sedulously inspected for the purpose of ascertainment, mentions any grant made by him to the monks of Westminster. Were the manuscripts yet preserved in the muniment room of the Abbey church carefully examined, this regretted *desideratum* might probably be supplied. B.

#### WARDROBE ACCOUNTS.

THE utility and value of Wardrobe Accounts, in illustrating the manners and customs of our ancestors, and in furnishing historical data, are so generally ac-

knowledgeed, that no apology is necessary for laying before our readers a series of translated extracts from the hitherto inedited accounts of Kings Edward the First, Second, and Third, preserved in the British Museum.

*Addit. MS. No. 7965. 25 Edw. I. (1297-8).*

Dec. 8. PAID to Robert de Ludham, the porter of the King's daughter, Margaret, Duchess of Brabant, whilst she maintained a household distinct from that of her brother the King's son. [Edward, Prince of Wales]. 13s. 4d.

Dec. 26. To Maud Makejoie, for dancing before Edward, Prince of Wales, in the King's Hall at Ipswich, 2s.

Jan. 5. To Alexander Coo, the King's Falconer, for presenting to the King three Cranes taken in Cambridgeshire by the Gerfalcons of Sir Geoffry de Hanvill, 6s. 8d.

Jan. 8. To Reginald Page, John, "le vidulator," and Counti Fitz Simon, Minstrells, for making minstrelsy on the day of the marriage of Elizabeth the King's daughter, Countess of Holand; 50s. each.

Feb. To Sir Arnald de Gaveston, Sir Raymond de Campania, and Sir Bertrand de Pavisars, Gascon Knights who escaped from prison in France, for armour given to them by the King, £106 5s.

Feb. 18. To Lorekin the messenger of the Earl of Holand, on behalf of Elizabeth, Countess of Holand, for bringing news of her husband's safe arrival in his own country, 50s.

April 23. To Melioro, the Harper of Sir John Mautravers, for playing before the King at Plimton, at the time he was bled, 20s.

May 26. To Walter Luvel, the Harper of Chichester, whom the King found playing the harp before the tomb of Saint Richard in the Cathedral of Chichester, 6s. 8d.

June 4. To Husso de Tromville, a Valet of the Earl of Bar, for bringing news to the King that the Countess of Bar had been delivered of a son, £50.

June. To Juliana, a sister of the Hospital of Ospring, for divers presents of Milk and Butter made to the King on his arrivals at Ospring, 2s.

July. To three Flemish Sailors sent by the Earl of Flanders, to ascertain with certainty at what foreign port the King intended to land, 10 marks.

July 9. To John Donnyng, the Master of Gilbert and Robert, the sons of the Earl of Stratherne, being in the retinue of Edward the King's son, to buy himself a robe, 20s.

August 3. To Sir Peter de Champvent, in lieu of the *bridal bed* of Elizabeth, Countess of Holand, which he ought to have had as his fee when she married the Earl of Holand at Ipswich, 20 marks.

August 21. To Alan, son of the Earl of Menteith, for the price of a *Powys horse* presented to him by the King, to ride in the French war, 20 marks.

Feb. 20. To Madoc, late Prince of Wales, a prisoner in the Tower, wherewith to purchase necessities, 13s. 4d.

*Addit. MS. No. 7966. A° 29 Edw. I. (1301).*

Dec. 25. To Walter le Marchis, King of Heralds, for making a Proclamation in the King's presence, in the Hall of the Castle of Northampton, *forbidding the holding of tournaments*, 40s.

April 29. To the Huntsman of Sir Peter Corbet deceased, for bringing to the King the dogs which belonged to the said Peter at the time of his death, 6s. 8d.

Feb. To the *four Masters of the University of Oxford*, for coming by the King's command to the Parliament holden at Lincoln this year, for their expenses, 24 marks.

Jan. 6. To a servant of Sir Walter de Beauchamp the elder, coming to the King at Northampton with Lampreys bought at Gloucester, and returning for more, 3s.

Jan. 27. To Alice wife of Jordan the son of Giles of Lincoln, for a present made to the King, of Apples, Pears, and other Fruit, 5s.

Feb. 18. To the Rector of the Church of Nettleham, for damage sustained by him through lodging the Officers of the King's Wardrobe when the King was there, 3s. 6d.

Feb. 19. To Robert Rydward, the Messenger of Edward, the King's son, left sick at Northampton whilst his master proceeded to Langley to *bury the heart* of the Earl of Cornwall, 7s.

Nov. 24. To Master William de Gretham, a Monk of the Priory of Durham, for accompanying the army into Scotland, A° 28 Edward I., with the Banner of Saint Cuthbert, 40s.

*Add. MS. No. 8835. A° 32 Edw. I. (1303).*

Dec. 6. To John, the son of John the Bailiff, the *Boy Bishop* in the King's Chapel of Dumferline, on the Eve of Saint Nicholas, 40s.

Feb. 21. To John, the *Organist* of the Earl of Warren, for playing before the King, 20s.

March 12. To a servant of Sir Hugh le Despen-

- ser, for bringing a present of a palfrey from his Master to the King, half a mark.
- March 12. To Nicholas Oysel, a valet of the Earl of Ulster, for bringing news to the King of the defeat of Sir Simon Fraser and William Wallace, at Hopperewe, by Sir William le Latimer, Sir John de Segrave, and Sir Robert de Clifford, 40s.
- May. To seven women meeting the King on the road between Gask and Uggehall, and *singing* before him as they had been accustomed to do in the time of Alexander, late King of Scotland, 3s.
- May 15. To Philip Turbok, for finding and restoring a falcon which the King had lost, 10s.
- June 7. To Sir Alexander le Coniers, for money by him paid to Carpenters for constructing a machine, called a *War Wolf*, [Lupus Guerre,] 10s.
- Oct. 30. To Robert le Norreys, a servant of the Lady Elizabeth, Countess of Hereford, the King's daughter, for bringing news to the Prince of the birth of the first son of the said Countess, £26. 13s. 4d.
- Sept. To a Messenger of the Earl of Savoy, sent into England on behalf of Mary, Queen of France, to inform the King that a war had broken out between France and Flanders, £7. 15s. 11d.
- Dec. To the Lady Mary, the King's daughter, a nun at Amesbury, to purchase necessities, £10.
- Oct. 16. To Edmund de Cornwall, a valet of the King's Chamber, on his marriage, 200 marks.
- Cott. MS. Nero C. VIII. 4 Edw. II. (1311).*
- Nov. 13. To John de la Moilye going on a Pilgrimage to St. James's, 10 marks.
- Sept. 13. To Walter, *the Sadler*, a Forester of Shirwood, coming to the King at Hadley, with Letters from the Earl of Cornwall (Piers Gavaston) beseeching pardon for having *slain a man*, 2s.
- Dec. 27. To David de Strabolgy, Earl of Athol, coming from Scotland to certify the King of the state of that country, 50 marks.
- March 16. To Geoffry de Selling, the Butler of the Countess of Cornwall, for bringing to the King good news of the Earl of Cornwall, £50.
- Feb. 20. To *King Robert* and other *Minstrels* playing before the King and other Nobles, in the House of the Friars Minors, at York, on the day of the Purification of Margaret, Countess of Cornwall, 40 marks.
- March 5. To Janot de Samoys, bringing news to the King of the birth of the first daughter of the Queen of Navarre, 20 marks.
- March 24. To Mary Maunsel, of Caernarvon, the *King's Nurse*, coming out of Wales to see the King, 20s.
- March 27. To Sir Nicholas de Beche, Sir Humphrey de Lattlebury, and Sir Thomas le Latimer, for *dragging the King out of bed on Easter Monday*, £20.
- April 26. To Master William de Bromtoft, a Physician, for his attendance upon Sir Piers de Gavaston, Earl of Cornwall, during his illness at New-castle upon Tyne, £6. 13s. 4d.
- A° 5. Edw. II. (1312).*
- Oct. 9. To Little Thomeline, the Scotch orphan boy, to whom the Queen being moved by charity, gave food and rayment, 6s. 6d.
- To the same, on his being sent to London, to dwell with Agnes, the wife of John, the French organist, for his education, for necessities bought for him, and for curing him of a scabby head, 52s. 8d.
- A° 8. Edw. III. (1315).*
- Aug. 9. To Sir John Sturmy, for money by him paid for drawing a stag out of a ditch, 13s. 4d.
- Nov. To Sir Thomas de Roos, Sir Manseline Marmion, and Sir Adam de Percival, who were with the Earl of Athol when he was slain by the Scotch, £10 each, to purchase armour.
- Nov. 9. To Edward [Bailliol], King of Scotland, £300.
- A° 9. Edw. III. (1316).*
- To Margery de Daventry, *the King's Nurse*, who asked relief from him, £20.
- Aug. 29. To Stephen Boumaker, of Air, for bringing news to the King of his Ships being in the Irish Sea, 6s. 8d.
- A° 10. Edw. III. (1317).*
- Sept. 9. To the Apothecary of Sir William de Montagu, sent by the King to Saint John's Town, in Perth, to prepare the body of John, Earl of Cornwall, for interment, 23s. 4d.
- Feb. 4. To a *keeper of apes*, for exhibiting them before the King, 40s.
- July 3. To Robert de Fairbourn, the *Drummer* ("tympanistor") of Robert de Bosvill, the Constable of Pomfret Castle, for playing before the King, between Pomfret and Saint John's, and from whom the King took his drum, and gave it to his own drummer, 20s.

## A DISSERTATION

ON SOME OF THE ANGLO-SAXON PRONOUNS.

BY JAMES JENNINGS, ESQ.\*

No. I.—I, IC, ICH, ICHE, UCHY, ISE, C', CH', CHE, CH'AM, CH'UD, CH'LL.

It is not a little extraordinary, but nevertheless true, that few writers on the English Language, and, more especially, few of our Lexicographers have devoted much attention to the origin of our first personal pronoun I, concluding perhaps that it would be sufficient to state that it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ic*. No pains seem to have been taken to explain the connexion which *ic*, *ich*, and *iche* have with *Ise*, *c'*, *ch'*, *che'*, and their combinations in such words as *ch'am*, *ch'ud*, *ch'll*, &c. Hence we have been led to believe that such contractions are the vulgar corruptions of an ignorant and, consequently, unlettered people. That the great portion of the early Anglo-Saxons were an unlettered people, and that the *rural* population were particularly unlettered, and hence for the most part ignorant, we may readily admit; and even at the present time, many districts in the west will be found pretty amply besprinkled with that unlettered ignorance for which many of our forefathers were distinguished. But an inquiry into the origin and use of our provincial words will prove, I am convinced, that even our unlettered population have been guided by certain rules in their use of, it must be admitted, if not a very copious, yet, most assuredly, an energetic language. Hence it will be seen on inquiry that many of the words supposed to be *vulgarisms*, and *vulgar* and *capricious* contractions are no more so than many of our own words in daily use; as to the Anglo-Saxon contractions of *ch'am*, *ch'ud*, and *ch'll*, they will be found equally consistent with our own common contractions of *can't*, *won't*, *he'll*, *you'll*, &c. &c. in our present polished dialect.

That such contractions have been thought *vulgar*, and some of them even "barbarous," there is however no doubt; and that they are still thought so by some metropolitan critics, who know little or nothing about our provincial Anglo-Saxon, I have abundant reason to know. Even Miss Ham, in her letter to me (see my work on the *Somerset dialect*), in quoting the following,

Bread and cheese 'c' have a had  
That 'c' had 'c' have a eat,  
More 'ch' wou'd 'c' had it.

observes, "Sounds which, from association, no doubt, carry with them to my ear the idea of great vulgarity; but which might have a very different effect on that of an unprejudiced hearer when dignified by an Anglo-Saxon pedigree. The Scotch dialect, now become *quite classical* with us, might, perhaps, labour under the same disadvantage amongst those who hear it spoken by the vulgar only."

Whether, however, our western dialects will be more dignified by an Anglo-Saxon pedigree I do not know; those who delight in tracing descents through a long line of ancestors up to one primitive original ought to be pleased with the literary genealogist, who demonstrates that many of our provincial words and contractions have an origin more remote, and, in *their* estimation of course, must be more legitimate than a mere slip from the parent stock, as our personal pronoun, I, unquestionably is.

As to the term "barbarous," I must be permitted to say a word or two in deprecation of such an epithet applied as it lately has been to my favourite dialect. Mr. Horace Smith, the author of "*Walter Colyton*," (a work, by the way, which I cannot avoid thinking superior to many of those written by Sir Walter Scott, chiefly because a *useful* and *moral purpose* is kept constantly in view in it) assures me in a private letter, which I hope he will pardon me for noticing here, that many of his friends call what he has introduced of the Somerset Dialect in *Walter Colyton* "barbarous."---Now, I should be glad to learn in what its barbarity consists. The plain truth after all is, that those who are unwilling to take the trouble to understand any language, or any dialect of any language, with which they are previously unacquainted, generally consider such new language or such dialect barbarous; and to them it doubtless appears so. What induces our metropolitan *literati*, those at least who are, or who affect to be the *arbitri elegantiarum* among them, to consider the *Scotch* dialect in another light? Simply, I believe, because such able writers, as *Allan Ramsay*, *Robert Burns*, *Sir Walter Scott*, and others, have chosen to employ it for the expression of their thoughts. Let similar able writers employ our *Western dialect* in a similar way, and I doubt not the result. And why should not our Western dialects be so employed? If *novelty* and *amusement*, to say the least for such writings, be advantageous to our literature, surely *novelty* and *amusement* might be conveyed in the dialect of the

\* Author of "Observations on the Dialects of the West of England," "Ornithologia," &c. &c.



West as well as of the North. Besides these advantages, it cannot be improper to observe that occasional visits to the *well-heads* of our language, (and many of these will be found in the West of England) will not only afford refreshing draughts, but add to the perfection of our polished idiom itself. The WEST may be considered the last strong hold of the ANGLO-SAXON in this country.

My attention was first directed to the Anglo-Saxon pronouns by having observed, in very early life, that some of my father's servants, who were natives of the Southern parts of the county of Somerset, almost invariably employed the word *utchy* for I. Subsequent reflection convinced me that this word, *utchy*, was the Anglo-Saxon *iche*, used as a dissyllable *ichè*. How or when this change in the pronunciation of the word, namely from one to two syllables, took place in this country it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine; but on reference to the works of *Chaucer*, there is, I think, reason to conclude that *iche* is used sometimes in that poet's works as a dissyllable.

Having discovered that *utchy* was the Anglo-Saxon *iche*, there was no difficulty in appropriating 'che, 'c', and 'ch' to the same root; hence, as far as concerned *iche* in its literal sounds, a good deal seemed unravelled; but how could we account for *ise*, and *ees*, used so commonly for I in the western parts of *Somersetshire*, as well as in *Devonshire*. On reference to the sound given to *ich* by the Germans, which is, I understand, sometimes pronounced by them *Ise*, that is, as we pronounce the word *ice*, frozen water, the difficulty was at once cleared up, and hence the mysteries and barbarisms of our western dialects, as far as *ich* or I was concerned, became completely dispelled.

It may be mentioned here in confirmation of what has been stated above, that in the first folio edition of the works of Shakspeare the *ch* is printed, in one instance, with a mark of elision before it thus 'ch, a proof that the I in *iche* was sometimes dropped in a common and rapid pronunciation; and a proof too, humiliating as it may appear, that we, the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, have chosen the initial letter only of that pronoun, which initial letter the Anglo-Saxons had in very many instances discarded!

It is singular enough that Shakspeare has the *ch* for *iche*, I, and *ise*, for I, within the distance of a few lines, in *King Lear*, Act IV. scene 6. But perhaps not more singular than that, in Somersetshire at the present time, may be heard for the pronoun I, *utchy* or *ichè*, 'ch' and *ise*. To the absence originally of general literary information, and indeed to the absence

now of such information, are these anomalies and irregularities to be attributed.

We see, therefore, that 'ch'ud, 'ch'am, and 'ch'll are simply the Anglo-Saxon *ich*, contracted and combined with the respective verbs *would*, *am*, and *will*. That the 'c' and 'ch,' as quoted in the lines given by Miss Ham, are contracts for the Anglo-Saxon *iche* or I, and nothing else.

It may be also observed, that in more than one modern work containing specimens of the dialect of Scotland and the North of England, and in, I believe, some of Sir Walter Scott's novels, the word *ise* is employed, so that the auxiliary verb *will* or *shall* is designed to be included in that word; and the printing of it thus, *I'se*, indicates that it is so designed to be employed. Now, if this be a *copy* of the living dialect of Scotland, (which I beg leave respectfully to doubt,) it is a "barbarism" which the Somerset dialect does not possess. The *ise* in the west is simply a pronoun and nothing else; it is, however, often accompanied by a contracted verb, as *ise'll* for I will.

In concluding these observations on the first personal pronoun it may be added, that the reader must not suppose that many of our old writers have not been consulted, because they are not quoted in this dissertation. The object of the writer has been to state facts, without the accompaniment of that *learning* which is by some persons deemed so essential in inquiries of this kind. The best learning is that which conveys to us a knowledge of facts. Should any one be disposed to convince himself of the correctness of the *data* here laid before him, by researches among our old authors, as well as from living inquiry in the west, the writer entertains no doubt as to the result to which he must come. Perhaps, however, it may be useful to quote one or two specimens of our more early Anglo-Saxon, to prove their analogy to the present dialect in Somersetshire.

The first specimen is from *Robert of Gloucester*, who lived in the time of Henry II., that is, towards the latter end of the twelfth century: it is quoted by *Drayton*, in the notes to his *Polyolbion*, song xvii.

"The meste wo that here *vel* bi King Henry's days,  
In this lond, *icholle* beginne to tell *yuf ich* may."

*Vcl*, for fell, the preterite of to fall, is precisely the sound given to the same word at the present time in Somersetshire. We see that *icholle*, for I shall, follows the same rule as the contracts *chud*, *cham*, and *chill*. It is very remarkable that *sholl*, for shall, is almost invariably employed in Somersetshire, at



the present time. Yuf I am disposed to consider a corruption or mistake for gyf (give), that is, if, the meaning and origin of which have been long ago settled by Horne Tooke.

The next specimen is assuredly of a much more modern date; though quoted by *Mr. Dibdin*, in his *Metrical History of England*, as from an *old ballad*.

"Ch'll tell thee what, good fellow,  
Before the vriers went hence,  
A bushel of the best wheate  
Was zold for vourteen pence,  
And vorty egges a penny,  
That were both good and new,  
And this *che* say myself have seene,  
And yet I am no Jew."

With a very few alterations indeed, these lines would become the *South Somerset* of the present day.

## A TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1634.

(Continued from p. 47.)

BEING yet at Lincoln "we address'd our selves to heare the Cathedrall prayers & see the ancient monuments & varieties of that stately & magnificent minster, which is the grace & beauty of the whole city, fayrely built on a hill, commanding a pleasant prospect of the adjacent country, neere 20 mile about, & within ken of the Sea."

"After the Service was ended wee view'd the ancient stately tombs & monuments in her, & amongst many others, which we noted in our travelling table bookes, these, vid't.

In Cantalup's Chappell, Cantalupe, a French man, Brother to the K. of France, w<sup>th</sup> the armes of France.

In Russell's Chappell, Bp. Russell, Ld. Ch. in Ed. 4<sup>th</sup> time.

In the Lady Chappell, Queene Elianor, wife to Ed. 1<sup>st</sup> w<sup>th</sup> her Bowells in Copper: Burwash Baron of Leeds, in Ed. 2<sup>d</sup>. time: and his brother Henry Bp. of Lincolne. Also Katherine Swinford, wife to Jo. of Gaunt, D. of Lancaster: and Joan, Countesse of Westmorland her daughter.

In St. Katherine's Chappell, St. Bartholomew Brookhurst: Bishop Fleming, founder of Lincolne Colledge in Oxford in Hen. 5<sup>th</sup> time. Bp. Shaver, first Provost of King's Colledge in Cambridge, Hen. 6: Bp. Sutton in Ed. 1<sup>st</sup> time: he dyed in his pulpit, preaching. Bp. Smith first President of Wales. Bp. Ottwater, L<sup>d</sup>. Chancellor to Hen. 8: and Bp. Alexander, who built Newark, Bambury and Sleford Castles, and was a bountifull Benefactor to this sacred structure.

At Newark "wee found a joviale Hoste, as merry as 20 good fellows, (his name, agreeing with his mirth, was Twentyman;) he was a proper fellow like a Beeffe-eating Guard-Boy, and a very good Inteligencer."

"We entred the fayre Church, which is richly

adorn'd w<sup>th</sup> monuments, and seats of Noblemen, Knights and others. The stately upright spir'd Steeple is joynd to his beautifull Spouse the Church, and standeth by her, as a proper Bridegroom doth by his neatly trim'd Bride."

"We went next to that strong, spacious and stately Castle scituated close upon the banke of that famous, swift-gliding, and fishfull river of Trent. It was built by Bishop Alexander (whom we left this morning interr'd in Lincolne Minster) wherein his Majesty w<sup>th</sup> his Royale Consort did lately lodge Her Majesty left a token there to grace that place and River, Her Barge. And there the Earle of Exeter hath a faire building called St. Leonard's: sometimes an ancient Hospitall it was, and is seated close on the banke of that sweet River, not to be omitted."

"The next morning we mounted for Doncaster, and march'd over that fayre, long, wooden Bridge, (under which the Trent runs,) lately finish'd for his Majesty to pass over on."

Went through Sherwood Forest, and passing by Worksop, Welbeck, Retford, Southwell, ("where there is a fayre minster,") Scroby Park and Nottingham, to Doncaster. "Took up our Lodging at the 3 Cranes, where we found a grave and gentile Hoste, (no lesse you can imagine him to be having so lately entertayn'd and lodg'd his Majestie, in his said Progresse) for in that way his Majestie's Gests lay, and it fell out so fortunate for us to march some 100 miles, from Newarke to Newcastle."

"The next morning"—"we mounted and passed over the River that comes from Sheffield, for to dine at Pomfret. In the mid-way (to season our that morning's-purchas'd travelling-Plate) being thirsty, we tasted a Cup at Robin Hood's Well, and there according to the usuall and ancient Custome of Travellers were in his rocky chaire of ceremony, dignify'd with the Order of Knighthood, and sworne to observe his Lawes. After our Oath we had no time to stay to heare our charge, butt discharg'd our due Fealtie Fee, 4d. a peece, to the Lady of the fountaine, on we spur'd w<sup>th</sup> our new dignitie to Pomfret."

"We lighted at the Star, and tooke a fayre repast to enable us the better to scale that high and stately, famous and princely, impregnable Castle and Cittadell, built by a Norman upon a Rocke; which for the situation, strength, and largenesse, may compare with any in this Kingdom.

"In the Circuit of this Castle there is [are] 7 famous Towers, of that amplitude and receipt, as may entertaine so many Princes, as sometimes have commaunded this Island. The highest of them is called

the Round Tower, in which that unfortunate Prince [Richard II.] was enforc'd to flee round a poste till his barbarous Butchers inhumanely depriv'd him of Life. Upon that Post the cruell hackings, and fierce blowes doe still remaine. We view'd the spacious Hall, w<sup>ch</sup> the Gyants kept, the large faire Kitchen, w<sup>ch</sup> is long, with many wide Chimneys in it. Then we went up and saw the Chamber of Presence, the King and Queene's Chambers, the Chappell, and many other Roomes, all fit and suitable for Princes. As we walked on the Leads w<sup>ch</sup> cover that famous Castle, wee tooke a large and faire prospect of the Country, 20 miles about. Yorke we there easily saw, and plainly discovered, to w<sup>ch</sup> place (after we had pleased the She Keeper, our Guide) we thought fit to hasten, for the day was so far spent, and the weather such, as brought us both late, and wet into that other Metropolitan City of our famous Island.

"Heere, in this City it was that the great Emperor [Constantine] had his Pallace, and [it] was built (as Tradition and Story tells) in the Reigne of K. David, by a Brittish king, and the City called after his Name.\* In our way as we travell'd hither, wee pass'd over 2 large Rivers,† by 2 well-built and faire arch'd Bridges of Stone, and had a cursory view, in transitu, of some Gentlemen's Seats of note. In this nocturnall travelling habite wee entred late in the Evening that place, not knowing where to take our Sabbath dayes rest, for heere in this City was the period of our first weekes travell, resolv'd so amongst us at the beginning thereof. But for strangers, we most happily and fortunately lodg'd our colours in Coney street, and victuall'd the Camp at the house of a loving and gentile widdow, who freely and cheerefully extended her bounteous Entertainment to us; for no sooner heard she of her wet and weary benighted Guests, but she came to us, and welcom'd us with a glasse of good Sacke, and a dish of hot fresh Salmon, she herselfe presenting both, in that kind and modest family phrase of the Northerne Speech, '*Many God thanke yee,*' for making her house our harbour, and likewise tooke such care of us, both at Board and Bed, as if she had beene a Mother rather than a Hostesse."

"The next morning we prepar'd & fitted ourselves for the Cathedrall, which we found to be stately, large, & ancient, richly adorn'd & of an excellent uniformity, with a rich & rare Library in it: Wee heard a domestical Chaplain of the Lord Archbishop's preach, the Pulpit standing in the midst betweene the Quire, high Altar, Archbishop's seat & Organ, of

which we are able to give an account as we are bound. There we saw & heard a faire, large, high Organ, newly built, richly gilt, carv'd & painted; a deep & sweet snowy row of Quiristers, a Paul's Crosse Auditory, the L<sup>d</sup> Mayor in his Gold Chaine, with his 12 grave Brethren, 2 Sheriffs, 2 Esq<sup>rs</sup> vizt. the Sword bearer, & his left hand marcher, w<sup>th</sup> the great mace, the Recorder, many Serjeants with small maces, &c. The gentile Vice-president, w<sup>th</sup> his grave & learned Counsellor, discreet Knights, his Mace, & guard, representing (next under the L<sup>d</sup> President, now L<sup>d</sup> Lieuten' of Ireland\*) a Prince: many other worthy Knts. & gallant Ladies, that reside in that old City, being most there present, w<sup>th</sup> their handsome retinue, did represent a second London.

"After our forenoone's and afternoone's devotion was finished, the remainyng part of that day was chiefly spent in that place, in viewing the many rarities, riches & monuments of that sacred building, the deceased Benefactors whereof our day-bookes make mention: save those w<sup>ch</sup> are remarkable, of w<sup>ch</sup> we tooke speciall notice. The Sanctum Sanctorum, beyond the stately, rich, High Altar, & gilded Partition, wherein St. William's Shrine formerly was; his Tombe 7 foot long, sometime covered all over with Silver: He was (ut aiunt) Cosen to K. Stephen. Upon the breaking up of the Monument, K. James commanded his bones, which are large, & long, to be kept as they are in the vestry.

"The sumptuous ornaments & vestments belonging to this Cathedrall are carefully kept in the vestry aforesaid; viz<sup>t</sup>: the gorgeous Canopie, the rich communion Table cloths, the Coapes of embroider'd velvet, cloth of gold, silver & tissue of great worth & value. There Mr. Verger shew'd us St. Peter's Chaire (w<sup>ch</sup> we made bold to rest in) wherein all the Archbishops are install'd: Two double-gilt coronets, the tops with globes & crosses to set on either side of his Grace, upon his sayd Instalment, when he takes his oath: these are call'd his Dignities. In this consecrated place is a daintie, sweet, cleere well, called St. Peter's well, of w<sup>ch</sup> wee tasted for the Saint's sake.

"But heere I must not forget to tell you what rich plate wee saw w<sup>ch</sup> is kept also in the vestry, & was given by our now most gracious Sovereigne, in his Progresse into Scotland, worthy of a royall marginall Observation.† Then saw Archbishop Hutton's fayre

\* Wentworth, L<sup>d</sup> Strafford.

† Viz. 2 double gilt flagons. 2 double gilt Chalices with covers. 2 double gilt candlesticks. 1 large double gilt Bason. 1 double gilt communion Plate. A Bible & a Comon Prayer Booke cover'd with crimson velvet, claspt, and emboss'd with Silver double gilt.

\* King Ebranke.

† Still Ayre and Swift Wharfe.

Tombe, on the South side of the Quire late built, & another latelier erected for Archbishop Toby Mathew, & is a stately rich monument, seated under the east window. Also Sr W<sup>m</sup> Gee's, Sr W<sup>m</sup> Ingram's, Sr Hen. Bellasis, Dr Swinburne's, & the Friers Monument in brasse, who receiv'd his mortall wound at Masse.

After noticing other objects of interest, the writer adds,—"To close up & amply to satisfy our thrifty desires, Mr. Verger usher'd us into that rich and rare moddell, & round Architect Master-peece of Peeces, the most stately Chapter House; the magnificent, rich, and stately and lofty winding entrance whereof did exactly promise and curiously foretell us the worth within, which I am not able to expresse to it's worth: only this I remember'd to commemorate. At the entrance into her, over the doore, is curiously cut & fram'd our Saviour's Picture in his Mother's armes; St Peter & St Paul on either side. The seaven lofty, stately, rich windowes, curiously painted with the story of the Booke of Bookes; 8 high fayre-built squares, w<sup>th</sup> 46 Prebends Seats, curiously cut in freestone, every one covered, wrought & gilded above with diverse workes, & 300 knots of severall rare formes & faces, not one like another: As also that strange miraculous Roofe, fram'd by Geometrycall Art, which is most beautifull & rare to all that behold it, & is accounted one of the neatest, uniforme & most excellent small peeces in Christendome, by all Travellers florryne & domesticke, insomuch as one comming not long since into the kingdome, & viewing with a considerate eye the raritie & excellency of it, did soe approve, commend, & admire it, as he caused this Latin verse in golden old Saxon letters to be inserted on the wall, at the entrance thereof:

*'Ut Rosa Flos Florum, sic est Domus iste Domorum.'*

"The next morning to begin our weekes travells wee thought it best to resort to the best place, the Minster, and after our morning sacrifice therein done, wee tir'd our legs w<sup>th</sup> an ascent of 270 staires march, to the top of the Minster, w<sup>ch</sup> we accounted no task at all, his Ma<sup>tie</sup> having butt lately taken the same.

"There we tooke a view of the City & Suburbs, w<sup>ch</sup> are situated in a sweet & fertile soile, the meadowes, pastures, cornfields, & wolds neere 20 miles about. It hath a large, fayre wall, w<sup>th</sup> 8 gates, and many Towers and Bulwarkes that fence it in; and for the Inhabitants 28 churches to serve God in, & that famous River [the Ouse] which is navigable onely for Boats and Lighters, gliding through the City; w<sup>ch</sup> takes head from the West Moores, where a messe of brave Rivers lovingly springs neere to-

gether [Eden, Lune, Swale, Eure]; over w<sup>ch</sup> is built a fayre long arch'd Bridge, and amongst many other brave houses & buildings in that spacious City, wee beheld as it were under us, adjoining to the Minster a second Paradice, wherein liveth a generous, free & grave old Knight of great Revenue [Sir Arthur Ingram]; we speedily descended to goe thither, & had fre passage to our owne hearts desire.

"The first moyitie of an houre wee spent in his rare gardens & curious long walkes, w<sup>ch</sup> were adorn'd with many kinds of Beasts to the Life, w<sup>th</sup> most lively Statues in severall shapes & formes. A pleasant, fayre Tennis Court, a delightfull large bowling-ground, newlie made, curiously contriv'd fish-ponds; all which made up another sweet little City. A place it is so pleasant to all the Sences, as Nature and Art can make it.

"The other halfe houre wee spent in his rich mansion, where we found as much contentive varietie within as before without: his store of massie plate, rich hangings, lively pictures, & statues rich 150<sup>te</sup> pearle Glasses, fayre stately 500<sup>te</sup> organ, & other rich ffurniture in every Roome Prince-like, his ffamily & attendants Court-like, his free & generous entertainm<sup>t</sup> Christmas-like. Heere we desir'd heartilie (having such free libertie as was given us) to have spent another houre, but that time would not allow it.

"Ffrom thence w<sup>th</sup> all due thankes, wee march'd to ye Mannor, sometimes that famous Abbey called St Maries, now the Princes, and Lord Presidents Lodgings: There wee view'd the ancient & stately spacious demolish'd buildings, & after a set at Tennis there, & a cup of refreshment, wee were enabled to enter the great Hall, situated upō the banke of the River Ouse, where the L<sup>d</sup>. President and Counsell sits to determine all Causes & Controversies for the North parts.

"The next day the Lieutenn<sup>t</sup> adventur'd to march alone to view the ruin'd Castle, w<sup>ch</sup> was built by William the Conqueror (and by it Clifford Tower), and so much thereof is yet standing as will lodge Mr. Jaylor and his Sojourners, the Prisoners: heere no suspection, no iealousie aris'd, for that his two Comrades, Clerkes of the Green-cloth did not there appeare.

"It's time for us to make ready to depart from this old Citty, though we would willingly have stay'd longer, to have heard a famous Scholler try'd for Blasphemy in the High Coniussion Court; but we had spun out our longest period of time, and so with many "Many God thanke hers," we bad our good cheap Hostesse adiew.

*(To be continued.)*



miles this side Harborough: an houre after their foot appear'd. This was about 8 in the morning: by 10 we were dispos'd into a battalia on both sides. Both sides, with mighty shoutes exprest a harty desire of fighting. Having for our parts recommended our cause to God's protection, & rec<sup>d</sup>. the word w<sup>ch</sup>. was "God our Strength." Theirs "Queen Mary" our forlorne hopes began the play whiles both sides labour'd for the hill & wynd, w<sup>ch</sup>. in conclusion was as it were equally divided. Our forlorne hope gave back & their right wing of horse fell upon our left w<sup>th</sup>. such gallantry that ours were immediatly routed. above 1000 ran along with them, but such was the courage & diligence of the right wing backt w<sup>th</sup>. the foot, that they not only beat back the Enemy from the Traine, but fell in w<sup>th</sup>. their foot, & after 2 houres dispute won all their feild peces (of w<sup>ch</sup>. some are cañon) most of their baggage, mortar peeces,

boates, 3000 armes; much powder, match, &c., & nigh 4000 prisners. Their number was about 12000, some 600 slayne, many Comanders of note, of ours not above 200, our horse are still in pursuit, & have taken many of theirs. Their standard is ours, the King's waggon, and many Ladyes. God Almighty give us thankfull hearts for this great victory, the most absolute as yet obtayned. The Gen. Leif<sup>t</sup>. Gen. Cromwell, and Major Gen. Skippon (who is shott in the side, but not dangerous) did beyond expression gallantly. So did all our other Comanders and soldiers. We have lost but 2 Capt. Tho this come late, be pleased to accept it from

your honors most humble servants,

Naseby wher the fight was

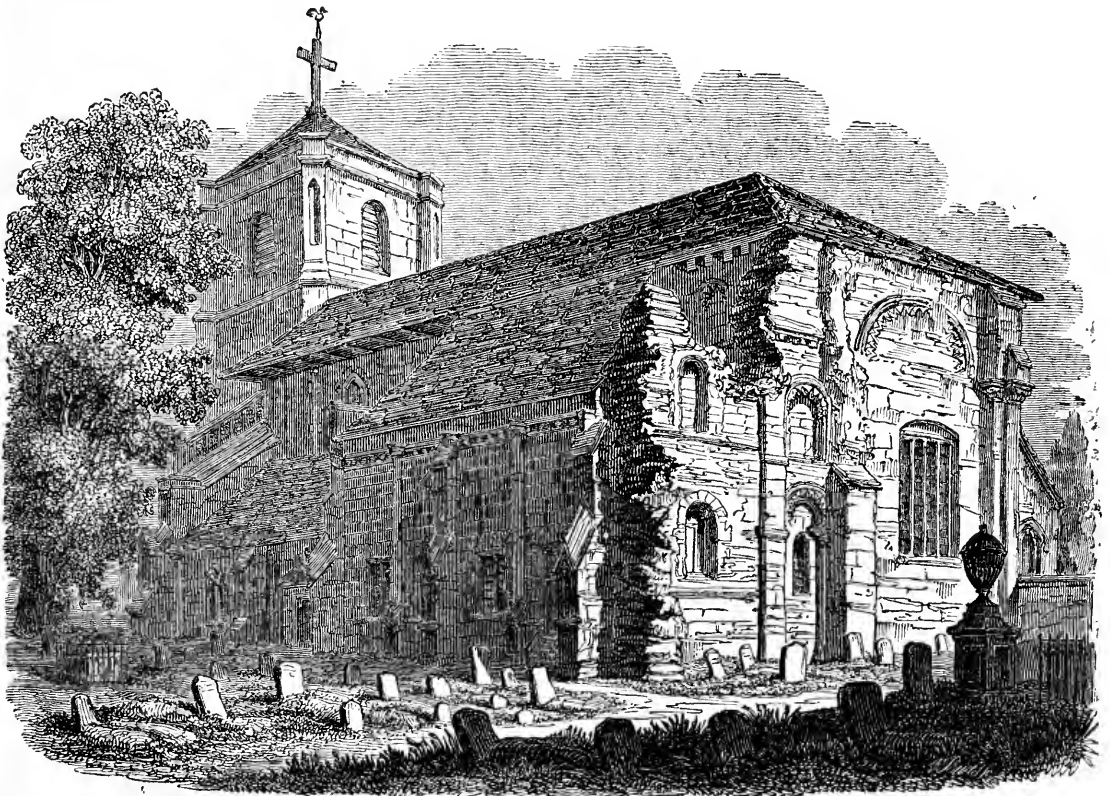
HAR. LEIGHTON.

This Saturday 14 Junij 1645.

THO. HERBERT.

Capt. Potter is dangerously wounded, but hopes of his recovery. So is Capt. Cook.†

WALTHAM HOLY CROSS, ESSEX. (SOUTH EAST VIEW OF WALTHAM ABBEY CHURCH.)



WALTHAM HOLY CROSS is a large irregular town, situated near the river Lea (which is here separated into divers streams), and skirted by low meadows, which have been long celebrated for the succulent

and nourishing qualities of the grass. The Convent

† Id. Cod. Art. 9. In Rushworth's "Historical Collections," vol. vi., Leighton and Herbert are styled "the Committee residing with the army."

of Waltham appears to have been originally founded by Tovi, *Stallere* or Standard-bearer to Canute the Dane, King of England. This officer built a hunting seat on the forest, near which he formed a village, placing in it "threescore and six dwellers," and it was probably after he had completed this settlement that he founded the church. The place was called WALTHAM from the Saxon WEALD-HAM, a dwelling on the forest or wild; and from a Cross, with a figure of our Saviour upon it, said to have been found at Montacute, and brought hither, was derived the adjunct name of HOLY CROSS. In the hands of the priests of Waltham, this crucifix manifested miraculous powers; and among the wonders told, one is, that Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, in consequence of a visit to it was cured of the palsy, whereupon he rebuilt the church, increased the number of canons to twelve, settled on them ample estates, and provided for the establishment of a school of learning at Waltham.\*

Farmer, in his "History of Waltham," gives an account of the foundation of this convent somewhat different from the preceding. "Tovi, the original founder of Waltham Abbey, had a son named Athelstan, who proved a prodigal, and quickly spent all the goods and great estates which his father had got together; so that by some transaction this place returned to the crown."—"Edward the Confessor then bestowed Waltham, with the lands thereabouts, on Harold, his brother-in-law, who was then only an Earl, and son to Earl Godwin, who immediately built and endowed there a monastery." It is further stated, by this author, that each of the canons had one manor appropriated for his support, and that the Dean had six; making in all seventeen. From the charter of confirmation granted by Edward the Confessor, it appears, that Harold endowed his new foundation with the manors of Passefeld, Welda or Walde, Upminster, Wahlfara, or Wallifare, Tippedene, Alwartune, Wudeforde, Lambelyth, Nasingam, Brikendune, Melnho, Alrichsey, Wormelei, Nethleswelle or Neteswell, Hicche, Lukintone, and Westwaltham. "All these manors the king granted them with sac, soc, tol, and team, &c., free from all gelds and payments, in the most full and ample manner, as appears by the charter among the records of the tower."†

Harold is commonly stated by historians to have been killed at the battle of Hastings, and interred in Waltham Abbey, where, during a long period, a

tomb was shown as the sepulchral monument of the last of our Saxon kings. Gyraldus Cambrensis, indeed, and some other writers relate a tradition importing that Harold escaped alive from the conflict at Hastings, and lived long afterwards in religious seclusion at Chester; and this report has been repeated with some shew of approbation, by Mr. Palgrave, in his recently-published History of England. He seems to have considered the tomb at Waltham, (which he says had on it an effigy, with the inscription---' *Hic jacet Harold Infelix*, '—as merely a cenotaph; but Fuller, in his "Church History," gives a circumstantial account of the opening of this monument, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, and the discovery, within it, of the skeleton of a man. Farmer's History contains a copper-plate engraving of a mask sculptured in grey marble, which he says had been one of the ornaments of the tomb, and was then in his own possession.

From a treatise among the Harleian MSS. intitled "Vita et Miracula Haroldi quondam Regis Angliæ," we learn that William the Norman, as might have been expected, shewed no favour to the religious foundation of his vanquished rival. He forcibly took away from the Church of Holy Cross a quantity of valuable plate, gems, and rich vestments; but fortunately for the canons he seems to have left them in possession of all their estates and revenues. It appears, indeed, from the Domesday Book, that the canons of Waltham did not, when that record was compiled, hold all the lands given to them by Harold; for Melnho, or Melehoun, and Alrichsey, in Biggleswade Hundred, Bedfordshire, then belonging to the Bishop of Durham, are mentioned as having been the property of the canons of Waltham, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. They might, however, have sold those lands or exchanged them for others. The Scots-Saxon Princess Matilda, the first wife of Henry I., gave to the clerks of Waltham the Mill at that place, then a valuable benefaction; and Adelais, or Adeliza of Lorraine, the second wife of that king, bestowed on them all the tithes of Waltham, as well those of her demesne lands as those of her tenants.

Henry II. utterly dissolved the foundation of dean and eleven canons at Waltham, (as is stated in his charter), on account of the lewdness and debauchery of their lives. "Cum in ea Canonici, Clerique minus religiosè et æqualiter vixissent, ita quòd *infamia conversationis illorum multos scandalizasset, visum fuit*—opus esse pietatis, illis amotis, quos infamiae nota maculaverat, viros sanctæ conversationis substituere, et opinione laudabiles; ut sic uno eodemque

\* Dugdale's "Monasticon." New Edit. vol. vi. P. i. p. 56.

† Farmer, p. 13. See also Dugdale, u. a. p. 61, 62.



facto regiae celsitudinis propositum sanctum sortiretur effectum, et à loco celeberrimo turpitudinis removaretur exemplum.\*

Guido, or Wido Rufus, who was the last dean of Waltham, having previously been suspended from his office, in a late visitation, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, resigned his deanery, in 1177, to the King's commissioners. This preliminary proceeding having taken place, the King visited Waltham on the eve of Pentecost, when Walter, Bishop of Rochester, on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Gilbert Bishop of London, John Bishop of Norwich, and Hugh Bishop of Durham, assembling by precept from the King and mandate of the Pope, [Alexander III.] the said Archbishop consenting, sixteen regular canons of the Order of St. Augustine, namely, six of Cirencester, six of Oseney, and four of Chich, were inducted into the church, and Walter de Gaunt, a canon of Oseney, was constituted the first abbot of the new foundation. The church was at the same time declared exempt from episcopal jurisdiction; and Pope Lucius III. subsequently by his bull confirmed to this monastery the exemption from all episcopal jurisdiction.† The church thus settled was dedicated first to the Holy Cross, and afterwards to St. Lawrence.

Henry II. by his charter, not only confirmed to the newly-established Augustinian canons their right to the lands given by Harold and others, but he also added to their possessions the manors of Siwardston and Epping; using the remarkable expression, that it was fit that "*Christ, his spouse, should have a new doury.*" Richard I. gave a new charter, confirming former grants; and another charter, bestowing on the canons his whole manor of Waltham, with the great wood and park called Harold's Park, three hundred acres of assart land, the market of Waltham, the village of Nasing, a member of Waltham, and one hundred and sixty acres of assart land there,---they paying yearly to his exchequer £60, in lieu of all services. He made further additions to their property by subsequent charters; and they obtained

\* On this passage Farmer remarks, "Whether these canons were really or only reputedly vicious, God knows; seeing all those must be guilty whom authority and power is pleased to pronounce so."

† At the same time, anno 1191, the use of the *pontificals*, namely, the mitre, crosier, ring, &c. were granted to the abbot. Henry the Second's Charter thus defines the ancient liberties of Waltham Church: "*Semper fuit regalis capella ex primitiva sui fundatione nulli Archiepiscopo vel Episcopo, sed tantum ecclesie Romanæ et Regie dispositioni subjecta.*"---Waltham is still exempt from the archdeacon's visitation.

various valuable grants from other benefactors in the same reign.\* Henry III. frequently took up his residence at Waltham Abbey, and in requital of the hospitality of his entertainers, he granted them the right to hold a fair annually for seven days. At a subsequent period two fairs were kept here, each continuing one day, the first on the third of May, O. S. the Invention of the Cross; and the other on the fourteenth of September, O. S. the Exaltation of the Cross.

Henry III. not only greatly augmented the privileges of Waltham Church, but also bestowed on it many rich gifts; and from his time it became so distinguished by royal and noble benefactors, as to rank with the most opulent establishments in the kingdom. It was to avoid the expenses of a court, that this monarch so frequently made the abbey his place of residence. Matthew Paris informs us that, in 1242, the church of Waltham was again solemnly dedicated, the king and many nobles being present; but on what occasion, or from what circumstances this took place, we are not informed. Most probably it was in consequence of some additional buildings being then annexed to the original fabric; of which *Our Lady's Chapel*, on the south side, now fitted up as a school room, may have formed a part.

When Simon de Seham was abbot, in the 30th Henry III. (1245) a dispute arose between the abbot and the townsmen of Waltham about the common land. "*The men of Waltham,*" says Farmer, "*came into the marsh, which the abbot and his convent formerly enjoyed as several to themselves, and killed four mares, worth forty shillings sterling at least, and drove away all the rest: the abbot was politically pleased for the present not to take notice thereof. The next year the same men of Waltham went to the abbot the Tuesday before Easter, in the name of the whole village, and demanded of him to remove his mares and colts out of the marsh. This the abbot refused to do, adding, that if his bailiffs had placed his cattle otherwise than they ought, they might do well to have it amended, and yet so as to defer the matter till the Tuesday after Easter. On that Tuesday, Richard, brother to the king, Duke of Cornwall, came to Waltham, at which time both the men and the women of the town repaired to the gate of the abbey to receive the abbot's final answer."*

He put them off with the information, that he was

\* By one of his charters, the king granted to the canons the valuable manor of Copped Hall, but he appointed that this should be held in fee, and hereditarily of the church of *Waltham Sanctæ Crucis*, by Robert Fitz-Aucher.



preparing for a journey into Lincolnshire, to meet the justices itinerant, and said that he would settle the affair at his return. Not satisfied, they went into the pasture, and in driving out the abbot's mares and colts, drowned three worth twenty shillings, spoiled ten more to the value of ten marks, and beat the keepers, who resisted them, even to the shedding of blood. Fearing, however, that they should be prosecuted, on the return of the abbot, they desired a "love day," and offered to pay damages for the injury committed; but instead of doing so they went to London, and accused the abbot to the king, of having wrongfully taken away their common land, and bringing up new customs, adding that he would "eat them up to the bone." The abbot then excommunicated the men of Waltham; and they impleaded him at common law, for appropriating their common land to himself. They were unsuccessful, and after a long suit in the King's Bench, were glad to confess that they had done wrong, and they were amerced twenty marks, which the abbot remitted, and, on their submission, he *assoyled* them from the excommunication.†

Not long afterwards the same abbot was engaged in a law suit with Peter, Duke of Savoy, the king's uncle, lord of the manor of Cheshunt, about boundaries. The contest concerned the property of some meadow land between two branches of the river Lea, one asserting that the eastern stream, and the other that the western stream was the main current of the river, dividing the counties of Herts and Essex. An agreement at length was made between Abbot Simon and Duke Peter; but the dispute about the land was often revived afterwards, and was undecided when the last abbot resigned the convent to Henry VIII.\* During these unpleasant altercations the monks were

charged by their enemies, with resorting for consolation to the holy sisters in the nunnery at Cheshunt.\*

Stowe, in his account of the rebellion under Wat Tyler, says the king, Richard II., while it lasted, was "now at London, now at Waltham." In 1444, the Campanile of Waltham Abbey Church was struck by lightning. The last event of importance recorded of Waltham, prior to the Reformation, was the accidental meeting of Thomas Cranmer (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) with Fox and Gardiner, which ended so remarkably in the advancement of the former, and produced such an important series of (still proceeding) consequences in the affairs both of church and state.†

On the surrender of Waltham Abbey to the king's commissioners in the year 1539, (31st of Henry VIII.) the gross amount of the revenues was £1079. 12s. 1d. annually according to Speed; and the clear income, according to Dugdale, £900. 4s. 3d. Waltham

room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds, which the abbot gave with no small pleasure, and on being released returned to his monastery with a heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it a few days before.

\* A ludicrous sample of these tales may be seen in Fuller's "Church History." This author relates, that Sir Henry Colt, of Nether Hall, who was a great favourite with Henry VIII. for his merry conceits, went late one night to Waltham Abbey, where being informed by his spies, that some of the monks were indulging in female converse at Cheshunt Nunnery, he determined to intercept their return. With this intent, he had a buck-stall pitched in the narrowest part of the meadow, or marsh, which they had to cross in their way home, and the monks getting into it, in the dark, were inclosed by his servants. The next morning, Sir Henry presented them to the king, who, heartily laughing, declared that "he had often seen sweeter, but never fatter venison!"—Speaking of the religious inmates of Waltham Abbey, Mr. Farmer (Hist. of Waltham Abbey, p. 35.) says, "These *Augustinians* were also called *Canons Regular*; where, by the way, I met with such a nice distinction, which disheartens me from exactness in reckoning up these orders: for thus I find it in Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale* :—

"And all such other Counterfeiture,  
Chanons, Canons, and such disguised,  
Been Goddes enemies and traytors;  
His true Religion have some despised.

"It seems the h here amounted to a letter so effectual, as to discriminate Chanons from Canons, (though both *Canonicus* in Latin,) but what should be the difference betwixt them, I shall not, nor shall I so much as conjecture."

† Cranmer, when fellow of Jesus' College, Cambridge, retired to Waltham, (on account of the plague at his university,) to the house of a Mr. Cressy, whose wife was his relation. Whilst there, Edward Fox, the king's almoner, and Stephen Gardiner, his secretary, went fortuitously to the same house, and in conversation with them, on the then much-disputed point of the king's divorce, Cranmer said, that "it would be

† Hist. of Waltham, p. 71, 72.

\* Farmer relates the following pleasant anecdote of this Monarch;—but the abbot who enjoyed the benefit of his prescribed regimen is not named.

"Having disguised himself in the dress of one of his guards, he contrived to visit, about dinner-time, the Abbey of Waltham, where he was immediately invited to the abbot's table; a sirloin of beef being set before him, he played so good a part, that the abbot exclaimed, 'Well fare thy heart, and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master, I would give a hundred pounds could I feed so heartily on beef as thou dost; but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken.' The king pledged him in return, and having dined heartily, and thanked him for his good cheer, he departed. A few days after, the abbot was sent for to London, and lodged in the Tower, where he was kept a close prisoner, and, for some time, fed upon bread and water. At length, a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which he fed as heartily as one of his own ploughmen. In the midst of his meal, the king burst into the

was one of the convents whose superiors were mitred parliamentary Barons, and its abbots, in respect to precedency, held the twentieth place among them in parliament. In preparing the following list of the Deans and Abbots of Waltham, all the known sources of information have been referred to.

Deans of Waltham, upon Harold's Foundation.

Henry in 1144.

Wido, or Guido Rufus, in 1167; resigned in 1177.

Abbots of Waltham.

1. Walter de Gaunt, 1177---1201 *died*.
2. Richard.
3. Nicholas de Westminster, became abbot in 1214.
4. Walter, in 1217.
5. Richard, 1218.
6. Henry, who had been prior, elected in 1229; *died* 1248.
7. Simon de Seham, or Saham, 1248---1263 *died*.
8. Adam de Witz, or Wich, 1263---1269 *died*.
9. Richard de Herewas, or Herges, 1269---1274 *died*.
10. Reginald de Maideneth, became abbot in 1273, or rather 1274.
11. Hugh, abbot in 1288.
12. Robert de Elintone, abbot in 1290---1301 *died*.
13. John de Badburgham, elected March 30th, 30 Edward I.; but the temporalities were not restored to him till February 6th, 1303---1307 *died*.
14. Richard de Hertford, 1307---1334 *died*.
15. John.
16. Richard---1345 *died*.
17. Thomas de Wolmersty, or Walmersty,\* 1345---1371 *died*.
18. Nicholas Morys, or Morris, 1371---1389 *died*.
19. William Neel, had his election confirmed by the king, December 29th, 1390.
20. Michael, 1397.

much better to have this question, 'Whether a man may marry his brother's wife or no?' discussed and decided by the divines, and the authority of the word of God, than thus from year to year prolong the time, by having recourse to the Pope." This opinion being reported by Dr. Fox to the king, the latter, in his occasional coarse language, vociferated that Cranmer "had the sow by the right ear," and ordering him to court, he commanded him to write on the subject of the divorce, and afterwards rapidly promoted him.

\* Probably Wolmersley, or Wymersley, for Cole says, "In Wrangle Church window, county of Lincoln, this:—'Tho. de Wyversley Abbas de Waltham me fieri fecit.'"

21. William.
22. William Harleston, *died* A.D. 1400, soon after his admission, of a pestilential fever.
23. Walter, 1408.
24. William, abbot May 26th, 7 Henry V. as appears from the Pat. Rolls, that year.
25. William de Hertford, received the temporalities, October 12th, 8 Henry V. (1420.)  
William was the name of the abbot of Waltham in 1439 and 1444, as appears by the Register of the Bishop of London; and Cole, in his MS. notes on Browne Willis's "History of Abbies," says, mention is made of the Tomb of William Hunte, late abbot, in a will dated 1490.
26. John Lucas, 1460---1475 *died*.
27. Thomas Edwards, 1475---1488 deposed for dilapidation. Perhaps restored, as Cole says, "in some accounts he is called abbot in 1493 and 1494."
28. Gervase Rose, received the temporalities May 20th, 1488---1497.
29. Alan Rede, received the temporalities November 12th, 1500---1507 *died*.
30. John Sharnbroke, received the temporalities June 23rd, 1507.
31. John Malyn---1526 *died*, or resigned.
32. Robert Fuller, the last abbot, to whom the temporalities were restored September 4th, 1526. He was afterwards elected prior of St. Bartholomew's Smithfield, which he held in *commendam*; and he surrendered this convent March 23rd, 31st Henry VIII.

Abbot Fuller may be reckoned among the *literati* of this monastery; and from his "History," written in four hundred and sixty pages folio, the fair Manuscript of which was in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle, Fuller, his namesake, (who had been made curate of Waltham by that nobleman, in 1648,) professes faithfully to have compiled almost all the materials for his account of "Waltham Abbey," subjoined to his "Church History of Britain;" which was published in a thick folio, in the year 1656.\*

Edward the Sixth, in his first year, (anno 1547) granted the conventual estate at Waltham to Sir Anthony Denny, for thirty-one years, and on the knight's decease within a year or two afterwards, his widow purchased the reversion *in fee*, of the same

\* Among the natives of this parish, of some degree of literary talent, are recorded "Roger de Waltham, canon of St. Paul's, a writer in the thirteenth century; and John de Waltham, keeper of the privy-seal to King Richard II.

monarch, for somewhat more than £3000. Sir Edward Denny (grand-child to Sir Anthony), created Earl of Norwich by Charles the First, was the next possessor, and from his family it passed, by the marriage of Honora his daughter, to the celebrated James Hay, Earl of Carlisle. It subsequently came into the possession of the family of Sir William Wake, Bart., the present lord of the manor.

Though the buildings of Waltham Abbey were once so extensive as to include a space of many acres, scarcely any part remains but the *nave* of the Abbey Church, now the parochial church, an attached chapel on the south side, called the *Lady Chapel*, now a school-room and vestry; some ruinous walls, a small bridge and *Gateway*, near the Abbey mills, and a dark vaulted structure of two divisions connected with the convent garden, and which adjoined the *Abbey House*, inhabited by the *Dennys*.\*

Originally, the Abbey Church was a very magnificent building, and its curious remains must be regarded as the earliest undoubted specimen of the *Norman* style of architecture now existing in England. Though erected by Earl Harold, in the Anglo-Saxon period, it cannot be justly referred to any other style than that which the Normans permanently introduced after the Conquest. The great intercourse between the two countries, which King Edward the Confessor so particularly encouraged previously to that era, and the preference which he gave to Norman customs and Norman artificers, will readily account for this church being constructed from Norman designs. Edward himself caused the Abbey Church of Westminster to be rebuilt on similar principles; and in respect to the Monastery at Waltham, that monarch, as appears from his charter, dated in 1062, may be almost regarded as its coeval founder with Earl Harold.

Sufficient is known of this structure, to state that its original form was that of a cross, and that a square tower, which "contained a ring of five great tuneable bells," arose from the intersection of the nave and transept; the two great western supporters of which are connected with and partly wrought into the present east end.† The exterior, as it now appears from the

\* Not any remains exist of the Abbey House, (which is reported to have been a very extensive building,) except, perhaps, the vaulted structure mentioned above; and of a large mansion which was erected upon its site, nothing is left but a plastered wall. In the convent garden, which is now tenanted by a market gardener, is an aged *tulip-tree*, reported to be the largest in England; this tree, in the season of last year, (1831) was very full in flower.

† Some part of the tower fell from mere decay; the remainder

south-east, is represented in the wood-cut at the head of this article.

In this view several of the peculiarities of the church are accurately discriminated. The Lady Chapel, (or Vestry and School-room), which is probably of Henry the Third's time, is supported by graduated buttresses, ornamented with elegantly-formed niches. Beneath it is a crypt, (now a charnel house), "the fairest," says Fuller, "that ever I saw;"\* the roof of which is sustained by groined arches. The super-structure, or school-room, has been so much modernized, that scarcely a vestige of its ancient character remains. In the contiguous burial-ground is a very fine widely-spreading elm, the trunk of which, at several feet above the earth, is seventeen feet and a half in circumference.

The present tower, which is a massive stone fabric, embattled and supported by strong buttresses, stands at the west end of the church. It rises to the height of eighty-six feet, and was erected about the year 1558, (4th and 5th of Philip and Mary) at the expense of the parishioners "from their stock in the church-box.† The charge for building it, independently of materials, was 33s. 4d. per foot for the first fifty-three feet, and 40s. per foot for the remainder.

was purposely destroyed, as we gather from the following entry in the Churchwardens' Accounts. "Anno 1556. *Imprimis*. For coles to undermine a piece of the steeple which stood after the first fall, 2s."

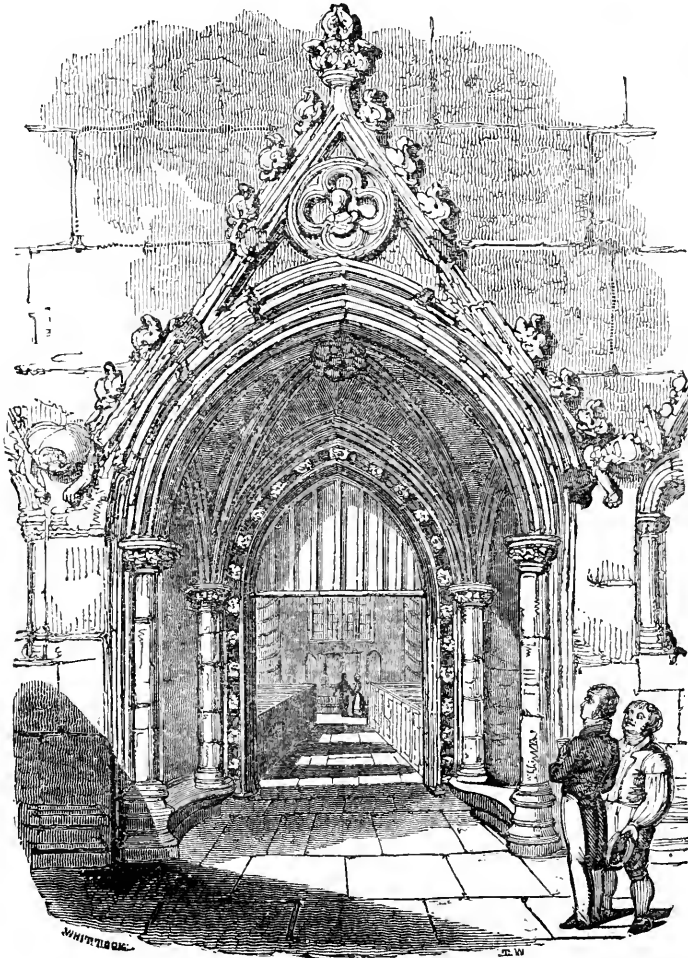
\* The crypt was used as a place of worship, and it had its regular priest and other attendants; the reading-desk was covered with plates of silver. In the Churchwardens' Accounts, mention is made of six annual *Obits*, to defray the expenses of which various lands were bequeathed, and a stock of eighteen cows was let out to farm for 18s. The sum allotted for each *Obit* was thus expended:—To the parish priest, 4d.: to our Lady's priest, 3d.: to the charnel priest, 3d.: to the two clerks, 4d.: to the children (choiristers), 3d.: to the sexton, 2d.: to the bellman, 2d.: for two tapers, 2d.: for oblation, 2d., &c.

† This stock was an aggregate from various sources, as the sale of stone, lead, and timber from the monastic buildings; but it was chiefly obtained by the sale of the goods of a *brotherhood* belonging to this church, consisting of three priests, three choristers, and two sextons, which was not dissolved until Edward the Sixth's reign. Two hundred and seventy-one ounces of plate, the property of this fraternity, (which had been saved from confiscation on account of the avowed intention of the parish to erect the above tower) were sold for £67. 14s. 2d. At the same time many rich dresses were disposed of, including a cape of cloth of gold to Sir Edward Denny for £3. 6s. 8d.; and two altar cloths of velvet and silk, value £2. It is not improbable but that the brotherhood thus despoiled was that of an *Hospital*, which had been originally founded within the precincts of the monastery by the Abbot and Convent of Waltham, about the year 1218.

Fuller states ("Hist. of Waltham Abbey") that the bells which the parishioners had purchased from the old steeple were for some time hung in a temporary frame of timber, erected at the south-east end of the church-yard, (where then stood two large yew trees) and remained there till the tower was completed; but that, notwithstanding gifts of timber, &c. the funds fell so short that the said bells were obliged to be sold to raise more money; so that Waltham, "which formerly had *steeple-less* bells, now had a

*bell-less* steeple." This defect was remedied in the early part of the present century, when a tuneable set of bells was hung in the present tower. The prospect from the leads is extensive and pleasant, though not accompanied with any great diversity of scenery. The old circular staircase leading into the tower opens from the north aisle.

The entrance from the tower to the interior of the church is accurately delineated in the annexed woodcut. From the style of its architecture and the ac-



companying ornaments, it is evidently of a date long anterior to the tower itself. There can indeed be little hesitation in assigning its construction to the latter part of Henry the Third's reign; the sculptured foliage of the capitals on each side, the form of the arch, and the general character of the decorations being evidently characteristic of that period. In all

probability this door-way existed in Harold's original church, but was altered into its present form at the period here assigned; at which time, also, it is likely that the two contiguous arches of the nave were wrought from their ancient semicircular shape into the high-pointed form.

Within the tower, affixed against the north and

south walls of the area, are large tables inscribed in gilt letters with particulars of the benefactions and other matters relating to this parish, which were placed there by an order of vestry in 1830. The following are extracts :

“ The Ecclesiastical Benefice of this Church is a perpetual Curacy, being a Donation in the Gift of Trustees under the Will of the Earl of Norwich, who gave a Messuage, (for the *Habitation*,) Ten loads of Firewood, (for *Fuelling*,) and a rent charge of £100. a year, payable out of the manor of Clavingbury, for the perpetual supportation and maintenance of such Ministers and Preachers as should officiate the *Cure*, celebrate Divine Service, administer the Sacraments, and Preach the Word of God, sincerely, within the Church of Waltham Holy Cross.”

“ The Duties in Fees payable in respect of the Soil and Building of this Church, and the Soil of the Church-yard are payable to the Churchwardens in trust for the Parish.”

The Church estates, which “ are vested in trustees for repairing and maintaining the church,” are next specified. They consist of meadow and arable lands and two dwelling-houses, the present annual receipts being stated at £91. 14s. The tables of benefactions include the time from 1579 to 1826.

The *interior* of this church consists of a nave and two aisles; the east end of the former being railed in, as the chancel. Six massive columns on each side, (but varying from each other both in diameter and ornament) with their incumbent semicircular arches, separate the nave from the aisles. Spiral grooves, (deeply cut,) proceeding from the base to the capital, diversify two of these columns; and two others are surrounded by indented zig-zags, in successive rows;—thus assuming a strict similarity of character with the great columns of the nave in Durham Cathedral.\* Another tier of large arches, springing from very short columns and pilasters, surmounts the former arches, on each side; except at the west end, where, as before stated, two of the lower ones have been altered into the high-pointed form, and carried up to the string-course of the *triforium*, or clerestory, which contains the principal windows that give light to the nave. These are each fronted by a central and two smaller arches, between which and the windows there is a narrow passage extending along the sides. Most of the mouldings are of the

zig-zag form, but there are some distinct variations of character.† The length of the church is 106 feet, and its breadth, including the aisles, is 53 feet: the tower is 15 feet square.

Independently of its founder Harold, many persons of eminent rank were interred in this church in the monastic times. *Hugh Nevil*, Protho-forester of England, who died “ full of years,” anno 1222, was, according to Matthew Paris, buried here “ under a noble engraven marble sepulchre;” not the least remnant of which is now known to exist. His son also, *John Nevil*, the successor to his revenues and offices; and *Robert Passelew*, archdeacon of Lewes, a despised and discarded minion of Henry III., who died at his house at Waltham, in the year 1252, were also among the number of those interred here. Near the altar rails is a defaced grey slab, which is indented with a mitred figure; this, with two or three brass plates of Queen Elizabeth’s time, are the oldest memorials which now remain.

Near the east end of the south aisle is a mural Monument for *Sir Edward Denny*, Knt.,—“ Sonn of y<sup>e</sup> Right Honorable S<sup>r</sup> Anthony Denny, Counsellor of Estate and Executor to King Henry 8, and of Joane Champernon, his wife,”—and his Lady who was the daughter of Pierce Edgecombe, Esq., of Mount Edgecombe, and “ svmtyme Maide of Honor to Queene Elizabeth,”—and who, “ ovt of meane Fortynnes byt no meane Affection, prodvced this Monvment.” Sir Edward was one of the Counsel of Munster, in Ireland, and governor of Kerry and Desmond. He died on the 12th of February, 1599, aged 52 years, and is represented in plate armour, lying on his side: his head is partly supported by his helmet, and partly by his left hand, the elbow resting upon a cushion; his right hand, being brought across the body, rests upon his sword. His Lady has a ruff and close bod-dice; and kneeling in front are their ten children, viz. four boys and six girls. The inscription states, that “ this Worthy Knight, cvt off like a pleasavnt frvite before perfect ripeness,”—was “ religiovs, wise, jvst, right valiant, most active, learnings frinde, prides foe, kindly loveinge, and mvтч beloved;” and that “ he was honored w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> dignitie of knighthood, by dve deserte, in y<sup>e</sup> Field.” Over the tomb are the family arms, (with quarterings) viz. Gu. a saltire Arg. between twelve Crosses patée Or.—*Edward Denny*, first and only Earl of Norwich, of his family, was also buried in this church, in December, 1630.

\* The rebuilding of Durham cathedral was commenced by Bishop William de St. Carilepho, in the Norman style, in the year 1093. It is one of the most interesting fabrics in the kingdom.

† There is a ground plan, a perspective view, and a longitudinal section of the interior of Waltham Church in Britton’s “ Architectural Antiquities,” vol. iii.

On a large altar tomb in the north aisle, the front of which displays a ship under sail, sculptured in bas-relief, in alabaster, and the ends, shields of arms, &c. is the following inscription :

Sub hoc Marmore sepultæ jacent exuriæ  
 ROBERTI SMITH,  
 Navis Onerariæ quondam Gubernatoris ;  
 Qui diversas mundi plagas visitavit,  
 Unde famam reportavit, etiam et divitias.  
 Vir fuit  
 Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus ;  
 Utpote qui  
 Inter marium hostiumque discrimina,  
 Fortitudinem nunquam amisit :  
 Inter res pecuniarias,  
 Probitatem semper servavit.  
 Res humanas utcunque secundas, tandem pertæsus,  
 Villam prope ab hoc Templo sitam,  
 Solitudinis gratia, petiit,  
 Ubi procul negotiis, dum Agriculturæ se dedit,  
 Otium egit non ignobile.  
 Natus fuit apud *Banbury*, in agro Oxoniensi  
 Nonis Februarii, Æra Christi MDCXXXVII :  
 Ex familiâ antiquâ quidem et olim satis opulenta ;  
 Quam postea inclinatam, et ad angustias fortunæ quodammodo  
 redactam  
 Ipse vivens pie sustentavit et moriens probe curavi  
 Calendis Martii anno Domini MDCXCVII.  
 (Quum bis sex lustra jam omnino compleverat)  
 Dum ad sacra, ex more suo, frequentanda se comparabat  
 Apoplexiâ percussus  
 Ex integrâ valetudine celeri pede ad beatam transiit  
 immortalitatem.  
 Duffield é Medmenham, in Comitatu Buckinghamiensi,  
 Unicam habuit uxorem ;  
 Ex quâ, prolem quidem nullam suscepit,  
 Gaudia vero præterquam accepit omnia :  
 Femina etenim est a vetere stirpe orta,  
 Quam novis et ipsa quotidie exornat virtutibus ;  
 Quippe quæ  
 Marito viventi  
 Optimæ uxoris egregie præstitit officium ;  
 Illo defuncto,  
 Lugubrem (sicut viduam decet) sapienter instituit vitam ;  
 Et sempiternæ Mariti memoriæ  
 Votivam hanc suspendit Tabulam.

Against the wall of the north aisle is an inscribed tablet in white marble, with a small figure of an angel mourning over an urn, in memory of *Thomas Leverton*, Esq. "a benefactor to this, his native parish, the donor of its organ, and the founder of its charity schools." He was "many years architect and surveyor to his Majesty's land revenue, and other public offices;" but dying on the 23rd of September, 1824, aged eighty-one years, his remains were interred in the nave. Arms: Gu. three martlets Or, a canton Erm: crest, a pelican Or.—The organ is a large in-

strument, standing at the west end of the church, in a new gallery, erected for the purpose in the year 1819. The particulars of Mr. Leverton's benefactions are stated in one of the tables within the tower.

A brass plate affixed against one of the great columns, records the memory of an aged couple, viz. *Edward Stacy*, Gent. (of Waltham), and Katherine, his wife, the former of whom died in Philip and Mary's reign, aged seventy years; and the latter in that of Queen Elizabeth, aged "threescore and eyghtene." Their figures, kneeling, with that of an only son, are engraven on the brass; and below are these lines:—

This tyme we have desired, Lord,  
 When wee mighte come to thee,  
 That from this state of sinfull life  
 Dissolved wee might be.  
 But thow O Lord didst time prolonge  
 Ovr Lives for to amende,  
 That so in tyme wee mighte repente  
 Of All did thee offende.  
 And now, here Lord in clay we lye,  
 Thy Mercy to expect,  
 Hoping that thow hast chosen vs  
 To rest with thine Elect.

The last sepulchral memorial we shall particularize is a mutilated *effigy* of a female, placed in a corner of the north aisle, but to whom related, or how named, is now forgotten; it is probably of Henry the Eighth's time.

Some idea of the former extent of this church may be conceived from stating, that the ancient tomb, considered to be *King Harold's*, was situated about forty yards from the present termination of the building; in the eastern part of the original choir. This tomb is described as "plain," in form, but of "a rich grey marble;" having sculptured on it "a sort of cross fleury, much descanted on by art." Fuller says, that it was supported by "pillarets," one pedestal of which was "in his own possession." In Queen Elizabeth's reign, a gardener, in the service of Sir Edward Denny, discovered, in digging, a large stone coffin inclosing a corpse, supposed to be that of King Harold: but the remains, on touching, mouldered into dust. Near the same spot, about forty years ago, a second coffin was found, containing an entire skeleton inclosed in lead.

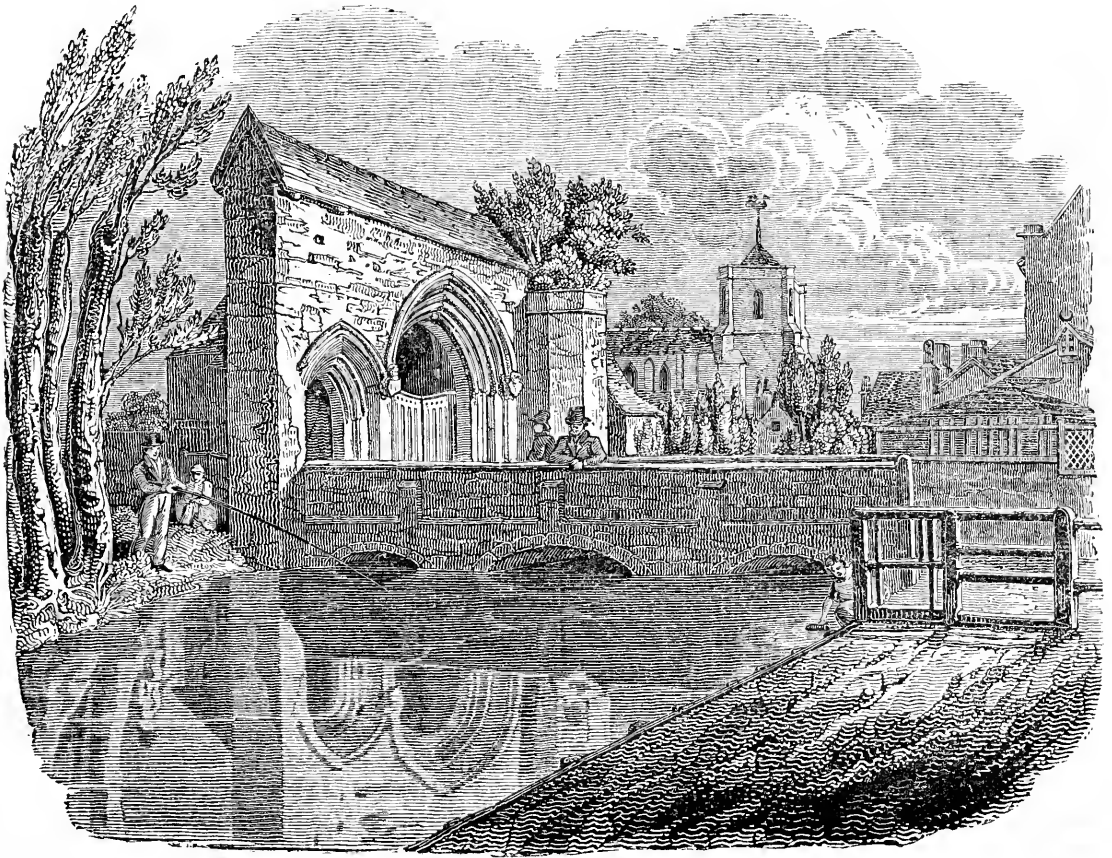
Near the Abbey Mill, which is still occupied for grinding corn, is a wide space of ground, surrounded by small dwellings, called the *Bramblings*, but formerly *Rome-land*, which is conjectured to have been so called from its rents being in former times appropriated to the use of the Holy See. On this spot King



Henry VIII. is reported to have had a small pleasure-house, which he frequently occupied on his visits to Waltham.---The statute fair is still held on this piece of land.

The *Gateway* and bridge, represented in the annexed wood-cut, are a little to the northward of the Abbey Mills. The former is of stone, but has been

repaired with bricks of a remarkably large scantling. It exhibits two pointed arches, a larger and a smaller one: the outer mouldings of the large arch rest on corbels, formed by two demi-angels supporting shields, on which, (but much corroded) are the royal arms of Edward the Third's time, viz. France and England, quarterly.



Beyond the gateway, about two hundred yards to the north-eastward, near a small farm-house, is a dilapidated stone bridge crossing another branch of the river, supported by three strong ribs of an elliptical form.

The various streams of the river Lea, in this neighbourhood, are traditionally said to flow in the same channels that were made by the great King Alfred, when he diverted the current of the river and left the Danish fleet on shore. They are now partly occupied by Government, for the use of the *gunpowder mills* and other works which have been erected here; and

which, in detached branches, extend for a distance of nearly four miles, towards Epping. B. B.

#### BATTLE OF ETHANDUN.

AMONG the most remarkable and influential events recorded in the history of the Anglo-Saxons, there is scarcely one of more importance than the *battle of Ethandun*, in which the Danes, who had long in-



fested England, and nearly subdued it, were vanquished by ALFRED, so deservedly named the *Great*, and who by this victory, so completely broke the power of his formidable foes, as to reduce them to become his vassals. Much discussion has arisen among modern writers on our national history concerning the locality of this great battle. The Saxon historians, Asser, and the Saxon Chronicler, both of whom may be regarded as contemporary recorders of this occurrence, inform us that it took place at Ethandun. This appellation, however, is not to be discovered in the map of modern England; and hence various conjectures, chiefly founded on etymological data, have been hazarded as to the situation and present name of the spot thus designated. Among the existing names of places, *Edington* or *Heddington*, has usually been regarded as bearing a greater similarity than others to the term in question; and three different localities in Wiltshire and Berkshire thus denominated have had their respective advocates, and been made the subjects of much ingenious speculation. The analogy, however, on which arguments have been grounded, is rather in the sound than in the orthography or signification of the words, and it is therefore, altogether imperfect and unsatisfactory.

But previously to any further notice of the various opinions of antiquaries relative to the site of the Battle of Ethandun, it may be proper to adduce the testimony of the ancient historians already referred to, concerning the circumstances which preceded and followed this engagement.

The following is the statement given in the Saxon Chronicle:

878. "Then in the seventh week after Easter, he [Alfred] rode to Ecgbyrhtes-stone, Brixton, by the eastern side of Selwood: and there came out to meet him, all the people of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, and those of Hampshire who remained on this side of the sea; and they rejoiced to see him. Then, within one night, he went from this retreat to Iglea, Iley Mead; and after one night more, he proceeded to *Ethandun, Handune, or Hampton*; and there he fought with all the army (of the Danes), and put them to flight, riding after them as far as the fortress, where he remained a fortnight."

This translation from the Saxon Chronicle corresponds with that of Mr. Ingram, except in the passages in Italics: the former of which he translates "that part of Hampshire which is on this side of the sea;" but it is obvious, from a comparison of the passage with the Annals of Asser, that the Chronicler intended to state that Alfred was joined by all the

men of Hampshire who had not fled beyond sea.\* Mr. Ingram also supposes the battle to have been fought at Heddington, and consequently introduces the name of that place into his version. Asser's account of the battle, and the events connected with it, is more circumstantial; and it appears to have formed the basis of the preceding narrative, as well as of those of later historians.

Removing from Æthelingay, where he had erected a fortress, and assembled his noble vassals, "in the seventh week after Easter, he rode to Egricht-stone, (Brixton) on the eastern part of the forest called Selwood, but in Latin the Great Wood; and there came to meet him all the inhabitants of Hampshire who had not sailed beyond the sea for fear of the Pagans, and seeing the King, as if raised from the dead after so many tribulations, as was becoming, they were inspired with great delight; and there they encamped for one night. At daylight the following morning, the King, removing his camp, came to the place which is called Iglea, Iley Mead, and there he encamped one night. That night, while he was asleep, there appeared to him a certain figure, in the likeness of St. Neot, formerly his familiar friend and relation, who admonished him that he should cast away all terror and fear of the barbarians, and that he should not fall into despair on account of their multitude, because the Lord on the morrow was about to visit him and his people, and because it was on account of his pride, which he had in his youth, that all these adversities had come upon him. And he added:---

'To-morrow, I will go the whole day before thy standard, that thou mayest more securely fight against thy enemies, nothing fearing, and that thou mayest know that the Lord Almighty will fight for thee and for thy people.' And immediately the King, roused from sleep, was made joyful by the Angelic Vision. In the dawn of the morning, moving his standards thence, he came to the place which is called Ethandun; and against the whole army of the Pagans, fiercely fighting in a dense body, and struggling boldly for a long while, at length, by the divine assistance, he obtained a victory, having overthrown the Pagans with a great slaughter, and as they fled towards their fort, he pursued, smiting them; and all that he found without the fort, namely men, and horses, and cattle, immediately killing the men he took the latter; and before the gates of the Pagan

\* "Ibique obviaverunt illi amnes accolæ Hantunensis Paga, qui non ultra mare propter motum Paganorum navigarent."—Asser.

fort with all his army he boldly encamped. And when he had remained there fourteen days, the Pagans through hunger, cold, and fear, terrified and struck with extreme desperation, asked for peace, on condition that the King should nominate whatever hostages he was willing to receive from them."\* To this the King agreed, and the Pagan Danes surrendered, promising to quit the kingdom, except Guthrum and his followers, who engaged to become Christians. Three weeks afterwards Guthrum, with thirty of his officers waited on Alfred at Awre, near Æthelingay, where the ceremony of baptism took place, after which Guthrum appears to have remained some time at Chippenham, as Asser subsequently adds—"In the same year, the before mentioned army of the Pagans, departing from Chippenham, as had been promised, went to Cirencester, which is situated in the southern part of the country of the Hwiccians; and there they remained one year."†

Among the different places to which the site of this battle has been assigned, Edington, about three miles eastward of Westbury, has found the greatest number of advocates. Camden, in his *Britannia*, adopts this conjecture, regarding the engagement as having taken place in or near the village of Edington, and assuming the fact that the circular entrenchment, called Bratton Castle, on the hill above Edington, to the south, was the fortified camp whither the vanquished Danes fled, and where they were besieged for fourteen days, by King Alfred. Gibson, Gough, and Sir Richard Colt Hoare, agree in opinion with Camden; and the last mentioned writer coincides with him also in considering *Clay Hill*, eastward of Warminster, as the *Iglea* of Asser, whence Alfred marched to attack the Danes. But Gibson and Gough take *Iglea* to have been Westbury Leigh, a mile south of the town of Westbury. It is hardly possible to reconcile any of these conjectures with the narrative of Asser, supposing (what seems to be admitted on all sides) that Egbricht's-stone, *Petra Ecgbrihti*, was the place now called Brixton Deverel, a few miles to the south of Warminster. It may be inferred from the history, that *Iglea* was a day's march from Brixton, while *Clay Hill* is not above three or four miles from that station, and Westbury Leigh not more than six or seven; and both these places (especially the latter) are so near Edington, the alleged field of battle and the camp of the Danes, that Alfred's movements on the two successive days preceding the conflict must

have been perfectly well known to them, and it would have been impossible for him to have fallen upon them unprepared, as apparently was the case.

Milner, in his *History of Winchester*, proposes *Heddington*, northward of Devizes, as the scene of action; and he is followed by Ingram, in his *Translation of the Saxon Chronicle*. But except the fancied analogy of the names, there appears scarcely any evidence in support of this conjecture; and *Old-borough Castle*, whither Milner imagines the Danes to have fled after their defeat, seems to be more distant from the alleged field of battle than would be inferred from Asser's narrative. Some writers take *Roundaway Hill*, south of Heddington, to have been the site of the fortified camp of the Danes; but this opinion involves a serious inconsistency, as Roundaway is nearer to Alfred's line of march than Heddington, and the Danes could not therefore have reached that hill unless they had driven back their assailants, instead of fleeing before them, as Asser represents them to have done.

That very learned and ingenious but fanciful antiquary, Whitaker, in his *Life of St. Neot*, asserts that *Yatton Keynel*, between Chippenham and Castle Combe, was the *Ethandun* of the Anglo-Saxon Historians, and that the Danish camp was the entrenchment of which there are traces in Bury Wood, northward of Colerne. It may be sufficient to notice one of Whitaker's arguments, which is deduced from the local appellation, *Slaughtenford*, belonging to a place on the river Avon, near Yatton, which he regards as having been given to the ford from the Danes having suffered *slaughter* there.

Lysons, in the "*Magna Britannia*," Berkshire, favours the hypothesis of Dr. Beke, Professor of Modern History, at Oxford, who proposes fixing the situation of *Ethandun* at Heddington, or *Edington*, near Hungerford, in Berkshire. Dr. Beke is unable to ascertain the locality of *Iglea*, and is reduced to conjecture that there was a place called *Iglea* or *Eglea* in the ancient hundred of *Eglei*, now forming with that of *Kentbury*, the hundred of *Kentbury Eagle*, which lies north of Edington or Heddington, near Hungerford. He says, "Alfred passed the night, after a march from day-break, in the middle of May, at *Eglea*, short of the scene of action, that the ancient village of *Daneford*, (now *Denford*,) and the town of *Hungerford*, anciently *Ingleford*, are adjoining to Edington, and the hamlet of *Englewood* on the opposite side of the *Kennet*, at a very short distance, names which seem to imply some considerable battle between the two nations, of which we have otherwise no men-

\* Asserii Annales, inter Gale Scriptor. xv. vol. i. p. 167, 8.

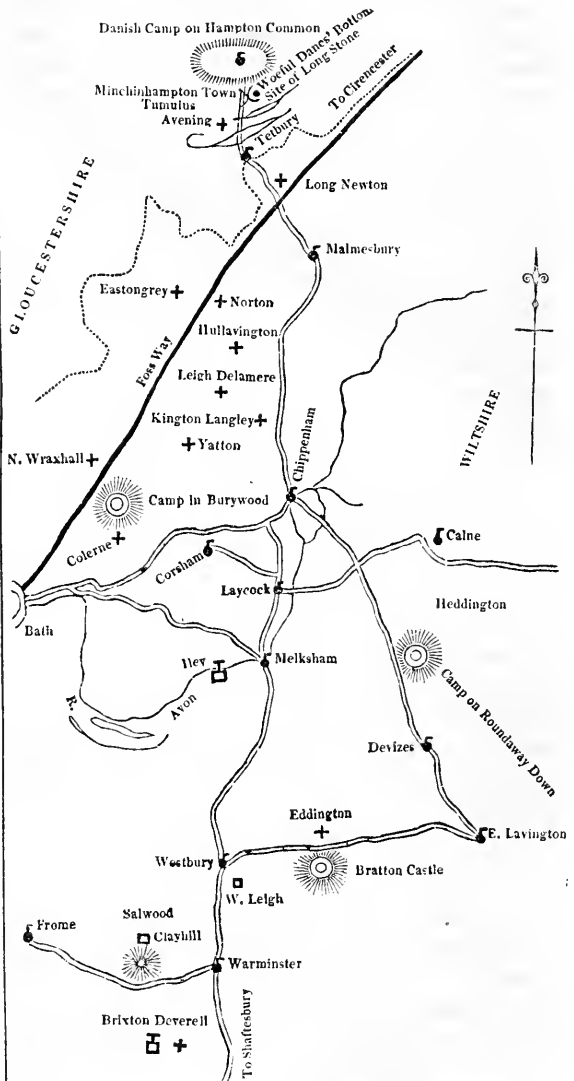
† Id. p. 168.

tion 'in history.'\* Dr. Beke's conjecture may be dismissed as unsatisfactory, with the observation that he states, that the manor of Ethandun was bequeathed by King Alfred to his wife Ealhswitha, and that it "is mentioned (in his will) with *other* Berkshire lands;" but this is no proof that Ethandun was in Berkshire, as it might naturally have been mentioned with Berkshire lands, if it was situated in an adjoining county.

Though Whitaker may be regarded as having failed in his attempt to ascertain the site of Ethandun, yet with respect to the disputed station of *Iglea* his opinion is entitled to attention; for *Iley Common*, or Mead, near Melksham, which this writer would identify with *Iglea*, is about twenty miles, or a moderate day's march, from Brixton; and, as will be seen, it is in a direct line leading towards a place where the Danes sustained some dreadful disaster, commemorated in the appellation which the spot retains to this day, namely, "WOEFUL DANES' BOTTOM," near Minchinhampton, in Gloucestershire, which we shall endeavour to prove was the scene of Alfred's victory; the hill or lofty down now called *Hampton Common*, where are traces of a large entrenched camp, having been the *Ethandun* of Asser and the Saxon chronicler.

It seems clear, from the narrative of Asser, that Alfred led his army from Brixton towards that part of the country where the Danes were encamped, but not with the intention of immediately attacking them; for he is stated to have been prompted to march against the enemy by a dream, and admitting the dream to be a fiction of the historian, yet it is manifest that Alfred's resolution to seek the enemy was adopted after his troops arrived at *Iglea*, or *Iley*. The distance from that place to Danes' Bottom, by the shortest road, is not more than twenty miles. The probable route of the Anglo-Saxon army must have been northward till the troops reached the Foss-way, perhaps a little beyond Norton, and after proceeding along that road to Long Newton, they diverged north westward, across Tetbury Warren, now inclosed, pursuing their course to the valley of *Avening*. This village is situated in a hollow, between two steep hills; and the Saxons may probably have encountered the out-posts of the Danes at Avening, or else on the hill beyond it, which divides the valley of Avening from Woeful Danes' Bottom, the descent to which is but inconsiderable, and on the rising ground

further north-west is the supposed Danish camp of Ethandun.



A glance at the annexed map will show the relative situations of the first and second of Alfred's encampments, of Woeful Danes' Bottom, and of the existing mound near it, whence it will be perceived that admitting Ethandun to have been the hill or open down, called Hampton Common, at the foot of which Danes' Bottom lies, the march of Alfred towards this place, and the subsequent battle, as described by Asser, are perfectly consistent with the whole of the circumstances reported by that historian, who lived when the transaction took place.

\* Vide Lysons' *Magna Britannia*, v. i., pt. ii., Berkshire, p. 162.

Hampton Common is thus mentioned by one of the latest Gloucestershire historians.

"*Amberley* is a large tract of common of pasture, on the west side of the town [of Minchinhampton,] containing about 1000 acres, given, as it is said, by Dame Alice Hampton, to poor housekeepers resident in the parish. It is the site of a large and remarkable entrenchment. The great vallum is irregular, with smaller trenches branching from it. Commencing at Littleworth, it extends for nearly three miles to Woeful Danes' Bottom; a smaller entrenchment, skirting the brow of Nailsworth Hill, meets it at the eastern extremity. The name of Woeful Danes given to the bottom, implies some fatal overthrow to the Danes, but the precise time is not known." \*

This spot was visited by the writer of these remarks in the summer of 1829, and the following is the result of observations made at the time.

The ditch and vallum may be traced for a considerable distance on the western side of the town, crossing the turnpike roads from Stroud to Hampton, and from Stroud to Cirencester. Reaching the brow of the hill to the north the embankment makes a curve, and appears to be lost among the inclosures near the town. The ditch is on the east and south-east sides, therefore, the entrenchment must have been formed as a rampart against foes approaching in that direction.

In a field near Gatcombe Park, which includes part of Woeful Danes' Bottom, is a large oval barrow, planted with fir-trees, probably the grave of some warrior.—"On its summit," says Rudge, "is placed a huge fragment of rock, evidently a sepulchral monument, which has been known for ages by the name of the *Tingle Stone*. In the common field near it are two large stones set upright in the ground: one has its top broken off, the other is perfect, and stands nearly ten feet above the surface. Tradition assigns one or both to the memory of Long, a Danish chieftain, whence the name of Long's Stone, or Pillar: near it two ancient rings have been found." †

Long's Stone, which stood beside the turnpike road from Tetbury to Hampton, in the ascent from Danes' Bottom towards the town, has been within a few years broken up and destroyed.

Such are the facts which support the conclusions we have drawn from reflections made on surveying the very remarkable locality of Woeful Danes' Bottom, which has for the period of between nine and ten cen-

turies retained an appellation manifestly pointing to a connexion with some sanguinary contest between the Danes and the Saxons, in which the former suffered a memorable disaster. The chief reasons which can be urged for supposing that the event commemorated in this peculiar name was the engagement known in history as the battle of Ethandun, are presented to the reader as at least affording much stronger evidence in favour of the opinion here advocated, than has been yet adduced in support of any previous conjecture on the subject. J. M. M.

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### ORIGIN OF CERTAIN OLD ENGLISH TITLES OF RANK AND OFFICE.

THE rise of most genuine English phrases is from the ancient Saxon. In bringing together the following category, the prevalence of that language at the period whence the proper names analysed can be traced in the vernacular has rendered it sufficient for our purpose; which, here, is not that of strict, much less abstruse, etymological disquisition.

#### KING.

From the Anglo-Saxon *Cyning* or *Kuning*, the *c* in the first sounding like *k*. *Cyn* or *Cun* signifies stout or valiant: *ing*, sometimes *ling*, is a particle, added to vindicate the being endowed with the quality in question. Thus *Ethel* means noble;—*Etheling*, one distinguished by nobility. In the septentrional regions youths of illustrious family noted for prowess, or the promise of it, were often adopted by reigning monarchs to the exclusion of their own children when the latter happened to be amiable rather than formidable. Hence it is easy to imagine how the attribute might grow into the title.

#### QUEEN.

*Cuningina* is the Teutonic feminine for *Cuning*. As king is an abbreviation for *Cuning* so may queen for *Cuningina*. Our Saxton ancestors, however, had the word much like ourselves. With them it was *Cwen*. *Quena* meant a woman, or wife.

PRINCE.—Obviously from *Princeps*, in Latin. But our ancestors used the analogous word *Furist*, signifying first or chief. *Furist*, altered a little in orthography, is still in use for Prince, in Germany.

DUKE.—Like the former, immediately from *Dux*, in the Latin, garbled by the French to *Duc*. With

\* Rudge's History of Gloucestershire, vol. i. p. 137.

† Ibid.

our early ancestors the synonyme was *Heretoga*, or *Heretoge*, signifying the leader of an army. The Germans preserve the original nearly, and call a duke *Hertzog*.

**EARL.**—From the Anglo-Saxon *Eorle*. Before we borrowed the word honour, our forefathers used instead the monosyllable *ear*. For noble or gentle the word *ethel*. Thus *Ear-ethel* abbreviated into *Ear-el* would represent honour-noble, q. d. a noble of honour. The title is peculiar to our country, and sounds truly noble in English *ears*.

**LORD.**—This appears to have been *Laford* with our ancestry. Verstegan makes it out ingeniously enough to come from *laf* a loaf, and to impart "a foorder of laf," q. d. a giver of bread. He justifies his opinion by referring to the extensive hospitality of the lords before and of his day. In ours such an etymology would not so readily have presented itself.

**LADY.**—From the same learned old writer followed above, we find lady comes from a correspondent source. *Leafdian*, afterwards *Lafdy*, was the ancient term. Of *laf* we already know the meaning; *dian*, it seems, implies,---to serve. The *Laford* therefore was the donor of sustenance; the *Lafdian* the graceful dispenser.

**KNIGHT.**---Anglo Saxon *Cnicht*, originally meant no more than a retainer or servant. Of the latter importance of the word, it would be tedious to trace the growth.

**STEWARD.**—*Stede*, and also *Stow*, signified a place. *Stedeward*, easily becoming *Ste-ward*, gives us the keeper of a place. The Dutch had their *Stat-hower*, or Stadt-holder; being something like what we might call grand steward. *Hold-ward* was used of yore to denote the holder of a strong place. Hence probably the family name of Howard.

**MAYOR.**—*Maire*, in French; *Meyer*, Flemish. To *May*, in the Anglo Saxon, was to have power. Verstegan supposes that a *May-er* might stand for a person in authority. *Major* in Latin has been referred to; but it is certain that the kindred terms sheriff and alderman are from the Saxon.

**SHERIFF.**—From *Gerefa*, altered into *Gereve* and *Greive* and *Reve*, meaning an intendant. Thus *Shire-reve*—Reve of the shire.

**ALDERMAN.**—In Anglo-Saxon *Ealdor*---an elder, and man:---A senior, or leading man.

**CONSTABLE.**—Anciently *Cuningstable*; q. d. kingstable—the stay, or support, of the king. Of course it will not be forgotten that constable was formerly a title of more dignity than at present.

**HEADBOROUGH.**—The etymology here is apparent. Where the office still exists the party holding it is, as the word imports, the *head* civil functionary of a *borough*.

**BAILIFF.**—May come from *Bailie*, which once signified a tutor, protector, or defender. The bailiff being bound to look after the safety of those in his bailiwick. We yet retain the phrase of "putting in bail," to be defended, as it were, from prison.

**WARDEN.**—Ward and guard are convertible terms. The former springing from the latter by the common substitution of *w* for *g*. The French *garde* was perhaps the original: treated by us as we have done *guerre*, war. Warden is therefore equivalent to guardian.

C. S. A.

## ON THE ANTIQUITY AND DIGNITY OF THE OFFICE OF SPY:

FROM SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY.

THE name of Spy, which has descended to us, by what regular gradation I know not, as a synonyme for cunning and cowardice, was held in far other esteem in times of ancient warfare. The opinions which the earlier ages held of this now degrading and opprobrious duty are to be gathered from a few examples of this service; which will, by shewing the qualifications required to fulfil the office, portray best the character of the individual who assumed it. The first allusion that we have to the Spy, as a well known and accepted name, as is clear from the manner in which it is used, is in the meeting of Joseph with his brethren; where Joseph accuses them of being spies, come to view the weak parts of the land; but from this general allusion we can gather nothing as to the kind of men employed on such an expedition. The next recorded instance of the use of the term, from the same sacred source, but in a different book (Numbers), gives us all the information that we could require---the names, the rank, the instructions of the exploring band, and the results of their mission:---and the whole account, as contained in the book alluded to, must convince us of the estimation in which the persons so employed were held, of the sagacity and integrity required of them, and of the consequence to be derived from their intelligence.

They were to be rulers of the people; (amongst

the number Caleb and Joshua were known for their after deeds) to be acquainted thoroughly with the nature of the country, its produce, its strength, the number of its inhabitants, and whatever else an acute band of observers, and of sound judgment, could imagine to be of service to be known to those who had sent them. Of course one of the main qualities of a Spy, to be useful to his party, must be integrity: for if they have not *confidence* in his word, they can of course reap no benefit from his discoveries.

The next instance we have, and one perhaps better fixed in the memory than its more sacred precursor, is contained in the tenth Iliad; I allude to the adventure of Ulysses and Diomed. Every circumstance depicted by the old bard confirms in our minds the notions of the dignity, and the high fame attached to the daring wight that should undertake so high an emprise as the Pylian chief invites him to, by all the encomiums and soldierly incitives he can bring to his camp-tried memory. He assembles the chiefs, all heroes of eminent note, and on demanding,

"Oh friends! hath no Achaian here such trust  
In his own prowess, as to venture forth  
Among our haughty Trojans? He, perchance,  
Might on the borders of their host surprise  
Some wandering adversary, or might learn  
Their consultations."—*Cowper*.

Diomed and many other brave leaders assert their claim for the privilege so gallantly to be won and so nobly to be rewarded:

—————"should he at last return  
Secure, his recompense will be renown  
Extensive as the heav'ns, and fair reward."—*Cowper*.

At the time this is occurring in the camp of Agamemnon, a similar scene is passing in that of Priam: composed of people of a different origin, but denoting, by the address of the prince, a like value for the services of a like adventurer on their own side. But, with the excusable partiality of the Greek, Homer makes the Trojan adventurer to be actuated by less worthy motives, although the qualifications requisite and the character to be gained are the same.

"Who for such recompense as shall require  
His courage gloriously, will undertake,  
And with good faith perform what I require?" &c.—*Cowper*.

But at the same time that we applaud the poet for giving success to the more generous aspirant, yet none but a conclave of midnight murderers would at this time approve the *manner* of their execution of their noble task. Certes, the bright days of British chivalry would have blushed to have recorded

the death of Rhesus and the capture of his spoils. Antiquity is filled with instances of personal risk and daring, always accounted noble, for the purposes of information and espionage to circumvent or despoil an enemy. Virgil, who although the mere imitator as it respects the invention of his story, may perhaps be admitted as an attestor of the honour of the practice. Ascanius, in the book that contains the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus, thus closes his speech, animating the brother heroes:

"My peace shall be committed to thy care;  
And to thy conduct my concerns in war."

Polybius mentions one Hannibal, a Rhodian, a man of distinction, who gained reputation with his own, and envy from the opposing army, by his bold and artful conduct in managing a correspondence with the Lilybœans and Carthaginians, through the midst of the Roman fleet. And Tacitus represents the noble and generous Germanicus, as a disguised spy in *his own* camp, collecting the opinions of his soldiers. But perhaps the most notorious example is that of Zopyrus at the siege of Babylon, by Darius, who added desertion to that of espial; (see Herodotus's "*Thalia*," clx.) and yet Darius held that he was exceeded by no Persian since Cyrus.

As the love of glory and the desire of gold, like all the family of the Virtues and the Vices, have moved in the human heart in parallel lines, I have no doubt that many instances of base cupidity have occurred to stain the general character even in antiquity; but still I think that the office of spy was then generally that of great and glorious occasions. Our own Alfred has sanctified it in English annals; and the middle ages, even in the blaze of chivalry, can furnish examples of this duty having been performed by honourable characters. Tasso has but one scene in which such an emissary is employed, and he is the Squire of Tancred, book xviii. The praise bestowed upon him and the selection of the person shew his duty to have been no base one. By the life of Chevalier Bayard it would appear that the practice had sunk so far as to be practised by mere hirelings generally, that worthy knight always having some trusty spies in his pay; indeed both sides alike retained them. There is a bold fact related of one of those employed by the Spanish general in Bayard's last campaign, who carried off a French sentinel, in his arms, from his post to his own camp. That the office of the Spy has been used by all parties, and by the good and the bad side, for their respective interests, without contamination to the characters of those

employed, may appear (among other instances) from old John Bunyan's fiction of the "Holy War," where he furnishes a specimen of such hero to each army. Profane is spy to Diabolus, and Prywell to the godly party in Mansoul; the latter being promoted to scout-master-general's dignity.

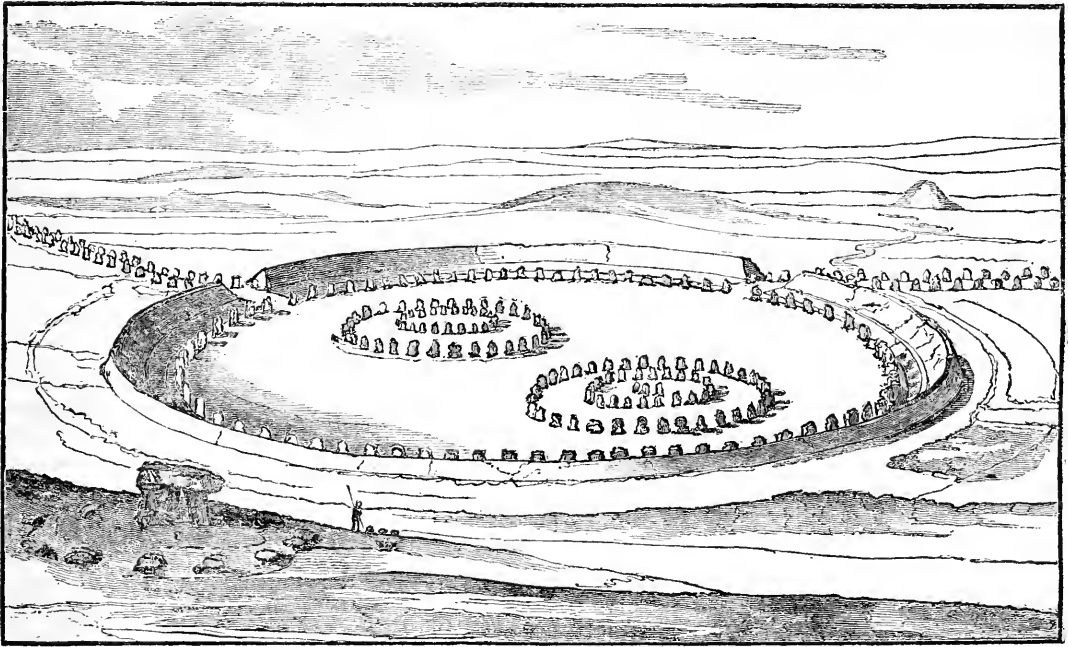
For a last authority upon this subject, Milton may be adduced as permitting the prosecution of this adventurous and envious office to none other but Satan in all the rebel host.

Whatever may have been the estimation in which rival armies held their opposite scouts, yet I think their own side have not *generally* undervalued their character on account of their occupation; and from the twelve rulers of Israel to the unfortunate Major André, the unsuccessful spy has been oftener pitied than despised.—The purer principles of Christianity and the generous spirit of chivalry seem to have banished the Spy, or degraded his office to the rank of the mercenary adventurer.

J. A. G.

### ON THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITY.—No. III.

RESTORED VIEW OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT ABURY.\*



In addition to the pillar, the subject of the last paper, the inhabitants of Palestine had their altars of unhewn stone, their conical heaps of stones, and their circles of stones, in common with the patriarchs; but besides these, the Phœnician settlers in Britain had other structures of massy stones, not noticed in the sacred history of patriarchal times; of these are, the Cromlech, the Logan-stone, and the Tolmen. The circles of stone have their prototype in the Gilgal of Joshua; for we read, that, on the passing of the Israelites

through the river Jordan dry-shod, Joshua, their leader, commanded that one man, of each tribe, should bring a stone from the bottom of the river; and that these stones should be pitched on the spot where the ark was to rest that night. This was done,---and that they were arranged in a circle is evident from the name given to this group, viz. *Gil*, or *Gal-gal*. *Gal*, in the Hebrew tongue, means a circle or wheel; the reduplication gives importance, as much as to say *the circle*, by way of distinction. Joshua, no doubt, al-

\* The above representation has been partly composed from a restored model of the Temple at Abury, and partly from a print in Britton's "Beauties of Wiltshire," vol. iii. sect. xii., which is occupied by an elaborate account of this monument,

including the opinions of most former writers on its erection and design. The cut is intended to convey a general idea of the original extent and magnificence of this Temple: and the relative situation of Silbury Hill is also shewn.



luded to this wheel-like arrangement when he said, "this day hath the Lord *rolled* away your reproach." This figure was, it is very likely, regarded in a different point of view by the Canaanites, who were worshippers of the sun and moon, and the host of heaven; and with them the circle might, in some cases, have reference to the sun, and in others to the moon. Thus the nineteen stones at Boscawen, in Cornwall, might have reference to the lunar cycle, which contains nineteen years. Circles of thirty stones might have reference to the solar month, of thirty days; twelve of which months; with the addition of five intercalary days in ordinary, and six in leap years, is the time in which the sun makes his annual circuit. Other numbers, it is highly probable, were designed to indicate circumstances connected with the Canaanitish superstitions;---but which it would be fruitless for us to attempt to investigate at this very remote period.

In this country are single Circles, consisting of stones not much, if any, larger than a strong man might bring to the place of their destination; yet before these consecrated places had the advantage of the arts of architecture and sculpture to confer upon them elegance and grandeur, recourse was had to magnitude in the masses employed; and on comparing these works, in different places, we have to notice an obvious progression in the advances to this species of magnificence. Thus the circle of Rollrich, in Oxfordshire, and that near Keswick, in Cumberland, consist of stones from two to not more than six feet in height, while those of Stanton Drew, in Somersetshire, are from eight or nine to ten or twelve feet high. This kind of magnificence appears to have reached its climax in the stupendous works of Abury, or Avebury, and Stonehenge; particularly the former, which, for the space of ground which it originally covered, and the number and magnitude of the stones employed, exceeds every thing we read of in any country.\* The figure of this ancient British work was that of the Egyptian symbol of the circle and the serpent, on a scale so magnificent, that the serpent extended two miles in length. This stupendous design was executed under local circumstances very favourable to it. On the north side of the Bath road, about half a mile from the village of Kennet, and about five miles from Marlborough, there is a ridge of the chalky downs that runs in a northerly direction;

this ridge abounds with prodigious masses of sandstone of very fine texture, and light colour; at the foot of this ridge, almost close to the road, is a long group of these stones, grey with moss, and somewhat resembling a flock of sheep reposing, on which account they are called the *Marlborough grey wethers*. On an adjoining hill was formerly a double circle, which represented the head of the serpent, and the hill still retains the name of *Hak-pen*, i. e. the snake's head. From this issued a double range of stones, winding over hill and vale to the extent of a mile; this avenue consisted of a hundred stones on each side, and may be considered as the *Sacra Via*, or path leading to the consecrated spot; the stones were all unhewn, and differing in size from three to five or six feet high. Here, in the central part, a circle was formed of a hundred immensely large stones, some of them nearly six yards in height, out of the ground, and about the same width, but several were much smaller. From this large circle, which included a space of twenty acres, another serpentine avenue, formed of a hundred stones on each side, extended westward, towards Beckhampton, one mile, gradually diminishing, and closing with a single stone, forming the tail end of this enormous serpent. A few years back, a portion of the Kennet avenue was in being, and assisted the imagination in forming to itself a faint idea of what the whole must have been. Within the large single circle of stones were two double circles, one to the north and the other to the south of the centre; these were formed by two concentric circles each, the outer consisting of thirty, the inner of twelve stones; and probably referring to the days in the solar month, and the twelve stones to the months in the year. The hundred stones in the great outer circle, and the hundred stones on each side of the two avenues might also have reference to some cycle peculiar to their own superstitions.

At this day, but little remains of this amazing work: here and there a stone belonging to the central part, a small portion of the Kennet avenue, and a few straggling stones on the Beckhampton side, with a fine Cromlech on the west side of the Kennet avenue, are all that are left of 652 stones, which Dr. Stukeley thus enumerates as constituting the entire work of the temple:

	Stones.
The Great Circle .....	100
Outer Circle, north of the centre .....	30
Inner do. ....	12
Outer Circle, south .....	30
Inner do. ....	12
Cove and Altar Stone, north circle .....	4

\* Except, perhaps, that at Carnac, in Brittany; which, also, was in form of a snake, and of which four thousand stones are computed to still remain. Vide, "Archæologia," vol. xxii. pp. 191—197.—Ed.

Central Pillar and Altar, south circle . . . .	2
Kennet Avenue . . . . .	200
Beckhampton Avenue . . . . .	200
Outer Circle of Hak-pen . . . . .	40
Inner do. . . . .	18
Long-stone Cove-jambs . . . . .	2
A stone the Dr. calls the Ring Stone . . . .	1
Closing Stone of the Tail . . . . .	1
<hr/>	
Total . .	652
<hr/>	

Perhaps the three largest of these, were those which formed a sort of cove within the north circle, having an altar stone before it; in the south circle was a single stone or pillar, which also had an altar stone in front of it. The middle stone of the cove was about fifteen feet and a half square, and about four feet thick. In 1720, when Dr. Stukeley visited this British wonder, both circles were standing, and almost entire. The central pillar of the south circle was twenty-one feet in height, and nine feet in diameter.

Such was the colossal grandeur of the principal part of this symbolical structure, the magnificence of which must have been wonderfully augmented by the serpentine avenues, extending over hill and dale for the distance of a mile on each hand. In 1722, the number of stones remaining in Kennet Avenue were seventy-two, according to Dr. Stukeley, to whose indefatigable industry we are indebted for the original figure of this grand British temple.

Perhaps this vast design originated in the facility of obtaining suitable materials for its accomplishment, for the persons employed had only to disengage the gigantic masses from their native beds on the neighbouring hills, and transfer them from thence to the place selected for them. To these Herculean operations levers and rollers, with a numerous body of labourers, would be sufficient; much more time would necessarily be requisite for the performance of their undertaking, than would have been had they possessed such powerful machinery as we do at the present day, but those simple instruments were of themselves sufficient.

The form of Abury is a proof of its being erected by persons conversant with the customs and religious rites and symbols of the Egyptians: such were the Tyrians, who were in continual contact with that people, and also with Britain.\*

Having finished the exterior circle, the overseers of

\* There is no other way of accounting for the amazing number of Tyrian workmen employed in the building of Solomon's Temple, than the infant state of machinery at that day.

this magnificent work surrounded it with a trench, above fifty feet in depth and sixty or seventy feet in width; at the top, forming a lofty bank on the opposite side of the trench, with the earth thrown up from the fosse, but reserving an entrance from the *Sacra Via*. Opposite Abury, close to the Bath road, is that colossal mound, called *Silbury-hill*.\* The ground in the vicinity of this serpentine temple is of that undulated character which is called down, or the downs. The verdure, which is short and sweet, affords fine pasturage, and is of so beautiful a tint, that the whole seems as if overspread with a green carpet; the soil is thin, on a substratum of fine chalk. The situation is altogether favourable for the assembling of large companies, such as must have been congregated when this was the appointed rendezvous for a great extent of country; the nearest temples to this being Stonehenge to the south, Stanton Drew to the west, and Rollrich to the north; the first about nineteen miles, the others each of them more than fifty.

## NOTES,

### ANTIQUARIAN, TOPOGRAPHICAL, &c.

#### NO. II.—BISHOP'S STORTFORD, HERTS.

THE hand of innovation, misnamed improvement, has swept away nearly all that was interesting from its antiquity in this flourishing market-town; and but few vestiges of former ages are now remaining. Of these the *Castle* deserves to be mentioned first. It was erected by William the Conqueror, midway between the town and Hockerell, and called *Wayte-More*, from the moor on which it was built, to protect the trade of the place and keep in awe the surrounding peasantry. The King gave it to the Bishop of London and his successors for ever, in whose keeping it continued till King *John*, to punish *William*, who was one of the Prelates that boldly published the

\* It may be questioned whether Silbury Hill was not, in some way or other, connected with Abury. That it existed before the *Roman road* to Bath is evident, for the line of that road is diverted from its straight and direct course to avoid the hill, which it now passes at a short distance southward. Dr. Owen considers that the Abury Temple was one of the "three primary Circles of Britain," and called "*Gorsedd Bryn Gwyddon*." He also supposes that Silbury Hill was "the pile of *Cyvrangon*;"—the "*heaping*" of which is characterized in the 14th Welsh Triad, as one of the "three mighty labours of the Island of Britain."—*Ed*:

Pope's interdict against the nation,\* razed the fortress to the ground. This prince was afterwards compelled to restore the site to its rightful owner, if not to rebuild the castle, and the place has ever since remained in the possession of the Bishops of London.† The only fragments of the Castle now existing are a few stone walls of great thickness, overgrown with ivy, which stand on the top of a lofty artificial mount of earth. The area formed by these ruins is planted with cherry, gooseberry, and other fruit trees, and a few years since the people were allowed, on the payment of a trifling sum, to ascend the hill and regale themselves among the crumbling ramparts. Some ancient spurs, coins, rings, &c. have been found on this interesting spot, and, doubtless, were it properly excavated and examined, many other valuable relics would be discovered. A well is still in being (now partially choked up with stones and rubbish) which penetrates through the hill itself, and into the ground many feet below it.

Till a recent period, the *Episcopal Palace* continued in nearly its original state. It was surrounded by a high brick wall and sycamore trees, and with its numerous bay windows and gable ends furnished an attractive object to the antiquary and artist. But within the last twenty years it has received a new and very different garb; the wall and trees have disappeared, and part of it is inhabited by an upholsterer. The only trace which remains (in the interior) of its ancient grandeur is the ceiling of one of the parlours, which is decorated with groups of coronets, four in each, placed diamond-wise, with a rose in the centre.

E. B. Johns, Esq., of Wind-hill Lodge, possesses a very curious screen, and other fragments of richly-carved oak, which were sold by auction when the palace was dismantled. This screen is ornamented with the heads of men and women wearing helmets, caps, and other singular coverings; they are placed within circular borders, and over each is a rare device

\* These daring ecclesiastics were, William of London, Eustace of Ely, and Mauger of Worcester. Fuller, with his usual quaintness, writes, that "no sooner had they interdicted the kingdom, but with Joceline, Bishop of Bath, and Giles of Hereford, they as speedily, as secretly, got them out of the land like adventurous empiricks, unwilling to wait the working of their desperate physick, except any will compare them to fearful boys which, at the first tryall, set fire to their squibs with their faces backwards, and make fast away from them. But the worst was, they must leave their lands and considerable moveables in the kingdom behind them."

† After King John submitted to the Pope's authority, he was constrained to make atonement to the Bishop of London, by granting him his manor of Stoke, near Guildford, in Surrey. Ed.,

of birds, flowers, or foliage. There appears also to have been some monastic structure on the right side of North Street, as an oaken beam, much decayed, was lately removed from one of the houses and is still preserved, bearing the following sentence:

GOD MAYNTAYN YE FOVNDER HEREOF, JOHN GIEB.

The *Church*, which is dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, and stands on the side of a hill near the middle of the town, consists of a nave, two aisles, with a tower and spire at the west end, and a chancel. At the east end of the latter are eighteen stalls, nine on each side; and beneath the seats the heads of lions, owls, and angels, are boldly and accurately sculptured.---Here also are several flat stones enriched with brasses and inscriptions; of these, perhaps the most remarkable is an epitaph on the death of Thomas Edgcumbe, the son of Richard Edgcumbe, of "Mount Edgencumbe," Knight, and Dame Mary, his wife, who died the 22nd of May, An. 1641.

#### OPTIMUM CITO MORI.

Edgcumbe, an infant born of gentle race,  
For this cheefe cause to live did but beguine,  
By baptism to be clesned, and by grace  
From that foule spot of originall sinne,  
Whose happy soule with actuall sinne not stain'd  
By shorte life here eternall blisse hath gainde.

Ye parentes, morne not, fix your joye herein,  
The promise made to faithfull seede is debte,  
As by that sweete imbrace Christ gave was seene.  
You procreate to nomber Gode's electe,  
Angelles and soules alike pure essence be,  
And new borne babes as pure in next degree.\*

Sir Henry Chauncy gives a minute description of the paintings which adorned the windows of this

\* There is also the following inscription, which, from its historical interest is deserving of record:

To the memory of  
SIR GEORGE JACKSON, Bart.  
afterwards

Sir George Duckett, Bart.  
Judge Advocate of the Fleet,

who died 15 December, 1822, aged 97 years.  
He was for many years a Secretary of the Admiralty,  
and a Member of Parliament for  
Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, and Colchester.

CAPTAIN COOK,  
of whom he was a zealous friend, and an early patron,  
named after him

Point Jackson, in New Zealand,  
and

Port Jackson, in New South Wales.  
In 1769,

He made the River Stort navigable  
to this Town.

ancient edifice in his time. "In the west window," he observes, "are the names and pictures of King Athelstan, St. Edward, King Edward, and no other later kings in that or any other window. The next," he continues, "is the next north window from the west, it hath the names and pictures of St. Blasius, Nicholas, and other Saints. In the third window, second pane, 'Thomas Leventhorpe,' with face and arms. In the fifth, a woman's face, with glory on the head and a cross in the hand. In the east window, north of the chancel, are several faces, but no names. In the first south window from the east, in the second pane, 'Archangel,' and something over like the picture of an angel. In the second window, one face. In the fifth window, Elias, with one in a kind of priestly garment."

The sexton, a grey-headed man of seventy, informed me, (while at Stortford, about the middle of July,) that all the stained glass was removed when the windows were enlarged, some twenty years ago; he likewise remembers when a statue of St. Michael stood in a niche over the north porch.

The architect who erected Stortford Church must have been well acquainted alike with the horrible and the ridiculous. He has adorned (?) the arches with most grotesque visages. The undoubted "portraits" of the twelve Apostles are confronted by the smirking countenances of Turks and Pagans, Saints with rods, rams and ogres.

J. F. R.

\* \* Bishop's Stortford derived its name from its situation on the river Stort, and from having been the property of the Bishops of London in the Saxon times. There is reason to believe that the Castle was originally built by the Saxons on the site of a Roman camp, as Roman coins of the lower Empire have been found in the castle garden. Indeed the Rev. Thomas Leman, in the Introduction to Clutterbuck's elaborate "History and Antiquities of the County of Hertford," mentions Bishop's Stortford as the probable site of a Roman station. He says, "Our best reason for supposing that a station was placed at or near Bishop's Stortford is because it lies so immediately on the known Roman road between the colony at Colchester and the Municipium at Verulam; and formed, with Dunmow, posts at proper distances, to unite the capital of the Trinobantes with that of the Cassii, which hypothesis has been strengthened by the account in the last edition of Camden's Britannia, that coins have been found there."\* It is

subsequently stated that the supposed station at, or near, Bishop's Stortford, was probably connected by a Roman road with the station of Ad Fines [Braughing].

King John "raised the town of Bishop's Stortford into a borough, and authorised the commonalty to choose officers out of their own body, and to send burgesses to Parliament;" and the returns of persons as elected by the commonalty, for 4 Edward II. 7, 8, and 16 of the same king's reign; 9, 12, and 14 of Edward III. are inserted by Prynne in his "Brevia Parliamentaria."\*

"In the time of Queen Mary, Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, made use of the dungeon adjoining the castle for the confinement of convicted Protestants, whence it obtained the name of the Convicts' Prison, of whom Sir Henry Chauncy tells us, upon the authority of Mr. Thomas Leigh, Vicar of Stortford, one was burned in that queen's reign, on a green called Goose-meat, or God's-meat, near the causeway leading from Stortford to Hockerill. This prison, which consisted of several rooms, was sold about the year 1649, and pulled down, with the bridge leading to it, by the purchaser, who erected an inn near it."† Some remains of the lower walls of the dungeon are yet to be seen in the cellar of an alehouse below the Castle Hill; and quit-rents for castle-guard are still paid to the see of London from many manors adjacent to Bishop's Stortford.—ED,

#### ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

THIS edifice, which in point of magnitude and architectural character, ranks as the third church in the metropolis, was always an object of great interest to the antiquary and the architect, but of late it has attracted a more than usual degree of attention, in consequence of the spirited measures recently adopted to preserve and restore that portion of the structure, known as the "Ladye Chapel,"—a representation of the exterior of which forms one of the embellishments of a former number.‡

Previously to the dissolution of monasteries, this church appertained to a Priory of Augustin Canons, and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; it was then known by the distinctive appellation of *St. Mary Overy*, a name that has given rise to some trivial

\* Vide Clutterbuck's "Herts," vol. i. Introd. p. 16.

\* Vide Clutterbuck's "Herts," vol. iii. p. 251.

† Id. p. 252.

‡ See the wood-cut, p. 17.

speculations in the older histories, which it would be useless to detail here. The addition was not peculiar to this church, for it occurs in the parishes of Burnham *Overy*, in Norfolk, and Burton *Overy*, in Leicestershire, which are merely mentioned to shew that no light is likely to be thrown on the early history of the church from this etymology.

The authenticated accounts refer the foundation of the priory, in 1106, (7th Henry I.) to two Norman knights, by name William Pont de l'Arch, and William Dauncy; and the coeval erection of the church, to William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester. We must here observe that the splendid appearance of this edifice is, in a great degree, owing to the munificent liberality of the successive possessors of that See.

The remains of the church built by Bishop Giffard are to be traced only by the antiquary, in the present nave; and indeed, until very lately a few capitals were the only unquestioned specimens of his period; but in the recent alterations a semicircular-arched doorway (which had been cased with brick in some previous repairs) was uncovered in the north aisle, between the monument of the poet Gower, and the transept, which exhibits the unaltered architecture of the above date. The archivolt mouldings are very bold, and are enriched with the chevron, or zigzag ornament, as well as by some elegant leaves deeply undercut: these mouldings spring from the capitals of three slender cylindrical columns, attached to each jamb. The capitals noticed above are of the same period, and were evidently imitated from the Corinthian order, the volutes being distinctly marked.\*

The Church, as it at present exists, is in the pointed style of architecture, and it is built in accordance with cathedral arrangements, the plan being cruciform, and the superstructure shewing a nave, transept, choir, and Lady Chapel, with a lofty embattled tower rising from the central intersection. Until the repairs, which have taken place within the last ten years, there also stood two extraneous chapels, one dedicated to Mary Magdalene, and the other known as the Bishop's chapel.

The nave, which is the oldest part of the structure now standing, was very materially altered not many years subsequent to its completion, for the purpose of accommodating the architecture to the then newly-introduced pointed style; the columns originally cylindrical, were cased with masonry, and made to assume a poly-

gonal form,\* and indeed on the whole, a similar operation to that effected by the renowned Wykeham, at Winchester, has been performed on this part of the present church.

The exterior features of the nave have never been extensively altered. The west end, with its square frontispiece and curious flintwork, is in the main the work of an early period; but the introduction of a large window with a doorway beneath it in the Tudor style, and two smaller windows of the same period in the aisles, as well as the reconstruction of the flanking towers, give to the elevation a different character to that which it originally possessed.

The south side displays in a singular and once elaborate porch one of the earliest specimens of pointed architecture, well worthy the attention of the student of our ancient styles. Within a niche over this doorway was formerly the statue of our Saviour. The windows in the south aisle, with the exception of one, are in the taste of the fifteenth century; the window which differs from the rest is a very early and curious example of the adoption of mullions and tracery. The windows of the cloisters, according to Hollar's print, were originally filled with mullions and tracery of the same character as in the aisle, but the whole are now destitute of that elegant ornamental work, and the entire wall is of modern brick.

The north side, against which the cloister abutted, exhibits only a tasteless specimen of brick-work of the last century.

The choir and Lady Chapel which (with the exception of the restorations effected and now in progress under the superintendence of Mr. Gwilt,) are the work of Peter de Rupibus, who was Bishop of Winchester, from 1205 to 1238: the commencement of the work is thus noticed in an ancient Chronicle, "John anno X<sup>o</sup> (1208.) Seynt Marie Overie was that yere begonne."†

The works of this prelate are in the lancet style of pointed architecture, and agree in detail with other characteristic edifices of the same period. The choir, which is now used for divine service, having been faithfully restored by Mr. Gwilt, exhibits the grandeur of a cathedral. The purity of the architecture, the lofty aspiring form of the arch, the massiveness of

\* The casing of one of these pillars having been partially removed, the original cylinder became visible, and has only been concealed from observation by some temporary repairs effected in the course of the present year.

† "A Chronicle of London, from 1089 to 1483," first printed in 1827, by E. Tyrrell, Esq. Deputy Remembrancer of the City of London.

\* On taking down some portions of the transept in 1830, several fragments of Norman workmanship were taken out of the walls, in which they had been used as rubble.

the columns, and the scientific groining of the roof, all combine to render it an object of interest. Whether it be viewed from the floor, or the triforium, or from the upper gallery, at nearly forty feet from the pavement, it presents in every point an unrivalled and singularly beautiful appearance.\*

The east end of the choir had been altered, and a new altar screen erected in the sixteenth century. The remains of the old screen were discovered a few years since, and the whole will shortly be in progress of restoration. The window above this screen was constructed by Mr. Gwilt, in the lancet style.

The choir and Lady Chapel (with the above exceptions, and the introduction of a window in the north wall of the latter structure) remained unaltered until 1822, when in consequence of the decayed state of the roof it became necessary to take down the entire groined roof as well as a portion of the superincumbent walls of the choir. At the same time, the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene was pulled down, and the south aisle of the choir against which that structure abutted was made good. In these repairs an entire new face was given to the structure. "The principal part of the masonry," says Mr. Gwilt, "is executed with a sharp grit-stone from the Houghtree (vulgo Hiffree) quarries in the vicinity of Kirkstall Abbey: the rest of the facing is made out with white surface flints which are found upon many of the high lands in various parts of Surrey." The eastern part is from a design by Mr. Gwilt: at the angles are staircase turrets, crowned with pinnacles of a chaste design. The gable wants loftiness, but the elaborate foliated cross on its apex is universally admired. On the pedestal of this cross is the following inscription:

This Cross, the last stone,  
towards the rebuilding of the east  
end of the Choir of this Church  
was laid in the presence of the  
wardens and gentlemen composing  
the Committee of Church repairs.

By GEORGE SADLER, Esq.  
Warden of the Great account.

GEORGE GWILT,  
Architect.

Sept. 17, 1824.

The restorations which have been commenced at the Lady Chapel will be in the same general style as the choir; and it is but justice to the architect to state that the designs of this gentleman have been formed

\* We would suggest to every visitor of this beautiful church, that he should by no means omit to view the choir from the upper gallery, from which point he will not only be able to witness and appreciate the restorations, but also to see the building in situations which no view from the floor will give.

after a most laborious and attentive examination of the existing remains.

The transepts were restored in 1829 and 1830, from the designs of R. Wallace, Esq. architect: the south transept was in the best style of the fourteenth century, and it is much to be regretted that the side windows were shortened, by which their original proportions have been destroyed.

The great window, designed from the circular window yet remaining in the western wall of the contiguous ruins of Winchester Palace, and the groined roof, are the additions to the south transept. In the north transept, of which only a mutilated portion remained, Mr. Wallace had occasion to restore on a larger scale: as the architecture was of an earlier date than the southern branch, Mr. Wallace has introduced a tasteful window with circular tracery, in the style of Westminster Abbey. A groined roof in unison with the south branch was constructed, and the transept is now considered to present a beautiful vista, second only to the choir. The four magnificent arches which support the tower remain unaltered. The tower, which is the work of several periods, was probably commenced in the fourteenth and completed late in the sixteenth century; at least, so much may be gleaned from its architecture, for history is nearly silent as to its erection.

From a desire of avoiding controversy, we shall not discuss the question either of the necessity or the expediency of the recent demolition of the roof of the nave, but be content with stating that it was taken off in pursuance of an "Order of Vestry." The nave now remains a melancholy picture of desolation and ruin, yet let us hope that it will soon rise from its present degraded state to one of perfection and beauty. Should the nave be completed according to ancient examples, the groined roof of the church will exhibit a perspective of two hundred and eight feet in length without interruption.

The chapel of St. Mary Magdalene (which has been wholly destroyed) was originally the parish church, but when the larger structure (or Priory Church) was made parochial, it descended into a subordinate character. It was divided by clustered columns and arches into a centre and side aisles, and in the east window was some good tracery, which is now in the possession of G. Allen, Esq. architect. This chapel occupied a space at the east side of the south transept, from which it was originally approached by arches constructed in the wall, and it also communicated with the church, by the means of large arches constructed in the wall of the aisle.

The Bishop's Chapel extended eastward, in a direct line, from the end of the Lady Chapel, the approach to it was by means of the arch represented in the second division of that structure, in the wood-cut already given. The architecture was in the style of Edward the Third's reign, but it had been greatly injured by a fire in 1668, and was clumsily rebuilt: it was taken down in 1830.

The altar screen is a beautiful composition of niches, &c., and from the circumstance of its bearing a close resemblance in design to that of Winchester Cathedral, as well as from the pelican being introduced amongst its ornaments, there can be little doubt that it was the workmanship of Bishop Fox, in the early part of the sixteenth century. This splendid fabric was formerly hidden from observation, partly by a modern screen of oak, and partly by plaster, and has been greatly dilapidated; but as sufficient materials exist to allow of a complete restoration, a subscription for that purpose has been raised, and it is hoped that the whole will soon be restored to its pristine beauty.\*

There are many particulars connected with this church, which our space compels us to pass over unnoticed. The monumental remains are highly curious, and we may probably recur to them at another opportunity. The period, we trust, is not far distant when this church will display a complete and entire specimen of restoration, unequalled perhaps in any other structure, except the chapel of Henry VII., at Westminster, which, it is to be recollected, was repaired at the *national* expense. E. I. C.

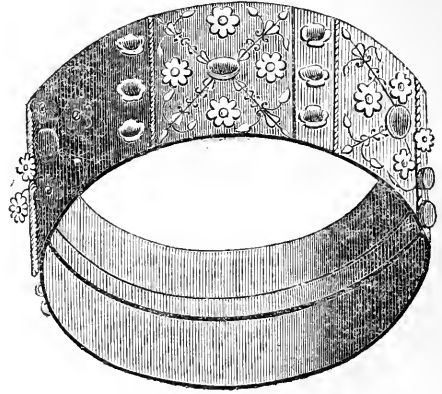
### THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.

It will be recollected that when the Emperor Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, (at Milan, on the 23rd of May, 1805), he placed the Iron Crown of the Kings of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, using the memorable expression, "*Dieu me l'a donné, Gare à qui la touche,*" God has given it to me; beware who touches;---which Sir Walter Scott designates as the *haughty* motto attached to it by its ancient owners.

This Crown is represented on one of the Medals

\* As a specimen of ludicrous sculpture, may be mentioned that over the door-way on the right of the screen, a monk is represented as chasing a fat pig, and endeavouring to secure it by the tail.—Ed,

of the Bonaparte Series, but the narrow *Iron Ring*, or *band*, within it, and which gives it celebrity, is not seen. In the annexed wood-cut\* the deficiency



is supplied, and the ring, which is about three eighths of an inch broad, and one tenth of an inch in thickness, is distinctly shown. The tradition accompanying this curious relic is, that it was made out of one of the Nails used at the Crucifixion, and given to Constantine by his mother, the Empress Helena, the discoverer of the Cross, to protect him in battle!† Afterwards, it was used at the Coronations of the Lombard Kings; and, primarily, at that of Agilulfus, at Milan, in the year 591.

From the great estimation in which the Milan Crown is held, we cannot wonder at the extreme care that is taken to preserve it. It is kept in the Cathedral of Monza, within an octagonal recess in the centre of an ornamented cross, which is placed in an elevated situation, over an altar, and closely shut up by folding doors of gilt brass. Mr. Duppa describes it as consisting of a broad circle composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold joined together by close hinges, and set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. Within the circle is the iron crown, or band, giving name to the whole; and the ecclesiastics who exhibit it, point out as a "permanent miracle, that there is not a single speck of rust upon the iron, although

\* Copied from a sketch made by the late Michael Duppa, Esq. F.S.A. and published in his "Miscellaneous Observations:" royal 8vo. 1825.

† In the Benedictine Church at Catania, in Sicily, there is said to be one of these nails, which by its miraculous virtue preserved the monastery from destruction during the memorable eruption of Mount Ætna in the year 1669, when its walls were surrounded by liquid fire. Another nail is reported to be in the Treasury of St. Mark, at Venice,



it has now been exposed more than fifteen hundred years." After his Coronation at Milan, Bonaparte instituted a new order of knighthood for Italy, called "Of the Iron Crown," on the same principles as that of the "Legion of Honour" for France.

### FONT AT HEREFORD.



MR. EDITOR.—I send, for your Graphic Illustrator, a drawing of a curious *Font*, which belongs to the *cathedral church of Hereford*, and which is now placed against the wall of the south aisle of the nave. Previous to the fall of the west end of that church, and which has been rebuilt in a very tasteless style by the late James Wyatt, Esq., it was fixed between two columns of the nave, near the west end. Your antiquarian readers will perceive that the form and design of this infant baptismal font are of rather unusual character;\* the bowl, or basin, being a semi-globe, with its centre hollowed out. Around the exterior surface, is a series of attached arches springing from small columns, and forming a sort of canopy

\* Among the "Series of Baptismal Fonts," by Mr. Simpson, jun. there is not one like that at Hereford; nor have I ever met with its semblance in the course of my antiquarian journeyings. Had not the embellishments and literary matter of my volume on Hereford Cathedral, exceeded the boundaries prescribed by the price of the work, this Font would have been included in the illustrations,

over twelve rudely sculptured figures, said to represent the Apostles. On the outer ledge, is a kind of key ornament. Some of the columns are decorated with a spiral, and others with a zigzag moulding. The whole font rests on sculptured animals supposed to indicate lions. In Lombardy and other districts of Italy, and also in parts of Germany there are sepulchral monuments, and architectural designs, in which the lion, and other figures of beasts are represented as sustaining the superincumbent work. This Font is of very old workmanship, and may probably be assigned to the age of Bishop Lozing, (about 1080,) the reputed builder of the nave and some other parts of Hereford Cathedral. It is related by the Monkish Chroniclers that he imitated the church of Aken, or Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany.

J. BRITTON.

### CHURCH MEDALS, No. IV.



THE ceremonial stone of this church was laid on Friday, the 29th August, 1823, in the fourth year of the reign of his majesty George IV.; by the Right Honorable Richard William Penn, Earl Howe. Length of the church, 92 feet; breadth, 64 feet. Height of the tower and spire, 170 feet. The expense of erecting the church is defrayed by his majesty's commissioners for building additional churches in populous parishes, and the site [was] purchased by voluntary contributions. William Parsons, architect; Leicester. The Hon. and Right Rev. George

Pelham, D.D., lord bishop of Lincoln. The venerable T. Parkinson, D.D., archdeacon of Leicester, and chairman of the District Board. John Stockdale Hardy, Hon. Secretary.

## A DISSERTATION

ON SOME OF THE ANGLO-SAXON PRONOUNS.

BY JAMES JENNINGS, ESQ.

No. II.—ER, EN, A—IT HET—THEEAZE THEEAZAM, THIZZAM—THIC, THILK—TWORDN—WORDN—ZINO.

BEFORE proceeding to the remaining objects chosen for this dissertation, it is necessary that we should advert to several of the dialects by which the western portion of our island is distinguished.

We may observe then, that there are in *Somersetshire* (besides that particular portion in the *southern* parts of the county in which the Anglo-Saxon *iche* or *utchy* and its contracts prevail) *two* distinct and very different dialects, the boundaries of which are strongly marked by the River *Parret*. To the east and north of that river a dialect is used which is essentially, (even at the present period) the dialect of all the peasantry of not only that part of *Somersetshire* here mentioned, but also of the peasantry of *Dorsetshire*, *Wiltshire*, *Gloucestershire*, *Hampshire*, *Surrey*, *Sussex*, and *Kent*; and even in the suburban village of *Lewisham*, will be found many striking remains of it. There can be no doubt that this dialect was some centuries ago the language of the inhabitants of all the south and of much of the west portion of our island; but it is nevertheless in its greatest *purity*\* and most abundant in the county of *Somerset*.

No sooner, however, do we cross the *Parret* and proceed from *Combwich* † to *Cannington* (by the way

\* Among other innumerable proofs that *Somersetshire* is one of the strongholds of our old Anglo-Saxon, are the sounds which are there generally given to the vowels A and E. A has, for the most part, the same sound as we give to that letter in the word *father* in our polished dialect; in the words *táll*, *cáll*, *báll*, and *váll* (fall) &c. it is thus pronounced. The E has the sound which we give in our polished dialect to the a in *pane*, *cane*, &c., both which sounds, it may be observed, are even *now* given to these letters on the Continent, in very many places, particularly in *Holland* and in *Germany*. The name of *Dr. Gall*, the founder of the science of *phrenology*, is pronounced *Gáll*, as we of the west pronounce *táll*, *báll*, &c.

† This word is usually pronounced by the inhabitants of the place and neighbourhood *Cummidge*. We here see the dispo-

sition in our language to convert *wich* into *idge*: we find *Dulwich* and *Greenwich* often pronounced by the vulgar *Dullidge*, *Greenidge*.  
one of the most pleasant villages in the west of England, about three miles from *Bridgewater*) than another dialect, not to say language, becomes strikingly apparent. Here we have no more of the *zees*, the *hires*, the *veels*, and the *walks* and a numerous et cætera, which we find in the eastern portion of the county, in the third person singular of the verbs, but instead we have *he zeeth*, he sees, *he veel'th*, he feels, *he walk'th*, he walks, and so on through the whole range of the similar part of every verb. This is of itself a strong and distinguishing characteristic; but this dialect has many more; one is in the very different sounds given to almost every word which is employed, and which thus strongly characterize the persons who use them.\* Another is that *er* for *he* in the nominative case is most commonly employed; thus for, he said he would not, is used *Er zad er ood'n*—*Er ont goor*, for, he will not go, &c. Again *ise* or *ees*, for *I* is also common. Many other peculiarities and contractions in this dialect are to a stranger not a little puzzling; and if we proceed so far westward as the confines of *Exmoor*, they are, to a plain Englishman, very often unintelligible. *Her* or rather *hare* is very frequently, nay almost always, used instead of the nominative *she*. *Har'th a doo'd it*, she has done it; *Hare zad har'd do't*. She said she would do it. This dialect pervades not only the western portion of *Somersetshire* but the whole of *Devonshire*. As my observations in these papers apply chiefly to the dialect east of the *Parret*, it is not necessary to proceed further in our present course; yet as *er* is also occasionally used instead of *he* in that dialect it becomes useful to point out its different application in the two portions of the county. In the eastern part it is used very rarely if ever in the beginning of sentences; but frequently thus: *A did, did er?* He did, did he? *Wordn er gwain?* Was he not going? *Ool er goo?* will he go?

We may here advert to the common corruption, I suppose I must call it, of *a* for *he* used so generally in the west. As *a zed a'd do it* for, he said he would do it. Shakspeare has given this form of the pronoun in the speeches of many of his low characters which, of course, strikingly demonstrates its then very general use among the vulgar; but it is in his

\* I cannot pretend to account for this very singular and marked distinction in our western dialects; the fact, however, is so; and it may be added, too, that there can be no doubt both these dialects are the children of our Anglo-Saxon parent.

works usually printed with a comma thus 'a, to show, it is presumed, that it is a corrupt enunciation of he. This comma is, however, most probably, an addition by some editor.

Another form of the third personal pronoun employed only in the objective case is found in the west, namely *en* for him, as a *zid en* or, rather more commonly, a *zid'n*, he saw him. Many cases, however, occur in which *en* is fully heard; as *gee't to en*, give it to him. It is remarkable that Congreve, in his comedy of "*Love for Love*," has given to *Ben the Sailor* in that piece many expressions found in the west. "Thof he be my father I an't bound prentice to *en*." It should be noted here that *he be* is rarely if ever heard in the west, but instead *he's* or *he is*. *We be*, *you be*, and *thá be* are nevertheless very common. *Er*, employed as above, is beyond question aboriginal Saxon; *en* has been probably adopted as being more euphonious than *him*.\*

*Het* for *it* is still also common amongst the peasantry. On reference to our early Saxon writers, it was usually written *hit*, sometimes *hyt*.

"Als *hit* in heaven y-doe,  
Evar in yearth beene it also."

*Metrical Lord's Prayer of 1160.*

Of *theeüze*, used as a demonstrative pronoun, both in the singular and plural, for *this* and *these*, it may be observed, as well as indeed of the pronunciation of many other words in the west, that we have no letters or combination of letters which express exactly the sounds there given to such words. *Theeüze* is here marked as a dissyllable, but although it is sometimes decidedly two syllables, its sounds are not always thus apparent in Somerset enunciation. What is more of the remarkable in this word, is its equal

application to the singular and the plural. Thus we say *theeüze man* and *theeüze men*. But in the plural are also employed other forms of the same pronoun, namely *theeázam*, *theeázamy* and *thizzum*. This last word is, of course, decidedly the Anglo-Saxon *ðijrum*. In the west we say therefore *theeázam here* for these, or these here, *theeázamy here* and *thizzam here* for these, or these here; and sometimes *theeázam*, *theeázamy* and *thizzam* are used without the pleonastic and unnecessary *here*.

For the demonstrative *those* of our polished dialect them, or *themmy*, and often *them there* or *themmy there*, are the usual synonyms; as, *gee I themmy there shoes*; that is, give me those shoes. The objective pronoun *me*, is very sparingly employed indeed—I, in general supplying its place as in the preceding sentence: to this *barbarism* in the name of my native dialect, I must plead *guilty*!—if barbarism our metropolitan critics shall be pleased to term it.\*

*Thic* is in the Somersetshire dialect (namely that to which I have particularly directed my attention and which prevails on the east side of the Parret) invariably employed for *that*. *Thic house*, that house; *thic man*, that man: in the west of the county it is *thiky*, or *thecky*. Sometimes *thic* has the force and meaning of a personal pronoun, as:

*Catch and scrabble*  
*Thic that's yable.*—  
*Catch and scramble*  
*He who's able.*

Again, *thic that dont like it mid leave it*,---he who does not like it may leave it.

It should be noted that *th* in all the pronouns above mentioned has the obtuse sound as heard in *then*

\* I have not met with *en* for him in any of our more early writers; and I am therefore disposed to consider it as of comparatively modern introduction, and one among the very few changes in language introduced, most probably by the *yeomanry*, a class of persons less disposed to changes of any kind than any other in society, arising, doubtless, from their isolated position. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that this change if occasionally adopted in our polished dialect would afford an agreeable variety by no means unmusical. In conversation with a very learned Grecian on this subject, he seemed to consider because the *learned* are constantly, and sometimes very capriciously, introducing new words into our language, that such words as *en* might be introduced for similar reasons, namely, mere fancy or caprice; on this subject I am obliged greatly to differ from him: our aboriginal Saxon population has never corrupted our language nor destroyed its energetic character half so much as the mere classical scholar. Hence the necessity, in order to a complete knowledge of our mother tongue, that we should study the Anglo-Saxon still found in the provinces.

\* By the way I may just retort upon our polished dialect, that it has gone over to the other extreme in avoidance of the I, using *me* in many sentences where I ought most decidedly to be employed. *It was me* is constantly dinned in our ears for *it was I*: let our metropolitans reflect upon this and thank me for a *quid pro quo* which is well entitled to their attention; as well as indeed one word more, although not a pronoun, which my *cacœthes dissertandi* will not permit me to pass over here; this is, the almost constant use in London of the verb *to lay* for the verb *to lie*. If we at head-quarters commit such blunders can we wonder at our provincial detachments falling into similar errors? none certainly more gross than this!

§ I am aware that some of our lexicographers have attempted a defence of this solecism by deriving it from the French *c'est moi*; but, with submission to our metropolitans, I think it is from their affected dislike of direct egotism; and that, whenever they can, they avoid the I in order that they might not be thought at once vulgar and egotistic!

and *this* and not the thin sound as heard in *both*, *thin*, and many other words of our polished dialect. Chaucer employed the pronoun *thic* very often, but he spells it *thilk*; he does not appear, however, to have always restricted it to the meaning implied in our *that* and to the present Somerset *thic*. *Spenser* has also employed *thilk* in his *Shepherd's Calendar* several times:

"Seest not *thilk* same hawthorn stud  
How bragly it begins to bud  
And utter his tender head?"  
"Our blonket leveries been all too sad  
For *thilk* same season, when all is yelad  
With pleasure."

I cannot conclude this dissertation without a few observations on three very remarkable Somersetshire words, namely *twornd*, *wordn*, and *zino*. They are living evidences of the *contractions* with which that dialect very much abounds.

*Twornd* means, it was not; and is composed of three words, namely *it*, *wor*, and *not*; *wor*, is the past tense, or, as it is sometimes called, the preterite of the verb to be, in the third person singular;\* and such is the indistinctness with which the sound of the vowel in *were* is commonly expressed in Somersetshire, that *wor*, *wer*, or *war*, will nearly alike convey it, the sound of the e being rarely if ever long; *twornd* is therefore composed, as stated, of three words; but it will be asked what business has the d in it? To this it may be replied that d and t are, as is well known, often converted in our language the one into the other; but by far the most frequently d is converted into t. Here, however, the t is not only converted into d, but instead of being placed after n, as analogy requires thus, *twornt*, it is placed before it for *euphony* I dare say; although a metropolitan critic may possibly smile at this. Such is the analysis of this singular and, if not euphonious, most certainly expressive word.

*Wordn* admits of a similar explanation; but this word is composed of two words only, *wor* and *not*; instead of *wornt*, which analogy requires, a d is placed before n for a similar reason that the d is placed before n in *twornd*, namely for *euphony*; *wordn* is decidedly another of our forcible words.

*Wordn er gwain*?—was he not going, may compete

\* It should be observed here that *was* is rather uncommon among the Somersetshire peasantry—*wor*, or *war*, being there the synonyms; thus *Spenser* in his "*Shepherd's Calendar*."

"The kid,—  
Asked the cause of his great distress,  
And also who and whence that *he were*?"

in my judgment with any language for its energetic brevity.

*Zino*, has the force and application of an interjection, and has sufficient of the *ore rotundo* to appear a classical dissyllable; its origin is, however, of the most humble kind, being simply the contract of, *as I know*, and it is usually preceded in Somersetshire by *no*. Thus, *ool er do it? no, zino! I thawt a oodn*. Will he do it? *no, zino! I thought he would not*. These words, *Twornd*, *Wordn*, and *Zino*, may be thus exemplified:

You say he was there, and I say that *a wordn*;  
You say that 'twas he, and I tell you that *twornd*;  
You ask, will he go? I reply, not as I know;  
You say that he will, and I must say, *no, Zino!*

Perhaps I cannot conclude this paper better than by laying before the reader a *Legend of Glastonbury*, a place which was formerly noted for having one of the richest abbeys in England. The ruins of its abbey still attract the curious and the antiquarian. The language in which this legend is written is the Somerset dialect of the present time, as the aboriginals of that county will readily perceive. The legend is made up not from books, but from the oral traditions once very prevalent, and possibly still so, in and near Glastonbury.

#### A LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY.

Who hath not hir'd of *Avalon*?\*  
'Twar talk'd o' much and long ago:—  
The wonders o' the *Holy thorn*,  
The which, zoon âter Christ war born,  
Here a planted war by *Arimathé*,  
Thic *Joseph* that com'd over sea,  
And planted Christianity.  
Thâ zâ that whun a landed yust,  
(Zich plazen war in God's own trust)  
A stuck his staff into the groun  
And over his shoulder lookin roun,  
Whativer mid his lot bevall,  
He cried aloud now, "weary all!"  
The staff het budded and het grew,  
And at Christmas bloom'd the whol dâ droo.  
And still het blooms at Christmas bright,  
But best thâ zâ at dork midnight.  
A pruf o' this, if pruf you will,  
Is voun in the name o' *Weary-âll Hill!*  
Let tell *Pumparles* or lazy *Brue*  
That what is told is vor sartain true!

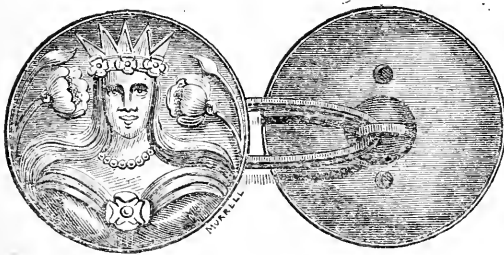
This story of the *Holy Thorn* was a long time credited by the vulgar, and even yet survives among the credulous. That there is a species of the white thorn which blossoms about Christmas, is now so well known to naturalists as to excite little, if any, surprise. The

\* "The Isle of ancient Avalon."—*Drayton*,

stories of Joseph of Arimathea, of his staff, and his landing at *Weary-all Hill*, are all equally absurd. There is, however, a hill between Street and Glastonbury, called *Wearyall*, why so called I do not know. Pumpsarles is supposed to be a corruption of *Pons perilous*, that is, dangerous bridge, a bridge over the river Brue, near Wearyall Hill.

It may be added in defence of Glastonbury's being called the *Island of Avalon*, with its Torhill, &c., that before the moors were drained and "tined in,"\* (that is, divided into separate allotments,) to the extent or completeness they now are, much of the low land around Glastonbury was, to a considerable extent, covered with water in the winter season, so as, very probably, to constitute it an island; indeed, within my own memory, many square miles of low land between Glastonbury and the sea were covered during the winter, for a time more or less long with water. The river *Brue* is the main artery of this plain, which empties its contents into the Bristol channel, near Highbridge, after a course from its rise, near Bruton, of about twenty or more miles.†

#### ANCIENT CLOAK BUTTONS.



AMONG the several vestiges of the olden times found near the banks of the Thames, during the recent excavations for the New Hungerford Market, were the linked CLOAK BUTTONS, represented in the annexed cut. They are of silver, and exactly alike. Besides the link and shanks, they each consist of two pieces, soldered together and bevelled at the edge. The upper

\* This verb to *tine in*, to *tine*, to shut, as *tine the door*; and to *tine*, to kindle, as *tine the candle*, is a very good one, and deserves to be taken into the service of our polished dialect.

† The *natural history* of this tract is every way worthy of the attention of the naturalist; and should no other person, more diligent and observing than myself, undertake its history, I will assuredly attempt it should leisure be afforded me. In the mean time, should any gentleman undertake it, I shall be most happy to communicate my views to him on the subject.

side, which displays an embossed female bust, crowned, is so highly convex that it nearly forms a semi-globe; the other side is slightly concave. The head is large, and the forehead high; the hair, which is dishevelled, falls in large masses upon the shoulders. The diadem exhibits five acutely-pointed rays, or leaves, rising from a bandeau of roses. The robe is fastened at the breast by a rose brooch, or jewel of that figure; and on each side of the head, a rose appears to be springing up. Whether the necklace was of roses, is doubtful, from the sharpness of the work being worn off.

Considering these buttons to represent some known personage of popular veneration, or respect: and seeing that the rose is their distinctive ornament, we may conclude that they were originally made and worn in honour of *Elizabeth of York*, whose union with Henry the Seventh terminated the disastrous civil wars which had so long desolated the kingdom under the rival banners of the white and the red rose.

#### A TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1634.

(Continued from p. 95.)

THE Travellers next "spur'd on for Topcliffe neere Spur Rippon, by his Ma<sup>ties</sup> Parke, and florrest, and some other Castles, & sweet situations of Lords & Knights. In short this way we twice cross'd over by two fayre arch'd Bridges, that sacred river [Swale], w<sup>ch</sup> 5 miles short of that dayes journey meets with another river [Eure], and the to together makes that famous River Ouse: and although this Towne [Topcliffe] was small, yet had we good Lodging and Fare for a small matter.

"The next day we were to passe into another Kingdome the Bishopricke of Durham, for the Bishop is a Prince there."

Having passed through Darlington, and crossed the Tees, the writer proceeds thus:

"After we entred into the Bishopricke, wee left all along on our right hand the high mountainous Hills in Cleaveland in Yorkshire, neere unto Tees, w<sup>ch</sup> divides them from Durham: likewise that ancient decay'd Coast Towne [Hartlepoole], w<sup>ch</sup> is surrounded some halfe a mile w<sup>th</sup> the maine sea every 12 howers. This hath beene formerly a brave, stately, & well fortify'd Towne, now onely a sea-land habitation for fishermen. The 3 admired deep pitts, called Hell Kettles, we left boyling by Darlington. At ferry-hill w<sup>th</sup> in 5 miles of Durham, such as know it, know it outops & comaunds a great part of the

country, & though soe wondrous high, yet there on the top thereof wee produc'd our travelling Plate, & borrowed a cup of refreshing health, from a sweete and most pleasant spring.

"Against this place, and not farre off on our left hand, wee left the Bishops stately house & Parke [Aukland], sweetely situated upon the river, where he so lately entertain'd so royally his Ma<sup>tie</sup> in his progresse.

"Within 2 mile of Durham, wee cross'd the river Were (w<sup>ch</sup> takes its head w<sup>th</sup> 3 hopping Rivers [Burdop, Wellhop, and Kellhop] to make her swift) over a fayre long arch'd Bridge, to w<sup>ch</sup> was a descent neere a mile: & from thence we clim'd & descended nothing but steep rocky Hills to the Citty, w<sup>ch</sup> caus'd us to be benighted, but wee happily lighted on an honest Gentleman who was pleas'd to be our Pilot, through these rugged darke wayes, to our Inn, the Lion, where our Host, an honest Trout, caus'd us to be carefully attended by his she-attendants, for w<sup>ch</sup> good usage we gave many thanks to the courteous Gentleman our Guide.

"After our Citty rest, wee did not walke far in the morning to take a full & perfect view & survey of the Towne, (governed by a Mayor, & 12 Aldermen & a Recorder) but to the Cathedrall, w<sup>ch</sup> was neere our Inn, plac'd on the top & hart of the Citty, w<sup>ch</sup> stands all on a Rocke, on a Hill in a Dale; for enter the same w<sup>ch</sup> way you will, you must descend, & very steepily, neere upon a mile togeather, yet the Minster, the Bishops Castle, & the Hart of the Citty stands on a hill; (She is inviron'd, & nigh girt round by the River Were,) w<sup>ch</sup> was made to build the Castle, Minster, & other fayre structures that were erected about 600 yeeeres since, & she hath some streets that run out long wayes, w<sup>ch</sup> makes her like a Crab.

"The Colledge is onely walled about, w<sup>ch</sup> place is the prime and principall of this Citty, for therein stands (besides that stately, large, faire fiabricke of 200 paces long & 300 stayres high) the Bishops prince-like Castle, built by W<sup>m</sup>. Conquer<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> his regall Courts of Judicature, Exchequer, Chancery, Court of Pleas, &c. the large brave Deanery, w<sup>th</sup> the Prebends Chancellors, & Church-mens houses and buildings.

"After we entred that famous Minster we found some living benefactors there, that had disburs'd great Summes to adorne this goodly & stately faire Church; first a ffont not to be parale'd in our land, it is 8 Square, w<sup>th</sup> an Iron grate rays'd 2 yardes every Square, w<sup>th</sup> in is a fayre ascent of diverse steps, the

cover opens like a foure quarter'd Globe, the stone is of branch'd Marble, & the Story is that of St. John baptizing our blessed Savior, and y<sup>e</sup> foure Euangelists curiously done, & richly painted, w<sup>th</sup> in the Globe all about so artificially wrought & carv'd w<sup>th</sup> such variety of Joyners work as makes all the beholders thereof to admire: a rare and rich Clocke & Diall, w<sup>th</sup> severall Globes, whereby to know the age of the Moone, the day of the Moneth, the Moneth of the yeare, &c: a fayre & rich Co<sup>m</sup>union Table, (w<sup>ch</sup> cost £200) standing att the high Altar of blacke branch'd Marble, supported w<sup>th</sup> 6 fayre Columes of Touchstone, all built at the charge of Dr. Hunt, the Reverend Deane: and to adorne it, 2 double gilt Candlestickes, and a Bason, 2 double gilt fayre flaggons, 2 Chalicees w<sup>th</sup> Covers likewise double-gilt, all w<sup>ch</sup> rich Plate were given to this Church by some religious Church-mans bounty.

"The Monuments were many, & these, remarkable among the rest, I cannot omit. Beyond the high Altar the Shrine of that greatly adored Saint, Cuthbert, whose story alone would be a voluminous worke, therefore I shall forbear. Certes, he was a holy man, of excellent giftes & vertues, & one that brought great Priviledges & Royalties to this Palatinate: & by his meanes, many Princes of this Kingdom gave ample and great revenues and large possessions to this Church & to this Saints Shrine, in times past, much People resorted and offer'd great gifts, for their happy Successe both at Sea and Land.

Neere to the Minster is Bough Church, where (as they say) the Corps of S<sup>t</sup> Cuthbert was plac'd in a Church built w<sup>th</sup> Boughes till he was heere interr'd.

"At the other end of this Cathedrall, in the Galliley or Lady Chappell (wherein the Bps. Chancellor, &c. sits in the High Co<sup>m</sup>ission Court) is another memorable Saint interr'd, viz<sup>t</sup>. the marble Tombe of Venerable S<sup>t</sup> Bede, borne [died] at the Abbey of Jarro, neere the river of Tyne, An<sup>o</sup> 734. A religious & learned man, whose worth & liberality to this Church came little short of S<sup>t</sup> Cuthberts.

Bp. Beamont's Tombe who was of the blood Royall of Ffrance. Bp. Skirlaw's faire Grave-stone, neere the high Altar, 16 foot long, w<sup>th</sup> the Apostles, S<sup>t</sup> Cuthbert, & S<sup>t</sup> Oswald, curiously engraven thereon.

Two stately old Monum<sup>ts</sup> of the Nevills, sometimes Earles of Westmorland. One of them fought the battell att Nevills Crosse, & tooke the King of Scotland prisoner, who was the first Leyman that ever was buried in the Church.

"Then wee were caryed into the Chapter-House, where most of the ancient Bishops lye interr'd: The fayre Library, cheifely consisting of ancient Manuscripts, one especially, the New Testament in Saxon

characters, 1000 yeere old. The Vestry, & therein wee saw diverse fayre Coapes of severall rich workes, of Crimson Satten, imbroder'd w<sup>th</sup> emboss'd worke of Silver, besett all over with Cherubims curiously wrought to life. A black Coap wrought w<sup>th</sup> Gold, w<sup>th</sup> diverse Images in colours. A High Altar Cloth, of Crimson Velvet, to cov<sup>r</sup> the Table; an other of Purple Velvet to hang above; and a third of Crimson & Purple, to lay beneath, & 4 other rich Coapes & vestments, and although they cannot show the like Royall gift of Plate as we view'd at Yorke, yet they glory in that rich gift they presented to his Ma<sup>tie</sup> in his Progresse, the richest of all their ancient Coapes, w<sup>ch</sup> his Ma<sup>tie</sup> graciously accepted, and esteem'd at an high vauel.

"Away then wee were call'd to Prayers, where wee were rapt w<sup>th</sup> the sweet sound & riches of a fayre Organ, w<sup>ch</sup> cost £1000, and the orderly, devout & melodious Harmony of the Quiristers: There were wee discov'ed by that worthy, grave, generous Deane, I before spoke off, (Dr. Hunt), & no sooner was prayers done, but wee were summon'd by one of his gentile Ambassadors, to take part of a Resident Dinner w<sup>th</sup> him, w<sup>ch</sup> had wee not freely and cheerefully accepted off, wee had lost our selves, & that noble entertainment, such as was fit for neat palated Courtiers, & not for such dusty travelling Soldiers as wee were.

"The first salute & welcome from this worthy Gentleman was exprest with a double reflect upon us; first, as we were Strangers, but more especially as we were his Countrymen. It pleas'd him to leave all his Guests, Doctors, Prebends, and Citizens of both Sexes, & of both kinds spirituall & laytie, & to condescend to walke w<sup>th</sup> us in his Garden, about halfe an houre, till his Gent. Usher, the harbinger of Dinner, come & told him his meat was on the Table: wee wish'd the Cooke had not beene so hasty, or that he had layen longer in bed: for his grave discourse was so mild, sweet, & eloquent, as would make a man soe in a trance, as never to be weary of hearing him: The same curteous usage wee had in his Garden, the same wee had at his Board, which neither wanted good Dishes nor Company, for there were of both choice, and plenty.

"After halfe an houres sitting there came a young Scholler, & read a Chapter, during w<sup>ch</sup> time all discourse ceas'd: no sooner was itt ended, but the grave Master of the House begins a Cup of Wine to all his Guests, w<sup>th</sup> a hearty welcome, w<sup>ch</sup> his gentile Servitors were careful to see every man pledge, to wash downe the fat Venison, sweet Salmon, & other great

cheere this large & sumptuous Table was furnish'd with.

"Thus we spent an houre to refresh our travelling Corps, w<sup>th</sup> as good meat & drinke, & from as good, as free, & as generous a Gentleman as England affords: Soone after Dinner wee bethought our selves of our Journey, & so agreed to take our leaves of him, but his reply to our requests was to stay still w<sup>th</sup> him a weeke longer; our cheare, & welcome should be the same we had found: we mildly press'd for his licence to depart, telling him how we had resolv'd, and order'd our Journey. A noble Doctor standing by (in our behalves wee thanke him) told Mr. Deane that the greatest freedome Strangers could have was to enjoy their Liberties: well, said this grave Orator, since I can no longer enjoy you, I shall wish & pray for a happy & prosperous Journey to attend you, & soe I commit you into the hands of my Jalor, his Gentleman Usher, one of our countrymen standing by."---They then took leave of their hospitable host.

The travellers passing by Bear Park the seat of Dean Hunt & Lunley Castle, descended "the steep rocky hill," to the town of "Gateside" [Gateshead], & crossing the Tyne, "by a fayre stone Bridge of 10 Arches, w<sup>th</sup> some Towers, to which come the Shippes," they arrived at Newcastle.

"The key," says the Writer, "is fayre, & long, & a strong wall there is betweene it and the Towne, on which we march'd all abreast: On the top of the old Castle, built by Robert D. of Normandy, wee saw all the way downe to Shields some 7 miles distance, where the Seas entrance is, in w<sup>ch</sup> Channell lay not that number of Shippes, Vessells, & Barkes that sometimes doth, for we were inform'd that the River is capable of receiving 2, 3, 4, or 500 sayle at a time, and to ride therein safely at Anchor, w<sup>th</sup> out damnyfying one another.

"The Towne is surrounded w<sup>th</sup> a strong and fayre built wall, with many Towers thereon. It hath 7 Gates, and is governed by a Mayor, then fat and rich vested in a Sack of Sattin, & 12 Aldermen. The last Mayor, and now Recorder did both endure knight-hood in his Ma<sup>ties</sup> late Progress. Then did we take a view of the Market place, the Towne Hall, the neat Crosse, over against w<sup>ch</sup> almost, is a stately, princelike, free-stone Inne, in w<sup>ch</sup> we tasted a cup of good wine, then taking a view of the 4 Churches in the Towne, and breaking our fast in that fayre Inne, we hastned to take Horse; and now are we ready to take our leaves of the Progresse way, having no stomackes for Tweed, nor those Inhabitants."

(To be continued.)



## SHIELDS

OF EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE, AND JOHN OF GAUNT.



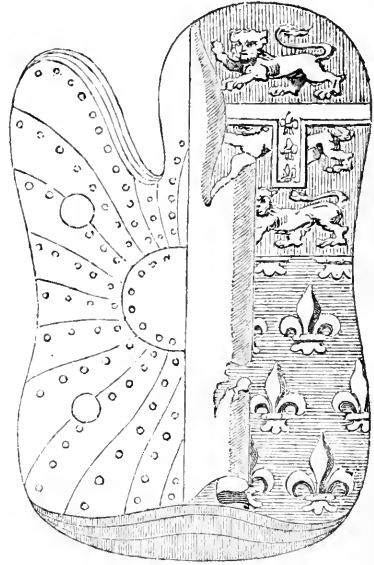
THE annexed representations and following description of the honorary shield of Edward, the Black Prince, (as formerly preserved in Canterbury Cathedral,) and that of his third brother, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, (formerly preserved in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London), are derived from a scarce and curious treatise upon heraldry, entitled, "The Elements of Armories. Printed at London, by George Eld. 1610."

"The triangular, (or *Samnit*,) was universallie among us, the ancient fashion of Shields for Men of Armes, but not the onely.

"For assurance whereof, I will delight you with two diverse proportions, the one of an honorary belonging to the most renowned Edward, Prince of Wales; the other (an honorarie also), appertaining to his third brother, King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Lancaster.

"The sayd victorious Princis Tombe, is in the goodly Cathedral Church, erected to the honor of Christ, in Canterburie: There, (beside his guilted coat-armour with half sleeves, Taberd fashion, and his triangular Shield, both of them painted with the royall Armories of our Kings, and differenced with silver labells), hangs this kinde of *Paris*, or *Targat*, curiously, (for those times), embost and painted, the Scuecheon in the Cosse being worn out, and the Armes, (which it seemes were the same with his coat-armour,

and not any peculiar devise---defaced, and is altogether of the same kind with that upon which Froisard reports the dead body of the Lord Robert Duras, and Nephew to the Cardinall of Pierregourt was laid, and sent unto that Cardinall, from the Battle of Poitiers, where the Black Prince obtained a victorie, the renowne whereof is immortal.



"The other honorarie Shield is in the most magnificent Temple, dedicated to the memorie of the glorious Apostle, Saint Paul, in London, where it hangs at the sayd Duke's Monument, (John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster), and is farre different from the first.

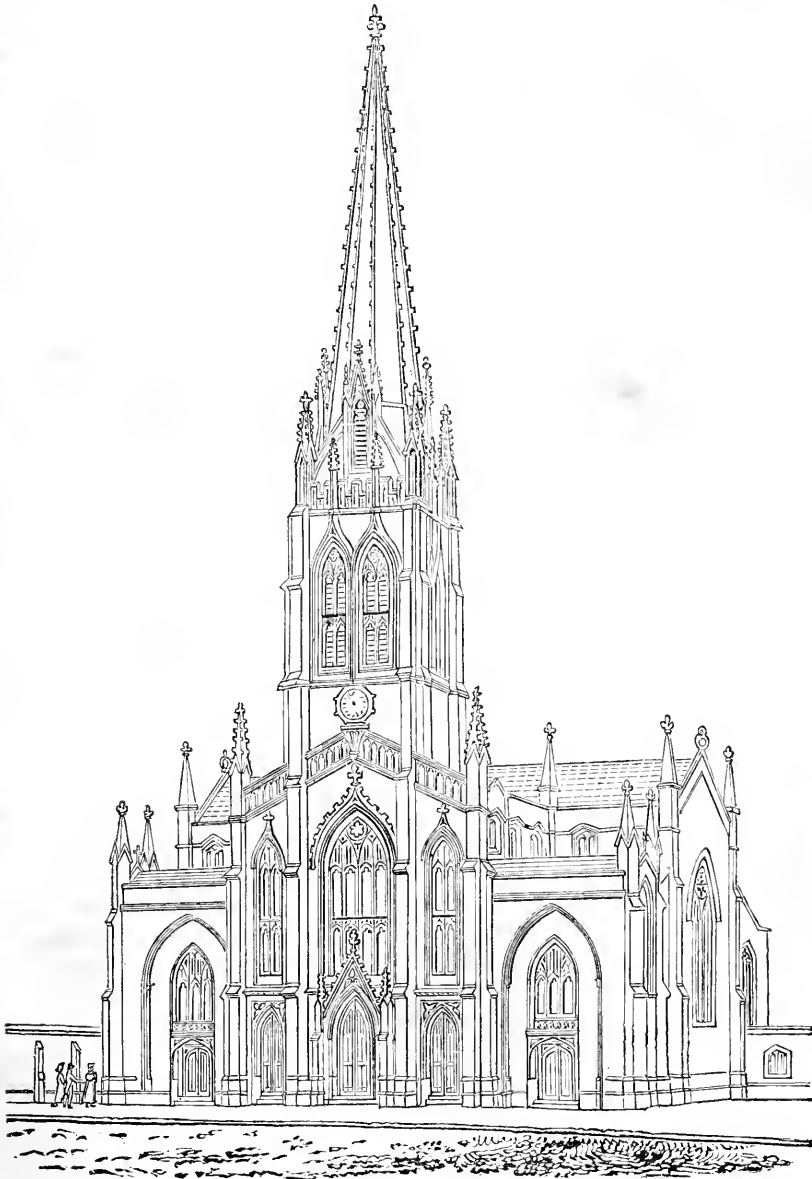
"In the curious neere view, and handling whereof, as I took singular delight, so was it worthy no lesse diligence, and therefore I will heere showe you both the figure and fabrick.

"It is very convex toward the bearer, whether by warping through age, or as made of purpose. It hath in dimensions more than three quarters of a yeard of length, and above half a yearde in breadth: next to the body is a canvass, glewd to a boord, upon that thin boord are broad thin axicles, slices, or plates of horne, naild fast, and againe over them, twenty and sixe thick peeces of the like, all meeting, or centring about a round plate of the same, in the navell of the Shield, and over all is a leather clozed fast to them with glew, or other holdinge stuffe, uppon which his Armories were painted, but now they, with the leather itself, have very lately and very lewdly bin utterly spoil'd."

# NEW CHURCH IN WOBURN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

IN consequence of the very great increase, of late years, in the buildings and population of the parish

of St. George, Bloomsbury, and particularly on the estate of the Duke of Bedford, (including the extensive tract formerly called the *Long Fields*,) it became expedient to build an additional place of worship, for the better accommodation of the inhabitants. Designs, therefore, for a new Church, to be erected on



the eastern side of Woburn Square, having been prepared by different architects, and laid before the "Commissioners," that proposed by Lewis Vulliamy, Esq. obtained the preference; and the present

edifice was raised from the plans and under the superintendence of that ingenious architect. The annexed cut has been executed from a spirited outline by Mr. Vulliamy, who has favoured us with the following

information.—“The interior extent of the building is about seventy feet square; the height of the church is nearly fifty feet; and of the spire one hundred and fifty feet: the clerestory is in the form of a Greek cross, being a transept with equal arms. It contains sufficient accommodation for one thousand five hundred persons, of which one-third are free sittings. The cost of erection is under £3000.” As this church is not entirely completed, we shall defer any further description until after the consecration. It is designed in the Pointed style of architecture; and is a very pleasing adaptation of that mode of building to our present customs.

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### EXTRACTS

#### FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORTFOLIO. No. II.

##### GREENWICH,---ITS HOSPITAL AND DISTRICT.

GREENWICH is an interesting place. Its princely hospital and verdant park; its broad and noble river; its olden recollections of royalty and rejoicing; its distinguished connexion with science; and, “last not least,” its association with “Britain’s Wooden Walls,” comes home at once to the heart of every Englishman.

To visit Greenwich rightly we must go by water. To proceed by land to this ship in stone would be out of character; we should be land lubbers indeed not to prefer the liquid expanse. Besides, we are emulating in an humble way the lordly water pageants of the days of bluff King Hal and Elizabeth Regina;—and “how many adventures shall we encounter by the way?” methinks we hear a gentle voice exclaim, as we dart forth from “Hungerford Stairs,” on the tide-rippled bosom of old Father Thames. One at least is removed. Venerable old Bridge! Man, more ruthless than even Time, hath levelled thy glory,---not into the dust, but below the surface of the waters. The tales of “shooting” thee will soon be considered traditionary. How that little word “shooting” thrills to one’s mind; rushing waters and eddying whirlpools; the crashing boat; the agonizing scream of the sinking victim; are now hushed we hope for ever. Representative of six centuries, type of the olden time, what tales couldst thou not have unfolded of the “sayings and doings”

of Babel the younger! Verily Joliffe and Banks have a heavy debt to answer for with Antiquity. But if we deplore that venerable old fabric, how shall we find words to express our admiration of that which is *new*? Five arches of matchless sweep span Britain’s royal river; Criticism is at a fault; and the whole work appears so massive and yet so light as to call forth our loudest tribute of respect at the name of Rennie; nor should the meed of approbation be withheld from *Knight*, the ingenious engineer who directed the labour.

But we have been fleeting by many objects of interest almost unnoticed. Waterloo Bridge, worthy of the name; Somerset House; the Temple and its gardens, with their recollections of chivalry and genius; Alsatia, that olden haunt of wickedness, immortalised by the hand of a Scott; Blackfriars; Castle Baynard; Bankside and the Globe Theatre, the haunt of Shakspeare and “rare Ben Jonson;” and as we glide peacefully below the arches of New London Bridge, we glance for a moment at the imposing pile of St. Saviour’s---listen to the cheering sounds of its unrivalled peal of bells; and then with a hasty view of the motley multitude that stream across the bridge, almost from sunrise till midnight, dismiss all recollection of “above” as we fleet away onwards “below bridge.” Leaving Billingsgate and the immense pile of the Custom House, we gaze with strong feelings on the Tower of London, connected with so much that is interesting or illustrious in English history; shudder as we pass the Traitor’s gate; and then plunge amongst that wilderness of masts, the haven of the flags of all nations, and the best evidence of our commercial greatness, which forms a picture so imposing and so novel when viewed from the distant parapet of London Bridge. Then come the splendid establishments at the St. Katherine’s and London Docks; and now we glide over the Thames Tunnel, that ‘*great bore*,’ as our city friends facetiously term it, (leaving the lofty pile of Scott’s Granary, the largest in the world, covering an acre of ground, to the right) and spreading our way among the numberless *tiers* of sturdy colliers, pass Cuckold’s Point, and at last enter the wide expanse of Limehouse reach. Here, as a gallant ship was wearing down the reach, we thought of far distant scenes of peril and adventure, when lo! three or four steamers came sweeping up the river, convulsing it to its inmost depths, and all was smoke and bustle and interest. Away dart the glory of modern discoveries amid ripple and dash and spray; but, putting head to swell, we ride over the miniature waves in safety.

What panic and confusion would the sight of these marine wonders tearing up the waters have excited in the little flotilla of Elizabeth! The stoutest heart would have quailed. We leave behind us the West India and other extensive ranges of Docks in our progress towards Deptford. Its ancient and extensive royal dock-yard, illustrious in Britain's naval annals, is now almost literally a solitude; and with its once merry but now partly deserted town, affords us a melancholy lesson on commercial instability. But now the beautiful hanging woods of Blackheath and Greenwich Park, with the far-famed Observatory, rise before us and crest the distant heights. The landsman gazes with wonder on the old Dreadnought, a ninety-eight gun ship, which having done its duty at Trafalgar and elsewhere, is now the Seaman's Hospital, the asylum of the sick and disabled mariners of all nations; and close astern that most patriotic of institutions, the Marine Society's Ship lies moored. Yet a little while and we fully opened Greenwich reach, and the stately domes and regal pile of the Royal Hospital rose over the waters, its broad masses and palatial grandeur being thrown into deep shadow by a passing cloud.

Greenwich was called by the Romans *Grenovicum*, and in Saxon *Grenawic*, or the Green town. "In ancient evidences, Eastgreenwiche, for difference sake from Deptford, which in olde instruments is called Westgreenwiche. In the time of the turmoiled King Ethelred, the whole fleete of the Danish army lay at roade two or three yeres together before Greenewich; and the souldiours, for the most part, were encamped upon the hill above the towne now called Blackheath. During this time (1011) they pierced the whole countrie, sacked & spoiled the citie of Canterburie, & brought from thence to their ships, Alep heg, [Alphege], the archbishop. And here a Dane (called Thrum), whome the archbishop had confirmed in Christianitie the day before, strake him on the head behinde, & slew him, because he would not condescend to redeeme his life with three thousand pounds, which the people of the citie & diocese were contented to have given for his ransom; neither would the rest of the souldiours suffer his body to be committed to the earth, after the manner of Christian decencie, till such time (saith William of Malmesb.), as they perceived that a dead stickie, being annointed with his bloud, waxed suddenly greene againe, and began the next day to blossome. Which by all likelihood was gathered in the wood of Dia Feronia: for she was a Goddesse, whom the Poets do phantasie to have caused a whole

woode (that was on fire) to waxe greene again, of whom Virgile said, *Et viridi gaudens Feronia luco*."\*

The present church of St. Alphege in Greenwich stands on the spot where he suffered martyrdom. William the Conqueror granted the manor of Greenwich to his half-brother, the Bishop of Baieux and Earl of Kent, who afterwards fell into disgrace. Henry IV. made his will here in 1408. In Henry the Fifth's time it was still a small fishing town. In the eleventh year of Henry VI. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, (says Lambarde) "the Protectour of the Realme, (a man no lesse renowned for approved vertue and wisdom, than honoured for his high estate and parentage,) was the first that laid the foundations of the faire building in the towne, and towre in the Parke, and called it his manor of pleasance." He also had a grant "to enclose two hundred acres of land at Greenwich, to hold the same in fee, and to make a Park."† Four years afterwards he obtained a further grant "to impark more ground;" and received also license to build and fortify a tower with a moat round the same, (called Greenwich Castle; the site of the present Observatory), which was not then lawful without a license, "for fear of inward sedition." Soon after the Duke erected the Palace anew on the spot where the west wing of the Hospital now stands; but it reverted to the crown on his death, in the twenty-fifth year of the same reign. At this time the manors of Greenwich and Lewisham were in the possession of the monks, "which gave continual umbrage to the princely inhabitants." Edward IV. and Henry VII. "took great delight in improving this palace," and resided here much, often keeping Christmas with great rejoicing. Many magnificent jousts and banquets were given here by Henry VIII. who also greatly beautified and extended the edifice. This sovereign, his brother Edmund, Queen Mary, "the ladye Elizabeth," and several children of James I. were born here; and Edward VI. died within the walls. Queen Elizabeth always exhibited the greatest partiality for the place of her birth. In 1559, the City of London gave a magnificent pageant here, entertaining her with great splendour, and we are told that "the Queen went into the Park, and showed herself very merry." A curious description of the Queen and her court at Greenwich appears in the travels of Paul Hentzner, a German, who had an audience here in 1598. She often made progresses into Kent

\* Vide Lambarde's "Perambulation of Kent," 8vo. 1570, p. 429.

† Ibid.

and Surrey. On the 14th July, 1573, she went "to the Archbishop at Croyden, where she stayed seven days, thence she went to Sir Percival Hart's, at Orpington," and after visiting the residences of many persons of note, came from Dover to Canterbury, where she lodged at the old Palace of St. Augustine's, "and was sumptuously entertained by the Archbishop, and stayed a fortnight; thence to her own house at Dartford, and at last came safely to Greenwich again."\*

Lambarde, "the learned and ingenious antiquary," was born here, and founded a charity, called Queen Elizabeth's College. A "faire house" by the side of the park, begun by Anne of Denmark, was finished by Queen Henrietta Maria in 1635. It was long the residence of the ranger, but in 1806 was converted into the centre of the Royal Naval Asylum. Greenwich was a favourite residence of James I. and his successor, till 1641, and the reader will call to mind the interesting description connected with it, in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Greenwich Castle was "considered a place of some strength and consequence" by the Parliament in the time of the Commonwealth.

After the restoration, "the King (Charles II.) finding the Old Palace (called Placentia) greatly decayed by time and the want of necessary reparations during the usurpation, formed the design of erecting a most magnificent palace at this place, and he completed one end of a stately pile of building of freestone, after a design by Inigo Jones, (now the west wing of the Hospital,) at the expense of £36000, but proceeded no further towards finishing it."†

The idea of forming an Hospital for seamen originated with Queen Mary. Boyer says, "And the last great project that her thoughts were working upon, with relation to a noble and royal provision for disabled seamen at Greenwich, was particularly designed to be so constituted as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God:" such an institution had become necessary from the great increase of the marine. Before the demise, letters patent, dated Oct. 25, 1694, were issued, granting eight acres, two roods, and thirty-two square perches of ground, and "all that capital messuage," King Charles's Palace, for an hospital "for the use of those English seamen of the royal navy, who from age, wounds, or other accidents, should be disabled from further service at sea. After several plans had been proposed and rejected, Sir Christopher Wren

was appointed architect for the new buildings, and generously undertook the conduct of this charitable work without any reward."\* The foundations of the new bass-building were laid in form on the 3rd of June, 1696, by John Evelyn, (the treasurer), Sir Christopher Wren, and a select Committee of the Commissioners, precisely at five in the evening, after they had dined together. Flamstead, the royal astronomer, observed the exact time by instruments. Evelyn says that the work proceeded slowly at first from want of funds; King William granted £2000 per annum, in aid of the works; paid by exchequer tallies on the post office; "which nobody," adds Evelyn, "will take at 30 per cent. discount." This is an historical fact. Sir John Vanbrugh was afterwards appointed Surveyor of the Hospital.

In 1705, we find that 100 seamen were taken into the Hospital, and in 1708 the number had increased to 350.‡ Acts were passed in 1696 and 1712, levying sixpence per month from the wages of every seaman in the navy and merchant service for the use of the Hospital. About this time, the effects of William Kidd, the notorious pirate, were allotted to it, valued at £6472; and by the 8th Geo. II. a grant was made of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater and Charles Radcliffe, Esq., attainted for rebellion in 1715; worth then £6000 a year, but afterwards of much greater value;§ and there have also been many other public and private grants (to a very great amount) made to this national institution.

The Hospital has continued to prosper in each succeeding reign. In 1775, the commissioners and governors of the hospital were incorporated by royal charter, and, by an act passed soon afterwards, all the abovementioned estates and property "were vested in the said corporation for ever." There are now four distinct piles of building, forming one harmonious whole, called King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's, from their respective founders; besides the Palace of Henrietta Maria, or Royal Naval School, before mentioned. The view towards the south is very imposing; passing over the massive architecture and green lawns of the great square in the foreground, the ground rises, and long colonnades on either side of the lofty domes of the southern divisions, composed

\* Cooke and Maule's "Historical Account of Greenwich Hospital," 4to. 1789.

‡ At the present period, 2710 pensioners are admitted within the walls, (besides out-pensioners,) and 105 nurses; comfortable wards being provided for all.

§ We believe that these estates have been recently sold for the benefit of the Hospital, by auction.

\* Hasted's "Kent," vol. ii. p. 429.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 22.

of three hundred duplicated Doric columns, form a beautiful vista; beyond which the Asylum, with the Observatory and wooded eminences of the Park, compose a fine background to the scene.\* The whole number of persons resident is four thousand. The Naval School is one of the most important institutions in this country. "The upper school consists of four hundred boys, the sons of officers, seamen, and marines in the king's service, and the sons of officers and seamen in the merchant sea-service, who receive an excellent practical education in navigation and nautical astronomy."† Four hundred boys and two hundred girls are received into the lower school, and instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c.

The Painted Hall and Chapel have long been celebrated. The Hall, which is in the western division, was painted by Sir James Thornhill, who was occupied in the work from 1703 to 1727. "It contains in square feet 53,678, and cost £6,685, being after the rate of £8 per yard for the ceiling, and £1 per yard for the sides." The ceiling has been excellently described by Sir Richard Steele in his *Lover*. The effect on entering the hall is very impressive. We cannot view the last car of Lord Nelson, and the coat he wore at the battle of the Nile, without feelings at once forcible and affecting. Many interesting pictures, consisting of portraits and naval battles, adorn the walls of the Hall; this truly National Gallery is being engraved under the superintendence of E. H. Locker, Esq.

The old chapel was destroyed by fire, in 1779; and the present building, designed by James Stuart, Esq. of Attic memory, presents a display of architectural decoration, of which there are few parallels. But with all its splendour, we sighed for the "Gothic" edifices of the olden time, for the "clustered richness of the tall column or the sweeping arch, the luxuriant tracery or branching ribs of the vaulted ceiling, the elaborate varieties of screen, niche, canopy, altar, and stall;" and we thought of the "dim religious light" and holy serenity which pervades the matchless erections of our ancestors, calculated as they are to calm and to soothe the mind, and lead us up in the earnestness of prayer to the contemplation of Him who is eternal. Above the altar is a fine painting of

the preservation of St. Paul from shipwreck, by West, and many others ornament, in chiaroscuro, the edifice.

But let us turn from stone and lime and canvas, to the living inhabitants,—the "ancient mariners," here sitting in groups or alone, there leaning listlessly in rows over the rails below the terrace; some scan with their glasses a lordly Indiaman, or taut-rigged Yankee, coming slowly but majestically up Woolwich reach, others gaze idly on the waters, with now and then a "gliff" at the wind-clock. These weather-beaten and infirm veterans (some without legs, others with their arms laid down, and others blind) look, as they hobble about in their antique dresses, almost like the people of another time. Everything in this ship on shore is as nautical as it can be; they sleep in cabins, they mess together, they are officered by lieutenants, an admiral hoists his flag over the combined force, they have plenty to eat and to drink: the vessel goes on with a smooth sea and a flowing sheet, but yet there are few amongst them that are not restless and discontented. They will answer, "oh yes, your honour, the college is a fine place, but——." An intimate no longer of the "wide, wide sea," no more excited by breeze, or gale, or battle, a unit amongst thousands, he is destitute of those human sympathies that lighten up the heart, there are few green spots on his memory, there are no sea-marks to vary his existence. The recollection of HIS SHIP is his greatest consolation. She was the fleetest of the fleet; there was none to compare with *her*. He will now and then be roused to spin you a yarn about past times, it will come over him like a feeble gleam of sunshine on a December day, and then the clouds of age and infirmity will overshadow all. Many, however, pass their mornings in the library, so liberally provided for them; while others still adhere to their roaming propensities, for go where you will within half a dozen miles round the walls and you are sure to meet with "an old collegeman."

But we must bend away our steps from the palace of these old mariners, and while the Union Jack, the "meteor-flag of England," is proudly waving over King Charles's Palace, we may think of Trafalgar, or the "glorious first of June," and of "the Nile," of Nelson, and Howe, and Collingwood; and as we look at the vast fleets continually passing to and from the greatest port in the world, reflect that each ship has a history, and that many hearts are anxiously beating for her success on the world of waters.

VVVYAN,

\* "In the centre of the grand square is placed a statue of King George the Second, executed by the famous Rysbrach, out of a single block of white marble, which weighed eleven tons, taken in a French ship, by Admiral Sir George Rooke." See a "Description," &c. p. 4.

† Ibid. p. 13.

## REMARKS

ON THE APPLICATION OF SCULPTURE, AS AN  
AUXILIARY TO ARCHITECTURE.

THOUGH in point of antiquity, architecture takes the lead of the fine arts,—as that by which the comfort of the human species was most directly affected;—yet in the strict sense of the word, the science of *sculpture* must have been coeval with and inseparable from any attempts at a decorative style of building. It is not improbable, however, that architecture had made considerable advances before the attention of the artificer was directed to sculpture, in the generally-received import of the term, as referring to the representation of the objects of animated existence. The imitation of these, however, being once attempted, ingenuity, emulation, display, and superstitious devotion, variously combined to advance the art, and to unite its resources with those of its elder sister in the production of one common effect. This union indeed, has from the first been so intimate, that the same features have characterized the one of these arts as have distinguished the other. If the architectural remains of the Egyptians, and of the Hindoos, bear the impress of simple originality and ponderous dignity, the same qualities are shared by the figures of Memnon and the deities of Elephanta. If extreme beauty, mingled with chaste severity, invested the temples of the Greek, his eye recognized a kindred charm in the bust of Pallas, in the grace of the Cnidian goddess,

“Glowing and circumfused in speechless love—”

in the majesty of the cloud-compelling Jove, or in the form of him,

“The lord of the unerring bow;  
The god of life, and poesy, and light—  
The sun, in human limbs arrayed.”

If again a devious boldness of style marked the Roman edifices, the same character stood expressed in the equestrian statues, the gladiatorial figures, and the sculpture-clad column of the imperial city. And, lastly, if the simple, the beautiful, the dignified, and the bold, be concentrated in the grand style of architecture of the middle ages, we have in the contemporary remains of statuary a correspondent variety of excellence,—in the mailed knight, the graceful recumbent dame, the robed prelate, and the patron saint,—together with, on the other hand, an endless multiplicity of chimerical device, exhibiting great range of imagination and knowledge of effect. Such then being the

intimacy of relation which subsists (at least historically) between the sciences of architecture and sculpture, we may inquire how far the interests of the former have been or may be promoted by its union with the latter.

And first, we may observe that the aids of sculpture are highly valuable, as producing the charm of *variety*, a result which we cannot illustrate more forcibly than by reverting to the Grecian temple. Edifices of this class were for the most part so similar in the simplicity of their general arrangement, that even the cultivated taste of an Athenian for abstract beauty could not have withheld the charge of monotony, but for the interposition of the picturing chisel. Hence the Centaurs and the Lapithæ fought in marble, hence the assemblies of the gods occupied the “eagles” (as the Greeks called their pediments or gables), hence the carved procession imitated the real in perambulating the sacred cell, and hence the heroes and demi-gods displayed, as in their own homes, the triumphs which they had achieved abroad. Useful, however, as sculpture may thus be made for the relief of architecture, we cannot consider it advisable to make the latter so subordinate as to be tributary to the former for its distinguishing character. The resources of architecture are sufficiently ample to render it independent of foreign aid for all that is purely distinctive, though not to supersede the introduction of sculpture, as a collateral source of interesting variety.

The use of sculpture is productive of a further advantage, namely, by imparting to the architectural masses in which it occurs *spirit and liveliness of effect*. The former examples, from Greek usage, might be illustrative also of this point; but none can be more powerfully so, than the instances adducible from the practice of our old builders in the Pointed style, whose grotesques and figures *generally*, whether of aspect hideous, ludicrous, pleasant, or sedate, are greatly valuable, not only as affording a series of picturesque varieties; but also as giving an air of animation directly counteractive of tameness and flatness of design. We cannot, therefore, but regret the hyper-criticism of those who would indiscriminately banish such devices from modern Gothic composition, recommended as they are alike by established authority, old associations, and happy results.

There is also another and a most valuable object which sculpture is calculated to promote, as associated with architecture, in the maintenance of *unity and distinctiveness of character*. Well does it thus designate the remains of Athenian art, whether sacred to the patron goddess of the city, to the heroic son of



Ægeus, to the theatrical choragus, or to the genii of the winds ; and in that style also, more peculiarly our own, we hail the happy accident, which in making our temples depositaries for the dust of the illustrious dead, added to the already-varied imagery of those edifices a new charm from sculpture, of a monumental solemnity suited to the genius of the architecture. This unity of character, which the one science has a tendency to promote as connected with the other, must of course depend, primarily, upon an identity of object, as subsisting between both, and preserving an obvious conformity between the subject of the relieve, the figure, or the group, and the distinction of the building it is intended to adorn.

But if an identity of object be requisite for this purpose, equally so is an identity of feeling and style, a point which artists have too frequently lost sight of, under the supposition that if the former particular were observed, the latter might be disregarded as unessential. The erroneous nature of such an inference cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to the interior of our Abbey Church of Westminster, the aisles of which suffer incalculable injury from the heterogeneous piles of sculpture with which they are encumbered,—piles which for the most part own scarcely one feeling of style or composition, in common with what we might suppose would have been the sentiments of our artists of the thirteenth century, upon the same subjects. Not indeed that we would under such circumstances, confine the efforts of a sculptor to the imitation of works of that period ; but would at least suggest that the principles of composition, both general and detailed, ought not to be precisely the same for works which are to occupy an interior in the lofty Pointed style, as for those which occur in buildings of the Italian class.

It may be asked,—“ Would we have modern sculpture in such instances, restricted to the ancient rule of single figures ? ” Assuredly not ; for though detached figures be more agreeable to ancient monumental *precedent*, groups are as certainly consistent with the *spirit* of the Pointed style ;—and, be it remembered, that the study of precedent will produce only servility of imitation, if unmixed with an equal regard to the genius and spirit of art. In the treatment of groups, however, under the circumstances in question, it should be a point of attention to give the chief lines of the composition an *aspiring* tendency, to forego all unnecessary introduction of modern accessories, and to make all pedestals and accompanying architectural features strictly and chastely gothic, except where (as is sometimes the case) historical accuracy may

require the representation of *real* objects of a different style.

But to return from monumental sculpture to that which constitutes a yet more intimate associate of architecture,—we observe in the edifices of the modern Italian school, a greater predilection for the use of statuary than is displayed in the antique classical remains. The artists of that school have been profuse in the application of figures upon their pediments, and balustrades, as well as on their pedestals, and not always without an advantageous result. For the most part, however, we may entertain a doubt as to the propriety of placing representations of the human form on heights, apparently so perilous, and in situations so exposed,—heights and situations too, at which the eye has great difficulty in recognizing matters of detail, and where the light, by having equal access on all sides, frequently exercises an unfavourable influence both on the object and the beholder. The more regular provision of the *niche* is decidedly preferable to such an application, as at once honouring the sculptural subject with fit place and shelter, and throwing behind it a depth of shade properly calculated to develop its outline. For this purpose the Gothic niche is highly admirable ; for its canopy, while it affords a dignified protection to the head of the statue, usually projects so far as to deepen the shade behind the countenance as much as possible without throwing a shadow on the features themselves. There are, however, some subjects to which a niche would scarcely be applicable, as extended groups and equestrian figures ; and these, therefore, may fitly occupy an elevated platform, or perhaps, its summit.

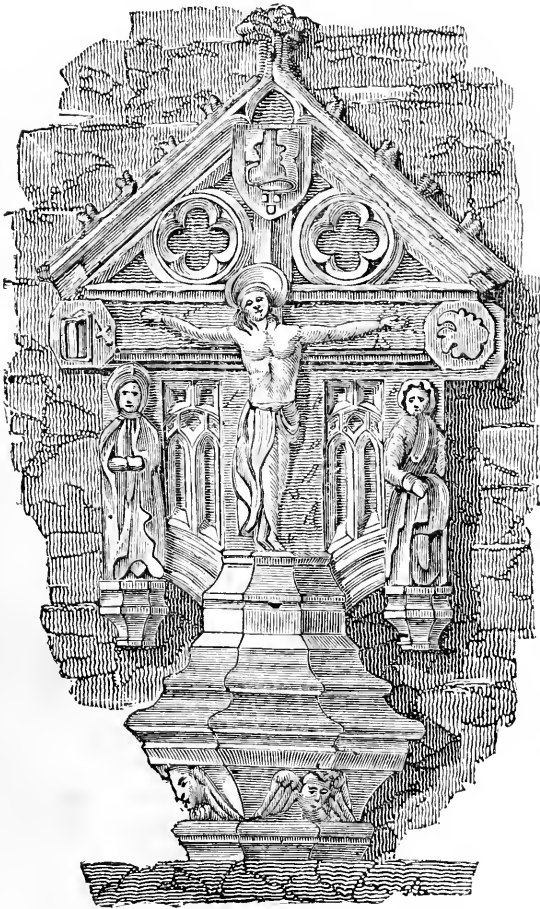
Valuable to architecture as are thus the aids of sculpture, the latter art shares with the former, in interior effects, an intrinsic deficiency in the coldness arising from an absence of colour ;—a deficiency which may sometimes be remedied by the contrast and reflection of rich draperies behind or around the sculptured object, and sometimes by the warmth of tone diffused from stained glass ; and which our forefathers occasionally endeavoured to obviate by *colouring* their statuary itself. However we might, at first, be inclined to despise the latter mode, as derogatory to the independent dignity of sculpture, we may upon consideration be disposed to allow that it was a mode not altogether destitute of reason for its foundation, nor of effect for its end ; and though we have no desire to see a set of painted puppets usurping the place of chaste monumental effigies, yet it remains to be proved whether some of the subdued delicacies of colour might not be brought to the aid of the chisel

on certain occasions, in a manner not inconsistent with nature and with taste. Intimately as architecture and sculpture are connected with each other, historically in their progress, and practically in their effects,—it is only by a due consideration of conformity of spirit and style, fitness of position, and choiceness of application, that the latter can be made truly subservient to the ends of the former, or that both can combine in displaying the higher efforts of mind, in which, as in other things, the power is that of UNION.

E. T.

### SHERBURNE CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.

HEAD OF AN ANCIENT CROSS.



At Sherburne, in Elmet, Yorkshire, which formed part of a very large soke that was granted by King Athelstan to the See of York, there is a small but very ancient church; of which the Rev. Dr. Whitaker thus

speaks, in his valuable history of the district, called "*Loidis and Elmete*."—"In point of architecture, the nave of the church is an object of great importance. I have no doubt that it is purely Saxon, and the work of some one of the first archbishops who became possessed of the place; and it may be considered as an entire specimen of the scale and style of architecture which prevailed in the construction of places of worship, at that period, for the great Saxon parishes. Some of these were the parent churches of whole deaneries, and others are marked in Domesday as belonging to entire hundreds." There is a very high degree of simplicity in this architectural remain. The columns, of which there are three on each side, and two half columns, are massy, yet taller than those generally employed in Norman buildings of later date. The bases, which are square, shew three gradations; the capitals are circular, and have two concave mouldings below the cap. From these columns, on each side, spring four semicircular arches, exhibiting numerous round and hollow mouldings boldly executed. The intercolumniations are each of two diameters and a half only.

There appears to have been a detached chapel near the south-east corner of the church-yard, among the rubbish of which was dug up the head of an elegant Cross; as represented in the annexed cut. From the general design and style of the workmanship it would seem to be either of the time of Richard the Second or very shortly posterior to his reign. Not any remains are known to exist of the ancient palace of the Archbishops, at Sherburne.

### ANECDOTE OF KING EDWARD I.

ALTHOUGH the committal to prison of Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V., by Judge Gascoigne, for an insult offered to the Bench, has been rendered familiar to our readers by Shakespeare, it is not generally known that a circumstance, somewhat similar in its nature, occurred in the reign of King Edward I. The facts of this case, which illustrate in a striking manner, the character of that monarch, and shew the uncompromising firmness with which he maintained his dignity, when insulted in the persons of his servants, are recorded on the Placita Roll of the 33rd Edw. I. (anno 1304,) preserved in the Chapter House, at Westminster, of which particulars a translation is annexed.

Roger de Heefham complained to the king, that whereas he was the Justice appointed to hear and

determine a dispute between Mary, the wife of William de Brewes, [Braose] plaintiff, and William de Brewes, defendant, respecting a sum of eight hundred marks which she claimed from him, and that having decided in favour of the former, the said William, immediately after judgment was pronounced, contemptuously approached the bar, and asked the said Roger in gross and upbraiding language if he would defend that judgment: and he afterwards insulted him in bitter and taunting terms as he was going through the exchequer chamber to the king, saying to him,—"Roger, Roger, thou hast now obtained thy will of that thou hast long desired." For this offence, William de Brewes, having been arraigned before the king and his council acknowledged his guilt. And because such contempt and disrespect as well towards the king's ministers, as towards the king himself, or his court, are very odious to the king, as of late expressly appeared when his majesty expelled from his household, for nearly half a year, his dearly beloved son Edward, Prince of Wales, on account of certain improper words which he had addressed to one of his ministers, and suffered him not to enter his presence until he had rendered satisfaction to the said officer for his offence; it was agreed by the king and his council that the aforesaid William should proceed, untired, bareheaded, and holding a torch in his hand, from the King's Bench in Westminster Hall, during full court, to the Exchequer, and there ask pardon from the aforesaid Roger, and make an apology for his trespass. He was afterwards for contempt towards the king and his court, committed to the tower, there to remain during the king's pleasure.

J. B.

### LEGENDIANA, No. I.

OR HISTORIES SELECTED FROM THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

THE author of the Golden Legend was Jacobus de Voragine, archbishop of Genoa, who composed it under the title of "*Legenda Aurea*," in the Latin language about the year 1260. In the subsequent century it was translated into French by *Jean de Vignay*, and from this French translation, it was converted into our own language by the indefatigable *Caxton*. The work is rightly called by Warton, "an inexhaustible repository of religious fable,"—yet such was the almost sacred light in which it was considered abroad for upwards of two centuries,—(in the

fifteenth, its popularity was so great that it passed through an immense number of editions in the Latin, Dutch, German, and French languages,)—that the learned *Claude Espence* in the year 1555, was obliged to make a public recantation for calling it "*Legenda Ferrea*."\* The following Histories are selected from the edition published by Caxton, A. D. 1493: since that year the work has been thrice reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde, namely, in 1498, 1512, and 1527; but all the editions, which are in folio, are now become exceedingly rare.

J. F. R.

ST. GEORGE.†



ONCE upon a time the neighbourhood of the city of *Sylene* was infested with an enormous dragon, who, making a "poude, lyke a see," which skirted

\* For the above particulars we are indebted to Mr. Dibdin's "*Typographical Antiquities*," vol. i. p. 192.

† This representation of the Patron Saint of England has been reduced from a plate in Dr. Meyrick's "Description of the Engravings on a German suit of armour made for King Henry VIII. now in the Tower of London." Vide "*Archæologia*," vol. xxii. p. 108.

the walls, his usual residence, was accustomed to envenom the miserable citizens with his pestiferous breath, and therefore they gave him every day, two sheep for his dinner, and when these were spent they chose by lot a male and female, daily, whom they exposed to the monster. At length after many of the rich had been compelled to sacrifice their offspring, the lot fell upon the king's daughter, a lovely maiden, and the idol of a fond father, who in the bitterness of his grief, entreated his subjects for the love of the gods to take his gold and silver, and all that he had, and spare his child, but they replied that he had *himself* made the law, and that *they* had suffered in obeying it, and concluded by telling him that unless he complied with his own mandate, they would take off his head. This answer only increased the king's affliction, but being anxious to defer, if he could not avert, his daughter's death, he craved that a respite of eight days might be given her,---and his people moved, apparently, by the groans and tears of the sorrowful old man, granted his request. When the stipulated time had elapsed, they came and said to him, "ye see how the city perisheth!" so the monarch bade his child array herself in her richest apparel, and led her forth to "the place where the dragon was, and left her there."

It chanced that SAINT GEORGE, who like a true knight-errant, was travelling in quest of dangerous adventures, arrived at the spot not long after the king's departure, and was much astonished when he beheld so fair a lady, lingering there alone and weeping bitterly, and riding up he asked the cause of her sorrow. But she, unwilling to detain him in a place so perilous, entreated him to leave her to her fate:---"Go on your way, young man," she said, "lest ye perish also." But St. George *would* know the truth, so the maiden told him. Then was the knight's heart merry within him, and he rejoined, "Fayre doughter, doubte ye no thyng hereof, for I shall helpe the in the name of Jesu Christe." She said, "For Goddes sake, good knyght, goo your waye, and abyde not wyth me, for ye may not deliver me." St. George, however, was of a different opinion, and indeed, had he resolved upon second thoughts to escape, he could not have done so, for the dragon smelling human flesh from afar emerged from the lake while the lady was speaking, and now came running towards his victim. Not a moment was to be lost, so St. George crossed himself, drew his sword, and placing his lance in the rest, rushed to meet the monster, who little expecting such a rough greeting, received the weapon "in his bosom," and rolled over in the dust.

Then said the victor to the rescued virgin, "take thy girdle, and bind it round the dragon's neck:" and when the lady had obeyed her champion, the monster followed her as it had been "a meek beeste and debonayre," and so she led him into the city, and when the people saw her coming they fled with affright, expecting to perish all of them; but Saint George shouted, "Doubt nothing, believe in God Jesus Christ, consent to be baptized, and I will slay the dragon before your eyes." The citizens immediately consented, so the Saint attacked the monster, and smote off his head, and commanded that he should be thrown into the green fields, and they took four carts with oxen, and drew him out of the city. Then were fifteen thousand men baptized, (without reckoning the women and children,) and the king erected a church and dedicated it to our lady and St. George, in which floweth "a founteyne of luyving water which heleth seeke people that drynke therof." After this, the prince offered the champion incalculable riches, but he refused them all, and enjoining the king to take care of the church, to honour the priests, and pity the poor, he kissed him and departed.

Some time after this marvellous event, the emperor Diocletian so cruelly persecuted the Christians, that "twenty-two thousand were martyred in the course of one month," and many others forsook God and sacrificed to idols. When St. George heard this, he laid aside his arms, and sold his possessions, and took the habit of a "cristen-man," and went into the midst of the "paynims," and began to denounce their gods as devils. "My God," cried he, "made heaven and earth, He only is the true God." Then said the provost to him, "How dare ye defame our deities---who art thou?---what is thy name?"---"My name is George, I am a gentleman and knight of Cappadocia, and I have left all to serve my Lord," replied the Saint. Seeing that the stranger was no common man, the provost endeavoured to gain him over with fair words, but finding the knight inflexible he tied him aloft on a gibbet, and caused him to be cruelly beaten, and then, having rubbed salt into his wounds, he bound him with heavy chains and thrust him into a dark dungeon. But our Lord appeared to him that same night and comforted him, "moche swetely," so that the warrior took good heart and feared no torment which he might have to suffer. The provost, whose name was Dacien, finding he could not shake his prisoner's faith by the infliction of torture, consulted with an enchanter, who agreed to lose his head should his "crafts" fail; and taking strong poison the wizard mingled it with wine and invoked his

gods and gave it the Saint, who, making the sign of the cross, thanked him kindly, and drank it off without injury. Astonished at the failure of his plan, the magician made a draught still more venomous, and finding that *this* also had no ill effect on the charmed warrior, he himself acknowledged the might of Christ, embraced St. George's knees, and entreated to be made a Christian,---and his request was immediately granted.

The provost's fury knew no bounds when he witnessed these marvels. He stretched the champion on the rack, but the engine broke in pieces; he plunged him into boiling lead, and lo! the Saint came out "*refreshed* and strengthened."—When Dacien saw this he began to moderate his anger, and again had recourse to flattery, praying the Saint to renounce his faith and sacrifice to the idols, and, much to his surprise, the knight questioned him with a smiling countenance why he had not asked him before, and promised to do his bidding. Then the provost was glad indeed, and assembled all the people to see the champion sacrifice. So they thronged the temple where the Saint was kneeling before the shrine of Jupiter, but he earnestly prayed awhile to the true God, entreating him to destroy those accursed images and convert the deluded Romans,—“and anon the fyre descended from heuens and brente the temple and the ydolles and theyr prestes;” and immediately after the earth opened and swallowed up all the ashes. This last marvel only hardened the provost's heart and strengthened him in his infidelity, he caused the warrior to be brought before him and sternly reproved him for his duplicity.---“Thenne sayd to hym Saynt George, Syr, beleue it not, but come wyth me and see how I shall sacrefise.” “Thenne,” said Dacyan to him, “I see wel thy frawde and thy treachery; thou wylt make the erthe to swalowe me lyke as thou hast the temple and my goddes.”

Then said Saint George, “O Catiff, tell me how thy gods help thee when they cannot help themselves?” Then was the provost so enraged that he ran to his wife, and, telling her that he should die of anger if he could not master his prisoner, requested her counsel. “Cruel tyrant,” replied his loving spouse, “instead of plotting against this heaven protected knight, *I* am resolved to become a Christian!” “Thou wilt!” returned her husband furiously, and taking her by her flowing tresses, he dashed her against the pavement, when feeling herself in the agonies of death she craved of St. George to know her future lot, seeing she had not been christened. Then answered the blessed Saint, “Doubt thee no-

thing, fair daughter, for thou shalt be baptizd in thine own blood.” Then began she to worship our Lord Jesus Christ, and so died and went to heaven. Thither the martyr followed her very shortly, for Dacien caused St. George to be beheaded and “so he perished.” But the cruel persecutor did not long survive his victim, for as he was returning to his palace, says the legend, from the place of execution, “fire came down from heaven and destroyed him and all his followers.”\*

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### ON FRENCH COSTUME IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

TAKING the term in its most comprehensive import, COSTUME forms a very interesting department in historical studies, for it includes not merely attire and personal ornament, but also military weapons, domestic utensils, and furniture, architectural forms and ornaments, and, in short, whatever constitutes the *material* characteristic of any particular nation or period. Until we are acquainted with the various changes which have taken place with respect to these things, we cannot possess a distinct portraiture of a nation and its history; and it is their precise condition that gives its distinguishing physiognomy to an age or people. As the biography of an individual seems incomplete without the likeness of his features, so does history lose much of its dramatic charm, if it fails to delineate the outward and corporeal guise of our fellow men at the period treated of, enabling us to image them forth to ourselves as they actually lived and had their being. It is but right, however, that in historical composition the actions which result from the mind should claim our first regard, rather than external aspect or the every-day circumstances of existence. The great historian may be compared to a Lekain or a Garrick, who enchants his auditors, as Orosmanes or Hamlet, in despite of a fashionable peruke and a court dress; yet it is nevertheless true, that the student will often derive more speedy information, as to the actual condition of a nation, from the evidence furnished by *costume* than from written testimony.

\* For a less favorable history of this Saint, consult Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. iv. p. 125. Ed. 1806. There are, also, many other accounts of St. George, written by different persons. Vide Watts's “*Bibl. Britannica*,” vol. iii. sig. 4 C 2.

Upon attentive examination, we shall frequently discover that changes of fashion and other external circumstances are more intimately connected with moral and political phases in the history of a people, than would at first sight appear to be the case. Of course, we must not be supposed to speak of mere ephemeral variations of fashion, but in regard to those positive revolutions in costume that, from century to century, or even from reign to reign, completely change the exterior of a people, metamorphosing a nation of monks or merchants into a population of courtiers and warriors. Considered from this point of view, the history of costume becomes a mirror, in which is reflected the popular spirit and business of the times; and which exhibits to us, although not always so clearly as could be wished, the effects of changes in the government, of political alliances with other nations, the results of religious as well as of civil affairs, and the influence of sovereigns and courts, according as war or peace, economy or extravagance, pleasure or bigotry, were the ascendant passions.

But, passing from general remarks, we proceed to the particular object of the present paper, which is to give a slight sketch of the Costumes which prevailed some two or three centuries ago in France; that country, which has since given laws in dress to nearly all Europe. In the reign of Louis XII.,—further than which we shall not go back, as that may be considered, in some degree, as the boundary line between the middle ages and modern times,—we meet with the last remains of former taste, and with that *naïve* simplicity of attire which was soon to disappear for ever. That reign was, in fact, a transition period in costume as well as in manners, in literature as well as in art. The influence which the wars in Italy exerted on the manners and habits of the people caused an extensive change in the national character. By a singular coincidence, those who bore back with them to their countrymen information relative to the awakening study of antiquity, carried back with them also from Naples a most frightful, and till then unknown, contagion. The fermentation of mind that began to display itself in every branch of culture and civilization, manifested itself likewise in the affairs of dress. The long vestments, which had for ages been the attire of free men and substantial burghers, gradually became shorter and shorter; other parts of the dress underwent various changes, all the patterns for which came from Italy, and the broad shoes *à la guimbarde* now superseded the use of the sharp-pointed shoes that had been worn for several centuries.

If, in opposition to the increasing affectation of novelty, the dress of the above period still retained somewhat of the simplicity and homeliness of the good Louis XII. and his [first] matronly consort,\* in the following reign the light and graceful style, and the decidedly chivalric air of attire, sufficiently bespoke the influence of Francis I., of gallantry and romantic feeling. What with their theatrical garb, and their high-flown ideas of amorous loyalty and devotion, the cavaliers and dames of that day hardly appear to us to have been men and women of this world; but, rather, the ideal beings of the long Spanish romances then so greatly in vogue, and which furnished the models of actual manners. Luxury had been known to the world before then, and frequent, although ineffectual, attempts had been made to restrain it by sumptuary laws; yet now that it was encouraged by the sovereign, and patronized by the example of a brilliant court, of which hardly any previous instance had occurred, it rose to a most extravagant pitch, and extended itself from the capital to the provinces.

Diamonds, which had gone nearly out of fashion after the death of Agnes Sorel, who is said to have been the first that wore them in France, rose to nearly double their former price in this reign; while, at the same time, the influence of the increasing intercourse with Italy, and other countries, occasioned by the continued disputes relative to Milan, and by the wars with Charles V., manifested itself in various modifications of dress, derived from foreigners. Thus, for instance, the mode of curling the hair in ringlets was introduced by Eleanora of Austria; and while Venice sent its stuffs of gold and silver, Lombardy its jewellery of either real or artificial stones, Genoa its velvets, and Milan its embroidery, Flanders and Germany contributed the singular fashion of pinked and slashed clothes; which originated in the vanity of showing the fine linen worn beneath them. At first merely the doublet was slashed, but afterwards the other parts of the dress, and even the shoes themselves.

The preachers and satirists of that age displayed their zeal or their wit by inveighing against those “fantastical and outlandish devices,” jerkins and doublets slashed in innumerable guises, and shirts of taffety, or of satin or cloth of gold in winter, and of fine Flemish linen in summer, which were so ostentatiously displayed through the slashings of the upper garment. Grotesque and extravagant as this mode certainly was, and notwithstanding too that the male

\* A short time before his death, he married Mary, sister to our Henry VIII., who afterwards became the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

attire was too studied and theatrical, the costume of that day was upon the whole one of the most elegant ever adopted in modern times, and more especially that of the female sex, which may be regarded as a pattern of noble simplicity, gracefulness, and taste, nor is there any other to be compared to it, if we except perhaps that worn at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., which had, in fact, much in common with it.

Much of this taste is doubtless to be attributed to the numerous Italian artists of celebrity, whose influence at the revival of the fine arts introduced great improvements into the productions of commerce and manufactures, and imparted to the costume of the time a fancy and richness in comparison with which our modern habiliments seem niggardly and mean. Some of the head-dresses of that period are so eminently picturesque that hardly any other than a painter could have designed them.

As was to be expected, as well from the course of political events, as from other circumstances, there was but little change in the established fashions during the reign of Henry II., for that monarch, who was the faithful imitator of his father, inherited, together with his throne, his gallant and chivalric tastes. The only innovation of any importance was the fashion of ruffs for the neck, which, along with stays, fans, and perfumery, were introduced into France by the too celebrated Catherine de Medici. These ruffs were worn by both sexes, and gradually increased to such an enormous extent, that a lady in full dress was obliged to feed herself with a spoon two feet long! A Venetian, named Vinciolo, was appointed by the Queen to instruct her ladies in the art of netting the lace of which such ruffs were made, and this employment became general among the sex. But it was Genoa and Venice that furnished the greater part of these expensive and inconvenient appendages to dress, and immense sums were annually paid by France to those cities, until Henry IV., thinking it too great a tax upon his people, prohibited the importation of Italian lace. The consequence of this was, that lace manufactories were established in Picardy, at Alençon, and other places, which in a short time rivalled those of Venice.

The reign of Francis II. was of too brief duration to allow any great changes of dress to take place, nor was Charles IX. of a disposition to encourage fancies and fopperies. During his reign, however, as well as in those of his two predecessors, and that of his successor, it was Catherine de Medici who was the virtual sovereign, consequently Italian fashions still predomi-

nated. Independently, moreover, of her influence, the prevalence of Italian taste, both in dress and manners, may be easily accounted for. Italy was then to the rest of Europe what France itself afterwards became, and still in some degree continues to be. It was the school of refinement and polite taste; it furnished models in literature and art, and was the land where fashion uttered its oracles. Henry Stephens, the celebrated philologist, states, that the French language of that day was greatly corrupted by Italianisms, while Brantome depicts the more frightful corruption in morals, which he attributes to Italian example. In dress, France was then as slavish a copier of Italy as other countries have since been of her. Not only were all articles of mere luxury of Italian production, but no lady could appear without slippers manufactured at Venice, and it was equally indispensable for her to attire herself on a gala day in a robe from Milan.

Had this fondness for Italian fashions been accompanied with the same refined elegance of taste as it was in the days of Francis I., little could have been objected to it, except as being contrary to patriotism; which latter, by the by, generally succumbs when it has fashion for its opponent. Instead of this, however, fashion itself had greatly deteriorated; and among other caprices imported from beyond the Alps was that of totally disguising the female shape by monstrous machines composed of whalebone; and if it be surprising how the practice of so metamorphosing the human form could ever have been adopted, it is not less extraordinary that it should have continued, with hardly any interruption, for two entire centuries.

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## ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF WALES.—No. I.

“ They are flown,  
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove  
In Superstition's web, when Time was young,  
And fondly loved and cherish'd;—they are flown  
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,  
Mountains and moorlands,—ye have lost  
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all;—  
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight  
In the past days romantic. Nought is heard  
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains,  
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,  
And waterfall;—the day is silent else,  
And night is strangely mute!”—*N. T. Carrington.*

WE are acquainted with few subjects which present so interesting a field for inquiry as the popular le-



gendary lore of the various European nations. To trace the different traditions, which have insensibly spread "from age to age and from country to country," to their fountain head, would be a work at once curious and instructive; and the nearer we approach the sources from whence all the varieties of European legend have been derived, the more forcibly we are struck with the similarity of their origin. One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with this subject, is the coincidence which is to be found between the popular traditions of countries widely separated from each other by natural and other physical causes. To attempt to follow up this part of the inquiry, with the feeble and uncertain light which we now possess concerning the state of Europe in the early ages, would necessarily be futile and imperfect. Indeed many of the legends have doubtlessly been wafted down from countries and periods concerning which we now possess no other record. It is in the north of Europe that we find the greatest variety and most interesting species of legend; which though of course much disfigured by time, still throw some light on the mythology of the northern nations. The heathen mythology may in fact be considered as the parent stock of those superstitions which have gradually diffused themselves into such numberless streams.

Researches of this nature open a wide field for reflection to the contemplative observer of man. Scarce a year now passes without some relic of the olden time, some old custom consecrated by use or antiquity, being swept away in the overwhelming current of "Improvement;" and it is not too much to predict that in a century or two we shall scarcely have a vestige left to remind us of our forefathers "and their fortunes;" unless indeed we except those stern and imperishable mementos which even Time has been unable to erase. We wish not to be considered sticklers for the exploded "opinions of our ancestors;" but we do incline to the belief that what the present generation has gained in head it has lost in heart, and that the indiscriminate wreck of old English customs and old English feelings has been any thing but conducive to the happiness or contentment of our countrymen. It is dangerous now to look beneath the surface.

The manners and customs, the scenery and superstitions of our native land, must always be considered of paramount interest and importance. In Wales the progress of the "Schoolmaster" has necessarily been much slower than in the densely-populated surface of the sister country. The wild and romantic nature of

the land, the pursuits of the people, and the paucity of the population, have greatly conduced to this. Still preserving through the lapse of ages the language and many of the distinguishing features of the primitive inhabitants of these isles, the traditions and habits of the Welsh people have a primary claim to our attention. Following from age to age and from father to son their peaceful pursuits among mountain passes and sequestered hollows, we can hardly wonder that superstition should have exercised its influence over them with unusual potency; or that they should people every hill and glen, and llyn, and waterfall, and river, with a race of beings of a wild and fanciful nature.

Elves and fairies are the lightest and prettiest creations of northern superstitions. *Elf*, in the plural *elfwyr*, was the original denomination of a river sprite. Many rivers were thus called *Elf*, and the *Elbe* probably derived its name from this source. The *Kobolds*, *Trolls*, and *Necks* of Sweden; the *Fairies*, *Pixies*, and *Faunes* of England; the *Brownies*, *Kelpies*, and *Pigmies* of Scotland; the *Dhadine mahu* and *Banshee* of Ireland; and the *Tylwyth Teg*, *Bendith en mamau* and *Ellyllon* of Wales, are all the offspring of one common origin. That it was originally Celtic there can be little doubt, though we are aware that Mr. Pinkerton has expressed a contrary opinion; the worshippers of Odin may have disfigured it by admixture, but we have still sufficient in the storehouse of fairy mythology to remind us of its original beauty. Many believe that it is in the east, the land of imagination, in the traditions of Persia and Arabia, that we are to look for the primitive creations of Faery land. A contemporary writer however is disposed to refer both popular superstition and chivalry and romance to a Welsh origin. We extract such portion of his opinions as bear on the present inquiry. "In proportion as this subject became more investigated, and the various facts connected with it brought into notice, it became more and more evident that the primary elements of the whole system were to be referred for their origin to the nation of the Welsh. Arthur, the founder of the Round Table, was a Silurian chieftain, and all his knights, together with Merlin, the enchanter, were, without exception, of the same ancient British race. In short, the whole machinery of romance is of that identical fabrication; the mythology, traditions, and tone of sentiment are altogether of *Cymraeg* origin; even those interesting personages, the fairies themselves, are of the same Celtic stock; and however the advocates of

their oriental extraction may endeavour to derive them from the Peries of Persia, it is evident that the earliest notices of these unearthly beings are to be found in the romances of Arthur and his knights. The celebrated *Morgan la Fai*, whose very name implies her Cambrian origin, exercised her dominion not only in Britain, but also over the whole of the Continent, long before any idea of eastern mythology had found its way there; and so far had this powerful princess extended her authority, that her reign was acknowledged, not merely throughout the whole of the western world, but even in those countries whose geographical situation would naturally have rendered them subject to the influence of oriental fiction, did such influence exist, rather than to that of the remote Celtic tribes of Britain. For we find that in Italy and Greece, and in many parts of Asia itself, the spirit of the Welsh romances had extended itself, and prevailed to such a degree as to supersede that of the native traditions.”\*

The popular German tale of the Slumbers of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa is unquestionably only a later version of the Seven Sleepers; and the old Welsh tradition respecting King Arthur bears a strong likeness to the German legend. For example,—the Emperor was once compelled to conceal himself with a party of his followers amongst the Kyffhausen mountains; where he exists, under the influence of magic, in a state of almost perpetual sleep. Sometimes his slumber is interrupted, probably every hundred years or so; and he sits with his adherents nodding before a stone table, through which his red beard has grown down to his feet. In Wales, the tradition runs that King Arthur also exists in a state of enchanted slumber, but before the last day arrives he will appear again on the earth, and join in the holy wars of the times. The first tradition forms the source of many others of a similar nature (but infinitely varied) in Germany; amongst which is the well known tale of “Peter Klaus, the Goat-herd;” a story which has excited notice, not only from its own merit, but from its being the undoubted origin of the admirable tale of “Rip Van Winkle,” in the “Sketch Book.”

The source of the following popular tradition will be readily remarked by the reader.—Towards the close of the brave but ineffectual struggle for liberty in South Wales, Owen Lawgoch, surnamed the Red Handed, a chief of undaunted bravery and high reputation, was obliged from a series of reverses, to

retreat with the remnant of his followers, among the unfrequented districts near the uplands. It is related that the place of their abode was a large cave on the northern acclivity of *Mynydd Mawr*, near Llandilo in the county of Carmarthen. Here they lived for some time, descending occasionally on foraging expeditions into the adjoining country. On the summit of the mountain was a beautiful spring, over which they found a large stone, of such weight that it could only be moved by a man of immense strength, like Owen, the Red Handed. To this spot the chieftain resorted every morning for the purpose of watering his horse, always taking care to replace the stone over the spring. One day he neglected to do this, and next morning was amazed to find a lake of water gleaming in the sun, in place of his favourite well. He immediately went down to the cave where his men lay concealed; and lying down in their armour, a deep sleep fell upon them, which exists to this day. They are yet supposed to lie in the interior of the hill, and this long nap is to continue till the war-cry shall sound, and the trumpet again be heard in Rhygoch, when they will “rise up giants” from their slumbers, come forth from the cave, and entering once more into the battle, drive the foreign invaders from their land. It appears that on the summit of *Mynydd Mawr* a lake now exists, called *Llynllechwen*, or the Lake of Owen with the Red Hand.

It is no great stretch of fancy to assume that most of the stories of this nature were originally popular versions of King Arthur's sleep, altered and often disfigured by time and the peculiar superstitions of the several districts.

We conclude the present paper with another popular legend, which in many of the details will remind the reader of “Rip Van Winkle.”

In a retired little spot in the neighbourhood of Pencader, dwelt Sion Evan oGlanrhyd, a shepherd. One day his son went out to look after their flock, which used to pasture on the hills. In the course of his walk he met with a fairy circle, and stepping in, immediately felt an irresistible inclination to dance. This went on apparently for a short time, and Evan then stepped out, with the intention of returning home. But he had not gone far before he paused in amaze. Everything around seemed to have been suddenly altered; instead of an uncultivated waste, enclosures met his eye; and houses reared their heads where of late the heathcock harboured. The face of the country, in short, was entirely new to him; but he still went on anxiously looking for his own home.

\* Cambrian Quar. Mag. vol. iii.

He rubbed his eyes, for lo! his father's cottage had vanished, and a substantial farm house rose in its stead; yet that, certainly, was the hill which overlooked their dwelling. The outlines of the scene were familiar to him,—but from this change in its features, he fancied that he was under the influence of a spell, and that all he beheld was imaginary and unsubstantial. Thus impressed, he hastened onwards towards his father's dwelling. To his astonishment, a stout thorn hedge went right across the path, which he had known from a child, and opposed a barrier to his further progress. Nothing daunted, he advanced boldly on his way, determined to try whether this was real or impalpable, when the rough encounter with some large old thorns made him speedily draw back in pain and perplexity. At last, he gained access to the farm-yard, but he stepped on with the feelings of an intruder, for all about was strange and new. A savage dog snarled and barked loudly as he entered the yard. "Miserable man that I am!" he exclaimed, "I have surely lost my senses—*here* stood the cow-house—*there* the sheep-pen—and the dog too,—all is strange; but I will whistle for old Tango, he will know me." But he whistled in vain; the increased barking of the strange dog alone answered his call. Presently a person came out of the house, whom he had never seen before; and observing the shepherd youth, (for he alone was outwardly unchanged) said, "*Pwy'n ych chwi druan?*" (who are you, poor man). "I am looking after my father, Sion Evan oGlanrhyd," he replied, "whom I left here this morning—but every thing seems to have changed all at once,—yet the Garreg-hir (long stone) stands on the mountain yonder, as it did ever since I can remember—and *here* stood my father's dwelling; but now,—" "Stop! that cannot be; I never heard of your father's name before. This house was built by my great grandfather, altered by my grandfather, and I have myself added a part of it within these few years. You must be bewitched, or thinking of some other place; where have you now come from?"

Our shepherd's fear and perplexity increased at every word: "It is not many hours," he replied, "since I left home, to go to the hills,—nay, I have been on that rock within an hour or two." "You must have fallen amongst the fairies then, for all you say is a riddle to me; but step in and take a bit of food, and then we will go down to Pencader, and see old *Catti Shon*, who knows about most things." Saying this he turned towards his door, but not hearing any footsteps, he looked round, and was struck with horror on observing the shepherd crumble away

into a little heap of ashes. Trembling with fear, he hastened down to the witches' house, and gently knocking at the door, undid the latch, and found the old woman,—for none knew her age,—sitting near a small glowing fire, on either side of which two black cats glared at the intruder, in a way that did not add to his comfort. "And what brings you down to poor old Catti's at this time of the day?" inquired she. "I am come to ask whether you ever heard of Sion Evan oGlanrhyd?" The old woman looked at him in silence, as if considering, and then said, "Sion Glanrydd! *dir anwyl fi!* Sion Glanrydd? woe's me! my memory is sore gone! . . . Oh, now I recollect, when I was very young, hearing my grandfather, Evan Shenkin Penferdir, tell that Sion's son went out amongst the hills one day, and was never heard of more; he fell no doubt amongst the Tylwyth Teg. Old Sion is said to have lived near your dwelling. Ah! many's the time I've seen *them* dancing near the Garreg-hir!"

VVYVAN.

#### ANCIENT CHESS-MEN.



EARLY in the year 1831, a curious discovery was made in the Isle of Lewis, Scotland, on the sea shore, in the parish of Uig, of a considerable number of CHESS-MEN, curiously carved out of the tusks of the animal called, in Icelandic, *Rostrangr*, or *Rosmar*, but in other parts of Europe, the *Morse*, *Walrus*, and *Sea-Horse*. They were discovered by a peasant of the island whilst digging on a sand-bank, and having been since purchased by the Trustees of the British Mu-

seum, are now deposited in that establishment; together with a bone or ivory fibula, and fourteen table-men or draught-men, which were found with them. The chess-men are sixty-seven in number, but the pieces so vary in size that it is difficult to select even two sets which correspond exactly. The largest King is  $4\frac{1}{8}$  inches in height, and  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in circumference; and the largest Queen is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in height, and  $5\frac{3}{8}$  in circumference. The largest Bishop, Knight, and Warder, (the latter holding the place of the Rook, or Castle,) is respectively 5 inches in height; and that of the largest Pawn is  $2\frac{3}{8}$  inches. For the sake of distinction, part of them were originally stained of a dark red or beet-root colour, but from the long-continued action of the salt water, the colouring matter, in most cases, has been discharged. It has been suggested, that some of these pieces are in a fossil state, as they exhibit appearances distinct from the rest. Of the whole number, six are Kings, five Queens, thirteen Bishops, fourteen Knights, ten Warders, and nineteen Pawns.

The KINGS, which in point of costume and attitude nearly resemble each other, are represented as elderly men, with large spade-shaped beards, moustaches, and hair falling in plaits over their shoulders. They wear low quatrefoil crowns, either plain or ornamented with a border, and sit on square-formed chairs, having high backs, richly carved with various scrolls, figures of animals, interlaced arches, and tracery-work, in the best style of the twelfth century, as seen on monuments and in manuscripts. Their dress consists of an upper and an under robe, the former of which, or mantle, *clamys*, is thrown in folds over each arm, and left open on the right side, as high as the shoulder, (where it is fastened by a clasp,) for the purpose of leaving the arm free.\* Each of the figures holds a sword with both hands across his knees, as though in the act of drawing it, according to the old mode assigned to royal personages.† The swords are broad and short; the scabbards are marked either with a simple diagonal line, or with lines placed diagonally. In the different figures, there are some slight variations, and in one the hair is not plaited, but spreads over the back in six long wreaths; the ornaments of the chairs are also diversified: one of them exhibits

an intersection of semicircular arches, as seen in some of our Anglo-Norman arches.

The QUEENS, who are also crowned, are represented sitting in chairs, ornamented in a style similar to those of the kings. From the back of the head of each hangs a species of hood, which spreads over the shoulders, and accords with what was universally worn by ladies of rank in the middle ages; as is proved by manuscripts and monuments of various nations. From the shoulders to the feet depends a long mantle, which shows in front a sub-garment, or gown. The sleeves of this, like those of the Saxons and Norman French, are short, with a worked border, and from the elbows to the wrists are a series of plaits, resembling bands, which probably were worn round the arm. Most of these figures are represented in a contemplative posture, the head resting upon the right arm, which is supported by the left. One of them, represented in the preceding cut, (in which are a King and a Queen) holds a curiously-shaped drinking horn in the left hand.\* In the different figures, there are some variations in the forms of the crowns and hoods; and in one a striped petticoat, and the feet are visible, which are covered in other instances: the chair-back of the latter piece furnishes also another example of interlacing round arches.



The BISHOPS are of two descriptions, both in posture and in dress. Five of them are represented in ornamented chairs, and the remaining eight in a

\* This was the usual and most ancient form of regal dress, in the northern regions, and is every where presented in the manuscripts and seals of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, as well as in those of England, Scotland, France, and Germany.

† In the "*Grimnis Mal*," one of the Eddiac poems, King Gierraudr is represented to have sat thus with the sword upon his knee, the blade half-drawn, listening to the words of Odin. Vide "*Edda Samunder*," vol. i. p. 68. Cf. Anderson's *Dipl. Scot.* pl. xxiv.

\* Respecting the use of horns as drinking-cups, formerly so universal among the Gothic nations, see Wormius's "*Danica Monumenta*," fol. Hlafn. 1643.

standing position. All the sitting figures, and four of the standing ones, wear the chasuble, dalmatic, stole, and tunic, of the form anciently prescribed, and corresponding with representations of much greater antiquity; the remainder have a cope instead of a chasuble, but the stole and dalmatic are omitted. The mitres are very low, and in some instances quite plain, but have the double band, or *infulæ*, attached behind. The hair is cut short round the head. They hold a crosier with one, or with both hands; and in the former instances, the other hand holds a book, or is raised in the attitude of benediction. On the backs of the chasuble and stole are various crosses or ornaments. In the details, both of the habits and other work, there are numerous minute variations. In the above cut, a Bishop, standing, and a Knight are delineated.

The KNIGHTS, which are full-length figures, mounted on horseback, are probably the most interesting portion of the whole. They are habited in long coats or gambesons, which descend in folds as low as the feet; the sleeves have a cuff or border, at the wrist. Their helmets, with a few exceptions, are of a conical shape, and mostly with nasals, and round flaps to protect the ears and neck. All the figures have moustaches and large round beards, except one, which has the beard separated into three forks. A long kite-formed shield, suspended from the neck, hangs on the left side of each, ornamented with various devices, approaching, in some instances, very closely to heraldic distinctions. Beneath the shield appears the sword, which is fastened round the waist by a belt, and in the right hand each knight carries a massive spear. The leg has, apparently, a covering of some sort down to the ancle, where it is met by a species of half-boot, without spur. The horses are caparisoned in high saddles, plain or ornamented; saddle-cloths, curiously bordered, stirrups, and bridles; the mane is cut short, and the hair suffered to grow down on the forehead. On one of the shields is a cross bearing a lozenge, plain; on another, is an ornamented lozenge, and the remainder are variously indented with crosses and other ornaments.

The WARDERS are armed warriors, (*Hrókr*, in Icelandic) which here take the place of the Rook or Castle, and are represented in a standing attitude, wearing helmets of various shapes, but chiefly conical, some with and others without flaps, but all wanting the nasal piece. The coat, or gambeson, which most of them wear, descends to the feet, yet, in lieu of this, others have a coat of mail, with a hood which covers the head; and in one instance this covers the head

without any other protection. They all hold a shield in one hand and a sword in the other; but the position is varied, the shields in some instances being borne in front, and in others at the side. The shields all bear distinctive marks, like those of the knights, but some of them are of a broader shape and less elongated. In general, the Warders are more varied from each other than the similar figures of the other pieces. There is a peculiarity in the figures of three of the Warders, which tends to strengthen the belief of their being of Norwegian or Icelandic workmanship, and that is—the singular manner in which they are represented *biting* their shields.\* One of these figures has been cut from a whale's tooth, and not from the tusk of the walrus.

The PAWNS are of various shapes and sizes, but chiefly octagonal, with conical terminations; on one is a fret-like ornament, and on another some scroll-like adornment; the others are plain.

The shields of the Knights and Warders are highly curious, as presenting a series of devices,—the immediate precursors of hereditary armorial bearings,—in greater variety than is to be found on any other existing monuments of such an early period. From some passages in the *Voluspa*, *Saxo*, and *Egil's Saga*, it has been assumed by many of the Northern antiquaries, that the ancient Scandinavians adorned their shields with representations of their exploits; but Sperlingius, in his "Collections" on the subject, argues strongly against it, and affirms that before the twelfth century no traces of any devices on shields are to be found among them. The only device on shields noticed by Snorre is that of a cross, which Sperlingius conjectures was first introduced by King Olaf the Saint, at the commencement of the eleventh century. Most of the shields depicted in the Bayeux tapestry bear crosses of different shapes, and this is likewise the case with those of the chess-figures; some of the former also exhibit a species of dragon.†

\* This custom was a characteristic of the Scandinavian *Berserkar*, (*Bare-shirts*), who were warriors, undefended by armour, subject to fits of madness on the eve of battle, under the influence of which they performed the most extraordinary feats.

† At the end of the eleventh century these kite-shaped, or heater-form shields, were thus minutely described by Anna Commena, in speaking of the French Knights.—"For defence they bear an impenetrable shield, not of a round but of an oblong shape, broad at the upper part, and terminating in a point. The surface is not flat, but convex, so as to embrace the person of the wearer; and the exterior face is of metal, so highly polished by frequent rubbing, with an umbo of shining brass in the middle, as to dazzle the eyes of the beholder."—*Alexiad*, lib. xiii. p. 319.—In a MS. written in the time of Amselem,

It is alleged by Mr. Madden, that these *Chess-men* "were executed in Iceland, about the middle of the twelfth century," and he establishes that fact by reference to the material of which they are composed, to the general costume of the figures, and the peculiar forms of some of them, to the locality in which they were found, and to "the testimonies of numerous writers in ancient and modern times, touching the existence of the game of chess in Scandinavia, and the skill of the natives in carving similar figures."\*

The estimation wherein the tusks of the Walrus, (or Icelandic *Rostungr*, or *Rosmar*,) from which these chess-men were unquestionably carved, were held by the northern nations rendered them a present worthy of royalty; and this circumstance is confirmed by a tradition preserved in the curious "Saga of Kröka Ref," or Kröka the Crafty, who lived in the tenth century, but the work itself is supposed to have been composed at the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. It is there related, that Gunner, Prefect of Greenland, wishing to conciliate the favour of Harald Hardraad, King of Norway, (A.D. 1046-1067,) by the advice of Barder, a Norwegian merchant, sent to the King *three* of the most precious gifts the island could produce: these were, 1. a full-grown white tame bear; 2. a *chess-table*,† or set of *chess-men*, exquisitely carved; 3. a scull of the *Rostungr*, with the *teeth* fastened in it, wonderfully sculptured and ornamented with gold.

That the ancient Norwegians, and more particularly the natives of Iceland, were, at a very early period, famous for their skill in carving figures and implements in bone, is evinced by a variety of testimony; and this talent was exerted chiefly in sculpturing chess-men, from the tusks of the Rosmar. The Archbishop of Upsala, in his antiquarian History of the Northern Nations, informs us, that it was usual

Abbot of St. Edmund's, who died in 1148, (formerly in the library of Mr. Towneley, but now belonging to Mr. Booth, Bookseller, of Duke Street, Portland Place,) the Danes are likewise represented with kite-shaped shields, on which are various figures. There is also an ancient shield of this description in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, which was dug up at Röddal, near Hardangr, in Norway. It is four feet in length, by two feet in width, and is composed of two layers of boards, each half an inch in thickness, the outermost placed longitudinally, the innermost horizontally. The surface of this shield, which is convex, is protected by a covering of leather, slightly figured; and in the interior are three handles of the same material, fastened by iron nails, the heads of which appear on the outside.

\* Vide "Archæologia," vol. xxiv. p. 291.

† Professor Thorkelin considered the term "*Tan-Tabl*," in the sense of "Chess-men made of teeth of the Morse."

amongst them to cut the teeth of the Morse in the most artificial manner, for the purpose of making chess-men; and Olaus Wormius, writing about a century later, states that the Icelanders were accustomed, during the long nights of winter, "to cut out, by their fire-side, various articles from whales' teeth." This, he continues, "is more particularly the case in regard to *Chess-men*, (at which game they<sup>ex</sup>cell,) and I possess some specimens of these, distinguished by being of two colours, white and green, which are sculptured so exquisitely that each piece expresses, in features, dress, and attitude, the personage it is designed to represent."\* Thus, also, in the figures under review, the costume, &c. of every piece has been especially attended to; and, so far as that mode of proof can be admitted, evince them to have been executed in the twelfth century.

The spot on which these figures were found favours, in every respect, the hypothesis adopted by Mr. Madden. The *Hebrides*, or Southern Isles, (*Sudreyar* or *Sud öer*;) as they were called by Icelandic writers, were subject to the invasions of the *Vikings*, Sea-kings, from the end of the eight century, and during the reign of Harald Hárfager, about the year 875, were rendered tributary to the throne of Norway. The outer range of the Hebrides, in which that of Lewis is comprehended, was chiefly peopled by the Scandinavians, and between those islands and the North, as well as with the western coast of Scotland and Ireland, the closest intercourse existed for many ages. As the communication was kept up in small vessels, called *byrdinga* by the Icelanders, the chances of shipwreck were great, in case of a storm, and accordingly many instances are on record of the destruction of ships coming from Norway to the Isles.

"It would appear, therefore, most probable that the Chess-men and Draught-men discovered in the Isle of Lewis, formed part of the stock of an Icelandic *kaup-mann*, or merchant, who carried these articles to the Hebrides, or to Ireland, for the sake of traffic; and that the ship in which they were conveyed being wrecked, these figures were swept by the waves on shore, and buried beneath the sand-bank, which for the space of nearly seven centuries continued to accumulate before the fortunate discovery took place, which restored them to light."\*

\* Vide "Mus. Worm." p. 377.

† The above particulars of these curious figures have been abstracted from a very interesting and erudite paper by Frederick Madden, Esq. F.R.S., intitled "Historical Remarks on the Introduction of Chess into Europe, and on the ancient Chess-men discovered in the Isle of Lewis;" published in the

## ANCIENT FONT

AT KIRKBURN, IN YORKSHIRE.



KIRKBURN church, in the northern part of Yorkshire, is one of the most perfect specimens of early Anglo-Norman architecture in England; and the *Font*, which in its uppermost course of ornament, displays a series of intersecting arches, is probably coeval with the church itself. The sculpture is rude, and the subjects are not clearly intelligible, except in one instance where a baptism is introduced, with two sponsors, an officiating priest, and his attendant clerk. The priest, who is seen in the annexed cut, holds a book in the left hand; his right hand is extended over the head of a child, above which, also, a dove is hovering. On the left of the sponsors is a figure kneeling, who appears to be receiving some commission from an embowered figure of superior dignity. Kirkburn church is situated in a part of the country which was formerly covered with wood, and infested by wolves; and it is therefore probable that the legend at the bottom of the font refers to the supposed miraculous interposition of some ecclesiastic, or hermit, in overpowering them.

"*Archæologia*," vol. xxiv. pp. 203--291; and illustrated with numerous wood-cut and other engravings. We have confined our view to the mere description and locality of these Chessmen, but Mr. Madden's Essay includes much valuable information, both on the history of the game of Chess, and on the names and value of the respective pieces.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PUNISHMENT  
OF JANE SHORE.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been long occupied in making collections for an "*Encyclopædia of English Manners and Customs*," I beg to send you the following illustrations of your curious memoir of the unfortunate "Jane Shore." By these illustrations, which I take from Fabian's Chronicle, you will see, that however unjust were the charges against her, they were no other than customary measures of the times.—The ground-work of the prosecution against Jane, by Richard the Third was, that "*she had bewitched the king, so that he had lost the use of his arm.*"

I need not refer to the 1st of Kings, xiii. 6. for the origin of this allegation: charges of witchcraft were political tricks, practised in the middle ages, to irritate the ignorant public and prevent commiseration. According to my recollection, I have seen this stratagem of "*a withered arm*" used upon other occasions than that alluded to. The barons seriously believed that Piers Gaveston had bewitched King Edward II., and Fabian writes concerning the Queen, herself, of Edward IV. as follows:

"In soche passe tyme, in moste secrete manner upon the firste daie of Maie [1464], King Edward spoused\* Elizabeth, late beyng the wife of Sir Ihon Graie, Knight, whiche before time was slain at Towton or Yorke fieldes.

"Whiche spousailes were solēpnised early in the Mornyng, at a toune named Grafton, nere unto Stonyng Stratforde. At whiche mariage was no persones present but the Sponse, the Spousesse, the Duches of Bedforde her mother, the Prieste, twoo gentlewomen, and a young man to help the priest syng. And after whiche Spousailes eanded, he went to bedde, and so taried there uppon three or foure houres; and after departed, and rode again to Stonyng-stratford, and came in maner as though he had been on huntyng, and ther went to bedde againe. And within a daie or two after, he sent unto Grafton, unto the Lorde Rivers, father unto his wife, shewyng to hym, that he would come and lodge with hym a certain season, where he was received with all honour, and so taried there by the space of fower daies: in which season she nightly to his bed was brought, in so secrete maner, that almost none but her mother was of counsaill. And so this mariage was a season kept secrete after, till needely it must bee discovered and disclosed, by meane

\* The *fiancels* was a previous ceremony to that of marriage.



of other which wer offred unto the Kyng, as the Quene of Scottes and other. What obloquie ranne after of this mariage, *howe the Kyng was enchaunted by the Duchesse of Bedford*, and howe after he would have refused her, with many other thinges concernyng this matter, I here passe it over.”\*

*As to Jane Shore's penance*, it was the same as had been previously inflicted (20 Hen. VI.) upon Eleanor Cobham, first mistress, and afterwards wife of the Duke of Gloucester, upon a similar charge of sorcery.†

*The confiscation of Jane's property.* This was a common measure under an impeachment of treason. In 1468, (7 Edw. IV.) Sir Thomas Cooke, notwithstanding acquittal “by sondry enquestes,” says Fabian, (p. 497) was robbed of his property in a similar manner.

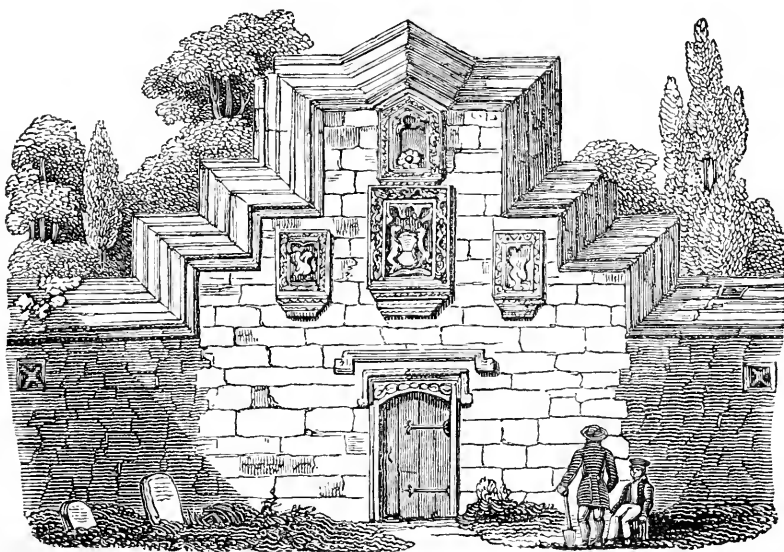
*Her vagrancy and destitution.* In the 11th Edw.

IV. (1472,) “The erle of Oxenford, which sin the season of Barnet field had holden saint Mighel's mount was by an appointement taken thens, and shortly after sent unto the Castell of Guines; where he remained prisoner, untill the last yere of Richard the third, whiche was uppon twelve yeres. *In all whiche season my Ladie, his wife, might never be suffered for to come unto hym, nor had any thyng to live upon, but as the people of their charities would ever give to her, or what she might gette with her nedle, or other soche cunningg, as she exercised.*”\*

Thus does it appear, that the sufferings of *Jane* were only common to her with others;---and, in consequence, that the incidents related in the Ballads are probably correct, because they are supported by analogies.

D.

### GATEWAY AT RAMPTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.



RAMPTON is a considerable village, pleasantly situated about a mile from the Trent, in the South Clay division of the hundred of Bassetlaw, in the county of Nottingham. It retains much of the character of an ancient “Vile;” being placed midway in a tract of uninclosed land, which to the east is meadow, and descends to the river, and to the west is arable, and gradually ascends to the adjoining and more elevated

parish of Grove. Before the Conquest it was a place of note, there being there no less than seven “Taynes,” who had their respective manors and mansions; and it had also a church, on the site of which most probably the present one stands. William bestowed Rampton on his favourite follower Roger de Busli, who has been aptly termed “the great Leviathan of the northern Estates,” from the immense possessions he received from his master in the midland and northern counties; and De Busli, according to the feudal system of the time, parcelled out the lands of this manor (ex-

\* “Fabian’s Chronicle, b. l. edit. p. 495.” See a counter-part of this statement relative to the King’s Marriage in the Parliament Rolls, vol. vi. p. 241.

† See Stowe, p. 382, edit. Howes.

\* Fabian, p. 506. See also Parl. Rolls, vi. 282.

cept what he might retain as his own demesne) to four subfeudatories, or tenants.

After De Busli, the first lord we find on record is Robert, the uncle of Nigel de Rampton, and he dying, as it would seem, without issue, the estate devolved upon his nephew, from whom we are enabled to trace clearly the descent through the successive families of Malluvel, Stanhope, Babington, and Eyre, to the present lord of the manor, Anthony Hardolph Eyre, Esq. of Grove. It is remarkable that every transfer into a new family has been effected by the marriage into it of the heiress of the last family. Thus, Pavia, heiress of Nigel de Rampton, intermarried with Robert Malluvel; Elizabeth, heiress of Stephen Malluvel, with John Stanhope; Saunchia, heiress of Richard Stanhope, with John Babington; and Elizabeth, co-heiress of John Babington, (great grandson of the former) with Sir Gervas Eyre, Knt.; who was a captain of horse under Charles I., and was slain (as was also his father) in the defence of Newark Castle.

John Babington, who obtained the manor by marriage with Saunchia Stanhope, built, in the reign of Henry VIII., the Gateway, represented in the annexed cut, and most probably the mansion, of which it was an adjunct, and to which it formed an entrance from the church-yard. The mansion was taken down in the early part of the last century by Anthony Eyre, Esq. (the grandfather of the present owner), but the Gateway and a curious brick wall, (having escutcheons of the arms of Babington and Stanhope, moulded in brick, inserted at intervals) were left as the boundaries of a garden (perhaps anciently the hall garden) attached to a large farm-house, erected after the pulling down of the mansion.

The church-yard front of the Gateway (as above shewn,) presents in the centre a shield, enclosed in a richly-sculptured frame, bearing the arms of Babington, impaling those of Stanhope. The crest and supporters are now so much defaced as not to be distinguishable. Two smaller framed shields appear on each side the former; that on the right bearing the arms of the father and mother of John Babington; viz. Babington impaling Ferrers; and that on the left, bearing the arms of the father and mother of Saunchia Stanhope, viz. Stanhope impaling Strelley.\* In a niche above is the rose, formerly surmounted by a crown, (but which has now disappeared) and bordered by a frame, in which are introduced the letters H and K, or R; indicating either the reigning

monarch, or commemorating the ascendancy of the Tudor family, amongst whose partizans the Stanhopes and Babingtons were distinguished. The tun, a punning device of Babington, appears in several places; and some years ago there was a painting in the east window of the chancel, facing the gateway, of a babe in a tun, which it is said was abstracted by an antiquity-loving exciseman.

The other side of the Gateway has shields similarly arranged; but the arms are different. The centre shield bears those of Babington with their quarterings, and is without supporters, or crest; but instead of the latter has the letter S, with a line drawn perpendicularly through it. Beneath this shield a scroll is inscribed with the name Babington, in Roman letters.

In the adjacent church are two large floor stones, each having a cross cut in the middle; and an inscription in ancient characters, now much defaced, round the margin. One of them is in memory of Sir Richard Stanhope, knight, and Joan, his wife, and has four shields with armorial bearings, two on each side the cross. The other stone is that of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Talbot, knight, and wife of John Stanhope, grandson of Sir Richard Stanhope, and bears two shields, one on each side the cross. In the chancel are several modern monuments, for various members of the Eyre family. The principal one is adorned with statuary figures of weeping cherubs, &c. and mentions, among other ancestors, "the Lady Packington, so admired for her piety and accomplishments above her sex, as by some to be reputed the author of the 'Whole Duty of Man.'" A marble tablet, surmounted by sculptured military trophies, is in remembrance of Gervase Anthony Eyre, the only son of the present owner of the Rampton estate, who was killed at the battle of Barrosa, in his twentieth year.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF EMINENT MEN IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

### No. I.—JOHN SKELTON

JOHN SKELTON, Poet Laureat, was descended, according to Anthony Wood, from the Skeltons in Cumberland, and Fuller supposes him to have been born in Norfolk, probably about 1461. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1489, received the appellation of *Oxonie poeta laureatus*, from that University, (a title which was given to those who had taken degrees in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, on which

\* Viz. Quarterly Erm. and Gules, Stanhope; paly of six Arg. and Sable, Strelley. The Babington arms are, Arg. ten torteaux, in chief a label of three points, Azure.

occasion a wreath of laurel was presented to the new graduate), a circumstance to which he seldom fails to allude, as to an honourable evidence of his proficiency in classical learning. Soon after taking holy orders,\* he was made Rector of Dysse, in his native county, "where and in the diocesse, he was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit." For his buffooneries in the desk, and his satirical ballads against the mendicants, but more especially, according to Mr. Thomas Delafield, for violating his canonical oaths by entering the marriage state, he was severely censured, and suspended by Bishop Nykke, his Diocesan. Nothing abashed by this disgrace, the poet flung off the surplice he was so badly qualified to wear, and repaired immediately to Court, confiding in his wit, learning, and pleasantries to insure himself a good reception. Nor was he disappointed, he secured the favour of his sovereign, and became tutor or preceptor to Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry VIII.; the duties of which situation he so honourably discharged, that Erasmus, in his Epistle to the King, prefixed to his Epigrams, (4to. Basil, 1518, p. 294) does not scruple to say, "*domi haberes Skeltonum, unum Britannicarum literarum lumen ac decus, qui tua studia possit non solum accendere sed etiam consummare;*" and so grateful was the prince for the good offices of his tutor, that when he ascended the throne he created him "Orator royal," to the no small delight of the poet, who observes at the end of his poem, intituled *Elynour Rummyng, or Rummyng*,†

"King Henry the Eight  
Had a good conceit  
Of my merry vaine  
Though duncicale plaine;"—

and it appears that either taking advantage of the progress he had made in the king's affections, or "trusting to an imaginary ascendancy over the mind of his royal pupil, he continued, by repeated scurrilities, to provoke his most powerful enemies."†—"and in this season," says Grafton, "the Cardinall (Wolsey) by his power Legantine dissolved the Conuocation at Paules, called by the Archebishop of Caunterbury, and called him and all the clergy to his Conuocation to Westminster, which was never sene before in England, wherof *Maister Skelton a mery Poet* wrote,

\* 1498, 14 Apr. Johes Skelton Poeta laureatus Lond. dioc. ad tit. Mon de Graciis juxta turrin Lond. ordinatur Diaconus per Tho. Lond. Epum. et Presbyta die q Junii prox. sequente. *Reg. Savage Epi. Lond.*

† Skelton frequently visited this lady. At the end of one of the editions of the poem above mentioned, is an impression of the alewife, with a black pot in each hand.

‡ Ellis's "Specimens."

"Gentle Paule lay downe thy sweard;  
For Peter of Westminster hath shauen thy Beard."

Had he confined himself to generalities like this, Skelton would probably have avoided the notice of the Cardinal, but growing bold through impunity, he attacked Wolsey still more directly. Alluding to that Prelate's design of erecting a College, he has these lines:

"The goods that he hath thus gaddered  
Wretchedly he hath scattered  
In causes nothing expedient;  
To make windowes, walles, and dores  
And to maintain bauds and w——  
A great part thereof is spent.

In these parties it is verified  
That he hath a college edified  
Of marvellous foundation,"—&c.

These saucy invectives so highly enraged the Cardinal, that he resolved to punish their author, and so fiercely prosecuted him that the luckless lampooner was glad to fly for sanctuary to the "Abbaye of Westminster," where he amused himself with his books and papers, and in entertaining the brotherhood by recounting the adventures of his early life;—many of which were published with this title, "*Merie Tales*, newlye imprinted, and made by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat."<sup>§</sup>

"These 'Merie tales' are composed of buffoon tricks attributed to the laureat, who perhaps fathered all the unappropriated jokes of his time."† Our readers will perhaps be edified by the following specimen:

"Skelton was an Englyshe man borne, as Skogan was, and he was educated and brought uppe in Oxfoorde; and there he was made a Poet Lawreat. And on a tyme hee had bene at Abbingdon to make mery, wher he had eate salte meates, & he dyd come late home to Oxfoorde; & hee dyd lye in an ine named the Tabere, whyche is now the Angell, & he dyd drynke & went to bed. Aboute midnigght he was so thyrstie, or drye, that hee was constrained to call the tapstere for drynke, and the tapstere hearde hym not. Then he cryed to hys oste & hys ostess and to the osteler for drynke, and no man would heare hym. 'Alacke!' sayd Skelton, 'I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke: what remedye!' At the last he dyd crie out and sayd 'fyer, fyer, fyer.'

"When Skelton harde everye man bustled hymself upwarde, & some of them were naked and some were

\* "Imprinted at London, in Fleet Street, beneath the Conduit, at the sign of St. John Evargelist, by Thomas Colwell." 8vo. no date.

† See "Censura Literaria," vol v. p. 238.

halfe asleepe & amased, and Skelton dyd crye 'fyer ! fyer !' styll, that everye man knew not where to resorte, Skelton dyd go to bed : and the oste & the ostess & the tapstere wythe the osteler dyd runne to Skelton's chambre wythe candles lyghted in theyr handes saying 'Where, where, where is the fyer ?' 'Here, here,' sayd Skelton, & poynted hys finger to hys mouth, saying 'fetch me some drynke to quenche the fyer, & the heate, & the drinesse in my mouth : ' & so they dyd. Wherefore it is goode for every man to helpe hys owne selfe in tyme of nede wyth some polecie or crafte, so be yt ther bee no deceit nor falshed said.—"

"Thus," (to use the words of the colophon) "endeth (one of) the merie tales of Maister Skelton, very pleasant for the recreation of the minde."

Pleasant in sooth ! and amusingly illustrative of the character and disposition of the man. What an admirable subject would the preceding extract afford for the pencil of the facetious Cruikshank.

Skelton was kindly entertained at Westminster by the Abbot Islip, and he continued with him till his death, on the 21st of June, A.D. 1529.\*

In reviewing the life of this extraordinary person, and finding him at one time exalted to high honour by his University, and lauded by the great Erasmus, and at another playing off his jokes on the keeper of a mean hostelry ; now, the respected preceptor of the Heir apparent, invested with the garbs and performing the duties of a solemn pedagogue and theologian, and now degrading his cloth by his buffooneries, and revelling in vile ribaldry ; we can scarcely believe that the same individual enacted such different characters. Half sage and half ape he contrived to gain and keep the respect of his learned contemporaries, (yet the generality said "that his witty discourses were biting, his laughter opprobrious and scornful, and his jokes commonly sharp and reflecting,")† and although entirely unconscious of it himself, this mirth-loving jester did his country and church that service which should ever preserve his name from oblivion, if it does not exalt him to the rank of our national benefactors. *He promoted the Reformation !*

This assertion may be easily proved. In order to prepare the public mind for the dissolution of the

\* Whilst in sanctuary at Westminster, Skelton composed various laudatory sets of verses, in the way of epitaphs, commemorating the *Sovereigns* interred there, which were afterwards inscribed on tables and suspended over their monuments, where they long continued. Copies of these verses may be found in Dart's "History of St. Peter's, Westminster." They are miserable compositions. Ed.

† Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses."

monasteries, it was necessary that the enormities sanctioned, or practised, by the monastic institutions should be exposed, and the system stripped of its veil of sanctity. This Skelton effectually accomplished. He directed the whole artillery of his genius against the monastic orders, charging them with the grossest crimes, denouncing them as "idle drones," condemning their "stately estimation," their "superciliousness ;" their "continual ingurgitations and farcynges of their carayne bodies," in language well adapted to please the crowd and inflame it against the objects of his reproach. Admitting therefore that the destruction of the religious houses hastened the reformation, and that Skelton paved the way for the overthrow, we must come to the conclusion that the poet, by a few rude rhymes, now obsolete, or perused only by the antiquary and bibliographer, essentially contributed to the dissemination of Holy writ, and to the downfall of a church which had queened it over the civilized world for nearly eight centuries.\*

J. F. R.

#### CLEGG HALL, LANCASHIRE.†

CLEGG HALL, about two miles north-east from Rochdale, is still celebrated for the freaks and visitations of a supernatural guest, called the "Clegg-Hall Boggart."

Dr. Whitaker says, it is "the only estate within the parish which still continues in the local family name." On this site was the mansion built by Bernulf de Clegg and Quenilda his wife, as early as the reign of Stephen ; not a vestige of which now remains. The present comparatively modern house was built by Theophilus Ashton, of Rochdale, a lawyer, and one of the Ashtons of Little Clegg, about the year 1620. After many changes of occupants, it is now in part used as a country alehouse ; other portions are in-

\* The above notices comprise all the biographical particulars that can be collected respecting Skelton. The principal authorities are the "Censura Literaria," by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. "Specimens of the Early English Poets," by George Ellis, Esq. The "British Biographer," in 10 vols. 8vo. "Grafton's Chronicle." Dr. Dibdin's "Topographical Antiquities ;" and Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses."

† This article is extracted from the "Traditions of Lancashire," an interesting work, by J. Roby, Esq. M.R.S.L. illustrated by excellent engravings from the *burin* of Finden. Our especial thanks are due to the author, and to Messrs. Longman & Co. for their kind permission to insert it in this publication.

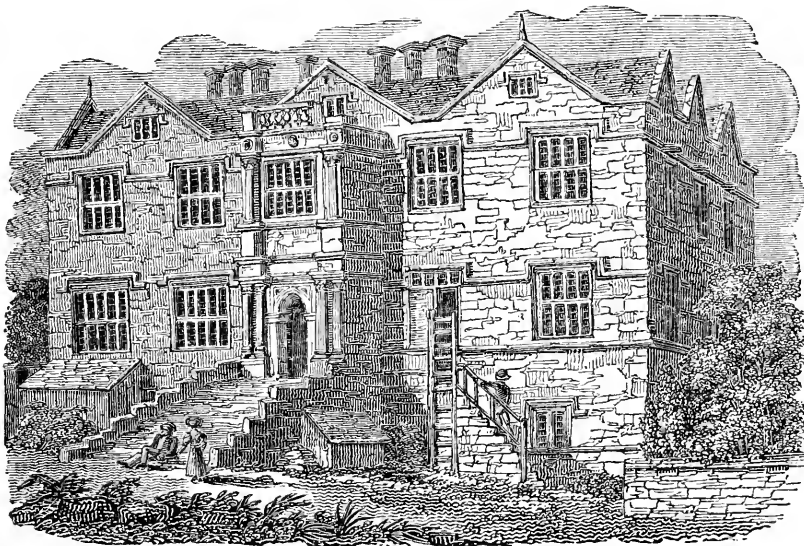
habited by the labouring classes who find employment in that populous and manufacturing district. It is the property of Joseph Fenton, Esq. of Bamford Hall, by purchase from John Entwisle, Esq., the present possessor of Foxholes, in that neighbourhood.

STUBLEY HALL, mentioned in our tale, was built by Robert Holt, in the reign of Henry VIII. The decay of our native woods had then occasioned a pretty general disuse of timber for the frame-work of dwelling-houses belonging to this class of our domestic architecture. Dr. Whitaker says, "It is the first specimen in the parish of a stone or brick hall-house of the second order; that is, with a centre and two wings only. Long before the Holts, appear at this place a Nicholas and a John de Stubley, in the years 1322 and 1332; then follow in succession John, Geoffrey, Robert, and Christopher Holt; from whom descended, though not in a direct line, Robert Holt, of Castleton and Stubley; whose daughter, Dorothy, married, in the year 1649, John Entwisle of Foxholes. Robert, who built Stubley, and who was grandson of Christopher Holt before mentioned, was a justice of the peace in the year 1528. In an old visitation of Lancashire, by Thomas Tong, Norroy,

30 Hen. VIII., is this singular entry:—"Robarde Holte of Stubley, hase mar. an ould woman, by whom he hase none issewe, and therefore he wolde not have her name entried." Yet it appears he had a daughter, Mary, who married Charles Holt, her cousin, descended from the first Robert. Her grandson was the Robert Holt, father to Dorothy Entwisle before named, at whose marriage\* the events took place which, if the following tradition is to be credited, were the forerunners of a most strange and unexpected development.

In the year 1640, nine years before the date of our story, Robert Holt abandoned Stubley for the warmer and more fertile situation of Castleton, about a mile south from Rochdale. Castleton was principally abbey-land, belonging to the house of Stanlaw. Part of this township, the hamlet of Marland or Mereland, was, at the dissolution of monasteries, granted to the Radcliffs, of Langley, and sold by Henry Radcliff to Charles Holt, who married his cousin, Mary Holt, of Stubley, and was grandfather to Robert, who left Stubley for this place, as noticed above.

#### CLEGG HALL.



— "Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is 't real that I see?"—*Shakespeare.*

To Clegg Hall, or rather what was once the site of that ancient house, tradition points through the dim vista of past ages, as the scene of an unnatural and cruel tragedy. Not that this picturesque and stately

pile, with its gable and zigzag terminations, the subject of our present engraving, was the very place where the murder was perpetrated; but a low, dark, and wooden-walled tenement, such as our forefathers were wont to construct in times anterior to the Tudor

\* Her marriage gift was £500., nineteen cows, and a bull,—a magnificent portion in those days.

ages. The present building, with its little porch, quaint and grotesque, its balustrade and balcony above, and the points and pediments on the four sides, is evidently the coinage of some more modern brain,—peradventure in King James's days. Not unlike the character of that learned monarch and of his times; half classical, half barbarous, it combines the puerilities of each, without the power and grandeur of the one, or the rich and chivalric magnificence of the other. Little bits of columns, dwarf-like, and frittered down into mere extremities, give the porch very much the appearance of a child's plaything, or of a Dutch toy stuck to its side.

It has, in fact, the very air and attitude,—the pedantic formalities of the time when it was built. Not so the house on whose ruins it was erected; the square, low, dark mansion, constructed of wood, heavy and gigantic, shaped like the hull of some great ship, the ribs and timbers being first fixed, and the interstices afterwards filled with a compost of clay and chopped straw, to keep out the weather. Of such rude and primitive architecture were the dwellings of the English gentry in former ages: such was the house built by Bernulf and Quenilda Clegg, in the reign of Stephen, the supposed scene of that horrible deed which gave rise to the stories yet extant, relating to the "*Clegg-Hall Boggart*." Popular story is not precise, generally, as to facts and dates. The exact time when this occurrence took place we know not; but it is more than probable that some dark transaction of this nature was here perpetrated. The prevailing tradition warrants our belief;—and however fanciful and extravagant the filling up of the picture, common rumour still preserves, untouched, the general outline.

It is affirmed that, some time about the thirteenth or fourteenth century, a wicked uncle destroyed the lawful heirs of this goodly possession,—two orphan children that were left to his care,—by throwing them over a balcony into the moat, that he might seize on the inheritance. Such is the story which, to this day, retains its hold on the popular mind; and ever after, it is said, the house was the reputed haunt of a troubled and angry spirit, until means were taken for its removal, or rather its expulsion. But upon the inhuman deed itself we shall not dilate, inasmuch as the period is too remote, and the events are too vague, for our purpose.

The house built by Bernulf Clegg had passed, with many alterations and renewals, into the possession of the Ashtons of Little Clegg. About the year 1620 the present edifice was built by Theophilus Ashton;

and thirty years had scarcely elapsed from the time of its erection to the date of our story. Though the original dwelling had been pulled down, except some few remains, yet symptoms of "the Boggart" were still manifest in the occasional visitations and annoyances to which the inmates were subject.

The hues of evening were spread out, like a rich tapestry, above and behind the long unpicturesque line of hills, the lower acclivities of Blackston-edge, opposite to the stately mansion of Clegg Hall. The square squat tower of Rochdale Church peered out from the dark tress, high on its dim eyrie, in the distance, towards the south-west, below which a wazy haze indicated the site of that thriving and populous town. To the right, the heavy blue ridge of mountains, bearing the appropriate name of Blackston-edge, had not yet put on its cold, grey, neutral tint; but the mass appeared to rise abruptly from the green enclosures stretching to its base, in strong and beautiful contrast of colour, such as painters love to express on the mimic canvass. It was a lovely evening in October; one of Nature's parting smiles, ere she envelopes herself in the horrors and the gloom of winter. So soft and balmy was the season, that the wild flowers lingered longer than usual in the woods and copses where they dwelt. In the gardens, some of the spring blossoms had already unfolded. The wallflowers and polyanthus had looked out again, unhesitatingly, on the genial sky—deprived, by sophistication and culture, of the instincts necessary to their preservation. The wild untutored denizens of the field and the quiet woods rarely betray such lack of presentiment: but such are, every where, the results of civilization; which, however beneficial to society in the aggregate, gives its objects altogether an artificial character, and by depriving them of their natural and proper instincts, renders them helpless when single and unaided; while it makes them more dependent upon each other, and on the factitious wants, the offspring of those very habits and conditions into which they are thrown.

On the hollow trunk of a decrepit ash the ivy was blossoming profusely; gathering its support from the frail prop which it was fated to destroy. The insects were humming and frolicking about on their tiny wings, taking their last enjoyment of their little day, ere they gave place to the ephemera of the next.

"How merry and jocund every life-gifted thing looks forth on this our festival. It might be Nature holding high jubilee in honour of Holt's daughter on her wedding night!"

Thus spake Nicholas Haworth to his sister Alice,

as they stepped forth from the hall porch, and stayed for a moment by this aged trunk, to admire the scene that was fast losing its glory and its brightness. They were bidden to the marriage supper at Stubbley, where a masqued ball was to be given after the nuptials of Dorothy Holt, the daughter of its possessor, with Entwisle, the heir of Foxholes.

"It may be holiday and gladness too; but I feel it not," said Alice pensively, as she leaned on her brother's arm, while they turned into a narrow lane overarched by irregular groups of beech and sycamore trees.

"Heed not much idle fancies," said her brother. "And so because, forsooth, an impudent beggar-man predicts some strange event that must shortly befall thee, the apprehension doth cast its shadow ere it come, and thou art ready to conjure up some grim spectre in the gloom it hath created. But, in good sooth, here comes the wizard himself who hath raised these melancholic and evil humours."

"I never pass him without a shudder," said she, at the same time cringing closely to her protector.

This awful personage was one of an ancient class, now probably extinct; a sort of privileged order, supplying, or rather usurping, the place of the mendicant friars of former days. Their vocation was not of an unprofitable kind, inasmuch as alms were commonly rendered, though more from fear than favour. Woe betide the unlucky housewife who withheld her dole, her modicum of meal, or money, to these sturdy applicants! Mischievous from some invisible hand was sure to follow, and the cause was laid to her lack of charity.

The being, the subject of these remarks, had been for many months a periodical visitor at the Hall, where he went by the name of "Noman." It is not a little remarkable, that tradition should here point out an adventure something analogous to that of Ulysses with the Cyclop as once happening to this obscure individual, and that his escape was owing to the same absurd equivocal by which the Grecian chief escaped from his tormentor. Our tale, however, hath reference to weightier matters, and the brief space we possess permits no farther digression. This aged, but hale and sturdy beggar wore a grey frieze coat, or cloak, loosely about his person. Long blue stocking gaiters, well patched and darned, came over his knee; while his doublet and hosen, or body gear, were fastened together by the primitive attachment of wooden skewers, a contrivance now obsolete, being superseded by others more elegant and seemly. A woollen cap or bonnet, of unparalleled form and di-

mensions, was disposed upon his head, hiding the upper part of his face, and almost covering a pair of bushy grey eyebrows, that, in their turn, crouched over a quick and vagrant eye, little worse for the wear of, probably, some sixty years. A grizzled reddish beard hung upon his breast: and his aspect altogether was forbidding,—almost ferocious. A well-plenished satchel was on his shoulder; and he walked slowly and erect, as though little disposed to make way for his betters in the narrow path, where they must inevitably meet. When they came nearer, he stood still, in the middle of the road, as though inclined to dispute their passage. His tall and well-proportioned figure, apparent even beneath these grotesque habiliments, stood out before them in bold relief against the red and burning sky, where an opening in the lane admitted all the glow and fervour of the western sunset. His strange, wayward, and even mysterious character was no bar to his admittance into the mansions of the gentry, through a wide circuit of country; where his familiarities were tolerated, or perhaps connived at, even by many whose gifts he received more as a right than as an obligation.

He looked steadfastly on them as they approached, but without the slightest show either of respect or good will.

"Prithee, stand a little on one side, that we may pass by without fear of offence," said Nicholas Hawthorn, good humouredly.

"And whither away, young master and my dainty miss?" was the reply, in his usual easy and familiar address, such as might have suited one of rank and condition.

Hawthorn, little disturbed thereat, said with a careless smile,—"*Troth*, thou hast not been so long away but thou mightest have heard of the wedding feast to-night, and, peradventure, been foremost for the crumbs of the banquet."

"I know well there's mumming and foolery a-going on yonder; and I suppose ye join the merry-making, as they call it?"

"Aye, that do we; and so prithee begone."

"And your masks will ne'er be the wiser for't, I trow," said the beggar, looking curiously upon them from beneath his penthouse lids.

"But that I could laugh at his impertinence, Alice, I would even now chide him soundly, and send his pitiful carcass to the stocks for this presumption. Hark thee, I do offer good counsel when I warn thee to shift thyself, and that speedily, ere I use the readiest means for thy removal."

"Gramercy, brave ruffler; but I must e'en gi'e ye



the path; an' so pass on to the masking, my Lord Essex and his maiden Queen."

He said this with a cunning look, and a chuckle of self-gratulation at the knowledge he had, some how or other, acquired of the parts they were intending to enact.

"Foul fa' thy busy tongue, where foundest thou this news?---I've a month's mind to change my part, Alice, but that there's neither leisure nor opportunity, and they lack our presence at the nuptials."

"How came he by this knowledge, and the fashion of our masks?" inquired Alice from her brother. "Truly, I could join belief with those who say that he obtained it not through the ordinary channels open to our frail and fallible intellects."

Mistress Alice, "the gentle Alice," was reckoned fair and well-favoured. Strongly tintured with romance, her superstition was continually fed by the stories then current in relation to her own dwelling, and by the generally-received opinions about witches and other supernatural things, which yet lingered, loth to depart from these remote limits of civilization.

The "Clegg-Hall Boggart" was the type of a notion too general to be disbelieved; yet were the inmates, in all probability, less intimately acquainted with the freaks and disturbances attendant thereon than every gossip in the neighbourhood; for, as it frequently happens, tales and marvels, for the most part originating through roguery, and the pranks of servants and retainers, were less likely to come to the ears of the master and his family than those of persons less interested, but more likely to assist in their propagation. The vagrant and erratic movements of "Noman" were, somehow or another, connected with the marvellous adventures and appearances in the "boggart chamber." At the Hall, this discarded room, being part of the old house yet remaining, was the one which he was permitted to occupy during his stay; and his appearance was generally the signal of a visit from their supernatural guest. To be sure, the strange sights he beheld rested on his testimony alone; but his word was never questioned, and his coming was of equal potency with the magician's wand in raising the ghost.

"We shall have some news from our troublesome guest, I suppose, in the morning," said Alice to her brother, as they went slowly on: "I know not the cause; but yonder vagrant seems to waken our ancient companion from his slumbers, either by sympathy or antipathy, I trow."

"For the most part they be idle tales," said he; 'though I doubt not, in former days, the place was

infested by some unquiet spirit. But this good house of ours hath modern stuff too strong upon it. The smell of antiquity alone hath a savour delicate enough for your musty ghost."

Alice pressed his arm slightly as an admonition, at the same time gently chiding his unbelief. Thus beguiling the way with pleasant discourse, they drew nigh to the old house at Stubble, little more than a mile distant from their own dwelling.

Though now resident in his more modern, sheltered, and convenient mansion of Castleton, Holt determined that his daughter's wedding should be solemnised in the ancient halls,—where Robert Bath, vicar of Rochdale, who was presented to the living on his marriage with a niece of Archbishop Laud, was invited to perform the ceremony.

As they came nigh, lights were already glancing between the mullions of the great hall window, then richly ornamented with painted glass. The guests were loitering about the walks and terraces in the little garden plots, which in that bleak and chilly region were scantily furnished. In the hall, fitted up with flowers and green holly-wreaths for the occasion, the father of the bride and his intended son-in-law were pacing to and fro in friendly discourse; the latter pranked out in a costly pair of "petticoat breeches," pink and white, of the newest fashion, reaching only to the knee. These were ornamented with ribands and laces at the two extremities, below which silk stockings, glistening like silver, and immense pink shoe-roses completed his nether costume. A silken doublet and waistcoat of rich embroidery, over which was a turned-down shirt-collar of point lace, surmounted the whole.

His friends and officials were busily employed in arranging matters for the occasion, distributing the wedding favours, and preparing for the entertainments and festivities that were to follow:—but Holt and his son-in-law were exempt from occupation, save that of welcoming those that were bidden, upon their arrival.

Before an oaken screen, beautifully carved with arabesque ornaments and armorial bearings,\* was a

\* This interesting and curious relic is now in the possession of the Rev. J. Clowes, of Broughton, whose ancestor, Samuel Clowes, Esq., about the year 1690, married Mary Cheetham, a descendant of Humphrey Cheetham, founder of the Manchester Blue Coat School. In 1713, after the death of James Holt, Castleton came into possession of the Cheethams until the death of Edward Cheetham, in 1769.—The screen is now made into a side-board, and is most fancifully and beautifully wrought with crests, ciphers, and cognizances belonging to the Holts, and many of the neighbouring families.

narrow table, covered with a white cloth, and on it the prayer-book, open at the marriage formulary. Four stools were placed for those more immediately interested in the ceremony. Rosemary and bay leaves, gilt and dipt in scented water, were scattered about the marriage altar in love-knots and many fanciful and ingenious devices. A bride-cup rested upon it, in which lay a sprig of gilded rosemary,—a relic or semblance of the ancient hymeneal torch. Huge tables, groaning with garniture for the approaching feast, were laid round the apartment,—room being left in the central floor for all those who chose to mingle in the games and dances that were expected after supper.

The company were now assembled, and the ceremony about to commence. The bride, clothed in white, with a veil of costly workmanship thrown over her, was led in by her maidens and a train of friends. The bridegroom taking her hand, they stood before the altar, and the brief, but indissoluble knot was tied. The kiss being given, the happy husband led away his partner into the parlour, or guest-chamber, followed by many of those who had witnessed the ceremony. Alice and her brother were amongst them; and the bride perceiving their entrance, drew the hand of the maiden within hers, and retained her, for a short season, by her side.

The feast was begun; those who were for the mask took but a hasty refreshment, being anxious to proceed into the 'tiring rooms, there to array for the more interesting part of the night's revel. In due time issued forth from their crowded bowers, lords and ladies gay, buffoons, morris-dancers, and the like, gypsies, fortune-tellers, and a medley of giddy mummers, into the hall, where the more sedate or more sensual were still carousing after the feast.

"Room for the masks!" was the general cry; and the musicians, each after his kind, did pierce and vex the air with such a medley of disquieting sounds, that the talkers were fain to cease, and the dancers to fall to, in good earnest. Alice and her brother were disguised as the cunning beggar had predicted, to wit, as the virgin queen and her unfortunate lover. Masks were often dropping in, so that the hall and adjoining chambers were fully occupied, resounding, in wild echoes, with noise and revelry.

Loud and long was the merriment, increasing even until the roofs rung with the din, and the revellers themselves grew weary of the tumult.

Alice was standing by the oaken screen, during a temporary cessation on her part from the labours incident to royalty, when there came from behind it

a tawny Moor, wearing a rich shawl turban, with a beard of comely aspect. His arms were bare and hung with massive bracelets, and he wore a tight jacket of crimson and gold. His figure was tall and commanding; but his face was concealed by a vizor of black crape, which hindered not his speech from being clearly apprehended, though the sound came forth in a muffled tone, as if feigned for the occasion. Immediately there followed an Arabic or Turkish doctor, clad in a long dark robe, and his head surmounted by a four-cornered fur cap. In one hand he held a glass phial, and a box under his left arm. Of an erect and majestic stature, he stood for a moment apparently surveying the scene ere he mingled in the busy crowd. His face also was covered with black crape, and through the "eyelet holes" a bright and burning glance shot forth, hardly repressed by the shadow from his disguise. Alice, being unattended, shunned these unknown intruders, and mingled again with a merry group, who were pelting one another with comfits and candied almonds. As the stately Elizabeth she beckoned to her maidens; but they merely curtsied to their royal mistress, without discontinuing their boisterous hilarity. Indeed, the mumming hitherto had been more in dress than manners, so little restraint had their outward disguise occasioned, or their behaviour been altered thereby. The two late comers, however, produced a change. It appeared that their business was to enact a play or cunning device, for the amusement of the company, who, regarding them with a curious eye, one by one left off their several sports to gaze upon the strangers.

The rest were generally known to each other; but whispers and enquiries now went round, from which it appeared that the new visitants were strictly concealed, and their presence unexpected.

"Now o' my faith," said Harry Cheetham, whose skill in dancing and drollery had been conspicuous throughout the evening, "yon barbarians be come from the Grand Turk, with his kerchief, recruiting for the seraglio."

"Out upon thee!" said a jingling Morisco, enacted by young Hellawell of Pike House, "the Grand Signior loveth not maidens such as ours for his pavilion. They be too frosty to melt, even in Afric's sunny clime." This was said with a malicious glance at Alice, whose queen-like dignity and haughty bearing had kept many an ardent admirer at bay through the evening.

"Sure the master of the feast hath withheld this precious delectation until now," said Essex; "for they, doubtless, be of his providing."—"And give

promise of more novel but less savoury entertainment," said Hamer of Hamer.

But Holt either knew them not, or his look of surprise, not unmingled with curiosity and expectation, shewed that he was playing the masker too, without other disguise than his own proper features,---the kind, hospitable face of an honest north country squire, ruddy with health and conviviality.

At the farther end of the hall, the bride and her bride maidens were standing, with the bridegroom at her side, whispering soft gallantries in her ear. The strangers, on their entrance, rendered neither token nor obeisance, as courtesy required, to the bride and her train, but followed Alice, who had joined her brother in the merry crowd, now watching the motions of these unexpected visitants. They approached with stately and solemn steps; and, without once deigning to notice the rest of the company, the gaudy Moor bowed himself in a most dignified *salaam* before the Queen. Alice, apparently with some trepidation at being thus singled out from the rest, clung to her brother, she hardly knew why.

"My sublime master, Emperor of the world, lord of the sun, and ruler of the seven celestial configurations, sendeth his slave unto the most high and mighty Queen,---whose beauty, as a girdle, doth encompass the whole earth,---with greeting."

"And who is he?" said Alice, with apprehensive timidity.

"The Sultan Ibrahim, lord of the seven golden towers, the emerald islands, and ruler over a hundred nations. He bade his slave kiss the hem of his mistress's garment, and beseech her to put her foot on the neck of his bondman, her slave's slave, and accept his gift."

"And who is this thy companion?" said Alice, growing bolder, while the company were gradually gathering around them.

"This whom your unworthy slave hath brought, most gracious Queen, is the renowned Doctor Aboulfahrez, high conjuror to the Khan of Tartary, and physician to the Great Mogul. He doth drive hence all pains and diseases whatsoever, and will cure your great majesty of any disorder of the spirit, by reason of charms or love philtres heretofore administered."

With a slight bend of his illustrious person, as though the high conjuror to the Khan of Tartary, and physician to the Great Mogul, thought himself too nearly on an equality with her "high mightiness" the Queen, to pay her much deference, the learned doctor for the first time broke silence.

"Will it please the Queen's grace to command an ensample of mine art?"

"We must first be assured unto what purpose. Hast thou not heard," said Alice, with increasing confidence, "that it is treason to put forth strange or unlawful devices before the Queen?"

The stranger bowed. "But your grace hath traitors in those fair eyes, which do prompt treason if they practise none."

This gallant speech was much applauded by the company, and relieved Alice from the necessity of a speedy and suitable answer; for she began to be somewhat perplexed by the address of these bold admirers.

"Look at this precious phial, the incomparable elixir, the pabulum of life, the grand arcanum, the supernaculum, the mother and regenerator of nature, the source and the germen of all existence, past, present, and to come!"---The learned doctor paused, more from want of breath, than from a scarcity of epithets wherewith to blazon forth the great virtues of his discovery. Soon, however, he breathed again through the mouth-slit in his mask, and blew on the phial, when, lo! a vapour issued from within, curling in long-drawn wreaths down the side, in a manner most wonderful to behold.

This trick roused the admiration of his audience, but he made a sign that they should be still, as their breath and acclamations might disturb the process. He now thrust one finger into the vapour, when it appeared to wind round his hand; then, letting the bottle drop, it fell, suspended from the finger by this novel and extraordinary chain; the vapour seeming to be the link by which it hung. This unexpected feat repressed the noisy burst of applause, which might have been the result of a less wonderful device. Every one looked anxiously and uneasily at his neighbour, and at the renowned Doctor Aboulfahrez; not feeling comfortable, perhaps, or even safe, in the presence of so exalted a personage. But new wonders were at hand. The mysterious visitor uttered some cabalistic words, and lo! flames burst forth from the magic phial, to the additional wonder and dismay of the beholders.

"When the Queen's grace doth will it, this box shall be opened; but it will behove her to be discreet in what may follow, lest the charm be evaded."

The Moorish slave was silent during this procedure, standing with arms folded, as though he had been one of the mutes of his master's harem, rather than ambassador to his "ladye love." With the assent of Alice, the Doctor took in one hand the casket, which he cautiously unlocked. The lid flew open by a secret spring, and a peacock of surprising beauty

and glittering plumage rose out of the box, imitating the motions of the real bird to admiration. The mimic thing, being placed on the dais, flapped its wings, and unfolded its tail with all the pride and precision of the original.

"Beshrew me," said Holt, approaching nearer to the performer, "but thou hast been bred to the black art, I think. Some o' ye have catered excellently for our pastime."

But who it was, none could ascertain, each giving his neighbour credit secretly for the construction of these dainty devices. Yet new wonders were about to follow, when the bride and bridegroom, though wedded to each other's company, came forward to see the spectacle. Not a guest was missing. Even those, most pleasantly occupied at the tables, left their sack and canary, their spices and confections. The musicians, too, and the menials, seemed to have forgotten their several duties, and stood gaping and marvelling at the show. Suddenly there flew open a little door in the breast of the automaton bird, and out jumped a fair white pigeon, which, after having performed many surprising feats, in its turn became the parent of another progeny, to wit, a beautiful singing bird, or nightingale, which warbled so sweetly, fluttering its wings with all the ecstasy of that divine creature, that the listeners were nearly beside themselves with ravishment and admiration. The nightingale now opened, and a little humming bird, of most surprising brilliancy, hopped forth, and, jumping up to the Queen, held out its beak, having a label therein, apparently beseeching her to accept the offering. She stooped down to receive the billet, which she hastily unfolded.—What effect was visible on her countenance we cannot pretend to say, inasmuch as the mask precluded observation; but there was an evident tremour in her frame. She seemed to be overpowered with surprise, and held out the note as though for the moment, incapable of deciding whether to accept it or no. Then with a sudden effort she crumpled it together, and thrust it behind her stomacher. Wonder sat silent and watchful on the face of every beholder. The actors in this strange drama had replaced the automata in the box again, closing its lid. The Moor had made his *salaam*, and the Doctor his obeisance, disappearing behind the screen, from which they had so mysteriously come forth. But, at their departure, a train of fire followed upon their track, and a lambent flame played curiously upon the wooden crockets for a few seconds, and then disappeared.

Now was there a Babel of tongues unloosed,---at first by sudden impulses and whispers, then breaking

forth by degrees into a loud and continuous din of voices, all at once seeking to satisfy their enquiries touching this strange and unexpected visit. Their host was mightily pestered and besieged with questions and congratulations on the subject, which he as promptly and pre-emptorily disclaimed, attempting to fix the hatching of the plot upon the astonished bridegroom. But even he would not father the conceit; and in the end, it began to be surmised that these were indeed what their appearance betokened, or something worse, which cast a sudden gloom on the whole assembly. Some sallied out of the door to watch, and others blamed the master for not seizing and detaining these emissaries of Satan. Alice was closely questioned as to the communication she had received; but she replied, evasively perhaps, that it was only one of the usual stale conceits appropriate to the masque.

Nothing more was heard or seen of them; and it was now high time they should accompany the bridegroom to his own dwelling at Foxholes; a goodly house situate on a pretty knoll near the town of Rochdale, and about two miles distant from Stubley.

Now was there mustering and hurrying to depart. An unwieldy coach was drawn up, into which the bride and her female attendants were forthwith introduced, the bridegroom and his company going on foot. On arriving at Foxholes, the needful ceremonies were performed. Throwing the stocking, a custom then universally practised, was not omitted; which agreeable ceremony was performed as follows.

The female friends and relations conducted the bride to her chamber, and the men the bridegroom. The latter then took the bride's stockings, and the females those of the bridegroom. Sitting at the bottom of the bed, the stockings were thrown over their heads. When one of the "hurlers" hit the owner, it was deemed an omen that the party would shortly be married. Meanwhile the posset was got ready, and given to the newly-married couple. After this the company departed.—

It was past midnight, yet Alice sat, solitary and watchful, at her little casement. One fair white arm supported her cheek, and she was gazing listlessly on the silver clouds, as they floated in liquid brightness across the full round disk of the moon, then high in the meridian. Her thoughts were not on the scene she beheld. The mellow sound of the waterfalls, the murmur from the river, came on with the breeze, rising and falling like the deep pathos of some wild and mysterious music. Memory, that busy enchanter, was at work; and the scenes she had lately witnessed, so full of disquietude and mystery, mingled with the

returning tide of past and almost forgotten emotions. We have said that the prevailing bent or bias of her disposition was that of romance ; and this idol of the imagination, this love of strange and enervating excitement, had not been repressed by the occurrences of the last few hours ; on the contrary, she felt as though some wondrous event was impending,—some adventure which she alone should achieve,---some power that her own arm should alone contend with and subdue.

She took the billet from her bosom ; the moonlight only fell upon it ; but the words were so indelibly fixed upon her imagination, that she fancied she could trace every word on that mystic tablet.

*“ To-morrow, at midnight, in the haunted chamber ! If thou hast courage, tarry there a while. Its occupant will protect thee.”*

“ Wherefore am I so bent on this adventure ? To visit the beggar in his lair !” thought she ; and again she threw her eyes on the billet.

*“ Peril threatens thine house, which thy coming can only prevent. Shouldst thou reveal but one word of this warning, thy life, and those dear to thee, will be the forfeit. From thine unknown monitor.*

THESE.”

The guest in the boggart-chamber was Noman, to whom it had been allotted, and though he told of terrible sights, and harrowing disclosures, he seemed to brave them all with unflinching hardihood, and even exulted in their repetition. To remain an hour or two with such a companion, was in itself a sufficiently novel adventure ; but that harm could come from such a source, scarcely entered her imagination. A feeling of irrepressible curiosity stimulated her, and prevailed over every other consideration. Besides, would it not be a wicked and a wanton thing to shrink from difficulty or danger, when the welfare and even life of one so dear as her brother, peradventure, depended on her compliance. Another feeling, too, more complicated, and a little more selfish it might be, was the hidden cause to which her inclinations might be traced.

“ Thine unknown monitor !” she repeated the words, and a thousand strange and wayward fancies rose to her recollection. Often had she seen, when least expecting it, a stranger, who, in whatsoever place they met, preserved a silence respectful but mysterious. She had seen him in the places of public resort, in the solitary woods, and in the highways ; but his reserve and secrecy were unbroken. When she enquired, not an individual knew him ; and though his form and features were indelibly traced on her memory, she could never recall them without an emo-

tion which whether it were attended with more of pain than of pleasure, we will not venture to declare. Once or twice she had fancied, when awaking in the dead stillness of the night, that an invisible something was near, and gazing upon her ; but this feeling was soon forgotten, though often revived whenever she was more than usually sensitive or excited. The figure of the Moor was wonderfully similar to the form of the mysterious unknown. But the secret was now, at any rate, to be divulged ; and a few hours would put her into possession of the key to unlock this curious cabinet. So thought Alice, and her own secret chambers of imagery were strangely distempered thereby.—Was she beloved by one of a higher order of beings, a denizen of the invisible world, who tracked her every footstep, and hovered about her unseen. She had heard that such things were, and that they held intercourse with some favoured mortals,—unlimited duration, and a nature more exalted, subject to no change, being vouchsafed to the chosen ones. The exploits at Stubbley seemed to favour this hypothesis, and Alice fell into a delicious reverie, well prepared for the belief and reception of any stray marvels that might fall out by the way.

Looking upon the moat, which lay stagnant and unruffled beneath the quiet gaze of the moon, she thought that a living form emerged from the bushes on the opposite bank ;---she could not be mistaken, it was her unknown lover. Breathless, she awaited the result ; but the shadows again closed round him, and she saw him not again. Bewildered, agitated, and alarmed, the day was springing faintly in the dim east, when her eyelids lay heavy in the dew of their repose.

Morning was high, and far risen in the clear blue atmosphere ; but its first and balmy freshness was past, when Alice left her chamber. She looked paler and more languid than she was wont, and her brother rallied her playfully on the consequences of last night’s dissipation ; but her thoughts were otherwise engrossed, and she replied carelessly, and with an air of abstraction, far different from her usual playful and untrained spirit. The mind was absorbed, restricted to one sole avenue of thought : all other impressions ceased to communicate their impulse. Her brother departed soon afterwards to his morning vocations ; but Alice sat in the porch. She looked out on the hills with a vacant, but not unwistful eye. Their slopes were dotted with many a fair white dwelling, but the rigour of cultivation had not extended so far up their barren heathery sides as now ; yet many a bright paddock, green amid the dark waste, and the

little homestead, the nucleus of some subsequent and valuable inheritance, proclaimed the unceasing toil, the primeval curse, and the sweat of the brow, that were here also

To enjoy the warmth and freshness of the morning, Alice had removed her spinning wheel into the porch. Here she was engaged in the primitive and good old fashion of preparing yarn for the wants of the household;—an occupation not then perfected into the system to which it is now degraded. The wives and daughters of the wealthiest would not then disdain to fabricate material for the household linen, carrying us far back into simpler, if not happier times, when Homer sung, and kings' daughters found a similar employment.

Alice was humming in unison with her wheel, her thoughts more free from the very circumstance that her body was the subject of this mechanical exercise.

"Good morrow, Mistress Alice!" said a sonorous voice at the entrance. Turning suddenly, she spied the athletic beggar standing erect, with his staff and satchel, on one side of the porch.

"Ha' ye an awmous to-day, lady?" He doffed his cap and held it forth, more with the air of one bestowing a favour than soliciting one.

"Thou hast been i' the kitchen, I warrant," said Alice, "by the breadth of thy satchel."

"An' what the worse are ye for that?" replied the saucy mendicant; "your hounds and puppies would lick up the leavings, if I did not."

"Go to," said Alice impatiently; "thou dost presume. Begone!"

"This air, I reckon—ay, this blessed air—is as free unto my use as thine," said Noman sullenly, and without shewing any symptoms of obedience.

"My brother shall know of thine insolence, and the menials shall drive thee forth."

"Thy brother!—tell him, pretty maiden, that though he is a lawyer, and his uncle, he who built this house to boot, he hath little left in this misgoverned realm but to deal out injustice. Other folks' money sticks i' their skirts; that have precious little o' their own, I wis."

"I know not the nature of thine allusions, nor care I to bandy weapons with such an adversary."

"Hark ye, lady! it was to solder down as pretty a piece of roguery as one would wish to leave to one's heirs, that Theophilus Ashton, thine uncle, thy mother's brother, now deceased, went to London, when he had builded this house."

"Roguery!—mine uncle Ashton! Darest thou—?"

"Ay, the same. The spoils of my patrimony built

this goodly dwelling, and the Battle of Marston Moor gave thy brother wherewith to buy the remainder of the inheritance. I was made a beggar by my loyalty, he a rich man by his treason."

"What means the foul charge?" said Alice, astounded by the audacity of this accusation.

"Yet fear not. Had it not been for thee and another,—whose well-being is bound up in thine own,—long ago would this goodly heritage have been spoiled; but—revenge is sweeter even than possession; so good morrow, mistress Alice."

"What, then, is thy business with me?"

"Wentest thou not from the masque with thy pretty love-billet behind thy stomacher?"

"Insolent vagrant, this folly shall not go unpunished!"

"Hold, wench; provoke not an ——" He paused for one second,—but in that brief space there came a change over his spirit, which in a moment was subdued as though by some over-mastering effort,—“an impotent old man.” In speaking thus, his voice softened, and there was a touch even of pathos in the expression. “To-night—fail not—I, ay, even *I*, will protect thee. Fail not, and fear not; thy welfare hangs on that issue!”

Saying this, with an air of dignity far superior to his usual bluntness and even rudeness of address, he slowly departed.

Thoughts crowded, like a honey swarm, to this hive of mystery, nor could Alice throw off the impression which clung to her. She had been warned against revealing this communication, but at one time she felt resolved to make her brother acquainted with the whole, and to claim his protection; but then came the warning, or rather threat of some hidden mischief that must inevitably follow the disclosure. “Surely, in her own home, she might venture to walk unattended. The beggar she had known for some time in his periodical visits; and though she felt an unaccountable timidity in his presence, yet she certainly was minded to make an experiment of the adventure; but,—” and in this painful state of doubt and fluctuation she remained until eventide, when a calm bright moon, as it again rose over the hill, saw Alice at the casement of her own chamber, looking anxiously down where the dark surface of the stagnant moat wore a bright star on its bosom. The scene, the soft and tender influence which it possessed,—the hour, soothing and elevating the mind, were all favourable to the developement of that ethereal spirit of our nature, the imagination, whose wand conjures up the busy world within, creating all things according to its

pleasure, and investing them with every attribute at its will. Alice felt her fears give way: the die was cast, and she committed herself to the result. What share the handsome, dark, and melancholy looking stranger had in this decision she did not pause to enquire. There was danger, and this danger could only be averted by her interference: what might be curiosity was at any rate her duty; and she, feeling mightily like some devoted heroine, would not shrink from the trial. When once brought to a decision, she felt a load taken from her breast; she breathed more freely, and her tread was more vigorous and elastic. Leaving her chamber with a lofty mien, the gentle Alice felt more like the proud mistress of an empire, than the inhabitant of a little country dwelling, when she re-entered the parlour; yet there was a restless glance from her eye, which, ever and anon would start aside from visible objects, and wander about, apparently without aim or discrimination. Her brother busied, happily, with domestic duties, was too much engaged to notice any unusual disturbance in her demeanour, and Alice employed her time to little advantage, until she heard the appointed signal for rest. As they bade the usual "good-night," her heart smote her: she looked on the unconscious, unsuspecting, aspect of her brother, and the whole secret of her heart was on her tongue:—it did not escape her lips; but the tear stood in her eye; and as she closed the door, it sounded like the signal of some long separation,—as though the portal had for ever closed upon her.

Wrapped in a dark mantle, with cap and hood, the maiden stepped forth from her little closet about midnight. She bore a silver lamp, that waved softly in the night wind, as she went with a noiseless, timid step, through the passages to the haunted chamber. The room wherein the beggar slept was somewhat detached from the rest of the dormitories. A low gallery led by a narrow corridor to a flight of some two or three steps into this room, now used for the stowage of lumber. It was said to have been one of the apartments in the old house, forming a sort of peduncle to the new, not then removed, like a remnant of the shell sticking to the skirts of the new fledged bird. This adjunct, the beggar's dwelling, is now gone. An ancient doortcase, with a grotesque carving, disclosed the entrance. She paused before it, not without a secret apprehension of what might be going on within. For the first time she felt the novelty, not to say imprudence, of her situation, and the unfeminine nature of her exploit. She was just hesitating whether or not to return, when she heard

the door slowly open: a tall, gaunt figure looked out, which she immediately recognised to be that of the mendicant. Somewhat re-assured, and her courage strengthened by his appearance, she did not attempt to retreat, but stood silent for a space, and seemingly not a little abashed; yet the purity of her motives, as far as known to herself, soon recurred to her aid, and her proud, and somewhat haughty spirit immediately roused its energies, when she had to cope with difficulty and danger.

"I come to thy den, old man, that I may unriddle thy dark sayings."

"Or rather," replied he slowly, and emphatically, "that thou mayst unriddle that pretty love-billet thou hast read."

"I am here in my brother's house, and surely I have both the right and the power to walk forth unquestioned, or unsuspected of an intrigue or assignation," replied she,—quick and tender on the point whereon her own thoughts were disagreeably awakened.

"Come in, lady," said he, "and thou shalt be safe from any suspicions but thine own."

Alice entered, and the door was closed, and bolted. Her feelings were those of uneasiness, not unmixed with alarm. Before her stood the athletic form of the mendicant: she was at some distance from the rest of the family;—none caring to have their bidding-place in the immediate vicinity of the haunted chamber:—in the power, it might be, of this strange and anomalous being. A miserable pallet lay on the floor in one corner, and the room was nearly filled with useless lumber, and the remains of ancient materials from the old apartments. Probably it was from this circumstance that the ghosts had their fancies for this room, haunting the relics of the past, and lingering around their former reminiscences. The light she held gleamed athwart the face of her companion, and his features were strangely significant of some concealed purpose.

"Whom do we meet in this place?" she enquired.

"Prithee wait; thou wilt see anon. But let me counsel thee to remain silent; what thou seest note, but make no reply.—Be not afraid, for no harm shall befall thee. But let me warn thee, maiden, that thou shrink not from the trial."

He now slowly retired, and she watched his receding figure until it was hidden behind a huge oaken bedstead, in the corner. But he returned not, and Alice felt terrified at being so unexpectedly left alone. She called to him, but there was no answer: she sought for some outlet, but no trace was visible whereby he could have departed from the chamber. As



she was looking around, suddenly the light was blown out, and she felt herself seized by invisible hands.

"Be silent, for thy life!" said a strange whisper in her ear. She was hurried on, through vaults and passages: the cold damp air struck chilly on her; and she felt as though descending into some unknown depths, beneath the very foundations of her own dwelling. Darkness was still about their steps; but she was borne along, at a swift pace, by persons evidently accustomed to this subterraneous line of communication.

"No harm shall happen thee," said the same whisper in her ear as before. Suddenly, a vivid light flashed out from an aperture or window, and she heard a groaning or rumbling, and the clank of chains; but this was passed, and a pale dull light showed a low vaulted chamber, into which Alice was conveyed. An iron lamp hung from the ceiling, in what seemed to have been one of the cellars of the old house; though she was unaware, beforetime, of such a dangerous proximity. The door was closed upon her, and again she was left alone. So confused, and agitated was she for a while, that she felt unable to survey the objects that encompassed her; by degrees, however, she regained sufficient fortitude to make the examination. Her astonishment was extreme, when she beheld, ranged around the vault, coffers full of coin; heaps of surprising magnitude exposed, the least of which would have been a king's ransom; fair and glistening too, apparently fresh from the hands of some cunning artificer. Her curiosity, in some measure, getting the better of her fears, she ventured to touch one of these tempting heaps,—not being sure but that her night visions were answerable for the illusion;—she laid her hand on a hoard of bright nobles: another, and another, succeeded, yet each coffer held some fresh denomination of coin: there were monies of various nations, even to the Spanish pistole and Turkish bezant. Such exhaustless wealth it had never yet entered into her imagination to conceive,—the very idea was too boundless even for fancy to present. "Surely," thought she, "I am in some fairy palace, where the combined wealth of every clime is accumulated; and the king of the genii, or some old and ugly ogre, has certes fallen in love with me, and means to present it for my dowry." Smiling at this thought, even in the midst of her apprehensions, she stood as one almost transported with admiration and surprise. Yet her situation was far from being either enviable or pleasant, though in the midst of a treasure-house of wealth, that would have made an emperor the richest of his race. No solution that she could invent would at all solve the problem,—no key

of interpretation would fit these intricate movements. Here she stood, a prisoner, perhaps, with the other treasures in the vault; yet, assuredly, the miser, whosoever he might be, had shewn great taste, and judgment too, in the selection. But the crisis was at hand; the door opened; and she heard a footstep near her; a form stood before her, whom she immediately recognized, and, perhaps, expected. The mysterious stranger was in her presence. With a respectful obeisance, he folded his hands on his bosom; but he spoke not.

"What wouldst thou,—and why this outrage?" enquired Alice.

The intruder pointed to the surrounding treasures, then to himself; by which she understood (so quickly interpreted is the mute eloquence of passion), that he was in love with her, and devoted them all exclusively to her service.—But what answer she gave, permit me, gentle reader, for a season, to detain; for truly it is an event of so marvellous a nature, whereon our tradition now disporteth itself, that, like an epicure hindering the final disposal of some delicate mouthful, of which, when gulped, he feelth no more the savour, so would we, in like manner, courteous reader, do thee this excellent service, in order that the sweetness of expectation may be prolonged thereby; and the solution, like a kernel in the shell, not be crushed by being too suddenly cracked.—

Turn we now to the inmates at the hall, where, as may easily be understood, there was a mighty stir and commotion when morning brought the appointed hour, and Mistress Alice came not to the breakfast meal. Her brother was at his wits' end, when the forenoon passed, and still there were no tidings. Messengers were sent far and near, and no place was left untried where it was thought intelligence might be gained: but she was not to be found, nor was any trace discovered of her departure.

Nicholas was returning from Foxholes, Stubble, and Pike House, at all which he had been making his personal enquiries. Passing, in a disconsolate mood, through the gate leading from the lane to his own porch, he met Noman, apparently departing. The beggar, seeing his approach, assumed his usual stiff and inflexible attitude, pausing ere he passed. A vague surmise, for which he could not account, prompted the suspicions of Nicholas Haworth towards this unimportant personage.

"What is thy business to-day abroad?" he enquired hastily.

"A word in thine ear, m'aster," said the beggar.

"Say on then; and grant that it may have an inkling of my sister!"

"She hath departed."

"That I know. But whither?"

"Ask the little devilkins I saw yesternight. I have told ye oft o' the sights and terrible things that have visited me i' the boggart chamber; and that the ghost begged hard for a victim."

"What! thou dost not surely suppose he hath borne away my sister?"

"I have said it!" replied the mendicant with an air of mystery.

"We'll have the place exorcised, and the spirit laid; and thou,—" said Nicholas, pausing, "have a care that we hale thee not before the justice for practising with forbidden and devilish devices."

"I cry thee mercy, Master Haworth; but for what good deed am I to suffer? I have brought luck to thine house hitherto, and what mischief yon ghost hath wrought is none o' my doing. If thou wilt, I can rid thee of his presence, and that speedily, even if 't were Beelzebub himself."

"But will thy conjurations bring back my sister?" said the wondering, yet half credulous squire.

"That is more than I can tell. But, to prove that I am not in league with thine enemy, I will cast him out."

"Hath Alice been strangled, or in anywise hurt, by this wicked spirit?"

"Nay," said the beggar, solemnly, "I guess not; but I heard him pass by, and the chains did rattle fearfully through mine ears, until I heard them at her bed-chamber. He may have spirited her away to fairy-land for aught I know; and yet she lives!"

"Save us, merciful Disposer of our lot!" said Nicholas, much moved to sorrow at this strange recital, yet in some wise comforted by the assurance it contained. "We are none of us safe from his visitations, now they are extended hitherto. I dreamt not of danger, beforetime, though I have heard sounds, and seen unaccountable things; yet I imagined that in the old chamber, only, he had power to work mischief; and, even there, I did disbelieve much of thy story, as it respected his freaks, and the nature and manner of his visits. The rumblings that I fancied, at times, in the dead of night, were in the end disregarded and almost forgotten."

"I, too, have heard the like, but I knew it was the spirit, and—"

"Canst thou win back my sister, by driving from us this evil spirit?"

"I can lay the ghost, if thou wilt; but as for the other, peradventure it lieth not within the compass or power of mortal man to accomplish."

"What thou canst, let it be done without delay, for I would fain behold a sight so wonderful;—yet will I first take precaution to put thee in durance until it be accomplished; perchance it may quicken thee to this good work: and I do bethink me, too, thou knowest more than thou wouldest fain acknowledge of this evil dealing toward Alice."

The beggar sought not to escape: he knew it would be in vain, for the menials had surrounded them; and he was conveyed to the kitchen, until he should be ready for the important duties he had undertaken to perform. The next day was appointed for the trial, but fearful was the night that intervened,—rattling of chains, falling of heavy weights, loud rumblings, as though a coach and six were driving about the premises; these, intermingled with shrieks and howlings, were not confined to the old room, where the beggar lodged as heretofore, but were heard and felt through the whole house. It seemed as though his presence had hitherto secluded them to the locality we have named, and that they had burst their bounds on his departure. Little rest had the household on that fearful night, and the morning was welcome to many, who had been terrified so, that they scarcely expected to see the light of another sun.

At the earliest dawn Nicholas Haworth hied him to the kitchen, where the beggar, a close prisoner, was comfortably nestled on his couch.

"What, ho!" said the squire, "thou canst sleep when others be waking. Thy friends have been seeking thee through the night, mayhap. There have been more shaking limbs than hungry stomachs, I trow."

"I know of nought that should keep me waking; my conscience made no echo to the knocking without, and so, good morrow, Master Nicholas."

There came one, at this moment, running in, almost breathless, to say, that the cart-horses were all harnessed, and yoked ready in the stable, by invisible hands, and that no one durst take them from their stalls. On the heels of this messenger came another, who shouted out that the bull, a lusty and well-thriven brute, was quietly perched, in most bull-like gravity, upon the hay-mow. It being thought impossible, or contrary to the ordinary law of locomotion, that he could have thus transported himself, what other than demon hands could or durst have lifted so ponderous and obstinate a beast into the place? In short, such were the strange and out of the way frolics that had been committed, that Satan and all his company seemed to have been let loose upon the household on this memorable night.

"Thou shalt rid us of these pests, or by the head of St. Nicholas," said his name-sake, "the hangman shall singe thy beard for a fumigation."

"Let me go, and the spirit shall not trouble thee."

"Nay, gaffer, thou dost not escape me thus: my sister, we have yet no tidings of her; and, it may be, those followers or familiars of thine can help me to that knowledge."

"I tell thee I'll lay the ghost while the holly's green, or there is mire in Dearnly Clough, should it so please thee, Master Nicholas; but I must first be locked up for a space in the haunted chamber alone. Keep watch at both door and loop-hole, if thou seest fit; but I gi'e thee my word that I'll not escape."

"Agreed," said Haworth; "but it shall not avail thee, thou crafty fox, for we will watch, and that right diligently: unless the de'il fly away with thee, thou shalt not escape us."

The bargain was made, and Noman was speedily conducted to the chamber. Sentinels were posted at the door, and round the outside, to prevent either entrance or exit.

A long hour had nigh elapsed, and the watchers were grown weary. Some thought he had gone off in a chariot of smoke through the roof, or in a whirlwind of infernal brimstone; while others, a few, were out of doors gazing steadfastly up towards the chimneys, expecting to see him perched there, like a daw, or starling, ready for flight. But when the hour was fulfilled, the beggar lifted up the latch, and walked forth alone, without let or molestation.

"Whither away, sir grey-back?" said Nicholas, "and wherefore in such haste? We'll have a word or so ere thou depart. Art thou prepared?"

"Ay, if it so please thee."

"And when dost thou begin thine exorcism?"

"Now, if so be that thou hast courage. But I warn thee of danger therefrom. If thou persist, verily in this inner chamber shall it be done."

"Then return,—we will follow,—as many as have courage, that is,"—said Nicholas Haworth, looking around and observing that his attendants, with pale faces, and quailing stomachs, did manifest a wondrous inquietude, and a sudden eagerness to depart. Yet were there some, whose curiosity got the better of their fears, and who followed, or rather hung upon their master's skirts, into the chamber, which even in the broad and cheerful daylight, looked a gloomy, and comfortless, and unhallowed place. Noman commanded that silence should be kept, that not even a whisper should breathe from other lips than his own. He drew a line with his crutch upon the floor, and

forbade that any should attempt to pass this imaginary demarcation. The auditors were all agape, and, but that the door was made fast, some would, doubtless, have gone back, repenting of their temerity.

After various mummeries and incantations, the chamber appeared to grow darker, and a low rumbling noise was heard, as from some subterranean explosion.

"*Dominus vobiscum*," said the necromancer; and a train of fire leapt suddenly across the room. A groan of irrepressible terror ran through the company; but the exorcist, with a look of reprehension for their disobedience, betook himself again to his ejaculations. Retiring backwards a few paces, to a corner of the room, he gave three audible knocks upon the floor, which, to the astonishment and dismay of the assembly, were distinctly repeated, apparently from beneath. Thrice was this ceremony gone through, and thrice three times was the same answer returned.

"Restless spirit," said the conjuror solemnly, and in a voice and manner little accordant with those of an obscure and unlearned beggar; "why art thou disquieted, and what is the price of thy departure?"—No answer was given, though the question was repeated. The adjurer appeared, for one moment, fairly at a nonplus.

"By thine everlasting doom, I conjure thee, answer me!" Still there was no reply. "Thou shalt not evade me thus," said he, indignant at the slight which was put upon his spells. He drew a little ebony box from his bosom, and, on opening it, smoke issued therefrom, like the smell of frankincense. With this fumigation he used many uncouth and horrible words, hard names, and so forth, which, probably, had no existence save in the teeming issue of his own brain. During this operation groans were heard, at first low and indistinct, then loud and vehement; soon they broke into a yell, so shrill and piercing, that several of the hearers absolutely tried, through horror and desperation, to burst open the door.—

"Now answer me, what thou wouldst have? What are the terms of thy departure hence?"

A low murmur was heard. The beggar appeared to listen with great attention.

"This wandering ghost avoucheth," said he, after all was silent, "that there be two of them, and that they rest not until they have taken possession of this house, and driven the inhabitants therefrom."

"Hard law this," said Nicholas Haworth; "but, for all their racket, I sha'n't budge."

"Then must they have a sacrifice for the wrong done when they were i' the body; being slain, as

they say, by their guardian, a wicked uncle, that he might possess the inheritance."

Again he made question, looking all the while as though talking to something that was present and visible before him.

"What would ye for your sacrifice, evil and hateful things? for I know, in very deed, that ye are not the innocent and heavenly babes whose spirits are now in glory, but devilish creatures who have been permitted to walk here unmolested, for the wickedness that hath been done. Again, I say that your unwillingness sufficeth not, for ye shall be driven hence this blessed day."

Another shriek announced their apprehension at this threat, and again there was a murmuring as before.

"He sayeth," cried the exorcist, after listening awhile, "they must have a living body sacrificed, and in four quarters it must be laid; then shall these wicked spirits not return hither until what is severed be joined together.—With this condition we must be content."

"Then, by'r lady's grace, if none else there be, thou shalt be the holocaust for thy pains," said Nicholas, "for I think we need not any other. What say ye, shall not this wizard be the sacrifice, and we then rid the world of a batch of evil things at once?" He looked with a cruel eye upon the mendicant; for he judged that his sister had, in some way or another, fallen a victim to his devilish plots; and in this mood he would have thought it but little harm to have poured out his blood on the spot. The beggar seemed aware of his danger, but with a loud and peremptory tone he exclaimed,—

"There needeth not so costly an oblation. Bring hither the first brute animal ye behold, any one of ye, on crossing the threshold of the porch."

A messenger was accordingly sent, who returned with a barn-door fowl in his hand, a well-fed chancier, whose crow that morning had awakened his cackling dames for the last time.

With great solemnity the conjuror went forth from the chamber, and, in the court-yard, the fowl was dismembered, or rather divided into four parts, according to the directions they had received. These were afterwards disposed of as follows:—one was buried at Little Clegg, in a field close by; another under one of the hearth-flags in the hall; another at the Beil Bridge, by the river which runs past Belfield; and the remaining quarter under the barn-floor. Nicholas continued to look on with a curious eye, until the ceremony was concluded, when, after a brief pause, he enquired—

"Have there been no tidings yet from Alice? Canst thou art not disclose to me whither she be gone?"

"The maiden lives," said the beggar doggedly.

"Thou knowest of her hiding, then," said her brother sharply, and with an enquiring glance directed towards the speaker.

"The spirit said so," replied Noman, as though wishful to evade, or to shrink from, the question.

"And what else?" enquired the other; "for by my halidome, thou stirrest not hence, until she be forth-coming, alive or dead! I do verily suspect, nay, more, I charge thee with forcibly detaining her against her own privity or consent."

The beggar looked steadily upon him, not a whit either moved or abashed at this strong accusation. He then said,—“peradventure thou speakest without heed, and unadvisedly. I tell thee again, thou wouldst have been driven hence ere now, had it not been for others, whom that spirit must obey.”

"Who art thou?" said the perplexed enquirer; "for thou art either worse or better than thou seemest."

"Once the rightful heir, now a beggar, in these domains, wrested from me by rapine, and the harpy fangs of injustice, misnamed law. Theophilus Ashton, from whom ye took your share of the inheritance, when death dislodged it from his gripe, won it, himself, most foully from my ancestors;—and have I not a right to hate thee?"

"And so then thy vengeance hath fallen upon a defenceless woman?"

"Nay, I said not so; but if I had so minded, I might have been glutted with vengeance, ay, to my heart's core. Hark thee! Secrets I have learnt that will bind the hidden things of darkness, and bow them to my behest. The unseen powers and operations of nature have been open to my gaze. Long ago my converse and companionship were with the learned doctors and sages of the East. In Spain I have walked in the palace of the Moorish kings, the Alhambra at Grenada; and in Arabia I have learnt the mystic cabala, and worshipped in the temple of the holy prophet!"

"And yet thou comest a beggar to my door! Truly thy spells have profited thee little."

The beggar smiled scornfully. "Riches inexhaustible,—unlimited,—are mine; while nature is unveiled at my command."

"Thou speakest riddles, old man; or thou dost hug the very spectres of thy brain, which men call madness."

"I am not mad; save it be madness that I have

not hurled *thee* from this thy misgotten heritage. A power of mighty and all-pervading energy hath hindered me; and, it may be, hath rescued thee from destruction."

"Unto what unknown intercessor do I owe this forbearance?"

"Love!" said the mendicant with an expression of withering and baneful scorn;—"a silly hankering for a puling girl."

"Thee!—in love?"

"And is it so strange, so hard and incapable of belief, that in a frosty but vigorous age, the sap should be fresh, though the outward trunk look shrivelled and without verdure?"

Nicholas shuddered. A harrowing suspicion crossed him, that his beloved sister had fallen a victim to the lawless passions of this hoary delinquent.

"Thou dost judge wrongfully," said the beggar; "she appertaineth not to me. 'Tis long since I have drunk of that maddening cup, a woman's love. Would that another had not taken its intoxicating draught!"

"Thou but triflest with me," said Haworth; let the maiden go, or beware my vengeance."

"Thy vengeance! weak, impotent man! what canst thou do! Thy threats I hold lighter than the breath that makes them; thy cajolements I value less than these; and thy rewards—why, the uttermost wealth that thou couldst boast would weigh but as a feather against the riches at my disposal."

"Then give her back at my request."

"I tell thee she is not mine, nor in my charge."

"But thou knowest of her detention, and where she is concealed."

"What if I do?—will that help thee to the discovery?"

"Point out the place, or conduct me thither, and thy reward—"

The mendicant here burst forth into a laugh so tantalizing and malicious, that Nicholas, though silent, grew pale with choler.

"Am I a fool," said the exorcist; "an every day fool; a simpleton of such a dastardly condition, that thou shouldst think to whine or bribe me from my purpose? Never."

Scarcely was the word spoken, when a loud and awful explosion shook the building to its foundations. Horror and consternation were seen upon the hitherto composed features of the beggar. He grasped his crutch; and with a yell of unutterable anguish, he cried, "Ruined---betrayed,---may the fiends follow ye for this mischance!"

He threw himself almost headlong down the steps,

and ran with rapid strides through the yard, followed by Nicholas, who seemed in a stupor of astonishment at these mysterious events.

Passing round to the other side of the house, he saw a smoke rising in a dense unbroken column from an out-building beyond the moat, towards which Noman was speedily advancing. Suddenly he slackened his pace, and paused, seemingly undecided whither to proceed. Then turning sharply round, he made his way into the kitchen, passing up a staircase into the haunted chamber, still followed by Nicholas Haworth, and not a few who were lookers on, hoping to ascertain the cause of this alarm.

To their great surprise, the beggar hastily displaced some lumber, and raising a trap-door, disappeared down a flight of steps. With little hesitation, the master followed; and keeping the footsteps of his leader within hearing, he cautiously went forward, convinced that in some way or another this opportune, but inexplicable event, would lead to the discovery of his sister.

Suddenly he heard a shriek. He felt certain it was the voice of Alice. He rushed on; but some unseen barrier opposed his progress. He heard noises and hasty footsteps beyond, evidently in hurry and confusion. The door was immediately opened, and he beheld Noman bearing out the half lifeless form of Alice. Smoke, and even flame, followed hard upon their flight; but she was conveyed upwards to a place of safety.

"There," said the mendicant, when he had laid down his burden, "at the peril of all I possess, and of life too, I have rescued her. My hopes are gone---my schemes for ever blasted---and I am a ruined, wretched old man, without a home, or a morsel of bread."

He walked out through the porch, Nicholas being too busily engaged in attending to the restoration of Alice to heed his escape. Two other men, strangers, had before emerged from the avenue. In the confusion of the moment, their flight was effected, and they were seen no more.

When Alice was sufficiently recovered, Nicholas, to his utter surprise and dismay, learnt that she had been doomed to be imprisoned, even in her own house, until she consented to be the wife of one, whom however he might have won upon her regard by fair and honest courtship, she had repulsed with scorn for this traitorous and forcible detention.---Yet they had not dared to let her go, lest the secrets of her prison house should be told.

But let us hasten to the dénouement. The false beggar, whose real name was Clegg, having become

an adept in the art of coining, acquired during his residence abroad, and having likewise arrived at the knowledge of many chemical secrets long hidden from the vulgar and uninitiated, had leagued himself with one of the like sort, together with his own son, a handsome, well-favoured youth (whose mother he had rescued from a Spanish convent), for the purpose of carrying on a most extensive manufacture and issue of counterfeit money of various descriptions. His former knowledge, when young, of his ancestors' mansion at Clegg Hall suggested the fitness of this spot for their establishment. Its situation was sequestered; and the ancient vaults, though nearly filled with rubbish, might yet be made available for their purpose. The secret entrance, and above all, the currently-believed story of the ghost, might afford facilities for frightening away those who were disposed to be curious; and any noises unavoidable in the course of their operations might be attributed to this fruitful source of imposture. By a little dexterity, possession of the haunted chamber was obtained, the feigned beggar being a periodical visitant; thence a ready entrance was contrived, and all the materials were introduced that were needful for their fraudulent proceedings. During many months their traffic was carried on without discovery; and in the beggar's wallet counterfeit money to a considerable amount was conveyed, and distributed by other agents into general circulation. Well might he say that boundless wealth was at their command; the means employed in disposing of the proceeds of their ingenuity were all calculated for the purpose. They had proposed, by machinations and alarms, to drive away utterly the present inhabitants and possessors of the Hall. Their plans were matured, and the reign of terror was about to commence, when the younger Clegg saw Alice Haworth; and love, that mighty controller of human devices, most inopportunistly frustrated their intentions. The elder Clegg, too, was induced to aid the passion of his son, hoping that, should a union take place, the inheritance might revert into the old channel. We have seen the result; the wilfulness and obduracy of Alice, and the infatuation of the lover, who had thought to dazzle her with the riches he purposely spread before her, prevented the success of their schemes. She peremptorily refused to become his bride; accusing him of a gross and wanton outrage. What might have been the end of this contention we know not, seeing that an unforeseen accident caused the explosion, which led to her escape and to the flight of her captors.

What remained of the old house was pulled down.

The vaults and cellars, which were found to extend for a considerable distance, even beyond the moat, were walled up, and every vestige that was left, together with an immense hoard of counterfeit money, was completely destroyed.

### ANGLO-NORMAN DOORWAY,

KIRKSTALL ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

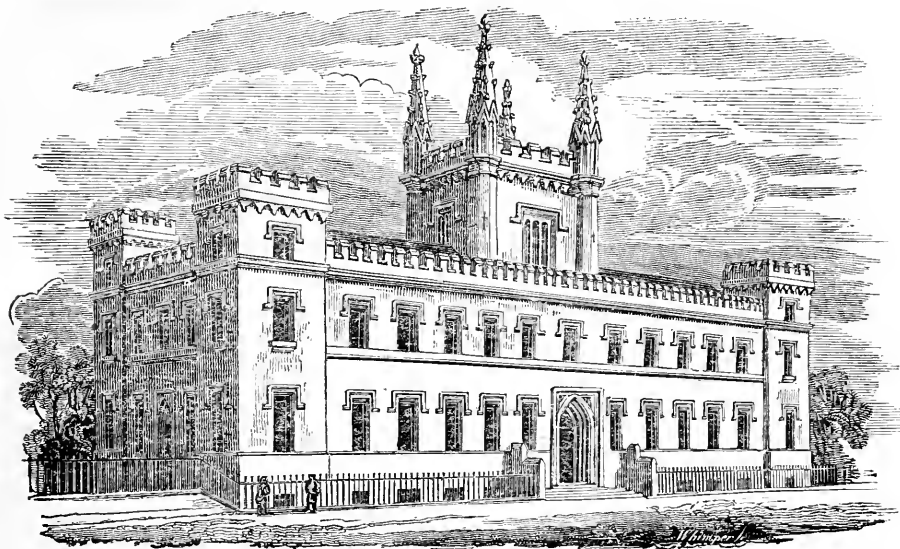


KIRKSTALL ABBEY was founded in the reign of King Stephen for monks of the Cistercian order, and its first inmates were removed hither from *Bernoldswyk*, in May, 1152. The curious Doorway represented in the cut, and which forms an entrance to the Abbey on the north-western side, may therefore be regarded as an undoubted specimen of Anglo-Norman masonry, of the time above stated. It consists of a recessed arch of three grades, and among its other mouldings, exhibits the triplicated zig-zag and the embattled fret. The clustered kind of columns, which support the inner arch, is an advance towards the Pointed style; and, with other parts of the Abbey Church, where similar characteristics exist, evidently refers to a period when that style was first began to be introduced.\*

\* In a future Number, we shall insert a particular account of Kirkstall Abbey, which is one of the most interesting and picturesque ruins in the kingdom,



## ELIZABETH COLLEGE, GUERNSEY.



THIS college, which was originally called the "*School of Queen Elizabeth*," was founded under the Letters Patent of that sovereign, in the year 1563, as a "grammar school, in which the youth of the island, (*Juventus*), may be better instructed in good learning and virtue." The temple, or church of the suppressed order of the Grey Friars, (*Friars-Minors*, or *Cordeliers*), with its immediate precincts, was assigned for its use, together "with eighty quarters of wheat rent," accruing from lands in different parts of the island, which had been given to the friars for dispensations, masses, obits, &c. By the statutes of 1563, the school was divided into six classes, and books and exercises were appointed respectively for each; the Scholars to be admitted being required "to read perfectly, and to recite an approved catechism of the christian religion by heart."\* Additional lands for supporting the school were granted to "the States" of the Island in 1568, thus making the entire quantity

amount to eleven *vergées* and twenty-seven perches; although from various encroachments and other causes, the attached demesne is, at the present time, only seven *vergées* and thirty perches. It appears that the school was first held within the church, or temple, of the Grey Friars, but, afterwards, in a house within the close,\* forming the site of the present college, and which house was rebuilt by the States, about the year 1753.

For more than two centuries after its foundation, the grammar school proved of little utility, and complaints were frequently made against the masters, both for incapacity and negligence. There are various instances, also, on record, in which the mastership was improperly conferred; the patronage having been originally vested in the governors of the island. We allude, especially, to those cases wherein the Dean of Guernsey—the legal and authorized *visitor* of the school—has been likewise constituted its master.† By the books that were assigned for the six classes of

\* The deplorable ignorance in which the inhabitants of Guernsey were involved at this period, may be estimated from the lamentable facts that, in the year when the school was instituted *three* persons were *burned* for witchcraft; in 1579, *two* others; and, from that time to the year 1605, *eight* more were consumed on similar accusations. At the time of the foundation of the school, the island of Guernsey was considered to be under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Coutances, but, in 1568, it was placed, by an Order of Council, under the diocese of Winchester.

\* During the raging of the plague in 1590, the school-house was converted into a prison.

† As an instance of the gross inattention paid to the original injunctions, it may be stated that the royal commissioners of 1563 enjoined, that a "marble statue, or effigy, of Queen Elizabeth, together with the arms of England," should be "set up at the external door, or gate, of the public school, as an everlasting memorial of her munificence;"—but this was never done; the arms, sculptured in free-stone, were alone placed on the outer gate.



scholars being in *Latin* and *Greek* exclusively, it is evident that those languages were intended to be the primary objects of instruction; yet in the original statutes it was reserved to the master's discretion "to add something of his own;" and also, "to concede something for writing, singing, arithmetic, and a little play." It was, probably, through this vagueness of direction that the school became so generally inefficient, and many instances have occurred when it was entirely deserted. Even so recently as 1799, there was only *one* boy on the establishment; and although a slight revival took place in the following year, there were no scholars in 1816; but from that time until 1824, the numbers are stated to have fluctuated from fifteen to twenty-nine.

(To be continued.)

### THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

OF all the regal adjuncts to the imposing ceremony of the King's procession to open, or prorogue, the session of parliament, there is none that excites more notice than the presence of the Yeoman guards, in their quaint costume and bearing their partizans. The stout, burly, and hale old fellows (all being originally chosen with a view to "stalworth" personage) seem full of an importance, and make a bustling display of venerable lustihood truly characteristic. The days of the "maiden queen" and her father "bluff Hal," rise in review before us at the sight; and a further vista of battle fields, where "bill and bow" decided the fate of Englishmen, adds to the interest.

This corps, or body-guard of Yeomen, as is tolerably well known, was first instituted in 1485, by Henry VII.; upon the model of a somewhat similar band retained by Louis XI. of France. Saving a limited establishment of what were called "sergeants at arms," previously existing, they formed the first exhibition of a regular and permanent guard to the royalty of England; and may be also viewed as the earliest vestige of what in modern phrase is termed "the standing army." Fifty men was their original complement, and these were expressly directed to be composed of persons "next below the rank of gentility;" being, according to Hall, "hardy, strong, and of agility." Certain officials styled "Yeomen of the crown" existed before; of whom we find the trace and function in the general body now remaining

under the styles of Yeoman ushers, Yeoman hangers, and Yeoman bed-goers.

The Yeoman guard were at the outset, as was becoming, archers; their number was very much increased by Henry VIII., who indeed made them a portion of his available military force when he campaigned on the continent. We read of so many as six hundred of them, "in white gaberdines and caps," distinguished as taking a prominent part in the Battle of the Spurs. It is generally supposed that the garb they now wear is the self-same worn in the days of that monarch: but the above allusion, as well as other citations that could be made, invalidates the notion. Henry viewed his Yeomen with great favour; frequently intermingling in their sports, and rewarding their skill in archery. Of the latter an anecdote is told. At a trial of excellence with the bow near Windsor, a surpassing shot was planted by one apparently not of the guard. The king, piqued at the circumstance, immediately challenged his favourites; promising that he would make him who outdid the same "Duke over all archers." One Barlow made the attempt and succeeded. Henry then redeemed his promise by jocularly creating him "Duke of Shoreditch;" to which place the man chanced to belong; and he bore the title to his "dying day," as old-fashioned folks have it. From this king it is thought the Yeoman derived the *soubriquet* by which they are known to every child in the realm,—that of *beef-eaters*,—through his trick upon the surfeit-sick Abbot of Reading. The royal frolic has been often related: it is enough here to remark, that it was performed in the disguise of a Yeoman, and ended by restoring to the Abbot his appetite for *beef*.\* Some have suggested *buffetiers*,—from an old duty of guarding the beaufet, as an explanation of the nickname: the other seems the more probable, if any, than the obvious looks and living of the men, themselves, is at all wanted.

The number of the royal Yeomen varied in most of the reigns following their first embodiment. The forty warders of the Tower were added, as extraordinaries, at the instance of the Protector Somerset. They are nevertheless a distinct body.† In Queen Elizabeth's time, we find a portion of the Yeomen

\* Vide, Account of Waltham Abbey, p. 100, note.

† The Warders of the Tower are sworn as "Yeomen of the Guard extraordinary, and Yeomen Warders of the Tower in ordinary," by warrant from the Constable, who has the appointment. These men are noted for a very particular regard for their fee, on giving attendance to visitors at the Tower.

mounted.\* The bow also fell into disuse, and was replaced by the arquebus and partizan; one half being armed with the former, the other with the latter. Since James II., 1668, the complement has remained unchanged; and at the demise of William III., all took the partizan as now carried. One hundred men, exclusive of the captain, lieutenant, exons and standard-bearer, form the band. Of these, eight are styled "ushers," four "hangers," and two "bed-goers." The last are the remnants of the old "Yeomen of the crown," and it may be worth while saying a few words in elucidation of denominations so mysteriously quaint.

The household functions of Yeoman usher can be understood; moderns must be enlightened on those of his after-named brotherhood by a reference to ancient customs. Of yore, when princes travelled, or removed from palace to palace, they did not meet at each stage, the internal embellishments and comforts now usually made stationary. Bare walls had to be hung with tapestry, and empty chambers fitted for royal repose. Arras, canopies, and bed-furniture, therefore, formed an essential part of moveable equipage. From the business of transporting, and arranging these, grew the duties of *Yeoman hanger* and *Yeoman bed-goer*, still extant in name; and that of "Yeoman of the tent," entirely surceased. So late, however, as 1743, when George II. was with the army in Germany, a selection from the Yeoman of the Guard actually attended, and performed analogous services. They were then armed with carbines, and kept ward around the royal tent.

The dress of the Yeoman has continued unaltered since, at least, the reign of Charles II. The tunic has been made so familiar throughout the country by means of the cast-off ones in which the exhibitors of wild beasts flaunt at fairs and races, that it would be a waste of space to describe it. But the red stockings,† the party-coloured shoe bows, the stiff white ruff, the black velvet cap with its circlet of red, blue, and white ribband knots, and, above all, the goodly personage of the rightful owners, are on such occasions, woefully absent.

Ere concluding, it may be matter of information to many to remark, that a band of fifty men, maintained nearly on the same footing as the English

Yeomen, has, since 1704, attended the court of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, under the name of the "battle-axe guard." There are also at Edinburgh, Yeomen Keepers of the Regalia, who attend at the castle in a dress said to have been used by the Body Guards of the ancient Kings of Scotland, and to resemble that of the English Yeomen of the Guard, but the colours are scarlet faced with black. Two of these are usually in attendance. C. S. A.

### THE GENTLEMEN PENSIONERS.

THIS corps was once the most splendid branch of the "royal escorte." As the yeomen of the guard formed originally a body of stout archers on foot to attend his majesty, so did the other supply a gallant band of *men at arms*. These it is hardly necessary in the present state of public information to describe as cavaliers in complete harness, and skilled to wield the knightly lance, though they might, or might not have actually won their spurs. Henry VIII., that great lover of courtly magnificence, was the first of our sovereigns who attached to the household a regular establishment of this kind. The event took place shortly after his accession, and fifty gentlemen was the number retained.\* The ordinance directing the institution calls them "a retinue of speres, or men at armes, to be chosen of gentlemen comen and extracte of noble blood." Each spear (or pensioner, for they early took that name) had also "a following" which he was bound to exhibit in the field; namely, a page, a coustril, armed as a demi-lance, and two archers. The equipment of the band was, from the first, gorgeous. According to Hall, their horses were "apparelled and trapped in cloth of gold, silver, and goldsmith's work." That the individual pensioners were usually men of a presence becoming the lineage expected of them, may be gathered from another chronicler, Holingshed. He says, speaking of their appearance when drawn up on Shooter's Hill to receive Anne of Cleves, "whoever had well viewed them might have said that they, for tall, comely personages, and clean of limb and body, were able to give the greatest prince in Christendom a mortal breakfast, if he had been the King's enemy."

\* Hentzner saw the Queen's dinner served by the Yeomen of the Guard, bareheaded, and clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose on their backs;—and it may be added that when King Geo. III. dined in private at the Queen's palace, the Yeomen carried up the dishes.

† The stockings are occasionally worn *white*.

\* The idea of the Yeomen of the Guard is said to have originated with Richard Fox, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, who is known to have been high in the confidence of the King;—and that of the Gentlemen Pensioners, with Sir William Compton, then Groom of the Stole to King Henry VIII.

The prototype of the corps is to be found in that of "les gentilhommes du Bec de Corbin," (so named from the *bill-hook* kind of battle axe they carried,) formerly constituting "la grande garde du corps" of the French monarchs. Like those, the English pensioners were furnished with an axe, which they bore when doing dismounted duty in the palace; a branch of service quickly accruing,—and, in our day, the only one remaining to them. By some it has been thought that King Henry disused his band of pensioners for many years, on account of the heavy expense entailed, and only revived it towards the end of his reign, but there is no sound reason for the belief. At all events we find it shone with much splendour during the reigns immediately succeeding. With Queen Elizabeth, the due selection of its members appears to have been a matter of constant care and interest.\* All were the cadets of noble families, if not the immediate representatives. Indeed, Earl Clare, alluding to the subject, is recorded to have said, that at this time, "he did not know a worse man than himself amongst them;" yet he was known to possess £4000. a year. At the Queen's death the character of the troops must truly have been honourable, for Lord Hunsdon, its then commander, formally recommended it to the countenance of the successor as "a nursery to breed up Deputies of Ireland, ambassadors into foreign parts, counsellors of state, captains of the guard, governors of places, and commanders both by sea and land." James, however, did not take especial note of this recommendation, for during his rule the pensioners sunk into somewhat of their modern condition.† Under his unfortunate son, Charles I., they did faithful service during the parliamentary war. Charles II. re-embodied them at the restoration; but reduced their number to forty; at which complement they have since continued. The latest historical fact we have concerning the band occurs in 1745; when George II., issued the royal mandate for raising his standard on Finchley common. The pensioners were then ordered to provide themselves with horses and equipment to attend his majesty to the field. It may fairly be concluded that such orders will never again break in upon the habits of this, now perfectly peaceful, establishment.

As now constituted, the band consists of a captain,

\* The axe, or partizan, of Sir Dudley Carleton, Captain of the Pensioners to Queen Elizabeth, bearing his arms and crest, was formerly shown in the Spanish Armoury in the Tower, as the Spanish General's *Staff*, or *Halbard*.

† Thomas Percy, one of the band, was engaged in the Gunpowder plot of 1605.

lieutenant, standard bearer, clerk of the cheque, and forty private gentlemen. The pay of each of the latter is £100. a year, and the situation is transferable by sale and purchase. Their uniform appears to have varied with the times. In 1557, the Queen's Pensioners mustered in Hyde Park, in green cloth and white, that is, in green guarded with white;—the livery colours generally used by the Tudor family. It has been lately scarlet and gold; shaped after the prevalent military style. Battle axes, with the offensive part diminished in size, and the shafts covered with crimson velvet, are an invariable appendage to their parade. The captain bears an ebony baton with a gold head; the lieutenant a similar baton with a silver head. We will not so far occupy the province of the "court circular" as to intrude any account of the ordinary functions performed at the palace by the "honorable corps." On days of ceremony, solely, it is, that a field quota from the general roll is put in requisition.

Contributing to what has been called the "decent splendour of the crown," the two demi-military Guards of Honour of Pensioners and Yeomen are little to be quarrelled with, even in this era of retrenchment; and would be quite the contrary, were their ranks filled up so as to relieve the half pay and general pension list of the Nation.

C. S. A.

## DOCTOR COX; A BLANSCUE.\*

WRITTEN IN

EXEMPLIFICATION OF THE SOMERSETSHIRE DIALECT.

BY JAMES JENNINGS, Esq.

*Omnes una manet*

*Et calcanda semel via lethi.---Horat.*

THE catastrophe described in the following sketch, occurred near *Highbridge*, in Somersetshire, about the year 1779.—Mr. or *Doctor Cox*, as surgeons and apothecaries are usually called in the west, was the only medical resident at Huntspill, and indeed the only medical man in actual practice for many miles, in every direction, around that village. His father-in-law, *Dr. Jeffery*, was an old man, and had retired from practice; and, in this instance, I do not know that he was called in to attempt the resuscitation of his son-in-law. Indeed, such was the then general ignorance, even among medical men, of the

\* Unexpected accident.

proper means of treating *drowned persons*, that there is no reason to suppose that any then known, if adopted, would have been successful. But that, with our present knowledge, the life of Cox, a young and healthy man, might have been preserved, there is every reason to believe.\*

The conduct of Mr. Robert Evans, the friend and associate of Cox, can only be accounted for by one of those unfortunate infatuations to which minds of a certain order are sometimes liable. Had an immediate alarm been given when we children first discovered that Cox was missing, he might, probably, have been saved. The real cause of his death was, as it now appears to me, a too great abstraction of heat from the body; as the water was fresh and still, and of considerable depth; and, under the surface, in consequence, much beneath the usual temperature of the human body. This fact ought to be a lesson to those who bathe, particularly in still and deep fresh water; and it ought, besides, to warn them to continue only a short time in such a cold medium.

If, in the style of this sketch, I have departed from what is usually esteemed modern refinement, and attempted to relate, in a simple way, facts, to me at any rate, interesting, after the manner of some of our old writers, and if I have, at the same time, exemplified a dialect of considerable importance in our language, my objects are accomplished. The genuine delineation of natural feeling is infinitely more valuable than all the blandishments of art.

The BRUE war bright, and deep and clear,<sup>1</sup>  
And Lammas dâ and harras<sup>2</sup> near;

\* Various efforts to restore the suspended animation of Cox, such as shaking him, rolling him on a cask, attempts to get out the water which it was then presumed had got into the stomach or the lungs, or both, in the drowning; strewing salt over the body, and many other equally ineffectual and improper methods to restore the circulation were, I believe, pursued. Instead of which, had the body been laid in a natural position, and the lost heat gradually administered, by the application of warm frictions, a warm bed, &c., how easily, in all probability, would animation have been restored!

<sup>1</sup> The reader must not suppose, from this description of the river Brue, that it is generally a clear stream, or that it is always a rapid one. I have elsewhere called it "lazy Brue." It is sometimes, at and above the floodgates at Highbridge, when they are not closed by the tide, or other cause, a rapid stream; but through the moors, generally, its course is slow. In floods, its motion is necessarily much accelerated. In the summer time, and at the particular period to which allusion in the text is made, it was exactly as above described. Of course, the state of the river was that in which the floodgates were closed.

<sup>2</sup> Harvest. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the preceding word dâ is day.

The zun upon the waters drode<sup>3</sup>  
Girt sheets of light as on a rode;  
From zultry heät<sup>4</sup> the cattle him'd<sup>5</sup>  
To shade or water as to firnd;<sup>6</sup>  
Men, too, in yarly<sup>7</sup> âterncon<sup>8</sup>  
Doff'd quick ther cloaths and dash'd in zoon  
To thic<sup>9</sup> deep river, whaur the trout,  
In all ther prankin, plâd<sup>10</sup> about;  
And yels<sup>11</sup> wi' zilver skins war zid,<sup>12</sup>  
While gudgeons droo<sup>13</sup> the wâter slid,  
Wi' carp zuntimes and wither<sup>14</sup> fish  
Avoordin<sup>15</sup> many a dainty dish.  
Whaur elvers<sup>16</sup> too in spring time plâd,  
And pailvuls mid o' them be had.  
The wâter cold---the zunshine bright,  
To zwimmers than<sup>17</sup> what high delight!  
'Tis long agwon whun<sup>18</sup> youth and I  
Wish'd creepin Time would rise an vly---  
A,<sup>19</sup> half a hunderd years an moor  
Zunz<sup>20</sup> I a trod theeâze<sup>21</sup> earthly vloor!  
I zed, the face o' Brue war bright;  
Time smil'd too in thic zummer light,  
Wi' Hope bezide en<sup>22</sup> promising  
A wordle<sup>23</sup> o' fancies wild o' whing.<sup>24</sup>  
I mine<sup>25</sup> too than one lowering cloud  
That zim'd<sup>26</sup> to wrop us like a shroud;  
The death het<sup>27</sup> wor o' Doctor Cox---  
To thenk o't now the storry shocks!  
Vor âll the country vur an near  
Shod than vor'n<sup>28</sup> many a horty tear.

The Doctor like a duck could zwim;  
No fear o' drownin daver'd<sup>29</sup> him!

<sup>3</sup> Threw.

<sup>4</sup> This word *heat* is marked with a diæresis to show that, in Somersetshire, it is a sort of dissyllable.

<sup>5</sup> Ran. <sup>6</sup> Friend. <sup>7</sup> Early. <sup>8</sup> Afternoon.

<sup>9</sup> That. <sup>10</sup> Played. <sup>11</sup> Eels.

<sup>12</sup> Seen: this word is sometimes a long syllable, as *zeed*.

<sup>13</sup> Through. <sup>14</sup> Other. <sup>15</sup> Affording.

<sup>16</sup> Young eels are called *elvers* in Somersetshire. Walton, in his Angler, says, "Young eels, in the Severn, are called *yelvers*." In what part of the country through which the Severn passes they are called *yelvers* we are not told in Walton's book; as eels are called, in Somersetshire, *yels*, analogy seems to require *yelvers* for their young; but I never heard them so called. The *elvers* used to be, and I dare say still are, obtained from the salt-water side of the bridge.

<sup>17</sup> Then. <sup>18</sup> When. <sup>19</sup> Yes. <sup>20</sup> Since.

<sup>21</sup> This. <sup>22</sup> Him. <sup>23</sup> World. <sup>24</sup> Wing.

<sup>25</sup> Remember. <sup>26</sup> Seemed. <sup>27</sup> It. <sup>28</sup> For him.

<sup>29</sup> To daver, in a neuter sense, is to droop, to fade; the *tutties* be âll a daver'd---the flowers are all faded. I am not aware that *daver* is ever used in the active sense in which it is here employed; but it is nevertheless in strict accordance with the genius of the dialect.

The pectur now I zim I zee !

I wish I could het's likeniss gee!<sup>30</sup>

His *Son*, my brother *John*, *myzel*,

Or *Evans*, mid<sup>31</sup> the storry tell ;

But thâ<sup>32</sup> be gwon and I, o' âll

O'm, left to zâ<sup>33</sup> what did bevâll.

Zo, nif<sup>34</sup> zo be you like, why I

To tell the storry now ool try.

Thic *Evans* had a coward core

And fear'd to venter vrom the shore ;

While to an fro, an vur an near,

And now an tan<sup>35</sup> did *Cox* appear

In dalliance with the wâters bland,

Or zwimmin wi' a maester hand.

We youngsters dree,<sup>36</sup> the youngest I,

To zee the zwimmers âll stood by

Upon the green bonk<sup>37</sup> o' the Brue

Jist<sup>38</sup> whaur a stook<sup>39</sup> let water droo :<sup>40</sup>

A quiet time of joyousness

Zim'd vor a space thic dâ to bless !

A dog, too, faithful to his maester

War there, and mang'd<sup>41</sup> wi' the disaster---

*Vigo*, ah well I mine his name !

A Newvoun-lond and very tame !

But *Evans* only war to blame :

He âllès<sup>42</sup> paddled near the shore

Wi' timid hon<sup>43</sup> an coward core ;

While *Doctor Cox* div'd, zwim'd at ease

Like fishes in the zummer seas ;

Or as the skaiters on the ice

In winin<sup>44</sup> circles wild and nice.

Yet in a moment he war gwon,

The wonderment of ivry one :

That is, we *dree* and *Evans*, âll

That zeed what Blanscue<sup>45</sup> did bevâll.---

Athout<sup>46</sup> one sign, or naise, or cry,

Or shriek, or splash, or groan, or sigh !

Could zitch a zwimmer ever die

In wâter!--Yet we gaz'd in vain

Upon thic bright and wâter plain :

All smooth and calm---no ripple gave

One token of the zwimmer's grave !

We hir'd<sup>47</sup> en<sup>48</sup> not, we zeed en not ;---

The glassy wâter zim'd a blot !

While *Evans*, he of coward core,

Still paddled as he did bevore !

At length our fears our silence broke,---

Young as we war, and childern âll,

We wish'd to goo an zum one câll ;

But *Evans* carelissly thus spoke---

" Oh, *Cox* is up the river gone,

Vor sartin ool be back anon ;---

He tâlk'd o' cyder, zed he'd g'up<sup>49</sup>

To *Stole's*<sup>50</sup> an drenk a horthy cup !"

Conjecture anty<sup>51</sup> as the wine !<sup>52</sup>

And zoon did he het's faleshood vine.<sup>53</sup>

*John Cox* took up his father's cloaths---

Poor fellow ! he beginn'd to cry !

Than, *Evans* vrom the wâter rose ;

" A hunderd vawk'll come bimeby,"<sup>54</sup>

A<sup>55</sup> zed ; whun, short way vrom the shore,

We zeed, what zeed we not avore,

The *head* of *Doctor Cox* appear---

Het floated in the wâter clear !

Bolt upright war he, and his hair,

That pruv'd<sup>56</sup> he sartinly war there,

Zwimm'd on the wâter!--*Evans* than,

The stupid'st of a stupid man,

Câll'd *Vigo*---pointed to that head---

In *Vigo* dash'd---*Cox was not dead* !

But seiz'd the dog's lag---helt en vast !

One struggle, an het war the last !

Ah ! well do I remember it---

That struggle I shall ne'er forgit !

*Vigo* was frightened and withdrew ;

The body zink'd<sup>57</sup> at once vrom view.

Did *Evans*, gallid<sup>58</sup> *Evans*, then

Câll out, at once, vor father's men ?

(Thâ war at work vor'n<sup>59</sup> very near

A mendin the old Highbridge pier,)

A did'n câll, but 'mus'd<sup>60</sup> our fear---

" A hundred vawk ool zoon be here !"

A zed.---We gid<sup>61</sup> the hue an cry !

And zoon a booät<sup>62</sup> wi' men did vly !

But twar âll auver ! *Cox* war voun<sup>63</sup>

Not at the bottom lyin down,

But up aneen,<sup>64</sup> as jist avore

We zeed en floatin nigh the shore.

<sup>49</sup> Go up. Several other similar verbs undergo contraction in Somersetshire, namely, to g' auver, to go over ; to g' under, to go under ; to g' out, to go out,--this is probably the origin of gout, a drain ; to g' in, to go in ; to g' auf, to go off ; and g' on, to go on.

<sup>50</sup> Mr. Stole resided near Newbridge, about a mile from the spot where the accident occurred ; he was somewhat famous for his cyder.

<sup>51</sup> Empty. <sup>52</sup> Wind. <sup>53</sup> Find. <sup>54</sup> By and by.

<sup>55</sup> He. <sup>56</sup> Proved. <sup>57</sup> Sank. <sup>58</sup> Frightened.

<sup>59</sup> For him. <sup>60</sup> Amused. <sup>61</sup> Gave. <sup>62</sup> Boat.

<sup>63</sup> Found. <sup>64</sup> On end, upright.

<sup>30</sup> Give. <sup>31</sup> Might. <sup>32</sup> They. <sup>33</sup> Say.

<sup>34</sup> If. <sup>35</sup> Now and then. <sup>36</sup> Three. <sup>37</sup> Bank.

<sup>38</sup> Just.

<sup>39</sup> A sort of stile, beneath which water is discharged.

<sup>40</sup> Through. <sup>41</sup> Mixed. <sup>42</sup> Always. <sup>43</sup> Hand.

<sup>44</sup> Winding. <sup>45</sup> Unexpected accident.

<sup>46</sup> Without. <sup>47</sup> Heard: the i here is long, as in hire.

<sup>48</sup> Him.

But death 'ad done his wust<sup>65</sup>---not àll  
Thà did could life's last spork recàll.

Zo Doctor Cox went out o' life,  
A vine,<sup>66</sup> a, and as hansom mon  
As zun hath iver shin'd upon :  
A left a family---a *wife*,---

*Two sons*,---one *dàter*,  
As beautilvul as lovely Mâ,---  
Of whom a-mâ-bi I mid zà

Zumthin hereàter :---  
What thâ veel'd<sup>67</sup> now I shall not tell---  
My hort athin<sup>68</sup> me 'gins to zwell !  
Reflection here mid try in vain  
Wither<sup>69</sup> particulars to gain :  
*Evans* zim'd àll like one possest ;  
Imaginâtion ! tell the rest !

L' ENVOY.

To àll that shall theeäze<sup>70</sup> storry read  
The *Truth* must vor it chiefly plead.  
I gee<sup>71</sup> not here a tale o' ort,<sup>72</sup>  
Nor snip-snap wit, nor lidden<sup>73</sup> smort.  
But ôten,<sup>74</sup> ôten by thic river  
Have I a pass'd ; yet niver, niver,  
Athout<sup>75</sup> a thought o' *Doctor Cox*---  
His dog---his death---his floatin locks !  
The mooäst<sup>76</sup> whun Brue war deep an clear,  
And Lammas dâ and harras near ;---  
Whun zummer vlong'd<sup>77</sup> his light abroad---  
The zun in àll his glory rawd ;<sup>78</sup>  
How beautilvul mid be the dâ  
A zumthin àllès zim'd tō zâ,  
“ *War whing!*<sup>79</sup>—*The wâter's deep an clear,*  
*But death mid be a lurkin near !*”

## DESTRUCTIVE RESULTS OF THE CONTEST

BETWEEN THE RIVAL HOUSES OF YORK AND  
LANCASTER.

THE following document has been copied from a manuscript preserved in the Harleian Library.

The names of the Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Marques, Earles, Viscounte, and Barons, slain in the

tyme of the varyance betweene the houses of Lancaster and Yorke, for the Crowne of England, during the period of fiftie-foure yeares.

KINGES.—Henrye 6, Slayne in the Tower.  
Edward 5, Slayne in the same.  
Richard 3, at Bosworth field.

DUKES.—Of Gloucester at Burye.  
Of Suffolk upon the sea.  
Of Sommersett at Sainte Albans.  
Of Yorke at Wakefield.  
Of Sommersett at Hexham.  
Of Sommersett at Tewkesburye.  
Of Buckingham at Northampton.  
Of Exeter upon the Sea.  
Of Clarence in the Tower.  
Of Buckingham at Salisburye.  
Of Yorke in the Tower.  
Of Norfolk at Bosworth field.

MARQUES.—The Marques Montague at Barnet.

EARLES.—Of Northumberland at St. Albans.  
Of Oxford at the Tower Hill.  
Of Wiltshire at Mortimer's Cross.  
Of Devonshire at Yorke.  
Of Northumberland at Tawnton.  
Of Devonshire at Bridgewater.  
Of Rivers at Deventrie.  
Of Rivers at Pomfrett.  
Of Devonshire at Tewkesburye.  
Of Warwick at Barnet.  
Of Worcester at y<sup>e</sup> Tower Hille.  
Of Salisburye at Pomfrett.  
Of Pembroke at Northampton.  
Of Rutland at Wakefield.  
Of Lincolne at Stokefield.  
Of Warwick at y<sup>e</sup> Tower Hille.  
Of Shrewesburye at Northampton.

VISCOUNTE.—Viscounte Beaumont at Northampton

BARONS.—The Lo: St John at Tewkesburye.

Lo: Clifford at St Albans.  
Lo: Clifford at Tawnton fields.  
Lo: Fitzwater at Fferribrigge.  
Lo: Wells at Tawnton fields.  
Lo: Egremont at Northampton.  
Lo: Lovell at Stokefield.  
Lo: Roffe at Hexham.  
Lo: Hungerford at Salisburye.  
Lo: Wenlock at Tewkesburye.  
Lo: Audley at Blower-heathe.  
Lo: Wells at Lincolne.  
Lo: Willoughbie at Stamford.  
Lo: Rugemond Guy at Leicester  
Lo: Stolis at London.  
Lo: Daurie at Tawnton-field.

<sup>65</sup> Worst.

<sup>66</sup> Fine.

<sup>67</sup> Felt.

<sup>68</sup> Within.

<sup>69</sup> Other.

<sup>70</sup> This.

<sup>71</sup> Give. This verb *gee*, with *g* hard, often includes the ob-jective, or rather I should say, the dative pronoun: thus, *I'll gee sixpence vor't* means I'll give you sixpence for it. This arises from the similar sounds in *gee* and *ye*, for *you*, so that (without much obscurity) the cacophonous association of *gee ye* is avoided.

<sup>72</sup> Art.

<sup>73</sup> Song.

<sup>74</sup> Often.

<sup>75</sup> Without.

<sup>76</sup> Most.

<sup>77</sup> Flung.

<sup>78</sup> Rode.

<sup>79</sup> Take care; beware.

BARONS.—Lo: Latimer at Banbury.

Lo: Audley at the Tower Hille.

Lo: Hastings in the Tower.

Lo: Ffitzwater at Dalys.

Lo: Bonhill at St Albons.

Lo: Cromwell at Barnett.

Lo: Saye at Barnett.

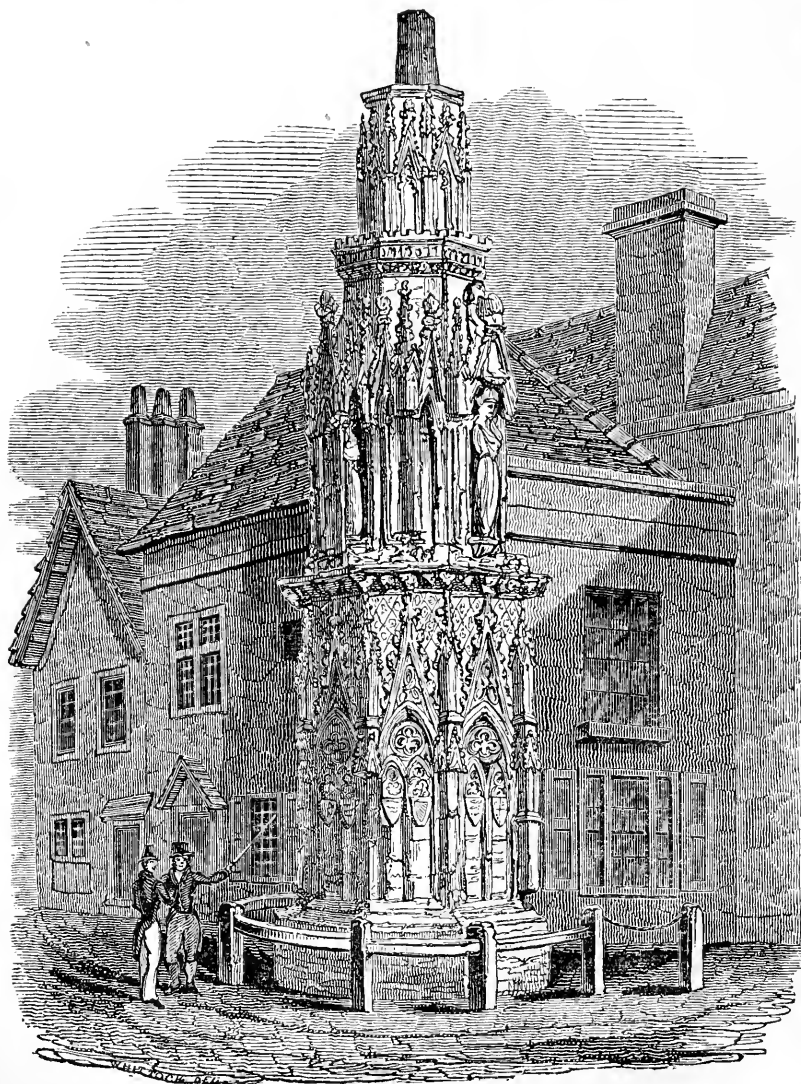
Lo: Fferrys at Bosworth field.

From the above document, it will be seen that it

was in truth, as the historian Rapin observes, the flower of the English nobility that fell in those desperate conflicts between the candidates of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, for the crown of England; for during the short period of fifty-four years, there were slain three kings, twelve dukes, one marquis, seventeen earls, one viscount, and twenty-four barons, making in all fifty-eight individuals.

W. H. D.

### WALTHAM CROSS, HERTFORDSHIRE.



THIS very beautiful remnant of the olden times (which gives name to a small hamlet in the parish of Cheshunt) stands on the high road to Ware and Cambridge, at the distance of twelve miles from Shoreditch church. It was erected by King Edward the First, in memory

of his beloved consort Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand the Third, King of Castile and Leon,\* to whom he

\* Eleanor was the only child of Ferdinand, by Joan, his second wife, who was the daughter and heiress of John, Count of Ponthieu.



had been married, from motives of state policy, when only fifteen years of age;—but with whom, contrary to the common issue of matches so made, he lived in a most affectionate and happy manner until the time of her lamented decease, in 1290, whilst accompanying the King into Scotland.

During almost six-and-thirty years, this Lady was the constant associate of her husband in all his perilous journeys and expeditions; and tradition has affirmed that she saved his life in the Holy Land, by sucking the poison from a wound which had been inflicted on his arm, by the envenomed dagger of an assassin. This illustrious instance of conjugal affection is not, however, recorded by any of the historians who lived nearest to her age. Walsingham is silent on the subject, and Knighton's account implies the direct contrary; he states, that the Prince, "when his wound was to be drest, ordered Edmund and John de Vescy to carry the Queen out of the room," which they did, "she shrieking and making great lamentation;" and that the "mortified flesh was excised by a surgeon."\* This, however, detracts not from the merits of the Queen; and that her loss was most deeply lamented by Edward is demonstrated by the attention bestowed on her remains, and by the elegant CROSSES which he caused to be erected to her memory.

After Eleanor's decease, on the 4th of the Kalends of December, 1290, (29th November,) her body was embalmed, and the coffin filled with spices; her bowels having been first taken out and inhumed in Lincoln cathedral; and her heart, being inclosed in a separate box, was subsequently deposited in the church of the Friars Predicants (Black Friars,) in London; which had been then recently built, principally from the donations of Edward and his Queen.†

In the solemn procession with which the embalmed

\* Holinshed says, "The Prince was in great danger, by reason of the envenomed knife wherewith he was wounded, so that it was long ere he could be perfectly whole." Anno 1271.

† "In the nineteenth yere of king Edward, queene Elianor king Edwards wife died upon saint Andrews euen at Hirdebie, or Herdelie (as some haue) neere to Lincolne, the King being as then on his waie towards the borders of Scotland: but hauing now lost the iewell which he most esteemed, he returned towards London to accompanie the corps vnto Westminster, where it was buried in S. Edwards chapell, at the feet of king Henry the third. She was a godlie and modest princesse, full of pitie, and one that shewed much fauour to the English nation, readie to releue euerie mans greefe that sustained wrong, and to make them fréndes that were at discord, so farre as in hir laie. In euerie towne and place, where the corps rested by the waie, the king caused a crosse of cunning workmanship to be erected in remembrance of hir, and in the same was a picture of hir ingrauen. Two of the like crosses were set up at London,

corpse was slowly brought from Herdby to Westminster, the King was, himself, the chief mourner. Walsingham says,\* "When the body arrived at Saint Alban's, all the convent being solemnly clad in their copes, went to meet it at the entrance to the Toun, which is at Saint Michael's church, whence they conveyed the body and placed it before the great altar in the Monastery, where it was during the whole night honoured with sacred offices performed with the utmost devotion. From that place the body was conveyed to London, where it was met by the King and all the nobility and clergy of the realm and buried in the church of Westminster, with the greatest reverence and honour, but the heart was interred in the choir of the Friars Preachers in London. *In every place and town where the corps rested, the King commanded a Cross of admirable workmanship to be erected to the Queen's memory, that prayers might be offered for her soul by all passengers, in which Cross he caused the Queen's image to be depicted.*"†

The final obsequies were solemnized in the Abbey church at Westminster, on the Sunday before the day of St. Thomas, the Apostle, by the Bishop of Lincoln; and the King gave twelve manors and hamlets to the Monks to defray the charges of yearly *obits*, and of gifts to the poor, in lasting commemoration of his beloved consort. Indulgences for the term of five years, and two hundred and fifteen days were subsequently granted to all those, who should pray devoutly *for her soul*.‡

The exact number of crosses which Edward erected for his deeply-lamented consort is uncertain, nor is there any *known* record from which the fact can be ascertained. No entry has been found on the rolls of the Tower, of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of Edward I.

one at Charing, and the other in Westcheape. Morouere, he gaue in almes euerie Wednesday wheresoeuer he went, pence a péece, to all such poore folkes as came to demand the same."—Holinshed's "Chronicles;" sub anno 1291.

\* Walsingham, "Hist. Ang." p. 54, edit. 1603.

† In Rymer's "Fœdera," (tom 1. pars iii. edit. ter. p. 76.) under the head, "*De orando pro Regina*;" is a copy of the circular letter addressed by King Edward to different prelates and abbots, in which he describes the object of these prayers to be, "ut, siquid maculæ, non purgatæ in ipsâ, forsan oblivionis defectu, vel alio modo, remansit, per utilia orationum vestrarum præsidia, juxta divinæ misericordiæ plenitudinem, abstergetur."

‡ Fabian, who compiled his "Chronicles towards the latter part of the reign of Henry VII. speaking of the interment of Queen Eleanor, says,—"She hath ii wexe tapers brennyng ypon her tombe, both daye and nyght; whyche so hath contynned syne the day of her buryng to this present daye,"

relating to them;\* nor have we any Wardrobe Accounts from which the desired information may be obtained. Some writers have stated the number at thirteen, viz. Lincoln, Newark, Grantham, Leicester, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony-Stratford, *Woburn*, Dunstable, St. Alban's, Waltham, West-Cheap, (Cheapside,) and Charing, (Charing Cross,) but it is very questionable whether *Woburn* should be included in the list, as in that instance, the funeral procession must have deviated considerably from the direct road from Lincoln to have rested there.

(To be continued.)

## THE MALVERN HILLS.—No. II.

### HEREFORDSHIRE BEACON :—MALVERN PRIORY CHURCH.

While Malvern, king of hills, fair Severn overlooks,  
And how the fertile fields of Hereford do lye,  
And from his many heads, with many an amorous eye  
Beholds this goodly sight, how towards the pleasant rise  
Abounding in excess, the vale of Eusham lies.

*Drayton's Polyolbion, 1613.*

THE deserved celebrity, historical interest, and picturesque beauty of the Malvern Hills, demand a fuller illustration than that previously contributed to this work. In a topographical, antiquarian, and geological point of view, they present many features of extreme interest; and considered medicinally, the springs near Great Malvern have also a claim on our attention.

The earliest allusion to these hills appears in the "Visions of William, concerning Piers Plowman," a poem, supposed to have been written about the year 1352, from which we have already given an extract.† The name Malvern has probably been derived from

\* Vide "Britton's Architectural Antiquities," vol. i. p. 25, note; from information communicated by the late Samuel Lysons, Esq. In that work are beautiful engravings of the crosses at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham, together with plans and details of those at the two former places. These crosses have also been engraved, on a large scale, for the "Vetusta Monumenta."

† Robert Langlande, to whom it has been attributed, is said to have been a native of Mortimer's Cleobury, Salop; he was a secular priest, and fellow of Oriel College, Oxon. "John Malvern, a Benedictine monk, of Worcester," says Nash, was also reputed to be the author; "he flourished in 1342, and wrote a continuation of the Polychronicon."

the British words *Moel* (bald), and *Wern* (alders), or a bald mountain, with alders at the foot; *moel* also signifying a mountain. In "Jones's Brecknockshire," we find it stated "Moel-y-yarn, which is pure Welsh, signifying the high court or seat of judgment." The country in this district was formerly an immense forest. William of Malmsbury terms it a wilderness, extending from the river Teme on the north to Cors forest on the south; and from the Severn, easterly, to the summit of the Malvern Hills on the west. The manor and forests of Malvern and Cors, and the Castle of Hanley, were granted in the reign of Edward I. to Gilbert de Clare, the Red Knight, Earl of Gloucester, on his marriage with Joan d'Acres, the king's daughter. The forests having become the property of a subject, Malvern was called a *chase*, and Cors a *lawn*, by which name it now goes. Leland says, "the chase of Malverne is bigger than either Wire or Feckingham, and occupieth a great part of the Malverne Hills. Great Malverne and Little also is set in the Chase of Malverne. Malverne Chase (as I here say) is, in length, in some places, twenty miles; but Malverne Chase doeth not occupy all Malverne Hills." Shortly after, a violent dispute arose between the Earl of Gloucester and the Bishop of Hereford respecting the bounds of the chase, and a trench (still to be seen, and called the Duke of Gloucester's ditch) was made on the ridge of the hills, to settle the boundary. After passing through various hands, Malvern Chase came into the possession of Richard III., when Duke of Gloucester, on his marriage with a daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. In 1630, Charles I. granted the forest or chase to Sir Robert Heath and three others, but in consequence of some disputes it was disafforested in the following year. The manor is now the property of Lord Foley.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in this remarkable chain is the "Herefordshire Beacon," in former ages, a hill-fortress of great strength and importance. The hills stretch from north to south, about nine miles, almost in a straight line. The three principal eminences are, the North hill, the Worcestershire Beacon, (before described,) and the Herefordshire Beacon, which stands about the middle of the range. We find considerable discrepancy in the accounts of their height. The Ordnance survey (probably the most accurate) states the Herefordshire Beacon to be 1444 feet above the level of the sea; the Worcestershire Beacon, according to Nash, is thirty-three feet higher than the preceding. The following passage is taken from King's "Monumenta Antiqua," p. 147. "There are a vast number of strong entrenchments in all parts

of this island, situate chiefly on the tops of natural hills, and which can be attributed to none of the various people who have ever dwelt in the adjacent country, except to the ancient Britons, although, indeed, the subsequent conquerors, Romans, Saxons, and Danes, and even the Normans, have, on certain emergencies, made use of them on account of their great original strength; and although erroneous and hasty conjectures, and even the crude reports of the country, have often called them Roman, Danish, or Saxon, yet can they only be attributed to the ancient Britons. One of the most important and considerable of these fortified places is situated on a spot that could not fail to be an object of the utmost attention to the original inhabitants of these territories. This is the Herefordshire Beacon, commanding that which was the only pass through the Malvern ridge of hills, and which is indeed very nearly so to the present hour. The Worcestershire and Herefordshire Beacons appear much higher than in fact they really are."

The origin of beacons may be traced to the highest antiquity;—but their English name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *becnian*, to shew, by sign, or beckon. Beacons were used among the Jews; for in the Prophecies of Isaiah (Chap. xxx. v. 17.) we read, "One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one; at the rebuke of five shall ye flee; till ye be left as a beacon upon the top of a mountain, and as an ensign on a hill." Similar allusions appear also in Jeremiah, and other inspired writers. According to the original Hebrew, the word beacon may be rendered, a tree bereft of its boughs, or a mast. The use of beacons is particularly alluded to in the Agamemnon of Æschylus. In Greece, they were called *Οσφυχίου*. Aristotle speaks of their use in the east; and that nocturnal fires were used for signals, and to convey information, amongst the Romans appears from Cicero, Pliny, and other writers. Lord Coke says, that before the reign of Edward III. beacons in this country were stacks of wood, set on high grounds, to be fired on the discovery of an enemy. The use of beacons was an important safeguard, and many of our readers will remember their recent adoption in this country, at the period of the expected French invasion. No signal is so readily remarked, or has been so universally used for this purpose, as a fire in the night. The ancient Beal-fires of Ireland (which custom we observe has just been revived in that distracted country) have been traced to a religious origin, viz. the worship of the sun. In the ancient language of Ireland, the month of May is yet called *nic Beal tiennie*, or the month of Beal's-fire. The Beltan festival, in the Highlands, has been ascribed to a similar origin. Druidical altars

are to be traced on many of the hills in Ireland where Beal fires were lighted.

That places of strength were used with this design is evident from the popular name of the Herefordshire Beacon; the hill called the "Worcestershire Beacon" has probably not been fortified; but both, no doubt, derive their name from their occasional use for this purpose. The hill occupied by the fortified camp, is in form something like an ellipsis. The camp is 2970 yards in circuit, 1100 yards long, and contains altogether 44 statute acres. "The area of the centre and highest part is an irregular parallelogram, measuring 60 yards in its largest diameter and nearly 40 in the shortest." This has been surrounded by extensive ditches, ramparts, and outworks. The principal remains now consist of two circular entrenchments: that near the summit of the eminence is about 700 feet in extent; the other, lower down, is upwards of half a mile in circumference. These trenches vary from six to twelve feet in depth, and "in some places are more than thirty broad, and supposed to be capable of containing an army of 20,000 men."\* The avenues or passes are still nearly perfect. There is a singular cave here. "Still lower, on the acclivity, are successive ranges of ramparts and ditches, very steep, deep, and high, encircling the sides of the mountain." From the great strength and extent of this camp, there can be little doubt that it was constructed as a place for permanent security, where a whole district might occasionally seek refuge with all their flocks and other property.

A singular discovery was made "within a musket shot" from the camp, in the year 1650. One Thomas Tailor, a peasant, found a coronet of gold, set with diamonds, as he was digging a ditch round his cottage, near Burstner's Cross. "It was sold to Mr. Hill, a goldsmith, in Gloucester, for £37. Hill sold it to a jeweller in Lombard Street, London, for £250, and the jeweller sold the stones, which were deeply inlaid, for £1500, as Mr. Clough, of Lombard Street, reported."† It is supposed to have been the diadem of a British prince, who had perhaps fallen in a battle near here, as from the description it corresponded with the ancient coronets, worn by the princes or chiefs of Wales.‡ An idea has long prevailed amongst

\* Chamber's "Malvern," p. 150, to which work, and "Nash's Worcestershire," we have been indebted for many particulars in this paper.

† MS account in library of Jesus College, Oxford.

‡ Rowlands says, that the Princes of Wales wore on their bonnets or helmets a coronet of gold, being a broad head band, indented upwards, and set with precious stones.

Vide "*Mona. Antiqua Rest.*"

the surrounding inhabitants, that much treasure is hid, or has been lost in the Malvern Hills, and a quantity of silver coin was found about sixty years ago, on the west side, in the parish of Mathon. About two miles from the Hereford Beacon, in a romantic situation, are the shattered remains of Bransil Castle, a strong-hold of great antiquity. A mile and a half to the south, another camp may be traced, attributed to a still more remote period than the Herefordshire Beacon.

We will now advert to the ecclesiastical history of Malvern. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, a few monks in the fervour of religious zeal, left the Priory at Worcester, and retired to the woody wilderness of the Malvern Hills. They founded a sort of hermitage; but we find, that in 1083, this society of religious enthusiasts had increased in number to three hundred. About this time, Adelwine, the superior of the community, persuaded them to adopt the Benedictine rule, by the wish of St. Wulstan, bishop of Worcester; and having procured many benefactions from the crown and other sources, he built and endowed a priory of that order at Malvern. He died in 1140. Gislebert, Abbot of Westminster, with the consent of his convent, having assigned several manors, and estates for the purpose of obtaining the patronage, at the yearly rent of £24. 13s. 4d., Malvern was considered as a cell, or at least as subordinate, to Westminster Abbey. In other respects however, the prior and monks acted independently, and were also quite distinct from the Bishopric of Worcester. When Henry VIII. dissolved the religious establishments, we find the revenues stated by Dugdale, at £308. 1s. 5d.<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> and by Speed, at £375. 0s. 6d. The priory was granted (36 Henry VIII.) to Wm. Pynocke, who alienated it to John Knottesford, Serjeant at Arms. The old parish church being somewhat decayed, the inhabitants purchased the priory church (it is said for £200.), of Mr. Knottesford. The former no longer exists; and the present conventual church, and the gateway of the priory, are all that remain of the ecclesiastical foundations at Great Malvern.

Malvern-priory Church\* presents a specimen of the most finished style of Pointed architecture, as it prevailed in the era of Henry VII. It has been designated "another Westminster Abbey;" and Mr. Tatham, the architect, who was employed to survey the dila-

pidations in 1802, states "that in antiquity, magnificence, and beauty, it is little inferior, as a specimen of gothic architecture, to any in the kingdom." The nave, however, is Norman, but the choir, tower, and ornaments of the church are in the most florid style of the Pointed order. The building is of stone, 173 feet in length, and 63 broad; the height of the nave is 63 feet; and the embattled square tower (in which are six bells and chimes) rises from the centre, to the height of 124 feet. Henry VII., his Queen Elizabeth, and their two sons, Arthur and Henry, often resided and took great delight in Malvern; and the abbey church was almost entirely rebuilt and greatly embellished under the direction of Sir Reginald Bray, (a favourite of the king), the celebrated architect of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. The Anglo-Norman portion of the present edifice is however no doubt coeval with the original foundation of the priory.

On entering the church by a door in the north aisle, the ancient stained-glass windows rise before the spectator with a solemn and impressive effect. Proceeding onwards, a recess with an ascent of three steps leads into Jesus' Chapel, which contains two windows, formerly of great beauty and interest. Indeed this church was embellished by Henry VII., with stained-glass windows of unrivalled execution and magnificence. One contained a representation of the Day of Judgment, which, according to the "Lichfield manuscript," was "not inferior in respect to grandeur and boldness of design, to the paintings of Michael Angelo."\*

\* It would occupy too large a space to describe the numberless interesting subjects which once adorned the windows; but we cannot omit those in Jesus' chapel; of which the following account has been chiefly deduced from the Lichfield MS., and Thomas's "Description of Malvern Church." The large window to the north contained twelve compartments, six above, and six below. In the upper, were represented the Trinity crowning the Virgin; a chorus of angels and saints praising God on various instruments; Christ received into Heaven; Michael fighting with the devil; Our Saviour bringing Adam and Eve out of hell; the rest broken;—below, were the figures of Henry VII. armed, and crowned with an imperial crown; on his upper garment, the arms of England and France; behind him Elizabeth, his queen, with the same arms; on her garment, behind, Arthur, Prince of Wales, likewise armed; behind him, Sir Reginald Bray, bearing, in a shield argent, a chevron between three eagles' legs erased sable; behind him, John Savage, Esq., and Thomas Lovell, Esq., all kneeling, bearing palm branches lifted up to heaven, with this inscription:—"Orate pro bono statu nobilissimi et excellentissime regis Henrici septimi et Elizabethæ reginæ, ac domini Arthur principis filii eorundem, nec non predilectissime consortes sue et suorum trium militum,"—Chambers says, "this beautiful window was perfect in the year 1720, but soon after, a violent storm blew it

\* In the MS. Chronicle of Gervase, of Canterbury, (quoted in Tanners "Notitia,") this edifice is said to be dedicated to St. Michael as well as the Virgin;—and it is likewise called St. Michael Malvern in an original charter in the British Museum, which is referred to in the new edition of Dugdale's "Monasticon."—Ed.

Leaving Jesus' Chapel, we enter another recess at the further end of the aisle, which contains an ancient stone font, possessing little interest. "Here, is also a book-stand, with a Bible, &c. chained to its desk."\* In the south aisle, an enriched circular arch, once a confessional, leads the mind to reflection. In the approach to the nave, the two circular ends of the church, partly faced with richly-glazed tiles, covered with various devices, inscriptions, and armorial bearings, immediately arrest the attention.† On advancing down the chancel, the beautifully carved stalls of the "white robed monks," which were removed thither during the repairs, with their grotesque figures, stand on either side. The altar, which is paved from the steps upwards with square tiles, now meets the eye;

down, and being very much broken, an ignorant glazier misplaced the pieces that were left. The portraits of Sir Reginald Bray, and Prince Arthur, are all that now remain. The west window of this chapel contained two coats of arms; one Erm. O. and Az., the other Erm. Arg. and Az., and under them the Trinity, with the elevation of the host; and underneath, the baptism of adults and infants; under this the Trinity repeated; and the Pope and Cardinals, and these words:

"Parata sunt vobis loca in cælo."

In the middle compartment was the Last supper, and in the third the town and church of Malvern, with the chapel of St. Michael, situated on the side of the hill: in the southern angle of the window, an archer in the forest shooting a stag; underneath, a prior and his monks; on one side of the prior, his relations, on the other, his monks, kneeling, with this inscription:

Orate pro animabus Domini Ricardi Bone prioris hujus  
Locī et Maculini . . . Simonis, Nicholai, Agnetes,  
Willielmi, Mariane parentum eorumdem.

\* In the convocation of 1536, it was resolved to publish a new translation of the Scriptures, in 1538. Henry VIII., jealous lest his own subjects should become such theologians as to question his tenets, used great precautions in publishing that translation of the Scriptures which was finished this year. He would only allow a copy of it to be deposited in each parish church, where it was fixed by a chain: and he took care to inform the people, by proclamation, "that this indulgence was not the effect of his duty, but of his goodness and liberality to them."—*Hume*.

† The mutilated pavement of this church is tessellated with many similar tiles to those already mentioned, which have occasioned much conjecture as to their origin. Some bear the dates 1453, and 36 Henry VI.; and have been called Alhambra tiles, from which it has been supposed that they were imported from Alhambra, in Spain; but their origin is quite uncertain. Amongst the armorial bearings are the arms of England; Westminster Abbey; Mortimer, Earl of March; Bohun, Earl of Hereford; Clare and Despencer, Earls of Gloster; and Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.

These tiles, which are mostly of a dark red, or brown colour, are each about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches square in superficial extent, and nearly  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in thickness. The arms and letters have been impressed upon them whilst soft, and the indents being afterwards

over it is a magnificent window; and on looking down the church, the great west window and ancient organ gallery of much splendour, rise with an imposing effect. Some years ago, the west window was again resplendently filled with stained glass, brought from less observable situations in other parts of the church;—and chiefly consisting of single figures of saints, popes, bishops, &c.:—the expense of which was partly defrayed by a benefaction of £50 from the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, and her consort Prince Leopold.

Several curious monuments of great antiquity are to be found in this edifice. In the south aisle, under the window, is a remarkable figure, described by Dr. Stukeley, as a carved stone image of very rude and ancient workmanship. "It is a Knight, covered with a mail and his surcoat; in his right hand, a halbert, like a pickaxe, in his left, a round target."\* "This figure," says Gough, "is in the oldest mail armour."† Richard Corbet, a knight templar, who died in the thirteenth century, has a plain table monument, the sides and ends of which are covered with tiles  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches square, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  thick, on which may be traced the armorial bearings of the Corbet family. On the 22nd of May, 1711, an old tombstone was dug up in the vicar's garden, near the south aisle, bearing the date 1135, which proved from a curious Latin epitaph to have been that of Waleher, the second Prior of Malvern. It is now placed in Jesus' chapel. On the south side of the choir there is a curious alabaster tomb of John Knottesford, Esq., who died in 1589. Many of the ancestors of the principal families in this county rest here; particularly those of the Lygons, of Madresfield court.

In the early part of the present century, this splendid relic of the olden time had been suffered to fall into a state of extreme dilapidation. It had been indeed

filled up with different-coloured clays, as orange, &c. the whole was partially vitrified. On the greater number of the tiles is the following inscription;—which divested of its obsolete orthography, will run nearly thus:—Think, man! thy life will not endure for ever. What thou dost thyself, of that thou art sure; but that which thou leavest unto thy director's care, it is but a chance that it will ever avail thee.

Chenke. mon. pe. liffe.  
mai. not. cu. endure.  
pat. pow. dost. yi. self.  
of. pat. pow. art. surr.  
but. pat. pow. gevis.  
un. to. yi. sectur. cur.  
and. cu. hit. abailc. pe.  
hit. is. but. abature.—Ed.

\* Itinerary.

† Sepul. Monuments.

for some time previously in too ruinous a state to be used with safety for public worship. The boys in an adjacent school actually used to amuse themselves with pelting the beautiful windows. On the wall of Jesus' Chapel, in 1788, a large pigeon-house was erected, (belonging to the clergyman); the pigeons being suffered to fly all over the church.\* Hounds and a fox were kept within the sacred edifice. The church was filled with "rubbish, poles, pew lumber, broken altar tables," &c. At last the shameful neglect of this venerable structure excited general attention, and about £2000 was raised and expended on the repairs, from 1802 till 1812. Whitewash was unsparingly used; and an immense ivy bush, which had covered a large portion of the eastern end of the fabric, and overhung the tracery of the great window, instead of being reduced in size, was entirely cut away. It has been excellently observed that ivy holds the same situation in architectural old age, that grey hair does in that of man: "clustering about the tracery of Gothic work, and circling the mullions in fantastic wreaths of green, it sometimes looks like a garland of laurel round a death's head, speaking more forcibly of mortality and decay by contrast." In 1812, we still find the edifice styled "a whitened sepulchre." Much yet remained to be done; and subsequently a large sum was raised by the spirited exertions of the Rev. Henry Card, who was appointed vicar in 1815. Lord Beauchamp also obtained a grant from Government of £1000 towards the repairs. An organ has been purchased; and the interior of the church, the magnificent organ gallery, the ancient decorated stalls on either side of the chancel, and the superb ceiling, have once more been restored, if not to their pristine beauty, at least to a creditable state of renovation. The light of Heaven streams no longer through the broken windows, the wind moans no more along the aisles with a strange unearthly sound, and a "dim religious light" diffuses itself through stained glass as of old.† However, time has again fallen heavily on Malvern Abbey; and as we formerly noticed, a bazaar was held in the village to raise funds for its repair in 1831. We cannot better conclude this paper than in the words of Webster.

"I doe love these auncient ruines,  
We never tread upon them, but we set our foot  
Upon some reverende historie."

YVYAN.

\* Gent. Mag. 1802.

† A full and interesting account of Great Malvern Church, written by Mr. Thomas Moule, and illustrated by three engravings, has been given in Neale's very elegant work on "Collegiate and Parochial Churches."—Ed.

## ANCIENT CUSTOM OF SALUTATION.

### No. III.

IN addition to the records already given, relative to the ancient mode of salutation by kissing, it may be observed, that the custom possesses unquestionable claims to the very highest antiquity.

In the 29th chapter of Genesis, we are told "that Jacob kissed Rachel," at their first interview; and subsequently "when Laban heard the tidings of Jacob his sister's son, he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him."—That a salute was the accompanying reciprocal seal of the "wæs heol" and "drinc heil" of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, appears equally certain. An article on this subject, in the "*Relics of Literature*," (1823) contains the following paragraph.

Dr. Pierius Winsemius, historiographer to their High Mightinesses, the states of Friesland, in his "*Chronijck van Frieslandt*," printed in 1622, informs us, that the pleasant custom of kissing was utterly "unpractised and unknown" in England,---(just as it is this day in New Zealand, where sweethearts only know how to touch noses when they wish to be kind), until the fair princess Rouix, (*Rowena*) the daughter of King Hengist, of Friesland, "pressed the beaker with her *lipkens*," (little lips) and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a *kusjen*, (little kiss.) Our own old chroniclers date the origin of drinking healths in Britain, from the introduction of Rowena to Vortigern, and the two lines quoted at p. 24, of the present work, from Robert le Brunne, expressly refer to the proceedings of the princess on that occasion; but the statement of the northern annalist, that kissing was previously "unpractised and unknown" in the island, must surely be received as applying only to the novel fashion of which the salute formed a peculiar part.

The existence of a similar practice among the festive Greeks of Howel's time, is mentioned by him in the 56th Epistle of his 2nd vol. of *Familiar Letters*. The New Zealand mode of courtship by touching noses, alluded to above, might bear some affinity to a manner of kissing, by putting ear to ear, prevalent among the Greeks and Romans, and illustrated in the "*Relics*," by a Latin epigram on the subject.

Notwithstanding the instances adduced to shew that the English stood alone in their former habits of personal greeting, it may be reasonably doubted whether they were at any period exclusively singular in this usage. Towards the close of the last century, Mr.

Pratt found the "kissing ceremony," as he terms it in his "*Gleanings*," common throughout every part of the German territories. Persons of both sexes, though but next door neighbours, were accustomed to embrace when separating, and to present both sides of the face for salutation. So methodical was the practice, that the obstinate refusal of a fastidious young Englishman to conform to it, was attributed merely to his fear of exposing an impure breath.

However strange this custom, as a general rite of ceremonious etiquette, might appear to the gallic dames of the 16th century, they, certainly, were not unused to the "warm close of lips" in a more familiar form, or averse to promiscuous caresses in good company. "Master" queries Moth, in *Love's Labour Lost*, "will you win your love with a French brawl?" On this passage Mr. Douce remarks, that the ancient English dance denominated a *brawl*, was an importation from France, with which balls were usually opened; the performers first "uniting hands in a circle," and then, according to an authority in the "language François," printed at Angers, in 1579, the leading couple placing themselves in the centre of the ring, "the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his fair partner each gentleman," the figure continuing until every pair had followed the example set them. The annotator observes, it was probably to this dance, that Stubbes and Northbrooke, two puritanical writers of the Elizabethan age, alluded in their coarse invectives. Northbrooke, the earlier censor, inveighs in very gross terms against "daunces" wherein maidens and matrons are "kissed and dishonestly embraced;" and Stubbes, who far exceeds his predecessor in grossness of language, exclaims, amidst a hurricane of invective, "what clipping, what culling, what kissing and bussing, and smouching one of another."

In spite, however, of all opposition, this kissing dance ran a career unparalleled in the history of salutation. It spread from land to land, and every where, from the court to the cottage, was enthusiastically welcomed. We all know, that with our stately "mayden Queene,"—"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;" and Wraxall, in his History of France, relates from Bassompierre, that the Duke of Montpensier, only a very few days before he expired, in 1608, was removed from his bed purposely to witness "one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace, by some of the young nobility."

*Kiss in the ring*, yet holds a place among the pastimes of the lower classes, in "*Merrie England*;"—and though there is but little probability that the *Brawl* will ever regain its ancient honours in the

"modern Athens," it indisputably, once formed the most popular disport of Caledonia, and remnants of the practice are still to be found among the heather. Mr. Douce copies from the "*Orchesographie*" of Thoinot Arbeau, published in 1588, the music of a *Scotish brawl*;—but we learn from the "*Complaynt of Scotland*," printed at St. Andrews, forty years previous to the above date, that even at that early period, the Brawl had become so completely naturalized that it was the ordinary pastoral amusement. The author of the "*Complaynt*," speaking of a joyous rural assemblage, says "They began to dance in ane ring, evyrie ald scheiphird led his vyfe be the hand, and evyrie yong scheiphird led hyr quhome he luffit best." He then proceeds to describe the figure as commencing with "twa bekkis" (nods) and "with a *kysse*."

Though kissing, in these decorous days, is banished from the ball-room, if antiquity of custom might plead privilege, the act of salutation "in graceful movement to harmonious sounds," could be defended on very high precedents. The fanatic Northbrooke indeed, (cited by Mr. Douce), in his fiery zeal against the reigning vices, positively declares that not even the Pagans, ever knew "this newe fashion of dauncing of ours;"—yet a reference to that vast store-house of classic lore, and quaint observation, "*The Anatomy of Melancholy*," will not only disprove his rash assertion, but so far justify the decried practice, that granting a revival of the usage at Almack's, it might be found productive of the precise results described by Burton, as attendant on its existence in Attica. From his relation, it appears that Xenophon, (at a banquet,) after vainly endeavouring to move the passions of Socrates, closed all "with a pleasant interlude, or dance, of Dionysius and Ariadne," in which the amorous blandishments of a bride and bridegroom were so correctly displayed to musical cadences, that all the spectators were so ravished at the sight, that the married men hasted home to their wives, and the single ones sought to get married!

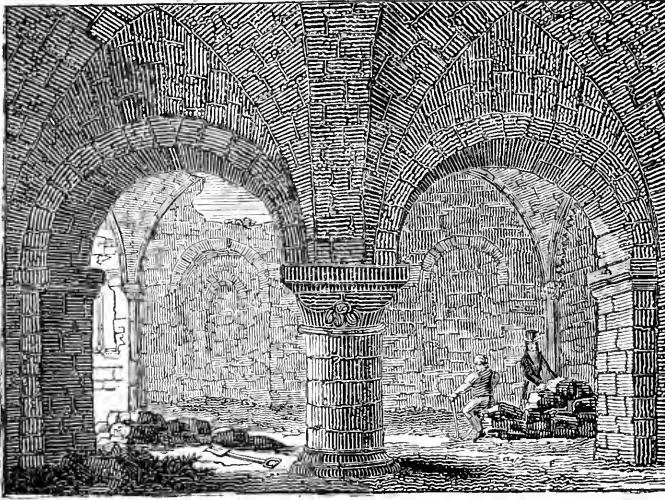
#### FEMALE SPY.

THE Earl of Surrey, writing to Cardinal Wolsey, says, that he was spared from burning the Priory of Coldstream, "bycause the prioresse thereof is oon of the best and assured *spyes* that wee have in Scotland, for which cawse we may not well spare her."

\* *Ellis's Original Letters on English History*, p. 224.



## HOSTELRY OF THE PRIOR OF LEWES, SOUTHWARK.



THE progress of the works for forming the approach from Tooley Street to the new London Bridge, has laid open some further remains of the Hostelry of the Prior of Lewes.\*

These remains consist of a vaulted chamber, forming a parallelogram of about twenty-seven feet in length, by twenty-one feet in width, and originally about ten feet in height; but the earth has accumulated to the depth of about three feet, thus reducing the height, as at present, to about seven feet. The style and character of the building are very similar to that of the chamber before described,† but somewhat plainer and more solid.

In the centre is a plain massive round pillar, from the capital of which elliptic-ribbed arches are extended to a flat pier, or pilaster, at each of the four sides of the chamber; and from the pilasters to square quarter-columns at the angles of the chamber, other similar arches are extended, forming a groined roof. The height of the central pillar, including the base and capital, is about six feet. The capital is slightly and roughly sculptured. At the east end of the chamber, on the left hand, is an arched door-way, as appears by the stone jambs; but this door-way is at present stopped up with old stone work of the same kind as that used in the building. On the right, at the east

end, are the remains of an arched window; and on the right of the north side is another window, but both are stopped up with masonry and brickwork. The present entrance is at the left of the north side, by a few wooden steps leading down from the street into a small area, whence an entrance has been made through the wall of the chamber; the crown of the vault being about two feet above the level of the pavement of the street. This entrance, however, seems to have been a modern alteration in the original building.

This vault was situated beneath some ancient wooden tenements occupied by very poor people, in the place called *Walnut Tree Alley*, a small court on the east side of Carter Lane, now pulled down. Most probably this was Stowe's "Hostelry for travellers, which had to sign the Walnut Tree;" and of which Cuthbert Beeston died seized in the 24th of Elizabeth's reign. The vault was perhaps the cellar of the tavern. It was lately used as a cyder cellar.

The accompanying view, taken from the west end, near the entrance, shows the door-way on the left of the east end; together with the pillar in the centre, supporting the groined roof.\* Q.

\* A ground plan of this remain has been made by Mr. C. E. Gwilt, for John Gage, Esq. F.R.S., and it will probably appear, with other particulars, in a future volume of the *Archæologia*.—Ed.

\* See a former article on this subject, pp. 44—46.

† Ibid. p. 45.

POPULAR ESSAYS ON CHIVALRY, ARCHERY, &c.

No. III.---HAWKING, OR FALCONRY.



Whitlock: del.

QUEEN ELIZABETH ENGAGED IN HAWKING.

“ AWAKE! awake!  
The day doth break;  
Our spaniels, couple them;  
Our hawkes shall flye  
Lowe, meane, or high,  
And trusse it if they can.  
Hey trolly, lolly, lo!

Then rise, arise,  
For Phœbus dies,  
(In golde) the dawn of day;  
And coveyes lye  
In fields hard by,  
Then sing we care away.  
Hey trolly, lolly, lo!

So chants Master Thomas Ravenscroft,\* "bachelor of musicke;" and although we cannot answer his invitation, by rushing out into the green and dewy pastures, and enjoying the sport of Falconry, we may spend a "little moment" very pleasantly in inquiring into the history of this "joyous science."

"Hawking," observes Henry Peacham, "was a sport utterly unknown to the ancients; yet it appeareth, by Firmicus, that it was known twelve hundred yeeres since." Where it was first exercised, and at what precise era it came into vogue, is uncertain, "but it is mentioned by a Latin writer of the fourth century, and is affirmed by some to have been borrowed by the Romans from the Britons, as early as the reign of Vespasian."† "In England," says Mr. Pennant, "I cannot trace the certainty of falconry till the reign of King Ethelbert, the Saxon monarch, in the year 860, when he wrote to Germany for a brace of falcons, which would fly at cranes and bring them to the ground, as there were very few such in Kent." The unfortunate Harold is pictured going on an embassy of the utmost importance, with a dog under his arm and a hawk on his wrist; and even females of distinction were occasionally thus represented. "Alfred the Great, who is commended for his proficiency in this, as in all other fashionable amusements, is said to have written a treatise upon the subject, which, however, has not come down to us: from various other sources, nevertheless, we are enabled to assert, that the pastime continued to be in high favour to the end of the Saxon era."‡

"A knowledge of hunting and *falconry*" Warton describes "as an essential requisite in accomplishing the character of a knight;" and in such high repute was it held by our nobility, for several centuries, that its tenacious support "may be traced through the statute laws, and swelling the pains and penalties of criminal jurisprudence." In the 34th of Edward III., it was made felony to steal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even on a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure. In the reign of Elizabeth,

\* "A Briefe Discovrse of the true (but neglected) vse of charact'ring the degrees by their perfection, imperfection, and diminution, in measurable musicke against the common practise and custome of these times. Examples whereof are exprest in the harmony of 4 voyces, concerning the pleasure of 5 vsuall Recreations: 1. Hunting. 2. Hawking. 3. Dauncing. 4. Drinking. 5. Enamouring. By Thomas Ravenscroft, Bachelor of Musicke. London: printed by Edw. Alde, for Tho. Adams, 1614, Cum privilegio Regale," 4to.

† Smith's "Festivals," &c. p. 175.

‡ Ibid.

although the term of confinement was reduced to three months, the offender was compelled to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or to remain in prison till he did. "In the reign of Edward III., the Bishop of Ely *excommunicated* certain persons for stealing a hawk that was sitting upon her perch, in the cloisters of Bermondsey in Southwark."\* By an act of parliament, passed in 13th of Henry II., it is declared that none may "hauke or hunt in other mennes warrenes," unless, "if he be a secular man, he can dispense freely and clerely 40 shillings of free-holde by yere, and yf he be a preste or clerke, he ought to be aduaynced to a benefice of 40<sup>th</sup> by yere." And it is again enacted, in 34th of Edward IV., "that the possession of a hawk could not be kept by a simple man;" nor can any "of less bearing than a *gentleman with estate* have a hawk." In "*Le Morte d'Arthur*," music, hunting, and hawking, are considered courtly amusements, and only attached to those possessing *gentle blood*. Thus we see that the sport was confined to the higher ranks; it may, however, be gathered from the following passage in the "*Quaternio*," 1638, that it was not *always*, nor, at that time exclusively restricted to the rich and noble.

"As for hawking," says the writer, "I commend it in some, condemne it in others; in men of qualitie I commend it as a generous and noble qualitie, but in men of *meane ranke* and religious men, (the clergy) I condemne it, with Blesensis, as an idle and foolish vanitie; for I have ever thought it a kinde of madness for such men to bestow ten pounds in feathers,† which at one blast might be blowne away, and to buy a momentary monethly pleasure (if to see one bird torture another may be so called) with the labours and expense of a whole yeare." In the Book of St Alban's‡ also, where the sort of birds is assigned to different ranks of persons, the goshawk is appointed for a yeoman, the tercel for a poor man, and the kestrel for a knave or a servant.

The twelfth century appears to have been the season when falconry attained the zenith of its popularity. Not only kings and nobles, but high-born maidens and dignified ecclesiastics pursued this favourite amusement. Even Becket, the archbishop of Canterbury,

\* Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," vol. i. p. 34.

† At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Mr. Smith informs us that a goshawk and tassel hawk were sold for 100 marks, and that in the reign of James II. Sir Thomas Monson gave £1000. for a cast of hawks.

‡ The Treatises on Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, and Coat Armour, usually ascribed to Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopewell Nunnery, were called "*The Boke of St. Alban's*," because first printed in that monastery, 1486.

when despatched on an embassy to the court of France, by Henry the Second, carried hawks and hounds with him of every description.

For a long period, no person of high rank was represented without his falcon. "In travelling, in visiting, in affairs of business or of pleasure, the hawk still remained perched upon the hand, which it stamped with distinction."\* Nay, to such an excess was this practice carried, that the nobility attended divine service with their hawks and hounds. A German of the fifteenth century severely censures this impiety. He writes---

"Into the church then comes another sotte,  
Withouten devotion jetting up and down,  
For to be seene, and shewe his garded cote.  
*Another on his fiste a sparhawke or faucone,*  
Or else a cokow, wasting so his shone;  
Before the auter he to and fro doth wander,  
With even as great devotion as doth a gander;  
In comes another, his houndes at his tayle,  
With lynes and leases, and other like baggage;  
His dogges bark; so that withouten fayle,  
The whole church is troubled by their outrage."

Chaucer introduces a falcon into his "Squire's Tale," in the following manner:

"Amidde a tree for-dry, (very dry) as white as chalk,  
As Canace was playing in hire walk,  
Ther sat a *faucon* over hire hed ful hie  
That with a piteous vois so gan to crie,  
That all the wood resounded with hire cry,  
And beten had hireself so pitously  
With both here winges, til the rede blood  
Ran endeloug the tree, ther as she stood."

Canace addresses the disconsolate bird, who, in reply, rehearses a tale of forsaken love.†

Our early poets frequently make honourable mention of hawks and hawking. Turberville (in 1575) is the oldest minstrel who "invokes the muse to immortalize the subject."‡ He says,

"I deeme that no man doubts, but games and al our chief delights  
Where first deuised to daunt the dumps of pensieve payned  
sprights.

\* Smith's "Festivals," p. 176.

† That Henry the Eighth was very partial to this sport, may be safely inferred from the following passage in Hall's "Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke," fol. cxxxix. 2. edit. 1548.—"In this yere [16th Hen. VIII. Anno 1524] the Kyng folowyng of hi Hauke, lept over a diche beside Hychyn, [Hitchen, in Hertfordshire] with a polle and the polle brake, so that if one Edmond Mody, a fote-man had not lept into the water, & lift vp his hed, whiche was fast in the clay, he had bene drowned: but God of his goodnes preserued him." Ed.

‡ Bridges's "Censura," vol. x. p. 121.

And more than that, to further health, by mowing to and froe,  
That in our lumpish lustlesse limmes, no more disease might groe.

Which if be so, I neede not blush, or deem it my disgrace  
If hawks and spanels I preferre, and set in biest place,  
For truly no deuise delightes the minde of man so much,  
No game so gladsome to the limmes, there is no pleasure such,  
No phisicke fitter to remoue the dregges of direful paine,  
And to restore to former life, the feeble force againe.

This kinde of sport doth banish vice, and vile deuises quight,  
When other games do foster faults, and breede but base delight:  
No idle thought can harbor well within the falconer's braine,  
For though his sportes right pleasant be, yet are they mixt with  
paine.

The toil he takes to find the fowle, his greedy lust to slay,  
The fowle once found cuts off conceits, and driues il thoughts  
away."

We find many allusions to falcons and falconry in Shakespeare, as, for instance,

"Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again."

"Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
Above the morning lark."

"A falcon, towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

Again, where in allusion to this sport, Othello, in his jealousy exclaims

\* "The Booke of Faulconrie, or Hawking, for the onely delight and pleasure of all Noblemen and Gentlemen: collected out of the best aucthors, as wel Italians as Frenchmen, and some English practises withall concernyng Faulconrie, the contents whereof are to be seene in the next page following. By Geo. Turberville, Gentleman. Nocet empti dolore voluptas. Imprinted at London, for Ch. Baker, at the signe of the Grashopper, in Paule's Churchyarde, 1575." "The cuts in this publication," observes Mr. Dibdin, "evidently of foreign execution, show a master in the art of design;" they represent Queen Elizabeth actively engaged in hawking. In the second impression, of the date of 1611, which came out in the reign of James I., the courteous publisher substituted the figure of the Anglo-Scotch monarch for that of the Virgin queen. See the "Bibliographical Decameron," vol. i. p. 248. Both editions are included in the very curious library of J. Haslewood, esq. and the print at the head of this article, has been executed from a tracing made with the permission of that gentleman, by Mr. Whittock, from the first edition of Turberville. In this print, Queen Elizabeth is represented on horse back, surrounded by her courtiers and attendants; but, in the second edition, by way of compliment to the reigning sovereign, the head and extremities of King James, were substituted for the head and petticoats of Elizabeth, as can be readily ascertained, on comparing the prints in the two editions, the body and arms of the Queen being left remaining: the joins in the mutilated block, proving this, are quite visible. There is no valid foundation for Mr. Dibdin's remark of the original cuts being of foreign execution."

"If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune."

Si *Philip Sidney* writes,

"Quick-scenting spannell, fit for princelie game,  
To perche the pheasant and rare birds of name,  
To set the heath-cocke, partrich, and the quaille,  
The snype, the wood-cocke, and the dainty raile;  
To serue the spar-hawke, faulcon, and laneret,  
The gosse-hawke, ger-faulcon, and young eglet;  
The maylon, hobby, hawkes of swiftest wing,  
Which many pleasures unto ladies bring,  
*Deserue the praise of the best fluent pen,  
That euer wrote the benefits of men.*"\*

Spenser, likewise, in his "*Faery Queen*," occasionally alludes to this subject.

"To part with the Hawk," says Mr. Smith, "even in circumstances of the utmost extremity, was deemed highly ignominious. By the ancient laws and capitularies of France, a knight was forbidden to give up his sword and his *hawk*, even as the price of his ransom. These two articles were too sacred to be surrendered, although the liberty of their owner depended on them."† Boccaccio's ninth story affords a beautiful illustration of this usage.

Federigo degli Alberighi becomes enamoured of a lady of Florence, called Monna Giovanna, ruins his fortune by a succession of tournaments, feasts and banquets, in honour of his mistress, who rejects his suit,---retires to a little farm, by the produce of which he contrives to procure a bare existence, and carries nothing with him but his favourite falcon. His mistress in the mean time marries, and is left a widow with one son, who conceives a great admiration for Federigo's bird, and falling ill, entreats his mother to obtain it for him; she answers, "How can I send or go to ask for his hawk, and what alone maintains him in the world? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure he has in life." Overcome, however, by her child's importunity, the fond dame, at length, consents.

This promise brought a beam of joy into the boy's countenance, and the same day he shewed evident signs of amendment. The next morning, Monna Giovanna, taking with her another lady as a companion, proceeded to Federigo's humble habitation, and inquired for him. He was, beyond measure, surprised when he heard that Monna Giovanna was asking for him, and ran in great joy to meet her. As soon as she saw him approach, she gracefully moved

to meet him, and respectfully saluting him, said, "Federigo, I come to recompense you in some sort for the evil you have received at my hands, at a time that you loved me more than was wise on your part; and the recompense I intend is to make myself and my companion your guests at dinner to-day." To which Federigo with great humility replied, "Alas! Madam, I do not recollect to have received any evil at your hands, but so much good, that if it were ever in my power I should be happy, for the love I have borne you, and more so for the honour of this visit, to expend my fortune a second time in your honour;" and thus speaking, he respectfully led her into his house, and thence conducted her into the garden; and there, not having any other person to introduce her to, said, "Madam, this good woman, the wife of my husbandman, will wait on you whilst I prepare our table." But alas! living in a state of poverty, he had no provisions to set before his guests, nor money to procure any, this almost drove him to desperation: at last, observing his beloved falcon, the only vestige of his former splendour, resting on its perch in his chamber, and seeing no other resource, he killed his favourite bird, and causing the wench carefully to roast it, placed it before the ladies. When they had risen from table, after some agreeable conversation, Monna Giovanna made known the purpose of her visit. Federigo hearing her request, and seeing he could not gratify it, became unable to reply. At length he told her the sad truth, and produced the feathers and beak and talons of the poor bird. The lady reprehended him for killing so fine a falcon for such a purpose; but at the same time, however, highly commending, in her own mind, his magnanimity, which it had not been in the power of fortune to abase.—The sequel may be supposed, her boy died, and after having indulged her sorrow for some time, her brothers, seeing that she was left extremely rich, entreated her to marry again. "I should willingly," she replied, "if it were agreeable to you, remain in my present state, but if you insist that I marry, I will assuredly take no one for my husband but Federigo degli Alberighi." On which her brothers, smiling, replied, "What folly is this! would you marry a man who is a beggar?" To this she answered, "Brothers, I well know that the matter is as you state it, but I chuse rather a man that hath need of wealth, than wealth that hath need of a man."\* Mr. Smith, who merely alludes to this

\* Abridged from Roscoe's "*Italian Novels*," vol. i. p. 194. 200.—The same tale has been beautifully translated into French verse, by La Fontaine.—Ed.

\* "*Ouranea*."

† "*Festivals*," &c. p. 177.

story, remarks upon it, "the author doubtless intended to impress us with the *most exalted* notion of Federigo's gallantry and devotion to his mistress."\*

In England, falconry continued in high repute till about the time of the civil wars, when "its fall was sudden and complete." "An enquiry," says a writer in the *Censura Literaria*, "of how it became neglected, can, I believe, only be answered with conjecture. Peacham says, "it can be no more disgrace to a great lord to draw a faire picture, than to cut his hawkes meat;"—and this nauseating curtesy established between the owner and the hawk, and apparently in part a necessity, to make the bird answer to the lure, might first occasion its falling into neglect and almost total disuse." Smith attributes its downfall to the invention of gunpowder;† but probably the puritans may be charged with undermining this, as well as the village May-games and our other national amusements. An old divine ranks "*hawkers* and hunters" with "*drunkards, fornicators, and adulterers*, having no other god but their bellies."‡ The Calvinistic insurgents succeeded in pouring the gall and vinegar of their new-fangled doctrines into the hearts of the once merry English; and the Court on its return introduced foreign games, sports, and pastimes, in the room of their more innocent predecessors. Only a partial trace of this ancient amusement remained in the seventeenth century.§ It is now a question, whether there is one reclaimed foreign hawk in the western part of the kingdom; but there may be a few English hawks annually trained in the neighbourhood of Bridport, in Dorsetshire, for the taking of land-rails in the hemp and flax fields near that town, in which, during some seasons, they are very plentiful.||

J. F. R.

\* "Festivals," &c. p. 168.

† This is abstractedly, true; but the more immediate cause of the desuetude of hawking was the introduction of the musket and the fowling-piece. Ed.

‡ Harmar, Tran. of "Beza's Serm." p. 534.

§ In a former paper, in speaking of the *fraternity in arms*, of the ancient knights, the sentence in the last paragraph of col. 2, p. 86, should run thus—Christianity corrected this custom, and sanctified it to the noblest ends.

|| Some attempts have been made within the last three years to effect a revival of this gentlemanly sport, by the Duke of St. Alban's, the "Grand Falconer of England," which is now an Hereditary title entailed upon the descendants of Charles, (surnamed Beauclerk, by his father,) the natural offspring of Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne, and who was born in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 8th of May, 1670.—Ed.

## LEGENDIANA.—No. II.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.



CHRISTOPHER was of heathen extraction, and dwelt with the king of the Canaanites. And he was of a "right grete" stature and had a fearful countenance, and he was twelve cubits high;\* and when he served the prince of his nation, it came into his mind to find the greatest monarch in the whole world, and obey him only. With this pious purpose he set out in quest of such a personage; he at length arrived at the court of one who was esteemed the mightiest of all princes, so he swore fealty to him and became his servant. One day, however, a minstrel came to the royal palace and sang a lay, in which the devil was frequently mentioned, and the king, who was a good christian, crossed himself devoutly, as often as the name was repeated. This did not escape the attention of the observant Christopher, who, probably guessing the truth, immediately asked the monarch why he made that sign. This, the prince fearing to loose so lusty a servant, was by no means inclined to tell him; but on the giant's repeating the question,

\* The above figure has been executed from one of the basso-relieves on the Tomb of Henry the Seventh, at Westminster.



and threatening to quit his court instantly, in case of a refusal, he informed him that when he heard the devil named he always crossed himself, lest his satanic majesty should have power to injure him. "O then," quickly returned Christopher, "then the devil is mightier than thou; I am then deceived of my hope and purpose, for I supposed I had found the greatest lord in the world. I commend thee to God, for I will go and seek the devil, and become *his* vassal." So the warrior journeyed till he reached a savage desert, and there he encountered a great company of knights, and one of them, the most terrible swordsman of the party, came towards him and demanded whither he went; and when Christopher told him the object of his travels, he grinned complaisantly, and said he need search no farther, for the devil stood before him; so without much more ado, the giant swore and promised to serve the fiend perpetually. But it so chanced that one day, when Satan and his new subject were riding along the high way very lovingly together, the former espied a cross at some distance, and, turning out of the road, led his companion through a thorny wilderness, until they had passed the crucifix, and then brought him back to the way they had left. Filled with wonder at this conduct, Christopher asked his sovereign why he turned aside from a *wooden cross*. And when the devil refused to satisfy his curiosity, he threatened him as he had done his former prince; so Satan was constrained to say, that Christ in old time was hanged on the cross, and that when he saw his sign he always fled away for fear. "Then," shrewdly remarked Christopher, "Christ is mightier than thou; alas! I have laboured in vain—farewell! I go to seek Christ." "And when he had longe sought and demanded where he shold fynd Crist, atte last he cam into a grete desert to an hermyte that dwellyd there, and this hermyte preached to hym of Jhesu Crist, and enformed hym in the fayth dylygently, and sayd to hym, 'Thys kyng whom thou desirest to serve requyres the seruyse that thou must oft faste.' And Christopher said to hym, 'Requyre of me somme other thyng, and I shall doo it, for that whiche thou requyrest I may not doo.'" And the hermyte sayd, "thou must thenne wake and make many prayers." And Christopher said to hym, "I wote not what it is, I may doo no suche thyng." Then said the indulgent friar, "know you a certain river in which many perish." And on his disciple's answering in the affirmative, the good man bade him "by cause he was noble and hye of stature, and strong in the membris," to dwell on the torrent's bank, and carry over all passengers. This Christopher promised faithfully to

do, and accordingly built a hut on the rivers' brink, and furnishing himself with a "long pole" instead of a staff, bore over all comers without ceasing, and this he did many days. At last while he was sleeping in his cot he heard a Child's voice crying, "Come out Christopher, and bear me over;" so he ran out, but found no one; and a second time while he slept, the same voice called him again, "and he cam out & fond no body." Astonished at this marvel, the poor man knew not what to do, but deciding that the sounds he had heard were sent by the evil one, his late master, he returned to his house and composed himself to sleep; but hardly had he closed his eyes than he was called in louder tones than before, and hurrying to the river he found a Child, "whiche prayed hym goodly to bere hym over the water;" so Christopher lifted up the babe on his shoulders and plunged into the stream, which rose higher and higher as he proceeded, and the Child became "heavier and heavier," till his bearer began to fear for his life, and was never better pleased than when he reached the opposite bank, and set down his burden. "Chylde," he said, "thou hast put me in grete peryl, thou wayest alle most as I had had alle the world upon me, I myght bere no greater burden." And the Child answered Chytfre, "merueyle the nothyng for thou hast not only born alle the world upon the, but thou hast born hym that created & made alle the world upon thy shoulders. I am Jhu Cryste the king to whom thou seruest in thys werke, and bycause that thou knowe that I saye to the trouthe, sette thy staf in the earthe by thy hous, and thou shalt see to morne that it shalle bere floures and fruyte, and anon he vanysshed from his eyen." So Christopher did as he was commanded, and on the morrow found that his staff "lyke a palmyer," had borne fruit and flowers during the night. So, probably eager to show the miracle, he took it in his hand, and forgetting his duty in the excess of his joy, hastened to the city of Lycia, and finding that he could not speak the language of the place, he fell on his knees and requested the gift of tongues. His request was instantly granted, and he went to the place where the Christian martyrs were wont to suffer, and comforted and taught them to the no small displeasure of the Pagan judge, who smote him in the face; and Christopher said to him, "if I were not Chrysten I shold anon auenge myn injurye,"\* and plunging his pole into the earth he prayed God to cause it to bud and blossom before the eyes of all present, that the

\* This is a rare instance of forbearance; the Romish saints (as we shall see in the course of these extracts) generally treated her pagan persecutors very differently.



people might be converted and live. The rod blossomed, and eight thousand men immediately embraced Christianity. Justly alarmed at this rapid progress of the true faith, the king sent two brave knights to seize Christopher, who finding the champion praying returned without him; and two others who were sent on the same errand, fell on their knees in the dust, and prayed with him. At length Christopher arose and learning their errand, after some parleying "commanded them that they shold bynde his hondes behynde his backe, and lede hym so bounden to the kyng," who when he beheld him coming swooned with fear. When he recovered his senses, the prince asked him his name and country; and Christopher replied that 'before he was baptized he was called *Reprobos*, now I am named Christopher, before I was a Canaanite, now I am a Christian.' The king replied that he was a great fool for bearing the name of a crucified malefactor. To this Christopher made answer, that his majesty was "the deth of the world and felow of the deuyll." Few men love to be reviled, but with urbanity extraordinary, in those times, the prince returned "thou were norrysshed emong wyld bestes, and therfore thou mayst not say but wyld language and wordes unknown to men; and yf thou wylt now doo sacrefyse to the goddess I shalle geue to the grete yestes & grete honours, and yf not I shalle destroy the & consume (thee) by grete paynes & tormentes."

"But for alle thys he wold in no wyse do sacrefyse, wherfoe he was sent into prysen."

(*To be continued.*)

## A TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1634.

(*Continued from p. 127.*)

After passing some distance between the Picts' Wall & the rivers Tyne & Derwent, & crossing a dangerous ford, they reached Hexam [Hexham].—"Wee found this Towne but small, and the Inhabitants poore, yet was there in it 2 fayre Towers, w<sup>ch</sup> were built, as well there as in many other places of those wild countryes to defend them against y<sup>e</sup> Scotts. Sure this Towne hath beene of greater note & receipt, for in her is a large Cathedrall-like Church, much defaced & decay'd, & now unseamely kept: heere in this place there sometimes rested the bones of S<sup>t</sup> Cuthbert, brought hither from Holy Island neere Berwicke, & where sat 6 Bishops in succession, before the Translation of y<sup>e</sup> sayd Saintsbones to Durham:

In this Church there are some old Monuments of note, one of a Duke that was slaine in a battell against the Scotts: neare adioyning to it, is a fayre & handsome Abbey, wherein liveth a noble knight, that giveth free entertainment." [Sir John Fenwicke.]

They continued their journey, & passed by Langley Castle, Sir Fran. Ratcliffe's, Bt. Willimontswike, Mr. Ridley's House & Parke; Bellister & Blenkinsop Castles, Mr. Blenkinsop's; Thirwall, by Picts' Wall; Vurthank, Capt. Howard's; Gelt Forest, Naworth Castle & Park, Branton Park, & Gilsland Liberties, all the Lord William Howard's.

"The Parkes, Liberties and Fforrests that doth belong to that noble old Lord, all togeather, w<sup>th</sup> in the compasse of his owne Territories, I dare, (hearing the same verely'd from his Lordships owne mouth) averre to be as great a quantity together in one place, as any one other Lord hath whatsoever." Being prevented by the absence of Lord W. Howard from paying their respects to him at Naworth as they had intended, the travellers met with "lucky entertainment in a little poore cottage, in his Liberties, driven in thither with very ill weather, to wit a Cup of nappy Ale, & a peece of a Red Deere Pye more then we thought fit, say they, to acquit his Lp. with."

The writer having mentioned passing the Picts' Wall, & briefly noticed it, adds---"and there, over a little rivolet, wee entred into the next County, the place where the High Sheriffe receives the Judges, w<sup>th</sup> many Attendant Bonnetts and Gallowayes." Going on & crossing the "River Eden, by a fayre Archt Bridge, & to end our second weekes travell, passing the Brooke Petterell, we came safe & well, though well wet, to our Inne y<sup>e</sup> Angell, in the Market Place, in that old strong City of Carlile, built by a Brittish King, neere 1000 yeeres before Christ; for of these two properties, Antiquity and Strength, it may cheifely boast, it being otherwise both for Revenues, Buildings, and the Inhabitants and their condition very poore.

"The next day we repayr'd to their Cathedrall, w<sup>ch</sup> is nothing soe fayre and stately as those we had seene, but more like a great, wild Country Church; and as it appear'd outwardly, so it was inwardly, ne'er beautify'd, nor adorn'd one whit. I remember no more monuments of note, but that of Bp. Oglethorp, that crowned our late vertuous Queene Elizabeth; And that of Snowden the Bishop, that preach'd *Robin Hood* to our late renowned King. The Organs & voices did well agree, the one being like a shrill Bagpipe, the other like the Scottish Tone. The Sermon, in the like accent, was such, as wee would hardly bring

away, though it was deliver'd by a neat young Scholler, (sent that morning from Rose Castle, the Bps. Mansion, w<sup>ch</sup> stands upon Rose & Cawd Rivers,) one of the Bps. Chaplains, to supply his Lords place that day. The Communion also was administerd & receiv'd in a wild and unreverent manner.

"To leave the Church, we made bold a little w<sup>th</sup> the day to view the Citty, and in it the cheife place, the strong & fayre Castle, built by William Rufus upon a Rocke, close by the River, w<sup>ch</sup> comes from Appleby, on the North side of the Citty towards Scotland, over w<sup>ch</sup> River there is a fayre stone bridge, of 9 or 10 Arches, about 8 miles from the Sea. When we were on the top of the Castle we easily discern'd the Silver Sands, that in that place part the two kingdomes, & neere to them Burgh on the Sands, where king Edward the first breathed his last; great Nay-Church and Brunswicke [Birrenswirk] Hill in Scotland, we at the same time did see, which sight did sufficiently satisfy us, without the curiosity, or paines of travelling thither.

"Whilst we were thus rounding, facing, counter-marching and wheeling in this strong Garison Towne, we heard of a messenger from that truly noble Lord, we the last day missed on at Naworth, w<sup>th</sup> a curteous invitation to Dinner at Corby Castle the next day, (for there his Lp. then was) w<sup>ch</sup> we accompted (as it was indeed) a mighty favour, from soe noble a person, & sent backe his Lps. servant, w<sup>th</sup> the tender of our Services, till the next day that we were to wayte upon his Lp. to present them our selves.

"The next day wee went thither, & were by that generous brave Lord curteously and nobly entertayn'd, & sorry he sayd, he was, that hee was not at Naworth, to give us there the like. His Lps. Comaunds made us to transgresse good Manners, for neither would he suffer us to speake uncover'd, nor to stand up, (although our duty requir'd another posture) but plac'd us by his Lp. himselfe to discourse with him untill Dinner time.

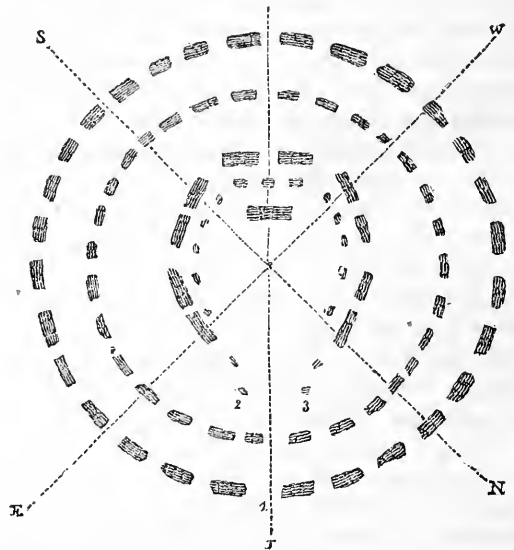
Anon appear'd a grave & virtuous Matron, his Hon<sup>ble</sup> Lady, who told us indeed we were heartily welcome, & whilst our Ancient & myself address'd our selves to satisfy his Lp. in such occurrents of Norfolke, as he pleas'd to aske, & desir'd to know, wee left our modest Captaine to relate to his noble Lady what she desir'd. These Noble twaine (as it pleas'd themselves to tell us themselves) could nott make above 25 yeeres both together, when first they were marry'd, that now can make above 140 yeares, & are very hearty, well, & merry, & long may they continue soe, for soe have they all just cause to pray, that live neere them; for

their Hospitality, & fre entertainm<sup>t</sup> agrees w<sup>th</sup> their generous & noble Extraction, & their yeares retaines the memory of their Hon<sup>ble</sup> Predecessors bountifull house keeping.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITY.—No. IV.

### RESTORED PLAN OF STONEHENGE.



NEXT in importance to the Temple at Abury,—but, from its local situation, of far greater notoriety, is STONEHENGE. This monument, which is about seven miles from Salisbury, on the Plain, is with'n sight of several principal roads leading from that city to London. Being much more artificial in its structure than the remains at Abury, there can be no hesitation in ascribing its construction to a later period.

The ruins of Stonehenge present a very picturesque appearance, and have often been represented, graphically, as taken from different stations. They are situated on a slight elevation of Salisbury Plain, about two miles to the west of Ambresbury. This temple consisted of one circle of vast stones of sixty cubits, that is one hundred and five feet in diameter; within this was a concentric circle of smaller stones, leaving a noble circular promenade of three yards wide between the outer and the inner circle, and of more than a hundred yards in extent. Within this second circle was part of an ellipsis, formed of five

groups of stones, which Dr. Stukeley calls *trilithons*, because consisting of three stones each, that is two uprights and a top stone. The upright stones are from seventeen to eighteen feet and a half high; the middle trilithon, or that farthest from the eye, being the highest. Within the ellipsis, leaving a moderate space, was a corresponding part of a concentric ellipsis of single stones, or pillars, half the height of the trilithons. The pillars forming the concentric circle were also half the height of those of the exterior circle, that is about eight feet. A singular trait distinguished Stonehenge from all other erections of this kind, viz. that the outer circle was crowned with a circular coping of heavy stones, after the manner of an architrave, so that it exhibited the appearance of a regular colonnade, but altogether rude. The uprights and the stones of this architrave were well fastened together by mortices and tenons; or egg-shaped protuberances, formed at the top of each upright, and cups cut in the under part of the top stones to receive them. We have nothing in this country similar to it.\* The nearest approximation is that of a little temple brought from the isle of Guernsey by General Conway, and erected in his park [Park Place] at Henley, in Oxfordshire, now a seat of the Earl of Malmesbury. This consists of a single pillar and a trilithon, in alternate succession.

Within the adytum, or inmost recess, of Stonehenge was a large stone of hard blue marble, sixteen feet long, four broad, and twenty inches thick; which is regarded as an altar stone. At the distance of sixty cubits from the outer circle a trench was formed, thirty cubits wide, that is fifty-two feet and a half; so that the whole diameter of this temple, from the outside of the trench on one side to the outside of the trench on the opposite side, was two hundred and forty cubits, or four hundred and twenty feet.---The outer trench or boundary, with which these sacred places were mostly surrounded, seems to have been adopted by the Canaanites, in imitation of the enclosure with which Moses, by divine command, surrounded Mount Sinai; and was possibly repeated on other occasions for the same purpose, viz. to exclude the people from too near an approach. The command to Moses was "set bounds about the mount and sanctify it." Dr. Stukeley gives us the following detail of the stones of which Stonehenge was composed.

Uprights of the great circle ..... 30  
Imposts to ditto. .... 30

\* Each upright of the ellipsis has one tenon, and each impost two mortices; but the uprights of the outer circle have each two tenons, and the imposts two mortices. Ed.

Inner circle .....	40
Uprights of outer oval .....	10
Imposts to ditto. ....	5
Inner oval .....	19
Altar.....	1
Stones within vallum .....	2
A large table stone .....	1
The distant pillar .....	1
There seems, the Doctor says, to have been another stone by the vallum, opposite the entrance .....	1

Total 140 stones.\*

The following comparative view of Stonehenge and Abury is worthy of attention, particularly as Stonehenge is overrated in point of magnificence, from the general ignorance of the existence of Abury; owing to the more secluded situation of the latter. Abury is not visible from the great Bath road, though but a few furlongs from it; while Stonehenge is a very conspicuous object from several public roads which cross the plain at no very great distance.

Number of stones at Abury .....	652
Ditto at Stonehenge.....	140
Extent of Abury.....	8750 cubits.
Ditto of Stonehenge .....	240

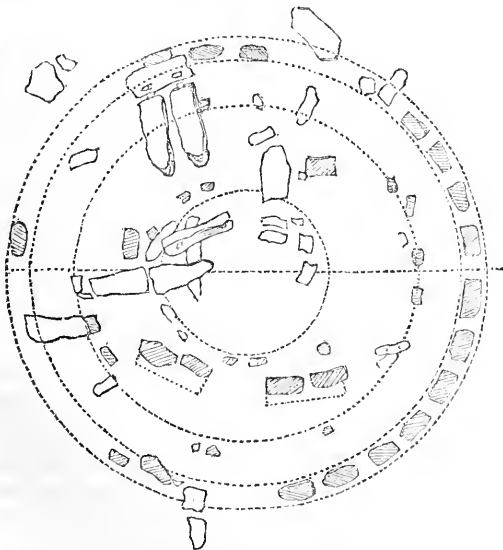
The largest of the stones at Abury is double the superficial dimensions of the largest of the stones of Stonehenge; yet the stones forming the outer circle at Stonehenge are almost uniformly as high as the highest of the Stones at Abury,—but they are much narrower.

At a few hundred yards north from Stonehenge is a large single stone, which there is reason to believe, was at the time of its being placed there, on a true meridional line passing through the circle;—and there is a similar stone north of the circle at Rollright, and some other places. These distant single pillars viewed from the centre of the circle would point to the north, and looking from the pillar to the centre would point to the south limb of the meridian.---The stones within the vallum, mentioned

\* In the cut prefixed, the initial 1. denotes a large flat stone, just within the vallum that surrounds the circle, but which could not be shewn in the print. That stone is in a direct line with the entrance, marked 1: the figures 2 and 3 shew the situations of two small trilithons. Near the trench, and almost opposite to each other, on the south-east and north-west sides are two stones, which have been conjectured by Dr. Owen Pughe to have formed part of a true bardic circle, erected some ages posterior to the temple itself. The superficial contents of the area, within the trench and vallum, is computed at about one acre and a quarter.—Ed.

by Dr. Stukeley appeared to the writer, when last at the place, to be on a line cutting the meridional line at right angles, and consequently indicating the east and west points of the horizon. The deviation of these ancient Cardinal points, from their present position, might, by referring to the periodical procession of the Equinoxes, enable us to come to some tolerable conclusion as to the period in which these structures were formed. The more elaborate forms of Stonehenge, and Abury, with the superior magnitude of the masses employed in each of these monuments, naturally lead us to refer them both to a much later period than that in which the single circles of smaller stones were formed,—and to one bordering on the commencement of regular architecture. It is probable that this period was but a few centuries prior to the subjugation of Britain by the Romans, and the conversion of its Pagan inhabitants to the Christian faith:—at which time these places of idolatrous rendezvous ceased to be erected in Britain.

The uprights and architrave of the exterior circle of Stonehenge presented to the eye of Inigo Jones so architectural an appearance, that he pronounced it to be a temple of the rudest Tuscan order, erected to the sun, by the Romans. But besides the fact, that there is not a single instance of any such work being executed by that people, the evidences of its being truly British are too many and too strong to leave any room for a doubt respecting it, in the minds of those who are acquainted with the works of the ancient Britons.



PLAN OF STONEHENGE AS IT NOW APPEARS.

In its present state, Stonehenge forms a very picturesque mass, but it is evident that many of the

stones have been removed or broken up, and carried away. Of the entire number of one hundred and forty there are not now more than eighty-nine and some fragments remaining.

A doubt has been expressed by some, as to whether these masses were indeed stone, or an artificial composition; but persons anywise acquainted with the texture of stone in general, and of sand-stone in particular, must smile at this example of scepticism. The difficulties started about where the stones were brought from, and how erected, admit of very brief answers. It is obvious from their textures, that the majority of the stones were brought either from Chilmark, where stones of a similar quality are quarried as large as sixty feet long, or from the Marlborough Downs, in the vicinity of Abury. Each of these places furnish stone of precisely the same quality with those of Stonehenge, and are not distant more than twenty miles from it.\* With respect to the bringing these stones to the spot and erecting them, the process would be slow, but within the power of human effort, aided by horses or oxen, and the simple mechanism of the lever and the roller. This applies, without exception, to the stones of Abury, but the peculiarities in the structure of Stonehenge called for some additional contrivance. This may reasonably be supposed to have been the inclined plain, formed of chalk and earth well rammed together.

In both Abury and Stonehenge a regular design must have first been formed; the execution of which must have commenced in the interior, for the large

\* We extract the following particulars of the nature of these stones from the late Dr. Robt. Townson's "Tracts and Observations on Natural History and Physiology."—"All the great pillars, as those forming the outward circle, the five pair innermost, and the great stone, with the five lateral ones near the ditch, are of a pure, fine-grained, compact sandstone, which makes no effervescence with acids. As far as the lichens, which cover the pillars, will permit one to judge, some are of a yellowish colour, others white. The second row of pillars, and the six, which are innermost of all, are of a kind of fine-grained grünenstein, where the black hornblende is the only constituent which has a crystalline form, or spatous appearance: this, in some pillars, is but sparingly scattered in the principal mass; in others, it forms a principal part. The mass, or ground, has a finely speckled green-and-white appearance, an uneven fracture, makes a slight effervescence with acids, and may be scratched with a knife: this stone strikes fire, difficultly, with steel. But in this second row there are two pillars of a quite different nature: that on the right hand is a true and well-characterized blackish siliceous shistus, the kiesel schiefer of Werner; that on the left is argillaceous shistus. The great slab, or altar, is a kind of greycoo, a very fine-grained calcareous sandstone: it makes a brisk effervescence in nitrous acid, but dissolves not in it; strikes fire with steel, and contains some minute spangles of silver mica."—Ed

stones employed in the core at Abury, and the trilithons of Stonehenge, could not have been introduced after the exterior works were completed. These two grand but rude monuments of British magnificence, indefatigable labour, and persevering application, seem to be the latest of the kind erected in this country. We are not to suppose, however, that these stupendous and complicated designs emanated from the minds of the Phœnician miners, or the British shepherds; but that they originated with the priests who came over with the Phœnician settlers in this country; and introduced the Canaanitish superstitions into it, which the inhabitants seem universally to have adopted. As King Solomon was supplied with cunning workmen and an able superintendent from Tyre, so it is highly probable that the Canaanitish priests in Britain might be supplied with able assistants from the same country.† The adytums or interior circles of Abury and Stonehenge bear such an analogy to the Holy of Holies in Solomon's Temple, as to induce the belief that they were formed subsequently to the Temple of Jerusalem, with which the Tyrian workmen were quite familiar.

The Temple at Abury, though so much more extensive in space, and composed of masses of stone so much larger than those of Stonehenge, is yet less artificial than the latter, though more so than any thing anterior to it; for the regular pillars and architrave of Stonehenge wanted nothing but the polishing operation of the chisel to class it under the lowest grade of architecture; indeed, the transition from this British

to a Tuscan colonnade would be a very ready one. To round the uprights and give them a plain capital, and render the faces of the architrave smooth by help of the chisel, would present the eye with a regular architectural temple. Stonehenge, strictly speaking, is not an unhewn structure, for on examination it is plain that the stones have had mortices and tenons formed in them, (by sharp pointed iron instruments) by which they were compactly united together. The uprights, also, appear to have had some art applied to reduce them to a certain degree of regularity or squareness of form. The instruments made use of were similar, probably, to that used by our quarry men at this day, viz. a pick, or hammer, about a foot long, with a flat head about two inches square, with the edges sharp, and the other end longer, a little curved, and sharp pointed at the extremity. The marks of such a sharp-pointed instrument are still perceptible on the acorn, or egg-shaped knobs on the tops of the uprights, and in the cups in the upper stones.

We will now inquire what light sacred patriarchal history will cast upon our researches into the original design of these vast structures. It is pretty evident, both from sacred and secular history, that the religious and civil practices of the patriarchs and their Canaanitish neighbours were similar in many respects. In their religious rites the patriarchs and the people of the country differed more in the *object*, than in the *mode*, of their worship; and it is not strange that it should be so, since sacrifices, which constituted a

† About a thousand years before Christ, Solomon applied to Hiram, King of Tyre, for assistance in building the temple which his father David projected, but which was reserved for him to accomplish. The correspondence between the two kings, for the light it throws on the state of the arts in Tyre, the capital of Phœnicia nearly three thousand years ago, may be considered as a choice gem of the higher archaeology. It begins with what may be called the condolence of Hiram with Solomon on the death of David his father, of whom Hiram "was ever a lover," and congratulations on account of his accession to the throne. In the next place, in Solomon's application to the Tyrian king for such help as he stood in need of, both in men and materials; Solomon sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, saying, "As thou didst deal with David, my father, and didst send him cedars to build him an house to dwell therein, even so deal with me.—Send me now therefore a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue, and that can skill to grave, with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and in Jerusalem, whom my father David did provide. Send me also cedar trees, fir trees, and algum trees, out of Lebanon, for I know that thy servants can skill to cut timber in Lebanon; and behold, my servants shall be with thy servants.—And behold, I will give to thy servants, the hewers that cut timber, twenty thousand measures of beaten wheat, and twenty thousand measures of barley, and twenty thousand baths of wine, and twenty thou-

sand baths of oil." Then Hiram, King of Tyre, answered, "in writing," which he sent to Solomon; "Because the Lord hath loved his people he hath made thee king over them." Hiram said, moreover, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that made heaven and earth, who hath given to David the king a wise son, endued with prudence and understanding, that might build an house for the Lord, and an house for his kingdom. And now I have sent a cunning man, endued with understanding, of Hiram my father's, the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father was a man of Tyre, skilful to work in gold, and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber; in purple, in blue, and in fine linen; and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out every device which shall be put to him, with thy cunning men, and with the cunning men of my lord David, thy father. Now, therefore, the wheat, and the barley, the oil, and the wine, which my lord hath spoken of, let him send unto his servants: and we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need, and we will bring it to thee in floats, by sea, to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem."—We have in these important documents a highly interesting account of the state of the arts among the Phœnicians, in the city of Tyre, in the fourteenth century of the postdiluvian era.—Vide ii Chronicles, chap. ii. See i Kings, chap. v. where Solomon writes,—“for thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians.”

principal part of worship, was derived by both from the same source, viz. the practice of Noah and his sons. Abraham erected altars and planted trees near them, most likely for the benefit of the shade which they afforded; such is the reason which the prophet Hosea assigns for these plantations. "They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks, and poplars, and elms, because the shadow thereof is good." The stones of memorial set up by the patriarchs to commemorate some singular interference of Divine Providence, became the appointed places of periodical assembling for religious and civil purposes; thus, we are informed that the prophet Samuel took a circuit, yearly, to *Bethel*, the pillar that Jacob erected; to *Gilgal*, the circle that Joshua ordered to be made; and to *Mizpeh*,\* and judged Israel in all those places; he then returned to Ramah, for there he resided, and there he judged Israel, and there he built an altar unto the Lord. It seems, from this account, that general assemblies were convoked, annually, at these three places, for the people at large; while such as were in the vicinity of his residence applied to Samuel as often as occasion required.

The practice of the ancient British priests, to whom the Greeks gave the name of Druids, on account of their reverence for the oak, was the same in Britain as in Palestine, for they were priests of Baal. At these eminent places of Abury and Stonehenge,† the priests and people assembled, at stated periods, to

\* Where he himself had set up the pillar, which he called Eben-ezer.

† In Rowley's "Battle of Hastings" (the discovery of whose poems was the cause of so much unmerited odium being cast on the unfortunate Chatterton,) the wide-spreading Plain of Salisbury, and its far-renowned monument, *Stonehenge*, are thus described:—

Where fruytless heathes and meadows cladde in greie,  
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble leade,  
The hungrie traveller upon his waie  
Sees a huge desarte all arounde hym spredde,  
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in wayne,  
'Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde  
Twimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,  
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey o'er his hedde,  
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.  
A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes  
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,  
It ne could be the worke of human handes,  
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.  
Here did the Brutons adoration paye  
To the false God whom they did Tauran name,  
Dightyng hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,  
Roastyng thei'r vyctimes round aboute the flame;  
'Twas here that Hengist did the Brytons sleepe  
As they were mette in council for to be.

try the causes that were brought before them, and to sacrifice to the sun and the moon, under the titles of Baal and Bealta, or Molock and Amaleta,---the lord and lady, or king and queen of heaven,—the sun being chief. The grand conventual meetings were regulated by the equinoxes and the solstices; at these periods were the general assemblies. Here, according to the best accounts of Druidical customs, the civil and criminal causes were heard and determined; here the native youth, as well as those of Gaul, as Cæsar informs us, were instructed in the learning and theology of the Druids; here hymns were chaunted in praise of the sun and moon and the host of heaven, and here the bards, with harp and voice, celebrated the acts of kings and heroes, and other persons of renown.

The judicial application of these circles is not only in unison with patriarchal practice, but receives some sanction from the names of a circle in Denmark, and another in Oxfordshire,—the first is *Dom*, or *Doom-ring*, the ring of *Doom*, or judgment,---the other is *Roll-right*, the circle of justice, equivalent to hall of justice.

## ON THE ANCIENT DOMESTIC

### ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND.

ARCHITECTURAL antiquities have justly been designated objects of the highest interest: they are existing memorials of past ages; they form a valuable record of mankind at many periods when history is at a fault; and while thus throwing a gleam of light on what would otherwise be in hopeless obscurity, the mouldering wall and the aged ruin carry with them a lesson of the perishableness and instability of man and his works, of which we but too frequently stand in need. Antiquity and decay are the sources of mysterious and indefinable feeling; "man is himself a ruin, and his sympathy is with desolation," for each day reminds him more forcibly of its connexion with himself. But the design of this paper is not so much to extract a moral from the mouldering vestiges of past ages, as to throw light upon the modes of living of our forefathers, as connected with the architectural peculiarities of their principal dwellings.

A connected history, or description of English Domestic architecture, with notices of the many noble examples which yet adorn the country, would be an interesting and instructive work; yet the field of inquiry it would open to us is of such vast extent, and

the labour of cultivation it discloses of such enduring solicitude, that individual enterprize may well shrink from engaging in the design. All that will be here attempted is to afford a general knowledge of the changes which the alterations of time and manners have wrought in the abodes of our ancestry, and to convey some idea of the interior arrangements.

Any speculations regarding the ancient British dwellings must, from the almost entire obliteration of their remains, be of little or no value; but perhaps it is fair to assume, from the occasional discovery of portions of Roman villas, that the habitations of the conquered might ultimately assimilate in some measure to those of the conquerors. In the times of the Saxons, the people, according to William of Malmesbury, lived in low and mean houses, generally destitute of any pretensions to strength or ornament. Circular or square towers, varying from three to five stories, were, however, built in several parts of the country, to serve as places of safety in time of need. Coningsburgh Castle, of which so accurate and interesting a description has been furnished by Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth," is considered to have been one of the most important of these strongholds; but still it is very evident that they were few in number.

William the Conqueror profited by this want of caution, and speedily set about the erection of strongholds, the better to secure the permanence of his conquest. "The whole kingdom," says the Saxon chronicle, "was covered with castles, and the poor people worn out with the forced labour of their erection." At so early a period as the latter part of the reign of Stephen, it is stated that there were eleven hundred and fifteen of these fortifications erected in England only. This policy, however, soon brought with it an evil of great magnitude to the sovereign, though ultimately the means of bringing about the great charter of our liberties. Secure within their defences, the lawless barons were continually confederating; and, to check as far as possible this evil, Henry II. ordained, that it should not be lawful to erect any castle without a license. The earliest license which is known to have been granted by this monarch was to the Lord Chancellor Scrope, authorising him to build a castle at Bolton.\*

The subsequent reigns afford many noble examples of castellated architecture. In Wales especially, many fortifications were erected of unrivalled extent and magnificence. The turbulent spirit and restless

activity of the Welsh people called forth the utmost skill of the architect in choosing the situation, and constructing the defences of the castles of that country; and the splendid strongholds at Carnarvon, Conway, and Harlech, all built in the reign, and it is supposed under the direction of Edward I., form existing evidences of great importance. The keep tower was enclosed by others of smaller dimensions, connected by flanking walls; forming in most cases a polygonal court yard, and, where the buildings were extensive, several distinct courts. The entrance over the moat and drawbridge was generally between two strong towers, the approach being also covered by an outwork, called a barbican. The doors were of great strength, and protected by iron plates, and the portcullis, (which could be let down before it by grooves in the wall) with other means of defence and annoyance,\* were resorted to, to repel any assault to gain an entrance by applying fire, or attempting to force the doors. The keep or donjon, formed the principal feature of the design; its vaults were used as a prison, the upper stories also serving for this purpose when occasion required, or for lodgings for the garrison, or as a refuge at the last extremity. It was provided with a well, of which there is a fine specimen in the lofty donjon of Carlisle Castle, which contains a well of immense depth, the supposed work of the Romans. Halls of stately dimensions often formed a material feature in the inner courtyard, of which there are fine examples at Conway and Beaumaris. The old fortified towers on the border of England and Scotland, which was anciently called the "Debatable land," are structures of considerable interest. The wild and lawless state of manners, which existed until a comparatively late period in that district, rendered stronger places of abode than the mere castellated mansion absolutely necessary for the security and protection of the inhabitants. Some of these structures comprised more conveniences within their narrow limits than could have been supposed to exist from their external appearance.

In the course of time, as the manners and institutions of the country "progressed" with increasing civilization, the stern character of ancient English residences became softened down. The first advance towards combining security with comfort seems to have been made about the latter part of the reign of Edward III.; and subsequently, by degrees, the

\* It is intituled "Licentia batellare, kernellare, et machicolare."

\* Amongst which were the machicolations, or openings in the parapet over the gateway, and in front of the embrasures, from whence melted lead, &c. could be poured on the enemy below.



castle gave place to the castellated mansion ; which was, in its turn, rendered better adapted to the wants and conveniences of more peaceful times.

The ground plan of the ancient mansion was generally quadrangular or oblong, according to circumstances; Eltham presenting an example of the former. Towers, of various dimensions, one of which was usually strongly fortified, were added to the edifice, of which we have examples at Cotehele, Compton Winyate, and East Barsham. The architects of the old time seem to have had the constituent features of religious houses, also, in view in forming their designs. The hall was in fact the refectory of the mansion ; and there were many instances of the principal courts of quadrangular houses being cloistered. It should, however, be remarked, that the mansion-house, except in edifices of considerable extent and consequence, seldom contained more than one court. Many were surrounded with moats, and in more remote times, approached by drawbridges, which gradually gave place to structures of stone, often defended by strong gateways in the inner side. Alterations were of course made from time to time in the style and character of old mansions, but the hall in most cases retained its original design.\* The exterior and interior views of the dining-room hall compose the principal features of the mansion. In the former point of view it was distinguished by its superior elevation, its turreted louver, its lofty windows, and projecting bay. The principal doorway entered upon a vestibule, or lobby, extending across the edifice, with a door of inferior dimensions at the opposite extremity ; having on one side the lower wall of the hall, in which were doors leading to the buttery and kitcheners's departments ; and on the other, the screen, a lofty partition of wood, designed to conceal these doors from the view of persons in the hall. The screen was often panelled with wood from top to bottom, and divided into compartments, which were enriched with shields and carved work, having usually two or three arched doorways opening on the lobby. In many instances, the minstrel's gallery was placed above this compartment, but it was not universal, and the screen at Eltham exhibits no traces of such a feature having ever existed there.

The hall, with few exceptions, consisted of a lofty and undivided room, in form a parallelogram. There have been examples where the main body of the apartment had spaces on either side, resembling the

design of a church, but they generally belonged to remote periods: Westminster Hall was anciently built on this plan. The hall of Raby Castle, which is elevated on a basement story, is also an exception to the usual plan of placing this room on the ground floor. The wooden roof was perhaps the most prominent feature, from its altitude, and the highly-enriched carved work, pendant corbels, and other decorations which adorned the bold arches of the ceiling. The heraldic bearings of the owner were emblazoned at the summit ; and the "top beam of the hall" was consequently a toast often drunk in allusion to him. A tier of windows ranged at some height from the floor, on one or both sides of the room ; of which Crosby Hall and Eltham furnish respective examples. At the upper end of the apartment, the floor was raised a step, which was called the *dais*, or high place. On one or both sides of the dais, according to the plan, was an oriel or bay window, which reached almost to the floor ; had often several sides, or faces, glazed, and was enriched with armorial bearings and other decorations, executed in stained glass. The dais was designed for the reception of the master of the house and his chief guests, who sat at a table placed parallel to the wall. The Aubrey MSS. furnish us with the following descriptive passage : "The lords of manours did eate in their great gothicque halls, at the high table or oreile, the folk at the side tables. The meat was served up by watchwords. Jacks are but an invention of the other daye ; the poor boys did turn the spitts, and licked the dripping-pan, and grew to be huge lusty knaves. The body of the servants were in the great hall, as now in the guard-chamber, privy-chamber, &c. The hearth was commonly in the midst, as at colleges, whence the saying 'round about our coal-fire.' Here, in the halls, were the mummings, cob-loaf stealing, and great number of old Christmas playes performed. In great houses were lords of misrule during the twelve dayes after Christmas. The halls of justices of peace were dreadful to behold. The screenes were garnished with corslets and helmets gaping with open mouth, with coates of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown-bills, battle-axes, bucklers, and the modern callivers, petronells, and (in King Charles's time) muskets and pistols."

The hearth was anciently placed, as stated by Aubrey, in the middle of the room, the fagots being piled against the *rere-dosse*, or fire-iron ; and the smoke escaped through the louver, a light open work turret in the roof, which formed a prominent, and in most cases, an highly ornamental feature in the exterior

\* It need scarcely be mentioned that many houses have thus derived their name.

of the edifice.\* Subsequently, a wide recessed, or arched fire-place was formed in the side of the room, the shaft of which sometimes projected beyond the outer wall:—this often led to the destruction of the then useless louver, but where preserved, it was glazed, changing its name to, and serving the purpose of, a lantern. The walls below the windows were either hung with tapestry or panelled with oak, and decorated with armour, antlers and various trophies of the chase, and defensive weapons. The halls at our Universities furnish an accurate illustration—particularly at dinner—of the style and customs of the olden time. Every ancient English mansion had a chapel annexed to it. It was one of its chief features, and though sometimes separate, generally occupied one side of the principal court, or ranged with the prominent buildings.

A doorway in the bay at the upper end of the hall led to the withdrawing-room, and also in many instances to the other apartments. The rooms thus added to the bay often contained a window, by means of which the host and his family could command a view of the banquet in the hall. The minstrel's gallery over the screen was sometimes used for a similar purpose. The alteration of manners in the first half of the sixteenth century led to the withdrawal of the family from the hall, and to the introduction of the dining parlour or banquetting-room, which was often an extensive gallery adjoining the withdrawing-room, with several bay or oriel windows; the upper classes gradually abandoning the custom of dining with their retainers in the principal hall. At first, this change seems to have been disapproved of; for, in the Ordinances of Eltham, made in 1526, mention is made "that sundry noblemen, gentlemen, and others, doe much delight and use to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the high chamber or hall, &c." The gallery was brought into use with the Elizabethan style of architecture, and became a prominent feature among the apartments of houses in that style.† The height of the windows from the ground is a common feature in ancient

domestic architecture; the chief rooms being universally placed on the upper floor;—this plan, which probably was originally adapted for security against sudden attack, long continued to be followed in our old houses. The staircases, in ancient times, were usually cylindrical, and were carried up in a separate turret; it was not until the age of Elizabeth that the massive staircase, with its broad hand-rails, balustrades, and enriched ornaments, was introduced into the mansion-house.

In the fourteenth century, ornamental carpentry had arrived at a very high degree of excellence. There are many examples of ancient timber houses yet remaining in this country. These structures possess a rude and distinctive character, and the massive proportions of the beams and timbers are generally of unnecessary strength, and take up much room that could otherwise be profitably occupied. We have also examples of the union of the Elizabethan and the more ancient styles, as at the old seat called the Longs, at Great Wraxhall, in Wiltshire. The intermixture of wood, brick, and stone, or wood and plaster, in the exterior of houses, was for a considerable period the common style of building; and might be said to flourish during the latter end of the fifteenth and a great part of the sixteenth century: many of these structures possess great durability. Masses of chimneys then formed a distinctive feature in the edifice: and were often most elaborately constructed and ornamented. Thornbury Castle presents some fine specimens of clustered chimneys. Overhanging roofs, walls of plaster with lofty gables, bay windows, and porches of timber, with each story projecting over the other, are so many characteristics of a mixed style, when the rude designs of the ancient timber houses became progressively intermingled with the massive architecture of a subsequent period; and the external use of timber in the walls continued to prevail for a very long time.\*

In the furniture of their houses our ancestors were in the upholsterer's department, even so late as the latter part of the sixteenth century, provided with but rude accommodation; but their tapestry, bed-furni-

\* An old author, writing in 1511, thus speaks of a custom which existed on "God's son-daye," or Easter-day. "Ye knowe well that it is the maner at this daye to do the fire out of the hall, and the black wynter brondes, and all things that is foule with fume and smoke shall be doue awaye; and there the fire was shall be gayly arrayed with fayre flowres, and strewed with green ryshes all aboute."

† The extensive passages in some ancient houses have no doubt been originally similar to the open galleries round our old inns, of which we have so many examples; and were ultimately enclosed for comfort and convenience.

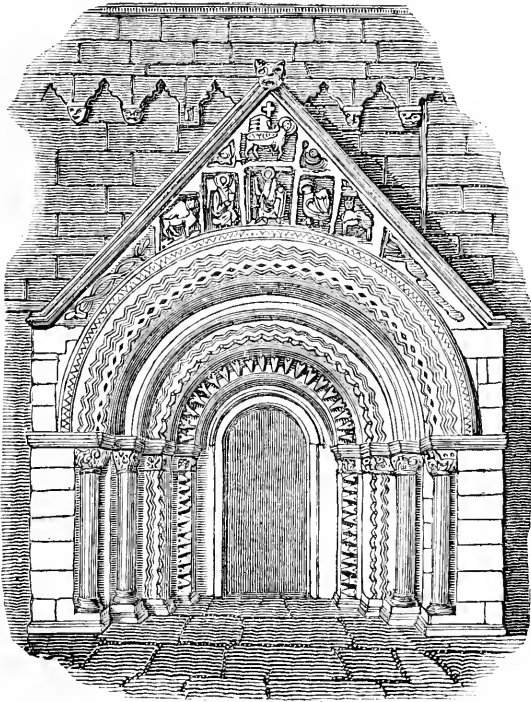
\* As an example amongst other singular edifices of the sixteenth century, we may adduce Beaconsfield Rectory, the basement story of which is completely built of glazed bricks in chequered patterns;—the superincumbent story has elevated roofs and gables, and is constructed with massive timbers placed near together, and plastered between. The staircase, which is semi-cylindrical, and composed of timber, is added to the north side of the house. The entire structure forms three sides of a quadrangle, with a lofty wall and entrance on the fourth. Its interior is rude and massive.

ture, and the magnificence of their plate, far surpassed similar articles in modern times. Carpets were rarely used, and in the description of an interview with Queen Elizabeth at the palace of Placentia, at Greenwich, in 1598, which appears in the travels of Paul Hentzner, a German, it is stated, "We were admitted by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the presence-chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor after the English fashion strewn with hay (rushes), through which the Queen commonly passes in her way to the chapel."

VYVYAN.

## ADEL, OR ADDLE CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.

AN ANGLO-NORMAN STRUCTURE.



SOUTH ENTRANCE OF ADEL CHURCH.

ABOUT six miles north-westward from Leeds is the village of ADEL, OR ADDLE, the *Adhill* of the "*Liber Regis*," which the Rev. Dr. Whitaker supposes to give the true etymology of the word:—that is, the Hill of Ada, the first Saxon colonist of the place.\* This parish includes five manors, all of which, at the time of the Domesday survey, were the property of Earl Morton, to whom they had been granted by William the Conqueror. From the same record it

\* Vide "*Loidis and Elmete*," p. 174.

appears, that these manors had antecedently belonged to Alward, a Saxon; and that at the time of the survey they were held under the Earl, by one Richard.

Adel Church, which is a small, but very complete specimen of *Anglo-Norman* architecture, was most probably erected almost immediately after the compilation of the Domesday Book; for as that muniment, though particular in its account of the manors which still constitute the parish, does not mention a Church in any one of them, we may conclude that it did not then exist:—yet its simplicity of form and peculiarity of ornament sufficiently indicate that it must have been constructed within a few years from that time. Thoresby, indeed, notices a tradition that the parish church had once stood upon *Black Hill*,\* an eminence to the north of the village, where numerous vestiges of an extensive Roman settlement have been discovered, and where, on the slope, there are still very distinct remains of a Roman camp. "It is a Church," says our author, "of the most antique form that ever I beheld; and being built of small squared stones, like the *Roman* wall and multangular tower in York, I verily thought it the remains of some Roman temple, till I found in it some Christian Histories, (particularly the descent of the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, at our Saviour's baptism,) wrought upon stone in basso relievo, but after so extremely rude a manner, as sufficiently evinces their great antiquity."†

Adel Church is dedicated to St. John Baptist, and although, as we have seen, it is not noticed in the Domesday Book, it was certainly standing in the time of William Rufus: this appears by the foundation deed and charter of confirmation of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, at York, to which house, "the Church of St. John at Addle, and half the village of Addle, with its appurtenances" were given, in the above reign, by Ralph Paganel, the founder.‡ The Church is again mentioned in a grant made to the monks of Kirkstall, in King Stephen's reign, by William Painell, who bestowed on them "in pure alms, &c. that land which the villeins of the parish gave to the Church of Adell, when dedicated." From these combined circumstances, there can be no hesitation in fixing the erection of this edifice at a date somewhat prior to the year 1100.

\* Vide "*Ducatus Leodiensis*," p. 161, edit. 1816.

† Ibid. The Roman station would seem to have been called *Burg-durum*; which in the Domesday Book is written *Burhe-dura*, a name which in subsequent records is softened into *Burdurum* and *Burdon*; but in after ages even that appellation was altogether lost.

‡ Vide Whitaker's "*Loidis*," &c. p. 178.

In its exterior, Adel Church presents little remarkable except the *South Doorway*, which, as shewn in the preceding cut, is a very beautiful example of Anglo-Norman masonry and decorative sculpture. From the strait joints, however, and other appearances of the work, it is evident that this entrance was not constructed with the Church, but is an adjunct of a somewhat later period. The arches, forming the recess, are supported both by circular columns and square piers; the capitals of which exhibit intervolved animals and foliage of much fancy. There are five gradations of the recess, in the third and fourth of which the curious zig-zag and birds' head mouldings of the arch are continued to the bases of the piers. The second arch is faced by round and hollow mouldings, boldly cut; and the outward arch by mouldings of a complex zig-zag form, bounded by an indented water-table. A grotesque head surmounts the apex of the pediment: the latter exhibits (with other fanciful devices) the figures of the several persons of the Holy Trinity, (which have *leaden* eye-balls), and the respective symbols of the four Evangelists. There are also remains of different names, as that of *TAVRVS*, &c. sculptured on one of the capitals. The walls of the church are strengthened by flat buttresses, and along the upper part extends a sort of ornamental blocking course, of grotesque and other heads, from which spring an equally-extended string course of intervening arches. Where the Norman windows have not been enlarged, they remain very long and narrow: in some instances plain, in others, with the zig-zag moulding.

The interior consists of a nave and chancel only, which are separated from each other by a semicircular archway of three gradations, as delineated in the annexed print, which exhibits the chancel division: there are neither aisles nor columns: the sculptured heads, which diversify the ornaments of the outer arch, display much grotesqueness and extravagance of design; some of them appearing to be swallowing up other heads and figures, and others making singular grimaces.

(To be continued.)

### LINES

ON PRESENTING A LADY WITH A BRANCH OF HEATHER GATHERED  
ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, AUG. 24th 1832.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, ESQ.

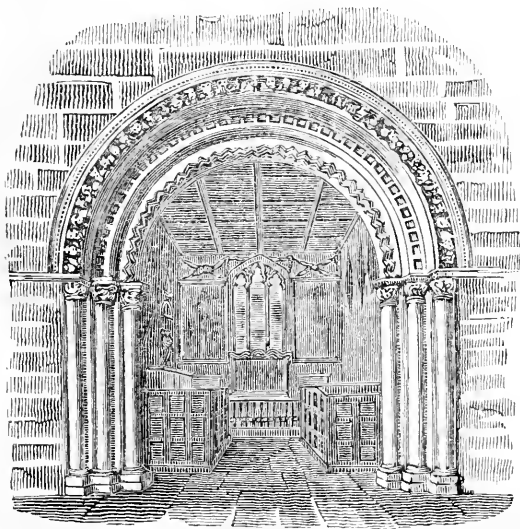
THIS little flower of purple hue,  
Alas! 'tis wither'd now!—  
Once bloom'd in fields where wander'd few  
Save those who guide the plough.  
Of them, perchance, some wanton hand  
Might crop it, wondering why  
Nature fair flow'rets bade expand,  
To blossom and to die.

At sunset hour no minstrel there  
Stroll'd listlessly along  
To pluck it for his lady fair,  
Or bid it grace his song.  
'Twas *then* no more than others are  
That court the eye of day,  
A thing to wreath round labour's car,  
Or worthless cast away.

But *now* the very palest bell,  
Within those fields that blows,  
Exerts a wilder, prouder spell  
Than Cashmere's reddest rose;  
For blood has been, like rain-drops, shed  
In conquest's crimson hour,  
And many a gallant heart hath bled  
Where grew this purple flower.

And ah! how many a beauteous brow  
Hath droop'd in anguish deep,  
For husband and for son, that now  
In death's cold chambers sleep.  
Gone, gone are both—yet wild flow'r's wave  
Their blossoms bright and fair,  
As though within each silent grave  
No warrior slumber'd there.

Then, lady, if the flower I bring  
Its bright hues may have lost,  
Still from it higher feelings spring  
Than rarer flow'rets boast.  
Others of hope, of love may tell,  
And hearts devote, and true;  
This hallows Valour's glorious spell,—  
'Twas pluck'd at WATERLOO!



ARCHWAY BETWEEN THE NAVE AND CHANCEL.

## ELIZABETH COLLEGE, GUERNSEY.

*(Continued from page 170.)*

IN consequence of the waning state of this Establishment, and from the general desire of the inhabitants of Guernsey to have it rendered more effective, his Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor, in December 1823, appointed a Committee\* to investigate all the circumstances connected with the school; and among other points, to ascertain the best mode of assuring its future permanent efficiency and prosperity, without perverting the intention of the foundress.

The College Committee nominated a sub-committee to make the requisite enquiries, and, in May 1824, a well considered and laborious Report (extending to between seventy and eighty printed pages, 4to.) was delivered in;—which, among other things, recommended a completely new arrangement of the institution, in respect to its government; an extensive enlargement of the system of education; and, as far as practicable, that the instruction of the scholars should be accompanied with the establishment of exhibitions to the University of Oxford.

It might be tedious to enter into a full statement of the subsequent proceedings, but we may be permitted to remark that, to the lasting honour of all the parties concerned, it was determined that the *College Establishment* should be entirely renovated, and placed upon such an efficient basis as would secure to the inhabitants of the Island an enlarged education for their children, at a moderate charge; that the Parochial Schools of the nine country parishes should also receive additional support; and that the combined course of instruction should be such, as to render it unnecessary any longer for the native youth to be sent to England, or to other parts, for the purpose of tuition.

In regard to the foundation itself, it was further arranged, that a new College should be erected, and maintained at the expense of the States, and that its future government should be vested in the Governor of the Island, as patron; the Lieutenant Governor and the Dean, as Visitors; and a Board of Directors, consisting of thirteen persons, three of whom, viz. the

Bailiff, the Lieutenant Bailiff, and the Dean, as *Rector of St. Peter-Port*, should be such in virtue of their offices; eight others are to be appointed by the States, and the remaining two to be nominated by the Lieutenant Governor. There is also to be a Clerk, and when deemed expedient, Special Visitors, to be appointed by the King.

The New College was built from the designs, and under the direction of John Wilson, Esq., architect; the foundation stone having been laid by Sir John Colborne, in the summer of 1826. Including numerous incidental charges and disbursements for objects not originally contemplated, among which was the removal of the mound, or cliff, between the College and St. James's Church; the erecting an iron railing, with gates and a porter's lodge, the joint expense (with the parish) of sinking a well and constructing a cast-iron rotatory pump, warm-air stoves, air flues, grates, &c., the entire expense amounted to £14,754 2s. 3d.—Of that sum, £664 14s. was paid to Mr. Wilson, by way of salary, (at £250 yearly,) and £50 for additional superintendence.

This building, which forms a parallelogram of two stories above the basement, is of excellent masonry and considerable extent. Its architectural character is appropriate, and its internal arrangements are extremely judicious. At the angles are square towers, embattled, and from the central part of the roof rises another square tower of greater magnitude and height, which is additionally ornamented by lofty pinnacles, of an octagonal form; an embattled parapet, also, surmounts the walls on each side.† The hall is large and handsome, and its stuccoed ornaments, which are of a novel and peculiar cast, increase the effect. The basement story, under the School-rooms and College hall, has been fitted up for the use of the scholars in bad weather; and bed-rooms and other apartments have also been constructed in the roof.

Whilst the building was proceeding, the necessary regulations for the future government of the College were devised, and the plan of education determined on;—and, indeed, these points were so far carried into effect, that when the College was first publicly opened, on Thursday, August the 20th, 1829, there were already about one hundred and fifty boys connected with the establishment. On that day, the Bailiff and Jurats of the Island, with General Ross, the Lieu-

\* This body consisted of the following gentlemen, viz.: Major Thomas Fiott De Havilland, (President,) Major Dacre Lacy, the Reverends Thomas Brock and Richard Potenger, (Secretary,) and Messrs. Daniel de Lisle, William Dalgairns, Thomas and John Carey, Joseph Collings, Frederick Mansell, Bonamy Maingy, and John Jeremie.

† In this, as in many other buildings by modern architects, there is the very evident defect of making the embrasures much too wide, in proportion to the merlons. Surely, the original design of battlements, that is, for the purposes of safety, as well as of offence, should not be entirely forgotten.

tenant Governor, his staff, and the Public authorities, headed by a procession, consisting of the Principal, Vice-principal, and other Masters and Tutors of the School, (together with the Scholars,) repaired to St. Peter's Church, where prayers were read by the Dean, (Dr. Durand,) and *Te Deum*, and other anthems, sung. They then returned to the College, where, in the spacious Examination Hall, a crowded assembly were addressed respectively, by the Bailiff and president Director, (Daniel de Lisle Brock, Esq.) Colonel de Havilland, the Vice-President, and the Rev. G. Proctor, B.D., the new Principal, on the antiquity, objects, apparent prospects, and future efficiency, of the institution.\*

Under the present system the schools are conducted by a Principal, Vice-Principal, a First and Second Classical Master, a Mathematical Master, a Master and assistant of the Lower School, a Commercial Master, two French Masters and an assistant, a Master of Drawing and Surveying, &c.; besides Extra Masters for the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, and for Music, Dancing, and Fencing. The principal Masters are permitted to take private scholars on fixed terms for board and tuition;—and the terms are also fixed of the extra masters.

The course of instruction for the day scholars, or those on the foundation, includes Divinity, History, Geography, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, English, Mathematics, Arithmetic, and Writing; at a charge, in the Upper School, of £3 per quarter, and in the Lower, or Preparatory School, of £1 10s. per quarter: for Drawing and Surveying, 15s. per quarter. The terms for private scholars, and which include all College dues, and subscriptions for Exhibitions and prizes of medals, &c. vary from £60 annually, boarding with the Principal, to £46 annually, with the first Classical Master.

The established Exhibitions are, First, an Exhibition of £30 per annum, for four years, founded by the Governor of Guernsey, in 1826, to the best Classical Scholar, a native of the Bailiwick, or son of a native; Secondly, four Exhibitions, for four years, of, at least, £20 per annum, founded by subscription in 1826, to the best scholars, severally, in Divinity, Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages; Thirdly, an Exhibition, for four years, of £20 per annum, founded in 1827, by Admiral Sir James Saumarez, Bart. G.C.B., to the best Theological

and Classical Scholar; Fourthly, an Exhibition of £20 per annum, for four years, from 1830, to the best Classical Scholar, given by Major-General Sir John Colborne, K.C.B. in 1828. There are likewise two Exhibitions from the Lower to the Upper School, of £6 per annum for one year or more, founded by the Directors in 1829.

## REMARKS

### ON THE MODERN USE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL STYLE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—No. I.

IN one of the early essays of this work, we have taken a cursory view of the claims which our old national architecture has upon the imitative study of modern practitioners, as compared with the modes of *classic* origin. We may now, perhaps, be allowed to amplify our considerations upon this subject, as being one which opens to our view so extensive a range and so luxuriant a prospect, that we are alike willing and impelled to bestow upon it a more detailed investigation. The advocates of the systems of Greece and Rome, however, have long been, and are numerous and influential; and we will therefore, at present, decline all direct or comparative notice of their favourite styles, fully satisfied that, left in such hands, they will lose none of those recommendations which may be their due. For our own part, we cannot repress a strong and almost instinctive partiality for that mode of architecture whose picturesque beauties feast the eye, and whose mouldering dignity abstracts the heart in some part of almost every scene that presents itself to the view of the British traveller; and if to such a feeling we may not be allowed to apply the epithet "patriotic," in its common appropriation of civil or military honour, we must still claim for its source the humble patriotism of the antiquary and the artist. As entertaining, thus, sentiments of a deep interest in all those varieties of style exhibited in the yet-remaining edifices of our native land, from the earliest times down to the period of the introduction and ultimate prevalence of that which was called *classic taste*; we may proceed to inquire how far those varieties may be made available to the purposes of modern architectural application, and what principles demand to be observed in the treatment of any mode upon its *being* thus approved as available.

The first in the chronological order of our national styles of building of which we have any remaining

\* The fact was stated by Col. de Havilland, that, under the new regime, many English families had already sent their sons to Guernsey for education.

characteristic examples, is the Anglo-Saxon; a style, however, which, so far as we can trace it, presents to view as close an approximation to the Anglo-Norman in its principles as in its history; so much so, indeed, that the latter epithet may in the use of the artist comprehend the former. The distinction, if any, is not so much between two modes as between two different degrees of cultivation of the same mode; the erections subsequent to the Norman conquest exhibiting only the progressive improvement and increased elegance which the lapse of years and the multiplication of edifices under a new and ostentatious nobility would have a tendency to produce. Is then the Anglo-Norman style, as brought to its perfection in the twelfth century, in any respect suited to the purposes of modern architecture? To this question we conceive, we may safely give a general answer in the negative, and that for the following reasons.—That the Norman style is but an obvious deterioration of the Roman, whence indeed, it has been not inaptly designated by the epithet *Romanesque*; that while it appropriates the great Roman feature of the semi-circular arch, it produces few effects that may not be attained with greater elegance and originality in the parent-style; and that, however *curious* its *details* may be, they are for the most part only *beautiful* as they resemble the classic models from which they are derived. We say that the Norman produces few effects that may not be attained in the Roman with equal success; of the excepted few, however, we may select as the most remarkable the peculiarity of the compound receding arch. This striking combination of concentric retiring curves, is finely displayed in numberless old doorways in this country, as in that of the well-known Temple church in the Metropolis, and in those of the ruined priories of Dunstable and Colchester; in the venerable ruins of Malmesbury; and especially in the noble west-front of the Abbey church of Tewkesbury. This peculiarity of feature, we admit, could not be introduced with facility in a Roman form; but in the disuse of the Norman system, we have no need to discard the beauty resulting from retiring concentric arches, which are, under some modification, perfectly admissible in, and indeed familiar to the Pointed style, and may in that style be carried out to the production of yet finer results than any to which we can already refer. Another ornament, also, frequently found in Norman architecture, viz. that of columns supporting intersecting semicircular arches, may be readily superseded in the pointed style by a kindred feature in the current disposition of a series

of vertical foliated arch-compartments. As to all minor points of embellishment, the style in question will be found in general to bear so close a resemblance either to that which preceded, or to that which followed it, that almost all that is worthy of commendation in the Norman, will be embraced by and perpetuated in the Roman or the Gothic. In short, we are disposed to consider that the charms which this style possesses are, principally, those resulting from remoteness of antiquity and from historical association; and that therefore, the imitation of such a mode must for the most part indicate a questionable taste, since, while the result is rather curious than beautiful, the great recommendation of the *venerable* will be wanting, and the production will be (to use a common phrase) mere *make-believe*, after all. These remarks, however, will of course apply only to works in which the artist is unfettered in the choice of his style; in matters of restoration, or in any small features of addition, he cannot in reason do otherwise than conform to the spirit of his prototype. As a further objection to the modern imitation (in original works) of the Norman style, we may remark that the character of that style is diametrically opposed to lightness of effect,—a circumstance of which we should be more sensible, did we more frequently see specimens of it in its purity, and unsustained by the relief which it derives from the usual intermixture of the lighter features of the succeeding gothic. Once more, we may observe that not only are the merits of the style under consideration of a questionable order, but that, while its simplicity is far too strict for our convenience, its resources are much too limited to furnish us with the necessary precedents for numberless minor matters of decorative utility;—matters which, in our usage, must have a great influence on the general character of any edifice, but in the treatment of which the architect may be in some danger of following an imaginary style rather than that which he professes to adopt. It may, indeed, be urged, that by a reference to the fountain-head of the mode in question, in the architectural remains of Normandy, we shall gain considerable light upon many subordinate matters. To a certain extent this representation is true; but we must not forget that the architecture of Normandy is that of a district, not of an era, and that all its later specimens, though characterized by a very decided local peculiarity, exhibit a variation in style answering to the progressive alterations in mode which have from time to time affected the buildings of other continental parts, and our own. It would, therefore, be altogether foreign to the purpose, to consult, with an



implicit deference, the edifices of Normandy in order to gain information upon the Anglo-Norman style.—That this style is thus too limited for the attainment of elaborate compositions and beautiful effects, as well as inappropriate to the objects of convenience, it has been the design of these remarks to prove: those varieties of mode which belong to subsequent periods, will form the subject of our future considerations.

E. T.

## TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1634.

(Continued from p. 192.)

Amongst other Dishes that came then to his Lps. Table, one there was serv'd in at the second Course, w<sup>ch</sup> was not usual, *a live Roe*, & as there was great store of Venison, soe was there plenty of wine, & as freely these two noble Persons commaunded it to be filled. I verily thinke his Honor may co<sup>m</sup>maund venison there, as our Southerne Gentlemen doe sheep heere: for I heard his Lp. say, that his Sonnes had then kill'd out of his owne Parkes 120 Buckes of this Season. Soone after Dinner, wee desir'd to take our leaves, & to that end wee p<sup>r</sup>esented ourselves, w<sup>ch</sup> his Lp. courteously graunted, after wee had told him our designes, & co<sup>m</sup>maunded one of his Gentlemen to accompany us over those dangerous ffells, & to be our Guide to Graystocke Castle: his Noble Nephew, & himselfe vouchsaf'd to bring us through his Gardens & walkes to the River side, & there committed us to a noble Gentleman his Sonne, to passe in a boat w<sup>th</sup> us over the sayd River [Petterel.] After mentioning their courteous entertainment at Graystocke Castle, by Sir William Howard, the Writer thus proceeds:

“From thence wee hastened to our Inne at Perith w<sup>ch</sup> was not far, yet what with the stony wayes, & the losse of our Captaine Dehumas, soe hinder'd our travelling pace, that made us bring night thither: There we lodg'd, and the next day iourney'd to Kendall, through such wayes, as wee hope wee never shall againe, being no other but climbing, & stony, nothing but Bogs & Myres, on the tops of those high hills, so as wee were enforc'd to keepe these narrow, loose, stony, base wayes, though never so troublesome & dangerous: & marke the mischiefe, if a man marke not his way very well, & so chance to be out but a wea bit, the rude, rusticall & ill-bred

People, w<sup>th</sup> their gainging and yating, have not will, enough to put us in; we could not understand them, neither would they understand us, that had we not happily lighted on a good old man (having lost our way in this days travell upon the ffalls, [*fells*]) wee had beene (if not gravell'd) I am sure mir'd, & lay'd up irrecoverably, without help or hopes: for wee had as much adoe although w<sup>th</sup> his directions, to get off safely, as a tatter'd ship in distresse of weather. It was a hundred to one that wee should so escape this eminent land danger, as this good old man made it painly & evidently appeare to us: well, through his help (thanks be to God) wee escaped. On we went for Kendall, desiring much to be releas'd of those difficult & dangerous wayes, which for the space of 8 miles travelling a slow marching pace wee pass'd over nothing but a most confus'd mixture of Rocks & Boggs.”

After passing the Emont, “we pass'd by another Bridge, another River, neere to the brinke whereof stands Broom Castle [Brougham Castle]; few other Seats in this dayes tiresome march did appeare, unlesse some small clusters of poore cottages in those deep valleys by. I thinke the sun had nev<sup>r</sup> shone on them, yet by those bare-legg'd Rusticks ycleped villages, sicke [such] they were, as we never saw before, nor likely ever shall see againe.”

Kendall. “This Towne is like a windmill Saile: the Church is large, having 5 alleys in it, 6 rowes of Seats, 4 of Pillers, & what shall wee need say more of this Ancient Barony.”—“Not far from this Towne is a miraculous standing water of a great depth, and 10 mile long, and one mile broad, wherein there is a ffish called a Charr, something like a Trout, w<sup>ch</sup> in the winter season are exceeding plentifull, the like whereof is no where else to be seene in England.”

The next day, passing by a few seats, “we entered into the famous County Palatine of Lancaster, by a fayre, lofty, long, archt Bridge over the River Lun. Wee were for the George in Lancaster, & our Host was the better acquainted with the affayres of the Shire, for that his brother was both a Justice of the Peace & a chiefe Gaoler there, by vertue whereof wee had some co<sup>m</sup>maund of the Castle, w<sup>ch</sup> is the hon<sup>r</sup> & grace of the whole Towne. The stately, spacious & Princely strong Roomes, where the Dukes of Lancaster lodg'd. It is of that ample receipt, & in so good repayre, that it lodgeth both the Judges & many of the Justices every Assizes. It is a strong & stately Castle; & co<sup>m</sup>maunds into the Sea.”

Proceeding the next morning, by several Seats & Castles, upon the Rivers Dee & Ribble, "w<sup>ch</sup> last wee pass'd over by a fayre arch'd Bridge, within 5 or 6 miles of the Sea, w<sup>ch</sup> cutts this shire in sunder iust in her narrow middle. The wayes being so pleasant, the situations so sweet, the soyle so good & fertile, as made us truant and beguile our selves in the Time, & to undergoe such fortune as is incident to Travellers, for being benighted, wee mistooke our way, & were in great danger amongst those deep Hell Coal-pitts; for w<sup>ch</sup> way soever wee tooke, we were still led to those Tartarean Cells, w<sup>ch</sup> our Horses discovered sooner than wee could, & by their snuffing made us take heed of them: surely some of the Infernall Spiritts have their residence in them.

"It was now time or never to consult what was fittest & speediest to be done, to free us out of this blacke & dismall danger, and whilst we were at a stand, & in consultation, the melodious sound of a sweet Cornet arrested our Eares, (may those sweet blastes ever give content to all as to us) for we were guided & conducted through woods, from this darksome haunted place, by the sounding thereof, to a stately fayre house of a Gentleman [Mr. Standish of Standish] that was the High Sheriffe of that good rich Shire this yeere, into whose custody we had committed our selves but that wee understood that his house was that night full of Strangers."

Went on to Wiggan, "where we rested that night: wee came thither late & weary, & had fayre quarter afforded vs, by a fat honest Host, an Alderman, & a jovial blade, his own Castle was full, yet did he billet vs at his overthwart Neighbours, in two sumptuous Chambers, where we all soundly slept after our (that dayes) enchantm<sup>t</sup>."

The next Morning, after visiting the Church, "we hastned to our Joviall Alderman, but he with a noble boone Parson, another honest Gentleman, & Mr. Organist, did arrest vs, in their fayre Market Place, & kindly invited us to their mornings draught, a Whiskin of Wiggin Ale, w<sup>ch</sup> they as heartily, as merrily whist off, as freely & liberally they call'd for it. It was as good as they that gave it, for better Ale, & better Company no Travellers whatsoever would ever desire. I dare say he was no ordinary Parson, neither in his Condition, nor Calling; for his Seale stil'd him an Arch-Deacon, that's his Condition; and what he call'd for, hee freely pay'd for; that's his Calling: There were other men of his Coat generous like himselfe, sure some of his neere Neighbours, into whom he had infus'd soe courteous a garbe."

After Breakfast the following day we "bad this good company adieu. This honest Parson would not let us passe w<sup>thout</sup> a speciall token, and badge of his Love, presented every one of us a Peece of Canall Plate, w<sup>ch</sup> we kindly accepted off, and so shooke hands, and away for Chester, through many fayre Townes, but especially two sweetly built and situated, [Preston and Warrington;] and by as many fayre stately seates, and situations, and more especially two, the one a goodly Castle, and Parke, a large priviledg'd place, plac'd on a high Hill, [Houghton Castle, the King's;] the other not far from that, [Rock Savadge, the Lord Savadges,] sweetly and stately situated, upon a curious ascent neere the banke of a pleasant River, [the Weaver] which there meets another River, [the Marsie] and so runs into the Sea; the latter of w<sup>ch</sup> Rivers divides those two famous County Palatines, Lancaster and Chester, by a great and fayre Archt Bridge, against that sumptuous rich building and Parke of that noble Lords, [Frosdam, Sir John Savadge's] and another neat Seat of a Knight's [Sir Peter Lee's.] Before we came thither we past through a Towne, where the worth of the Parsonage wee cannot forget, deserving a marginall Note. [Winwicke, worth £2,000 p<sup>r</sup> ann<sup>m</sup>.] There wee bestow'd some small time in viewing such a Church, as maintaines such a fat Rector, and in her the Monum<sup>t</sup> and Chappell of the Gerrards."

At Chester. Went to the Cathedral, "to heare a grave Prebend preach in his Surplice. This place was not answerable to others we had pass'd, unlesse to Carlisle, it is an old building of white stone, neither was there any ancient monum<sup>t</sup> of note or value."

"In our marching the City rounds, wee pass'd over 4 Gates, w<sup>ch</sup> she dayly openeth to let in both her owne Country-men, and her neighbouring Welsh Shentles: At one of these Gates next the said River wee tooke an exact view of the rare Water-workes, w<sup>ch</sup> are Middletoniz'd, and brought up to a high Tower, on the top of the Gate-house, and from thence convey'd by Trunckes and Pipes, all the City over, as in London. The River w<sup>thin</sup> 8 or 10 miles of the City falls into the Sea, upon the Sandes close all along the City Walls: to Wales ward is a long fayre Race for Horses, where hur will run her Welsh Tyke, with the proudest pamper'd Courser of our English Breed."

"This wall hath many strong watch Towers to guard her, and one kept cleanly, neat, and trim by the spruce company of Barbers.

"In the Market place, and heart of the City, yo<sup>e</sup> may walke dry in any wet weather on a Gallery on either side of the Streets by all the Shops, under

Arches, and Buildings, about 2 yards high, ietting into the Street; the forme is rare, the buildings but indifferent. The Cittie and her buildings are very ancient, and soe are the Lawes, and Priviledges, both in her, and in the whole Principallitie: for she is providently govern'd by a Mayor, 2. Sheriffes, 24. Aldermen, of the number were 4. of great ranke, and worth, 2. whereof are L<sup>ds</sup> and 2. Knights, and a Recorder.

"In this City stands a stately and strong habitable Castle, wherein the Judges of the Circuit lye. Before yo<sup>e</sup> passe ouer y<sup>e</sup> fayre archt Bridge into the inner Court, on the left hand in the Case Court stands the great and spacious Hall, where they sit on one Bench together a whole weeke, the High Sheriffs place being on y<sup>e</sup> one side, and the Constables of the Castle on the other. Adioyning to it is y<sup>e</sup> Exchequer, where their Courts Palatine are kept, wherein sometime sitts that old Earle the Cheife Chamberlaine, vsually, and often the vice-chamberlaine, and constantly and daily, the Attorneys, and Clerks, w<sup>th</sup> other Officers, as Purseuants, seale-keepers, &c. In this Court are plac'd the Armes of the 8. Barons, whereof one onely is now extant—[the Baron of Kinderton.]

"There is 8. Chvrches in the City, in one of them called St. Maries, is Troplis Chappell, where upon a curious Monument of Alabaster lyes the L<sup>d</sup> Troplie, and his Ladie, a Princesse; his sons Tombe, and his Ladys, the Earle of Shrewsbury's Daughter; and both the ffather and the sonne in their martiall habits.

"The Citizens retaine an old order and custome, w<sup>th</sup> is this, allwayes on Christmas euen the Watch begin, and the Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and fortye of the Coñon Counsel goe about the Cittie in tryumph, w<sup>th</sup> torches, and fireworkes. The recorder making a speech of the Antiquity of her, founded by Gyants. On Midsummer euen, the Giants and some wild Beasts (that are constantly kept for that purpose) are carry'd about the Towne. By this, time it was to leaue this ancient City, w<sup>th</sup> did so florish in y<sup>e</sup> dayes of renowned King Edgar: yet ere we part from her, wee must give the Governor of her his due, by whom wee were gently and courteously entertain'd in his owne House, who being call'd away by his Brethren to the Penthouse, thither also he kindly requested vs to accompany him, where we were treated like Statesmen.

"Ffrom this place he would not let us part, till we saw the ancient order and manner in making of their ffreemen there, and thus in briebe it was. Two that were to be enfranchiz'd that day, came in both of them w<sup>th</sup> Helmets on their Heads, and each an Hal-

bert in his hand, and so arm'd tooke an Oath, before the Mayor and Justices then present, alwayes to have these 2. defensive weapons in a readinesse, for the defence both of the King, and the City: So they counter-marcht away, disarm'd themselves, marcht up againe, and were then sworne fre Members of the City; p'sently after, one of the Mayors Officers enters w<sup>th</sup> a Pottle of Wine and Sugar, where w<sup>th</sup> this worshipfull company bad vs freely welcome, which wee kindly embrac'd, and so tooke our leaues, and left them at their graue counsellis."

After having visited Nantwich, on the river Weaver, with its "Salt-wich Pitts;" crossing a part of Shropshire, into Staffordshire, and passing Dunnington, Crew Hall, Eccleshall Castle, and other places,— "wee hasted to the Shire Towne, [Stafford] where wee left neere a mile from the entrance of the Towne, on a mounted Hill, a strong and stately commanding Castle somewhat ruinated: And by it on y<sup>e</sup> top of that hill, a fayre House, wherein liueth a good old Lady, a most bountifull Housekeeper—[Lady Stafford.]"

At Stafford "is a fayre Shire Hall, all built w<sup>th</sup> free stone, very high and stately, w<sup>th</sup> 6. open Arches on either side, with great fayre pillars in y<sup>e</sup> midst of either side, and all beneath pan'd w<sup>th</sup> free stone: it is indeed the cheife flabricke and the grace of the whole Towne, if it were handsomely and cleanly kept. One large church receiues all the Inhabitants therein, w<sup>ch</sup> is not at all adorn'd."

Thence, proceeding by Tixall Park, Chartley, Frodswell, and crossing the Trent at Owseley,— "w<sup>th</sup> in two or 3. miles of Lichfeild, wee discover'd as we rode a long, a most stately gorgeous House built Castle like, call'd Beaudsert [the L<sup>d</sup> Paget's], the Gardens and walkes thereunto belonging there made to grace that sumptuous building, cost a very great Summe of Money.

"By this time appear'd to vs those stately high spires of Lichfeild Cathedrall, standing as the City doth in a plaine, neither Hill nor Dale, but a sweet and pleasant scite, where the rich meads, and fertile ffeildes inviron her on euery side; thither were we by that plaine way quickly brought to the lilly white Swan, in that sweet little City, and no sooner were we lighted, but the Cathedrall knell call'd vs away to prayers: there we entred a stately neat Fabricke, the Organs and voyces were deep and sweet, their Anthems we were much delighted with, and of the voyces, 2. Trebles, 2. Counter-Tennors, and 2. Bases, that equally on each side of the Quire most melodiously acted and performed their parts.

“ Many fayre and ancient Monuments that were in this stately Minster we were curteously guided to the sight of them, and these especially we obserued :

Bp. Langton's, who built the Lady Quire, and part of that stately Castle, belonging to this Sea, [Eccleshall Castle] where the last day we were so kindly entertayn'd: he also wall'd y<sup>e</sup> close.

Bp. Hayes, and Bp. Butlers; and many other of Bishops, Deans, Prebends, and Canons, in Alabaster.

Of the Layitie 3. Monuments especially wee obseru'd :

The L<sup>d</sup> Bassetts of Drayton Basset, in his Coat of Maile, and Armour of Prooffe, y<sup>e</sup> wild Bore at his Head, and Feate.

The L<sup>d</sup> Pagets of Beaudsert, and his Lady.

The L<sup>d</sup> Paget his Son, and his Lady; w<sup>th</sup> the Tiger at the Top, on a large and rich Monument, of 8. faire black Marble Pillers, w<sup>ch</sup>

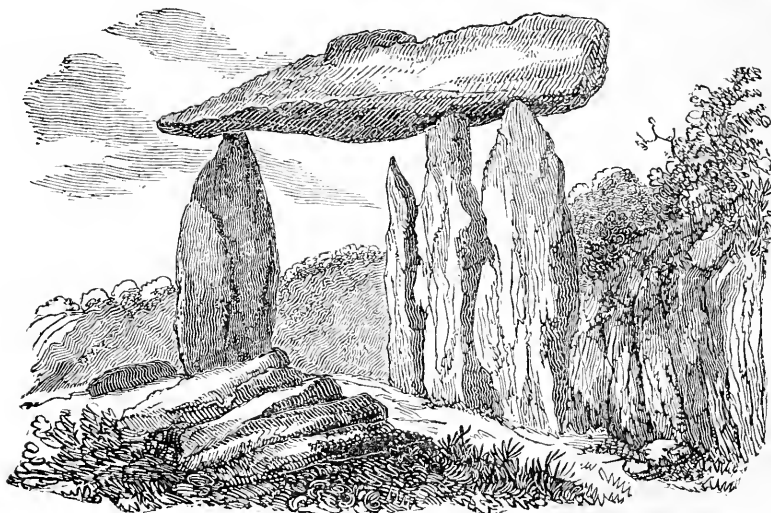
Monum<sup>t</sup> cost a good Summe of Money; w<sup>ch</sup> and more (as they report) was got from that fayre and ancient Church.”

After noticing “ rich Coaps of Cloth of Tissue, a fayre Communion Cloth of Cloth of Gold for the High Altar,” and plate in the vestry; the Lady Chapel, “ hauing 8. stately fayre painted windowes;” and the round Chapter-House,—the writer adds—“ This ancient structure of 1000 yeares standing, hath, att the entrance into it, 2. stately, strong and neat curiously-built spir'd Pyramids, and vpon that frontispice there is about 100. fayre Statues, curiously granen and caru'd in free-stone, of Kings, Patriarchs, Prophets, Fathers and Apostles, that grace it much, especially in time past, when (as they say) they were all gilt. And as the outward part of this Building is fayre, so the inward part thereof is neat and glorious, w<sup>th</sup> fayre pillers, rich windowes, and the Quire beautify'd w<sup>th</sup> 6. fayre gilt Statues, 3. on either side.”

(To be continued.)

### CROMLECH, CALLED COETON-ARTHUR.

NEAR NEWPORT, PEMBROKESHIRE.



THERE are a variety of Druidical vestiges in the parish of Newport, in Pembrokeshire; among the principal of which is the Cromlech, called *Coeton-Arthur*, or *Arthur's Quoit*, which stands about three miles from the town of Newport, and is correctly represented in the annexed cut. The appellation which it bears is derived by the peasants from their

traditional lore, as connected with the famous hero of Cambrian romance;—and there are similar remains in many parts of the country, commemorating, according to popular belief, one or other of the exploits of the “ thrice renowned king.” This Cromlech consists of four upright irregular stones, each about seven feet and a half high, upon three of which rests

an immense top stone, eighteen feet in length, and nine feet across in the widest part. At one end it is nearly three feet in thickness. Its mean breadth is about six feet and a half, the narrowest end not being more than four feet in width.\* Near Newport itself have been four or five other Cromlechs, (or *kist-vaens*) standing in a field by the road side, within a circuit of about sixty yards, but these are greatly dilapidated.

## BARDSEY CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.

AN ANGLO-NORMAN STRUCTURE.



PORCH AT BARDSEY.

BARDSEY, or *Bardsea*, is a retired and quiet village situated in a pleasant valley between Leeds and Wetherby, at about the distance of six miles from the latter place. Anciently, this manor belonged to the Mowbrays, and was granted, with Mickleton and Collingham, by one of that family, to Kirkstall Abbey, soon after its foundation in King Stephen's reign. Henry II., however, having quarrelled with Roger de Mowbray, dispossessed the monks of those estates; but, after much importunity, they were re-

stored to the abbey by King John, for an annual fee-farm rent of £90. Bardsey is styled an "Honour," and not only are the copyholders of Collingham bound to do suit and service at the Court leet, but many also within the parish of Otley hold their estates as of the same fee, and owe the like services.\*

"Such was the piety, such the taste and skill of ancient times," says Dr. Whitaker, "that in the end of the eleventh, or beginning of the twelfth century, there was built for this little parish a beautiful Church, with all its constituent parts,---nave, side aisles, porch, tower, and choir,---all entire at this day; and, if let alone, likely to stand for centuries."---"I think it evident," he continues, "that as no Church is mentioned as existing in Bardsey when the Domesday survey was made, and as the advowson was not granted to Kirkstall Abbey by King John, when a Church did certainly exist here, it must have been built under the auspices of the crown; with the assistance of those who held it in that interval, during which, and soon after its foundation, the patronage had been granted to the See of York.† This opinion is confirmed by the architecture of the building, which may be assigned, with the greatest probability, to the reign of Henry I., as there is no appearance of clustered columns, or any approximation to that mixed style which began to prevail in the reign of his successor.‡ But, by whom, or whenever erected, it stands without flaw and without declension, a monument at once of the ability and honesty of the builders. To construct such works at present,---if the very idea and expectation be not wholly chimerical,---it will be no less requisite to study ancient masonry than ancient models; and, after having done both, to exercise an unrelenting inspection over the legerdemain of unprincipled workmen."§

There is much grotesqueness of character in the birds' and other heads surrounding the outer arch of the porch; and there is also a singular duplication of members in the zig-zag mouldings of the middle arch, independently of the intervening foliage.

\* Vide Whitaker's "Loidis and Elmete," p. 161.

† The advowson of Bardsea was granted by Archbishop Roger to his newly-endowed Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, at York, in Henry the Second's reign.

‡ Dr. Whitaker has here overlooked the pointed arches on one side of the nave; one of which is seen through the porch, as in the annexed cut.

§ Vide "Loidis and Elmete," p. 162.

\* The preceding view of the Cromlech was executed from a drawing with which we were favoured by Dudley Costello, Esq.

## REMARKS,

ON THE MODERN USE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL  
STYLES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—No. II.

IN our former notice of this subject, some observations have been offered to shew that the earliest of our national styles of which we have any remaining examples, namely, the Anglo-Norman, is, in point of convenience and original beauty, too limited and deficient to constitute a fit study for the imitation of our own times. As contrasted with this, however, the next style to which we shall have occasion to advert exhibits the most surprising change, and the most interesting variety, of which we have any instance in the whole compass of architectural history. The original invention of the arch was, indeed, productive of numberless splendid novelties in composition; but it was reserved for the after discovery of the *pointed* arch, to introduce a style whose difference from all former modes is so great as to obscure in the comparison all their relative distinctions between each other, and whose beauties are such as might be demanded of the last and most perfect system of human taste.

If then it be inquired (as for the purposes of imitation it ought to be) to what newly-developed principles the latter style was indebted for its character and effects,—effects at once so dignified, beautiful, and picturesque, we apprehend that an answer to the question may be found in the following considerations. In the first place, the Pointed style, unlike all other modes, constantly recognizes in its compositions a predominance of perpendicular lines, the necessary consequence of which is an air of loftiness and dignity. It has no long and deeply-moulded entablatures to carry down the eye, and to cut off the vertical lines formed by the columns below, but it applies its horizontal mouldings sparingly, and rather throws up an aspiring buttress, which, passing through all impediments, often rises aloft, bearing a pinnacle as it were to pierce the clouds. Indeed the very use of an entablature is, in this style, wholly superseded by the intervention of the arch, which on all occasions performs, or should perform, the functions of an horizontal support; and even this feature is of so happy a form that it does not, like the semicircular Roman or Norman arch, carry the eye round and down again, but draws it by the combination of curves to the lofty point, fixing it there to contemplate its ele-

vation. The same aspiring tendency of line is preserved by the tall and branching mullions of windows, whether simple, triple, or oriel; by the outline of steep gables,—by the angles of breaks, and polygonal turrets, as well as of buttresses, by clustered chimnies in one case, as by pinnacles in another,—by tall niches, and by broken parapets.

But, in addition to this property as conducive to its dignity, the Pointed style derives many characteristic circumstances of effect from the boldness of shadow with which it marks its masses, and by the infinite diversity of light and shade with which it beautifies its varied features of detail. As to the former point, we need talk no more of the fine shadows of the classic portico, when we have the west front of Peterborough cathedral before us; nor feel the want of a colonnade to flank the sides of our temples, when we direct our gaze to the lines of bold buttresses that fortify the walls of King's College Chapel: and as to the latter point, that of detail, we shall not have to extend our observations far to notice the happy manner in which the dark lines of clustered mouldings, and the richness of shadow-besprinkled foliage combine in the production of one common effect of, at first sight, undefinable beauty.

In the attainment of the *picturesque*, these resources are further aided by the latitude which the Pointed style allows to all the arrangements of plan which expediency may suggest, without enforcing that regard to uniformity required by the classic systems; and hence, some of the most picturesque and interesting of our old exteriors are those which display the most varied alterations of time, convenience, and even caprice.

Such then are some of the principles and circumstances on which the style in question is dependent for its characteristic effects; and by the judicious application of these it has proved that, as the greatest boldness is not inconsistent with the most enchanting beauty, so the greatest solemnity of effect is perfectly compatible with the most exquisite lightness of construction, however intimately the ideas of the solemn and the ponderous might have been before associated in the minds of Egyptian and Babylonian, or of Saxon and Norman builders.

Thus much then being necessarily premised, as to the leading principles and features of Pointed architecture in general, it may be proper, cursorily, to examine how far those principles have been followed, and those features brought to perfection in the practice of this style, from the period of its use to that of its disuse, and thence to determine how far any of

its varieties may be available to the purposes of modern application. However architects may have multiplied the genera, or classifications, of old English remains, it will suffice for our present purpose to consider them under three general denominations, viz. the early Pointed, extending from the period of the first appearance of the style to the middle of the thirteenth century; the middle Pointed, occupying the century following; and the later Pointed, embracing the close of the fourteenth and the whole of the fifteenth centuries.

The mode of architecture which obtained during the first of these periods, has for its most distinguishing features the high gable, the massive buttress with plain water-tables, the simple pinnacle, the lancet and triple lancet window, the high-arched doorway, frequently divided into two by a central column, from which spring mouldings which branch into compartments of rude tracery,\* and, internally, groined stone ceilings exhibiting a correspondent simplicity of principle and ornament. Of this style, Salisbury Cathedral and the Ladye Chapel at Southwark may afford some illustration. This, though it be a class of architecture productive of many impressive effects in the total, we should hesitate to consider a fit model for voluntary imitation. Our objection to it, however, arises, not from any inefficiency in the mass, but from its imperfect developement of many of the beauties and varieties of detail. If, for instance, any thing like tracery be attempted in works of this period, it is composed of abrupt curves of multitudinous moulding meeting each other at a sharp edge, so as entirely to destroy the cusp or feathering which gives to the more modern tracery all its finished beauty. The *mouldings* of this period also exhibit too little variety of contour to render them worthy of unqualified praise. Those of the columns and arches do indeed hold a considerable depth and force of shadow; but their section displays on examination too great a redundancy of monotonous serpentine line, to make them at all comparable with the beautifully-developed, ever-varying, yet ever-judicious, mouldings which obtained at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

We may further observe, that the *foliage* of the period in question is destitute of that freedom and

undulation of outline, that richness, and that variety which characterize the productions of later chisels. In short, the whole range of this genus of the art exhibits Pointed architecture in its infancy, sufficiently dignified and picturesque indeed to assert the superiority of the master-principle, but not yet sufficiently refined to demonstrate the possibility of uniting qualities which subsequent works have so successfully combined,—the impressive in the total, and the exquisitely beautiful in the detail. While, however, we should deprecate a severe imitation of the older style, we may nevertheless, retain one of its most interesting features in the use of the *triple lancet window*, subject, however, to a complete modification of its mouldings to suit the taste of later art. This liberty, though it be not often taken, and though requiring much judgment in the use, may be defended, not only on the score of practicability and beauty, but upon the authority of ancient precedent; to prove which we need refer only to several fine examples in Worcester Cathedral of triple lancet windows, which (though at a period, it must be allowed, probably subsequent to that of their original erection,) have been filled with mullions and tracery, and that not without an addition to their beauty. And, indeed, when we have borrowed from the early style this distinguishing object, it should seem that that style can afford us little else than those features which are actually met with under a refined and improved form in the architecture of after ages.

The next period of the art then to which we are called to advert, embraces the latter part of the thirteenth, and the former half of the fourteenth centuries. This period includes all those architectural varieties which developed themselves from the commencement of the erection of Westminster Abbey, down to the mid-way completion of York Cathedral. During this stage of its progress, the art exhibits many fine novelties and rapid advances towards perfection. Single windows display more and more taste of imagination from their first division into two bays or “days” to their composition in six or more, while variety is increased by the introduction of triangular lights, Catharine-wheel windows, &c. The whole department of mouldings, whether in the jambs and mullions of doors and windows, in clustered columns and their arches, in ribbed ceilings or otherwise, evinces progressively more of attentive study and just perception. The valuable adjunct of tracery is characterized by greater lightness, developement, and tractability, though not before the close of this period arrived at its perfection. Pinnacles, from being bare,

\* Confusion can alone result from the indiscriminate use of terms; and it therefore may be an assistance to the general reader for us to mention that the word tracery, as now used by architects, refers exclusively to that ornamental succession of small portions of circles or rings of moulding which in Gothic works is so constantly used as a subordinate decoration to the compartments of window-heads, paneling, and other objects.



or sparingly studied with insignificant crockets, are gradually more elaborately "purled;" and indeed the whole range of foliage and figure becomes bold, varied, and beautiful. The style of this period has therefore obviously many advantages over that which preceded it; its defects, however, even in its most advanced stage, will be manifest upon contrasting it with the productions of that refined taste which discovered itself at the close of the reign of Edward III., and laid the foundation of the perpendicular and the florid modes, of which we shall have occasion hereafter to take notice in considering the third and last period of the art. Thus, for example, if we compare the composition of a large window of the time of Edward II., with that of one erected in the reign of Richard II., we shall observe in the former a want of care and feeling in the management of many of its lines—curves abruptly curtailed and discontinued when they might be allowed to pass on and preserve a course of beautiful undulation,—and a general prevalence of angular forms and stunted tracery, in which the eye, though at first dazzled by the total effect, on examination seeks in vain for that repose which it cannot fail to obtain on the inspection of a well-composed window of the fifteenth century.

Again, the study of mouldings, though improved during the period under consideration, was far from perfection. Thus, in works of that time, it is not unusual to see in a clustered column the place of some of the shafts of the cluster supplied by a little *group* of mouldings to which a capital and base are applied, but always without success, as it is impossible that the outer curves of such capital or base can rightly correspond with the intricacies of the complex moulding itself, which serves as the shaft. It is one considerable fault in the style of the period before us, that it frequently endeavours to apply mouldings to purposes for which they are not calculated; the artificers of the day having not as yet fully learned the necessity of systematizing their mouldings, and giving to each its appropriate place and function.

If then we would find a style of art which disposes of all these difficulties, which, in the treatment of all its lines of composition, displays at once dignity and breadth, continuity and repose, which in the management of mouldings exhibits propriety of application, variety of outline, and richness of shadow, and which, in the execution of all the finishings of tracery and foliage, evinces the most chaste refinement,—we shall seek it with success in the monuments of architectural taste raised in this country during the last period of the science, viz. from the close of the reign of

Edward III., down to that of Henry VII. Our present remarks, however, have already extended so far that it must be reserved for a future occasion to notice the claims which this class of art has upon the attention of the student, and the principles which demand to be observed in its imitation. E. T.

### LEGENDIANA.—No. III.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

(Continued from p. 191.)

Whilst Christopher was in prison, the king beheaded the knights whom he had converted; and afterwards sent two beautiful girls to the dungeon to the Saint, hoping that they would entice him "to synne with them." Christopher, mistrusting his own strength to resist temptation, fell on his knees and prayed lustily to All Saints, and lo! when he arose from these devotions, and said, "What seek ye? for what cause do ye come hither?"—they being afraid "of his cheyne" and the expression of his countenance, replied, "Holy Saint of God, have pity on us, so that we may believe in that God that thou preachest." And when the king heard of the maidens' apostacy, he sent for them, and swore by his gods that if they would not sacrifice they should die "by euyl deth." Then said they, "If we must sacrifice, command that the places may be made clean, and let all the people assemble in the temple." And when they had entered the sanctuary, they took off their zones, and flinging them round the necks of the idols, drew them down from their pedestals and "brake them alle in peaces," tauntingly advising the spectators to run and procure "lechies" for their gods. Then the angry king caused "Aquylyne," the elder [maiden], to be hung by the neck with a "ryght grete and heuy stone" fastened to her feet, so that her limbs were sadly broken. The other damsel was cast into a "fierie fire," but came out unhurt!—"so she was instantly beheaded."

Not content with these murders, the king determined to punish Christopher, and destroy him at the same time; so he commanded him to be thrashed with iron rods, heated red-hot, to be crowned with a circle of glowing iron, and bound on a throne of the same metal, under which a fire was lighted and fed from time to time with pitch and bitumen, until the seat and fastenings melted "like waxe;" yet, notwithstanding

these fearful proceedings, the Saint "ysued out without any harme or hurte."

Foaming with ire, the monarch next caused him to be tied to a strong stake, and shot at by the "King's archers;" but, as may be readily supposed, all the arrows missed their aim, and on the Tyrant's drawing near to address his victim, one of the darts miraculously veered about and smote him in the eye, and blinded him. Then cried Saint Christopher, "I shall die this morning,—temper a little clay with my blood and anoint thy wound, and straightway thou shalt receive health." Probably doubting the martyr's word, yet eager to put it to the proof, the king commanded him to be beheaded. When Christopher had made "hys oryson" his head was struck off, and so he died. Then the king, following the advice of the Saint, had his sight restored: this softened his hard heart, and he believed in God; but with the fervency of a new convert, he published an edict, that whoever dared "blame God and Seynt Christopher" should perish by the sword.

#### THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.

THE Seven Sleepers were born in the city of Ephesus, and when Decyan, the Emperor, came to that place on one of his persecuting errands, he commanded the people to "edefye" temples in the midst of the city, that all the inhabitants might come with him "to doo sacrefyse" to idols; and so cruelly did he punish the Christians, that friends forsook their friends, and parents their children, and children their parents. "And thenne in thys cite were founden seuen crysten men, that is to wete," Maximen, Malchus, Marcianus, Denys, John, Sempion, and Constantine: these were the first who refused to sacrifice, and grieving for the calamities which assailed the just, they concealed themselves in their own houses. They were soon after accused before Dacien, who gave them space to repent until the coming again of the emperor, and during this interval they sold all their possessions, "despended thayr patrymonye in almesse to the poure peple," retreated to Mount Celion, and hid themselves in a dark cave; and Malchus, who served the rest, when he had occasion to go to the city for provisions, disguised himself as a pauper. On one of these expeditions, he heard that Decyan was returned and vehemently desired to seize them. Sorrowful in spirit, the holy man came back with haste, and related the sad intelligence to his fellows, "and thenne were they sore aferde, and whan they had taken theyr reflection and satte in wepyng and waylynges, sodenly as God wold, *they slepte*." And when the morning

came, and they could no where be found, Dacien was very angry, because he had lost "suche yong men," and sending for their relatives threatened them with death, if they told him not all they knew respecting their kindred, "and they accused them and complained that they had despended al theyr riches," and stated where they were concealed.

Then the emperor choaked up the cavern's mouth with stones; and Theodore and Ruffine "wrote their martirdom and leyde it subtilly among the stones."

Now about three hundred and seventy-two years after, in the thirtieth year of the reign of Theodosius, the heresy of those who denied the resurrection of the body so greatly prevailed, that that prince wept bitterly, clad himself in hair-cloth, and led a holy and religious life, "whiche God merciful, and piteous, seeyng, wold comforte them that were sorrowful and wepyng, and gyue to them esperance and hope of the resurexyon of deed men, and opened the precyous tresour of his pyte and reysed the forsayde martirs."—

A certain citizen of Ephesus had resolved to erect on Mount Celion a dwelling for his herdsmen, and it so chanced that the masons opened the cave, and the saints immediately awoke; and, supposing that they had only slept one night, began to prepare their minds for coming torment, but feeling themselves ravenously hungry, they dispatched Malchus with five pieces of silver in his purse to buy some food, who when he saw the masons "began to blysse hym, was moche admerueyllyd." And when he reached the City his wonder increased tenfold, for he beheld the sign of the cross thereon! and on every gate appeared the same sign; so he "aduyseed and comforted hymself, and couered his vysage and entred in to the cite;" and when he reached the market-place he heard all the people talking about their Saviour Christ. Then quoth the saint, "I trow this is not the City of Ephesus, for it is all otherwise builded; it is some other city, I wot not what." This the bystanders presently informed him was not the fact; so he went to a baker's, but when he took out his money, the shopkeepers began to wonder in their turn at the antique impress on the coin, and agreed among themselves that the youth had discovered some old treasure. Naturally supposing that he was known, and that the bread-sellers were plotting to betray him, Malchus entreated them to let him go, and "kepe both money and breede." "Nay," said they, "you have found some treasures of the old Emperors," share them with us, and we will keep your secret." Malchus was too alarmed to reply,—so they put a cord about his neck

and dragged him into the midst of Ephesus, bawling the while that their prisoner had 'found great riches,' which Malchus, who had now recovered his self-possession, as stoutly denied.

At length, Saint Martin, the bishop, and Antipater, the consul, heard the report, and sent for the prisoner and his money; and Malchus went trembling to the church, expecting to meet his foe, the emperor. He was there interrogated how he had obtained the silver, he answered "by inheritance." The judge then enquired of what city he was: he replied, "of Ephesus." "Then let thy kindred bear witness to thee," returned the consul. Then Malchus mentioned the names of several, but no one had ever heard of them, so all the people concluded that the prisoner was endeavouring to cheat them. "This money," observed the judge, "was coined three hundred and seventy-two years ago, in the first year of Decius, [named *Decyan* at the beginning of this legend], 'how may it come from thy lygnage so long sythe,' and thou art young, and wouldest deceive these wise and ancient citizens, thou shalt be punished as the law directs until ye confess where ye found this treasure."

Then Malchus knelt down and enquired for Decius: to this the bishop made answer, that he had long been dead. "That cannot be," returned the saint, "for it was but yesterday that I beheld him: follow me, and I will shew you my fellows, who have hid themselves in Mount Celion to escape his fury." Concluding that the youth had seen a vision, the good prelate, and a great multitude of the citizens, repaired to the holy mountain, and saw the Christians seated in the cavern, and "theyr vysages like unto roses flowering:" so they glorified God.

Then the bishop sent immediately to the emperor, who rising from the dust, and doffing his mourning garments, hurried from Constantinople to Ephesus, where he was met by the rulers of the city, who conducted him to the cave of the miracle. And when the saints perceived him coming, their faces blazed like the noon-day sun, and Theodosius embraced them all reverently, and glorified the Lord Christ, who had raised them from the dead to justify to the truth of the resurrection. And when they had been seen by all the people, they bowed their faces earthward and gave up the ghost. Then the emperor commanded that gold and silver supulchres should be made to contain their most precious bodies; but on the night following they appeared unto him in a dream, and craved him to permit them to lie in the cave as they lay before their revival. So Theodosius adorned that place "nobly and richely" with precious jewels, and

commanded that "all the bysshops that wold confesse the resurrection shold be assoyled."—The legend concludes thus: "It is doubte of that whiche is sayde that they slepte ccc lvii yere. For they were reysed the yere of our lord iiii c lxxviii, and Decius regned but one yere and thre monethes, and that was in the yere of our lord ii c and lxx, and so they slepte but ii c and viii yere."\* J. F. R.

## NOTICES OF KING ALFRED.

FROM AN ANGLO-SAXON MANUSCRIPT.

THERE are few of our monarchs whose public history contains more romance than that of Alfred. His struggles with the Northmen, his alternate successes and defeats, now a conqueror, now a fugitive, his attachment to literature, and his zeal for every thing tending to promote the moral and political improvement of his subjects, render his name dear to every Englishman.

It is to be regretted that we are possessed of so few materials for a history of his life. The scanty notices of the Saxon Chronicle, the meagre accounts of Asser and of Ethelward, are the only sources from which indisputable information can be gleaned. The historians who lived after the Conquest wrote at a period when the memory of his deeds was passing away, and when there was a greater inducement to court the favour of the Normans, by applauding the warriors of their own race, and little was to be gained by recording the virtues of the darling of the humbled Saxons. It is therefore with some pleasure, that the writer of the present notice introduces to public attention the following interesting account of an eventful portion of Alfred's life, a portion in which he was reduced to the last extremities, and compelled to shelter himself under the roof of a bondman. The legend is also curious, as containing a very early version of the well-known story concerning the treat-

\* On the screen in St. Edward's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, one of the sculptured subjects represents the Seven Sleepers lying in the cave on their left side, as St. Edward had seen them in a vision, with the "eye of his mind." This, according to his life, by Abbot Ailred, was ascertained by three messengers dispatched to the Emperor Theodosius, who had the cave opened in consequence of the embassy.—Edward, in his vision, having beheld the Seven Sleepers turn from the right side, on which they had previously been sleeping, to the left, the pious monarch, from this change of position, foretold that, for seventy years, his kingdom would be subject to great misfortunes. Such is Ailred's assertion.—Ed.

ment which the disguised monarch received from the wife of the lowly individual, in whose cottage he had concealed himself.

The immediate source whence the following particulars are derived, is an ancient "*Homily*" upon the life and miracles of St. Neot, written in Anglo-Saxon, contained in a MS. in the Cottonian Library, Vesp. D. xiv. Judging from the appearance as well as the language of the volume, we may refer it to the middle of the eleventh century. It was, at first, the intention of the translator to make as little variation from the construction of the original Anglo-Saxon as was barely compatible with the genius and formation of the two languages, but the adoption of that plan communicated so much harshness and repulsiveness to the version, that it was abandoned. Even now, however, the version is nearly word for word; and the reader is requested to attribute any peculiarities of style which he may notice, to the desire which the translator has to adhere to that simplicity of diction which conveys so much interest to the original legend. That portion of the *Homily* which immediately precedes the sentence with which we commence, relates to the severities practised by St. Neot upon himself, during his residence in the solitude to which he had retired.—

"At that time lived King Alfred, who frequently visited the saint, that he might treat concerning his spiritual necessities. Neot rebuked him with many words, and said, prophetically, 'O King! many shall be thy sufferings in this life; and in a short time hence thy difficulties shall be such as no human tongue is able to relate. Now, therefore, my dear son, hear me, I beseech thee! and turn thy heart to my admonitions. Depart entirely from all thy unrighteousness; expiate thy sins with alms-deeds, and wash them away with tears. Send thine offering to Pope Martin\* at Rome, who now governs the English nation.' Alfred did as the saint commanded him, and diligently attended to the advice thus given. Neot afterwards said to the King—'I will not conceal from thee, O excellent prince! that the day of my departure is at hand, after which I have at all times, with my whole heart, earnestly yearned. And furthermore, I say to thee that after my departure thou shalt endure many afflictions; thou shalt be banished from thy kingdom by the Danes, thy warriors and leaders shall be separated from thee and shall be scattered, as it is written concerning the

passion of our Lord, 'When the shepherd is put to flight and smitten, then shall the flock be scattered.' But when thy heart shall be most afflicted think upon me, and I shall shield thee in the name of the Lord.' When the King heard these words he was exceedingly afraid; and, having asked the saint's blessing, he went on his way.

"It afterwards happened to Alfred as St. Neot had predicted to him, for all the sayings should be fulfilled as the saint had predicted. Then came Guthrum the pagan king, and his blood-thirsty army, and made their first irruption into the east part of the land of the Saxons, and there slew much people: some of the inhabitants fled, some perished in battle. When King Alfred (of whom we have already spoken) understood that their army was so strong, and so near the land of the Angles, leaving all his warriors, and his leaders, and his people, and his treasures, and his precious vessels, he saved his life by flight. He went lurking by hedges and bye-paths, through woods and fields, so that at the last, by the guidance of God, he arrived in safety at Athelney.\* Here he entreated a certain rustic for refuge in his dwelling, where he diligently served him and his 'evil' wife.

"It happened one day that the wife of this country man heated her oven, and Alfred sat near it, warming himself by the fire, his protector being all the while ignorant that he was the King. Then that 'evil' woman became suddenly enraged, and said, in anger, to the King, 'Turn thou these loaves, lest they become too much burnt, for I notice daily that thou art a great glutton.' He speedily obeyed that 'evil' woman, because need compelled him to do so. Then the good King with much grief and sorrow cried to God, entreating his commiseration. All this happened to him of necessity, as the saint had previously informed him; and he experienced greater afflictions than even these, but here we cannot relate them. However, he was relieved by the holy Neot, who appeared to him in a dream, and shining exceedingly brightly, said to him, 'O King! what wouldst thou give to be free from these afflictions?' Alfred became much terrified at this vision; however he answered to the saint—'What have I to give? I am deprived of my kingdom, and of all my possessions.' The saint answered him, 'I am Neot thy friend; I

\* Martin seems to have been able to appreciate Alfred's character, for in 883 he paid him the signal compliment of sending him a portion of the Holy Cross. *Chron. Sax.* p. 86. Edit. Gibs.

\* It probably was during this sojourn in the isle of Athelney that Alfred lost that curiously-ornamented piece of gold, which was found there about the close of the seventeenth century, and which is engraved in Hickeys's Thesaurus, v. i. p. 142. The legend round it reads "Ælfred me heit gewyrcean," i. e. Alfred commanded me to be made.

now am in happiness with the King of Heaven. He, in his power, promiseth thee that when thou shalt return, after Easter, to thine own country, thy scattered army shall come to meet thee, and shall rejoice exceedingly at thy return. I go before thee; do thou and thy people follow after me. I, truly, shall scatter all thine enemies: and the king who fighteth against thee I will convert to the true faith.'

"All this came to pass; and Guthrum the pagan, with thirteen champions, came to Alfred the christian, and asked for peace, and was baptised.\* After this he tarried twelve days in our land and then returned in safety and in peace, with the remains of his army, to his own country. Then Alfred's kingdom increased, and his renown spread wide, and he was so well learned in ecclesiastical writings, that he surpassed bishops, and mass priests, and archdeacons; and Christianity throve well in that happy period."†

J. S.

### KING ALFRED'S JEWEL.

THIS very curious and beautiful specimen of Anglo-Saxon art, which, as mentioned in the preceding article, was found in the Isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, about the close of the seventeenth century,† is now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. It is of pure gold, enamelled, and on one side, partly faced by crystal: the weight is somewhat more than an ounce, and the length about two inches and a half.

We learn from Asser, (his friend and biographer,) that when King Alfred had, by his victories, secured the blessings of peace to his subjects, he resolved to extend among them a knowledge of the arts; for which purpose he collected, "from many nations, an almost innumerable multitude of artificers, many of them the most expert in their respective trades."

\* The Saxon Chronicle thus details the conversion of Guthrum: "And about three weeks afterwards King Godrun came to Alfred, with about *thirty* of those who were the most noble in his army, and Alfred received him in baptism. And he was there about twelve days with King Alfred, who honoured him and his companions with great gifts. Edit. Gib. p. 85.

† It should be remarked, that the MS. quoted by our Correspondent, and from which the above passages have been translated, has before been used by Sharon Turner, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons;" and again, by the Rev. J. Whitaker, in his "Life of St. Neot." Ed.

‡ Vide "Philosophical Transactions," Vol. xx. No. 247. from a paper by Dr. Musgrave, F. R. S.

Among the workmen were "not a few" who wrought in gold and silver; and who, acting under the immediate *instructions* of Alfred, "incomparably executed" (so Asser) many things with those metals. In accordance with the inscription on the Jewel itself, therefore, which records the name of Alfred in those peculiar characters designated as the *Gallic-Saxon* by Dr. Hickes, we can hardly err in referring this unique production to the time of that illustrious monarch.



This jewel is of an oval form; but at the lower end, (as shewn in the cut,) is a projecting head of some sea, or scaly monster, from whose jaws issues a small tube, within which is fixed a minute pin of gold;—intended, probably, to connect this ornament with a band, or collar, when worn pendant from the neck. The edge has a purfled border of a rich net, or fillagree work, within which, "on a plane, rising obliquely," as Dr. Musgrave describes it, "is the inscription mentioned above, and which in Saxon letters reads thus:† —*Ælfred mec Hez Gefrycpan*,—that is, ALFRED COMMANDED ME TO BE MADE. At the inner side of the inscription is a narrow border of gold, edged with small leaves, or escallops, which fasten down a thin plate of crystal. This covers a kind of outline representation of a half-length male figure, with a grave countenance, wrought upon the area within. His head is somewhat inclined to the right, and in each hand is a sceptre, or rather lily, the flowers of which

† Vide "Hickes's Thesaurus," chap. xxii.

rise above the shoulders, but are conjoined at the bottom.



On the reverse, upon a thin plate of gold, (retained in its place by the purfled border,) on a matted ground, is a larger lily, artificially set, and occupying nearly the whole of the central space. The stalk and leaves rise from a bulbous root, and the upper part expands into three flowers, not ungracefully disposed.

There has been much contrariety of opinion among antiquaries, as to whom the figure was intended to represent; and it has been assigned to the Saviour, to Pope Martin, to St. Cuthbert, and to the Great Alfred himself. As it would be an evident loss of time to attempt a decision, we shall conclude the subject by an extract from a note of Wotton's, where, speaking of this jewel, he remarks,—“As to the man in it, that profound gravity in his countenance, and the two sceptres, Emblems of the Power which the Father gave to *Christ*, both in Heaven and Earth, make me believe for certain that the picture is *Jesus*, whom Alfred, perhaps, whilst he staid at Rome, would, out of piety, have drawn by some famous artist.”\*—Whatever credit may be given to Wotton's surmise as to the person represented, but little is due to the supposition of this ornament having been executed at Rome. B.

\* Wotton's “Short View” of Hickes's “Thesaurus,” p. 16. The Thesaurus was printed in two sizes, but even the lesser was so splendid that when it was shewn to Palthenius, the learned German, he exclaimed, “Per Deum, nihil Gallia sub auspiciis Ludovici Magni magnificentius aut augustius edidit.”

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SINCE the death of Lord Byron, no decease has occurred to excite so strongly the expression of public sympathy as that of Sir Walter Scott, which took place at Abbotsford, in Scotland, on the 21st of September, 1832: he was buried at Dryburgh Abbey on the fifth day following, in the sight, and amidst the regret and lamentations of assembled multitudes.\* His loss, indeed, was not that of a mere family or neighbourhood, but of a sorrowing nation,---and not of a nation only, but of the world!

Wherever civilization has extended the operations of the printing-press, or education opened a path for the inspirations of genius, *there* the name of SCOTT is known and honoured. As a poet, his talents were of a superior and powerful order; as a biographer, his remarks were shrewd and penetrative; yet in these ranks he had his equals,---but as a dramatic novelist, inventive, prolific, picturesque, and moral, he shone unrivalled. Excursive in fancy, correct in judgment, forcible in expression, and in his knowledge of history and acquaintance with the manners of the olden times, extensive and discriminating,---his cha-

\* Already, (October the 8th,) two interesting memoirs of this “first of Scotia's sons” have issued from the press;---the one, written by the ingenious Allan Cunningham, in the “Athenæum” of October 6th, the other, and more particular and complete memoir, in Chambers' “Edinburgh Journal,” of the same date. Distinct notices of this illustrious writer have also appeared in most of the other periodicals of the day. Sir Walter was born at Edinburgh, on August the 15th, 1771, (the natal day of the Emperor Napoleon,) and was, consequently, in his 62nd year at the time of his decease.

On the eve of Sir Walter Scott's late voyage to the Mediterranean for the recovery of his health, the poet Wordsworth visited Abbotsford, and there composed the following elegant Sonnet, which is here copied from the “Athenæum,” in which meritorious and well-conducted Journal, it was first inserted by permission of the Editor of the “Literary Souvenir.”

“A trouble, not of clouds, nor weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engender'd, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:  
Spirits of Power assembled there complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight;  
While Tweed, best pleas'd in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice, again, and yet again.  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might  
Of the whole World's good wishes with him goes;  
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred King, or laurell'd Conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate.---Be true,  
Ye winds of Ocean, and the Midland sea,  
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!”

racters possess an individuality and truth, equalled alone by reality itself. In the romantic wanderings of imagination, he is alike consistent and true; and no writer, since the days of Shakespeare, has so successfully embodied the vivid creations of the mind with the identities of nature. We regard the mysterious revelations of his "half demented" beings with a fixed and reverential awe, and almost credit the dark intimations of the haggard maniac as demonstrative proofs of a supernatural agency over human affairs. In his delineations of wild and romantic scenery, the "cloud capp'd" mountain and the beetling crag, the lake, the torrent, and the water-fall, the wind-riven forest, and the ocean when tempest-swept, there is a strength and vividness of colouring which in our mental visions, identifies all that the poet feigns. His was the staff of Prospero!---and from whose lips more suitable than his own could have proceeded that grand enunciation of the magician's power?

"I have be-dimm'd

The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
I have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,  
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth  
By my so potent art."

But alas! for the survivors. The WIZARD OF THE NORTH sleeps in death. His wand lies buried fathoms deep, and no one exists to wear his mantle B.

For the following beautiful elegiac tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, we are indebted to the especial kindness of a friend.

#### CARMEN FUNERALE.

(ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

BY THE

Author of "Visions of Solitude, a Poem, &c."

Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium  
Versatur urna, seriùs, ocliùs  
Sors exitura, et nos in aeternum  
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

Hor.

Hushed is the wizard harp, that sounded long,  
Wild, sweet, or solemn, 'neath the minstrel's hand,  
Who made thee, Caledonia,—land of song,  
Fair as thou art, e'en still a fairer land.  
And well upon thy hold and stormy strand,  
Amid thy mountain glens of heather brown,  
Beside thy lakes, with verge of silver sand,  
May thy sad Genius pensively bow down  
Her head, in grief for him she lov'd with wreaths to crown.

Yes, he is gone,—the generous of heart,  
The hard of social worth, and lofty mind,  
Whose lays of Olden Time, with secret art,  
Oft moved the soul; e'en as the summer wind  
Through lyre Æolian straying,—unconfi'd  
By measured rule, awakes within the breast  
Feelings, emotions, pleasures,—long enshrined  
In memory's deepest cells, while o'er the crest  
Of many a height we toil, and think of scenes more blest.

Mighty magician, gentle in thy might!  
Who hath not own'd the influence of thy spell?  
As backward borne, with wonder and delight,  
To days departed,—when the valiant well  
In arms encounter'd; and the trumpet's swell,  
And martial pomp, each warrior's heart awoke  
To deeds of daring,—while his foemen fell  
Around him, 'neath his falchion's circling stroke,  
E'en as autumnal leaves around the stately oak.

Yet not the deeds of feud and fight alone  
Did he, we mourn, call from the shadowy past:  
Upheaving from the tomb the ponderous stone,  
His genius through its dark recesses cast  
A light mysterious; and we stood aghast  
In mute amazement, while the slumbering dead  
Arose, and glided by us on the blast,—  
And all the legend of their life outspread  
A moment to our gaze, as onward fleet they fled.

The monarch's hall of state,—the banquet's board,  
The lovers' woodland walk,—the pageant gay,  
The shepherd's lonely cot,—the haunted ford,  
The moated keep,—the convent's walls of grey,  
The laughing maiden,—and the child at play,  
Of distant centuries, again were seen,  
As in the sunshine of the living day;  
And then all faded from us,—and the keen  
Cold midnight blast sighed over what had been.

And now, alas! the icy breeze of Death  
Wails round his grave untimely; and the eye  
No more may see him, fled his vital breath,  
His lot, the lot of all,—to live,—to die!  
Say, were the soul but mortal, why, O, why  
Should powers of mind so rare to man be given?  
If realms were not beyond his clouded sky,  
Why should he here, "a rolling thing,"\* be driven  
Before the angry wind,—the tempest wrath of heaven?

Ay!—what but mockery of human pride  
Were all the gifts of nature, if her dower  
Must be for aye recalled, and cast aside,  
When the few sands have sped of life's short hour?  
Not so it can be!—Best we see the power  
Of the Almighty, in the human mind,  
Dimly reflecting, though th' horizon lour,  
The glory of our once unfallen kind,  
Ere man his blissful state at sin's behest resign'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Isaiah, chap. xvii. ver. 13.



Onward my own years roll; and as a dream  
 Already seems to me the youthful time,  
 (Pass'd like the waters of a running stream.)  
 When my soul lov'd the mountain heights to climb;  
 And thrilled to hear the tale of deeds sublime,  
 Or pensive story, or poetic lay—  
 Or listen to the church bells' distant chime—  
 Led by the Wizard of the North to stray  
 From present scenes and hours, in waking dreams away.

Much did I owe him! \* Little can I give!  
 And yet, perchance, e'en this, my simple strain,  
 May, a faint record of my feelings, live,  
 When round me too shall twine the icy chain  
 Of cold mortality; and all in vain  
 My labours, and my earthly thoughts have been,  
 If mine it shall not be to rise again,  
 And tread the regions of a fairer scene,  
 Where ransomed spirits dwell in everlasting sheen.

Torquay, Devon.  
 3rd Oct. 1832.

### ABSURDITIES OF WITCHCRAFT.

MR. EDITOR.—IN the seventh letter of Sir Walter Scott's *Work on Demonology*, he enters into a review of the penal laws, which during the middle ages were in force against witchcraft, and describes the Establishment of Commissioners of Inquisition, who were "specially empowered to weed out of the land all witches, and those who had intercourse with familiar spirits." Sir Walter enumerates the provinces of Germany, France, and Italy, as the places where these Commissioners exercised their chief power; but notices only in a general way the prevalence of the belief in witchcraft in Spain; a country, which, when we consider its subjugation under the Inquisition and the consequent proneness of its population to the worst kinds of superstition, must doubtless afford many instances of adherence to the prevalent opinions concerning sorcery and magic, in the other parts of Europe. We need not, however, go farther than Florentine's "*History of the Inquisition*," to find a case which closely resembles many of those adduced by Sir Walter; to one of them, the proceedings founded on the accusation of children in the Swedish village of

Mohra, the parallel is striking, except that the Spanish case is divested of the painful consequences of the Swedish one.\* Some parts of it are of so ludicrous a nature,---in fact the whole of it is so curious from the analogy, that I have subjoined a translation.

"It appears that the Inquisition of Calahorra caused upwards of thirty persons to be burnt as witches and magicians. This execution took place in 1507. In 1527, a great number of women were discovered who addicted themselves to the practices of magic. Don Prudentius de Sandoval, a Benedictine Monk, Bishop of Tui, and subsequently of Pampeluna, relates in his "*History of Charles the Fifth*," that two young girls, one of nine and the other of eleven years of age, accused *themselves*, as witches, before the Royal Council of Navarre. They declared that they had caused themselves to be received into the sect of the *Jurquinas*, or sorcerers, and engaged to discover all the women who belonged to it, provided their own pardon was promised them. The judges having granted this, the two children declared that by examining the left eye of any person they could discover whether she were a sorceress or no; they pointed out the spot where a number of these women might be found, and where they held their meetings. The Council directed a Commissary to repair to the place with the two children, accompanied by fifty horsemen. On their arrival at each town, or village, he was ordered to shut up the two girls in separate houses, and ascertain from the magistrates whether there were any persons in the place suspected of magic; to cause them to be brought to these houses, and to confront them with the children, in order to put to the test the efficacy of the mode which they had indicated. It followed from this experiment that such of these women as were pointed out by the two girls, *were so in reality*. When they found themselves in prison they declared that they were more than a hundred and fifty in number, that when a female presented herself for admission in their society, she was,—after other crimes, "*made to deny Our Saviour, and his religion*." The day on which this ceremony took place, there appeared in a circle, in the midst of them a goat, *entirely black*, who ran round it several times. Scarcely was his hoarse voice heard when the witches flocked together, and began to dance to the noise as it were to the sound of a trumpet; they all came then and kissed the goat,—and finally regaled on a supper of bread, wine, and cheese. When the festival was over, each witch rode upon the back of her partner, metamorphosed into a goat; and after

\* The author must also here acknowledge himself one of the many who, in various ways, had cause to appreciate the personal kindness of Sir Walter Scott;—and, as an instance of his gentle and courteous disposition, state, that he has a particular friend who remembers that when he was a boy, and the *wonder of our age*, a young man, often riding round the house on the back of *Watty Scott*, as he was then termed by his familiar acquaintances.

\* Vide Scott's "*Demonology*."

having rubbed her body with the excrements of a toad, a crow, and of several other reptiles, she flew away through the air, in order to reach the place where she wished to do mischief. According to their own confession they had caused the deaths of three or four persons by poison, in obedience to the commands of Satan, who introduced them into the houses, and opened the doors and windows for them, which he took care to shut when the evil effects of the charm had operated. It was their custom to hold general assemblies the night before Easter, and on the other great holidays of the year, where they performed a great number of acts contrary to propriety and religion. When they were present at mass, the host appeared black, but when they relinquished their diabolical pursuits it appeared of the usual colour."

The historian who narrates the above, adds further, that "the Commissary wishing to assure himself of the truth of these relations by his own experience, caused an old witch to be brought to him, to whom he promised her pardon, on condition of her exhibiting before him all the operations of sorcery, and permitting her to escape during their performance, if it were in her power. The old woman having accepted the offer, asked for a box of ointment which had been found upon her, and ascended with the Commissary into a high tower, where she placed herself with him before a window. She then, in the sight of a great number of persons, began by rubbing some of the ointment on

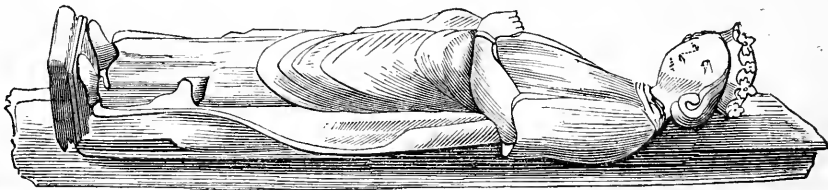
the palm of her left hand; on the wrist, on the elbow, under the arm, on the haunch, and on the left side; she then exclaimed in a very loud voice, "Art thou there?" and all the bystanders heard, in the air, a voice which answered, "Yes, here I am." The witch then began to descend along the exterior wall of the tower, with her head downwards, holding on by her hands and feet, *after the manner of a lizard*; when arrived about half way down she took a sudden flight in the air, in sight of the spectators, who continued to watch her till she was beyond the bounds of the horizon. The astonishment which this prodigy caused in every one induced the Commissary to declare that he would give a large sum of money to any person who would bring back the witch. At the expiration of two days she was brought in by some shepherds, who had found her. The Commissary demanded of her why she had not flown far enough to escape from those who sought her? Upon which she replied, that her master would not carry her farther than three leagues, and that he had left her in the field where the shepherds had found her."---*Sandoval Hist.*

The civil judge having pronounced upon the affair of the hundred and fifty witches, they were delivered up to the Inquisition of Estella; and neither the ointment, nor the devil, could give them wings to fly away from the punishment of two hundred lashes, and several years' imprisonment, which they were compelled to undergo.

D. C.

### REMAINS OF THE STATUE OF ST. ETHELBERT,

KING OF THE EAST ANGLES, IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF HEREFORD.



ON the south side of the Chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, formerly called *our Lady's Chapel*, but now used as a Library, is a mutilated effigy of ST. ETHELBERT, King of the East Angles, whose murder by Offa, was the first great cause of the historic importance of the Church of Hereford. This figure, which is about five feet in length, was dug up some years ago at the entrance to the Chapel; it is

sculptured in stone, as dressed in a Saxon surcoat and robes, and having a regal crown on its head. On the surcoat appear to have been painted the arms of Ethelbert, and it has been illuminated in different places with gilt Saxon characters. On the crown, surcoat, and robes, are the traces of rich gilding and colouring, and the whole figure very much resembles the one carved on the shrine which for-

merly stood on the high altar,\* of which Duncumb has given a representation. The feet of the figure rest on a pediment or projection of stone; the under part of which being left in a rough state, renders it evident that it was intended to stand upright against a wall. The figure is much mutilated: the lineaments of the face are completely obliterated, the head is separated from the shoulders, and part of the hands are gone; but enough remains of this once worshipped image to render it an object of extensive interest.

In the situation in which this figure would stand, if again replaced, it would look directly to the high altar, and occupy a place immediately over the spot where the body of Ethelbert is said to have been deposited. Price says of this figure, "a statue of a woman was dug up some time ago, in the entrance to the Library, having on its head something like a ducal coronet." Duncumb likewise calls it "a lady wearing a coronet, on her surcoat were painted the arms of England, but they are now much defaced."--- It is presumed that the mistake of this figure for that of a female, has been occasioned by its *diminutive size*; but it is to be observed, that the figure on the shrine of St. Ethelbert, above described, is of the same comparative proportions. Near this statue, under an arched canopy of fret-work, is an altar monument of free stone, erected over *Bishop Mayo*, or *Mayew*, who died April 18th, 1516; having his effigy in Pontificals, with the hands elevated. This Bishop in his Will, dated 24th March, 1515, directs that his body be buried "in his cathedral, at the feet of the *Image* of St. Ethelbert." We have here a clue, by which may be ascertained where the image was placed. Behind Mayo's Tomb (now hid by the oak screening under the pillar on the west side of the arch,) is a pedestal, rising about two feet from the floor of the choir. The support of this pedestal has a single pillar in front, on each side of which is an arcade in the pointed style. This pedestal appears to have been the support of the Image in question; as its situation, close at the head of Mayo's grave, clearly indicates; and the under part of the stone, on which the feet rest, being rough, as stated before, as if intended to stand against a wall, answers more particularly Mayo's appellation of an *Image*. The pedestal here mentioned, has a *fracture* on one corner; the pediment,

or projection on which the foot rests, has likewise a *corresponding fracture* so as to make it apparent that the same accident affected both. Whether this be the original effigy placed by Offa upon the celebrated shrine which he erected to the memory of Ethelbert, which has been described as "magnificent," we will leave to future inquiry. Thus much appears to be ascertained, that this was the identical figure which Mayo has described in his Will as the "*Image of St. Ethelbert*," and which we may suppose to have been placed on the spot which his "magnificent tomb" occupied,—previous to the destroying times of Algar and Griffyth, the eclipsing fame of Cantilupe, and the unrespecting fanaticism of reformation. The traces of rich ornament and studied decoration, which are even now visible, will alone prove it to have been an object of regard, if not of religious veneration.

A.

### EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORTFOLIO.—No. III.

A WALK TO ELTHAM.—SHOOTER'S HILL.—SEVERN-  
DROOG CASTLE.—CHARLTON.

ONE afternoon in that most delightful English month, October, found us on the road to the venerable and time-worn remains of the Royal Palace at Eltham. It had long fallen on evil days, and we were therefore anxious to investigate the true character of its partial and recent restoration.

Years had passed since last we viewed the scenes before us. Each step as we proceeded brought home passages of other days, and though it was diverging a little from our path, we determined on once more enjoying the prospect from the summit of Shooter's Hill, whence we could afterwards wander through the woods and fields to the pole-star of our excursion. On the common (long a favourite resort) were several little migratory settlements of that singular race,—that anomaly in a civilized country,—the gipsies. In the hollows and chalk-pits of Kent you frequently meet with these colonies of wigwams, with their little tribes of bronzed half-naked urchins roaming over the waste, and assailing the stranger in their queer outlandish language for a halfpenny. What a picture of primitive life did these people present; there were the frail tents or wigwams; there, the little cart; here, the donkeys quietly grazing; there, the "children of a larger growth" either lolling in the sun or preparing

\* Late in the possession of the Rev. Canon Russell deceased. A more correct representation has been published by Storer, "Ancient Relics," No. 6. In this plate, the diminutive figure of the young martyr is much more striking than in Duncumb's engraving.

their food, but seldom with any visible means of subsistence.

Having reached the summit of the hill, near the verge of Severn-Droog, after picking our way amongst furze and underwood, we paused and thought of its by-gone history. *Shooter's Hill*, with its vicinage, particularly to the south and east, was formerly a miniature forest; and the name has probably been derived from archers frequently exercising here. It was occasionally visited by the royal residents at Eltham or Greenwich. The old chronicler saith, "King Henry the Eighth and his Queen Katherine came hither in great splendour from Greenwich on May-day. They were received by two hundred archers, all clad in green, with one personating Robin Hood as their captain. He first shewed the king the skill of his archers in their exquisite shooting, and then leading the ladies into the wood, gave them an entertainment of venison and wine, in green arbours and booths adorned with gaudy pageants and all the efflorets of the romantic gallantry then practised in that luxurious court."\*—In consequence of the great road to Dover passing over its summit, like Gad's hill, it was always a place of danger and dread to travellers. The road was narrow, and the thick wood which then skirted it was the continual resort of nests of thieves, who lurked among its recesses ever ready to pounce on the traveller. In order to check this evil, Henry IV. granted leave to one Thomas Chapman to cut down, burn, and fell the woods and coppices on the south side, and to expend the proceeds in the repair of the highway. On the east side, however, it continued to be infested by robbers so late as 1739, when the new road was laid out, and even until a much later period. But the olden exploits of your errant highwayman, gallantly mounted on his bit of blood, have long passed away: the race is extinct. Whirled along at the rate of ten miles an hour, over macadamised roads, (and with the expectation of shortly flying thirty on railways), the romantic traveller passes peacefully through the land, and may now sigh in vain for an adventure to vary his journal. Not a solitary "stand and deliver" is to be found. It was in contemplation "sixty years since" to build an elegant town on the summit of the hill, but it "fell through." There is a mineral spring here, which never freezes in the severest winters. The tavern on Shooter's Hill was formerly of note for providing nuptial entertainments for the new-married, on their wedding day.

We now entered the grounds of *Severn-Droog*

*Castle*, an elevated tower, or "Folly," built by the late Lady James, of Eltham Lodge, in 1784, to commemorate the fall of Severn-droog, a hill-fort in the East Indies, which was taken from Angria, a notorious Mahratta pirate, by Commodore, afterwards Sir William James, in 1755. The view from this tower is of great beauty, commanding on every point of the compass an almost boundless prospect over field and flood. The silver expanse of the noble Thames winds majestically through the land, appearing at intervals from London almost to its entrance to the sea at the Nore,—some of the reaches indeed have all the effects of inland lakes. No landscape can be considered perfect without this important constituent feature, which is to nature what the eye is to man. The weald of Kent, rich with foliage; sylvan Surrey; a boundless view towards Windsor and the west; the whole of the mighty metropolis; the wide expanse of Essex and glimpses of other counties, with numberless adjuncts and historical recollections of deathless interest, compose a scene which for extent and variety has few equals.

While we marked a dark cloud rising in the west, which threatened to eclipse the flood of radiance shed over the landscape by the rays of the declining sun, we thought of the mighty Babylon,—the little world before us, which almost defied the grasp of the imagination. It is a City of extremes: royalty and rags,—filth and glitter,—mirth and misery,—jostle and jar with one another with a strange and startling sensation. We have sometimes wandered along the "stony-hearted" streets at nightfall, and pondered,—and it is no uninteresting study,—over the ever-varying countenances that hurry along the great thoroughfares like a rushing river. Here, as Johnson truly said, is the "full tide of human affairs;" the endless piles of building; the everlasting roll of carriages; the hum of voices; all is vast and imposing. And then London at midnight,—how deep, how profound the contrast,—how impressive the silence and the solitude of those streets, which perhaps but a brief hour ago, resounded with the confused noises and stir of life: the waves of human passion are hushed; the storm which agitated this human ocean has passed away,—all is silent and in repose.

But to return. Amongst the interesting objects in the immediate district, the noble old manor-house at CHARLTON is entitled to a prominent place. It was built by Sir Adam Newton, tutor to Prince Henry, who obtained a grant of the manor of Charlton from James I., in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He died January the 13th, 1629; and after passing

\* Vide Harris's Hist. Kent, p. 117.

through several hands, the manor and property came into the family of the present much-respected proprietor, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, of Eastbourne, in the county of Sussex, Bart. The house is in fine preservation; some of the cypress trees in the court are considered to be the oldest in England. Dr. Plot says that "there was a marble chimney-piece in the dining-room of this house so exquisitely polished, that the Lord of Downe could see in it a robbery committed on Shooter's Hill, whereupon sending out his servants, the thieves were taken." In the beautifully situated village of Charlton, *Horn Fair*,---said to have been granted by King John, as an *amende honourable* for a licentious outrage,---a "revel" of great antiquity is held, annually, on St. Luke's and two following days.

We now reluctantly descended from the tower, and entered a narrow path in the woods leading towards Eltham. We thought of the beautiful words of our Saviour, "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth," as the evening breeze stole through the murmuring foliage. All around spoke of decay,—

"For now the leaf

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove.—

The forest-walks at every rising gale

Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak."

Autumn is a season that comes home to every heart. The laughing Spring has passed away; the joyous Summer is no more; and Autumn comes "all beautiful in decay," an impressive type of the third stage of human existence. It is at this season that we are most prone to reflection. The mind is lifted up above the cares of this troublous world, and while his fellow creatures pass away like the waves of the ocean, the righteous man contemplates the evening of life with calm tranquillity, and looks cheerfully forward to the everlasting spring of eternity. To the lover of nature, Autumn is a season of varied interest; and the votary of superstition, tinged with melancholy at the desolation which is fast coming over animated and vegetable nature, views every unusual occurrence with dismay, and looks up to the phenomena of the heavens with awe and astonishment. Winter is at hand "sap-checked with frost," cheerless alas! to very many, but still possessing comforts which can be enjoyed at no other season. But the "refinement" of modern times has stripped this "merry season" of half its enjoyments and old English character.\* The

blazing yule-log is banished from our hearths,---the warm welcome and hearty laugh have too often given place to hollow compliments and unmeaning ceremony,---and the groaning tables, and strong ale, or generous sack, of old times are now represented by foreign cookery and thin "soul-less wines."

While we contemplate the peace and harmony of nature, we are the more forcibly struck with the discord and tumult of man and his deeds. Yet all is wisely ordered. Life has many shadows, but still there are lights in human existence which cheer us like a beacon on our path.—As we emerged from the woods looking over Eltham and its venerable palace, the waning splendour of the western sky forcibly recalled to recollection the departed glories of this pile, wherein royalty had its festive abode, and princes have been seated at the banquet table.

VYVYAN.

## RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AND BLONDEL DE NESLE.

ALTHOUGH the legend of Richard the First's release from his treacherous imprisonment, by Leopold of Austria, through the instrumentality of his favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, is common in every history of England, very few, if any, of the authors have given the chanson itself. It ran in the original thus :---

### BLONDEL.

Donna vostra beaotas,  
Elas, bellas faissos,  
Els bels oils amors;  
Els gens cors ben taillats,  
Don sieu empresenats,  
De vostra amor que mi lia.

### CŒUR DE LION.

Si bel trop âfiansia,  
Ja, de vos, non partrai,  
Que major honorai,  
Sol, en votre deman,  
Que santra des beisan,  
Pot can de vos vobrai.

tinued pressure of the National expenditure upon the middle ranks of society, rather than to the refinements of the age. The "where-withall" has been extracted from the domestic hearth,---whether for purposes of good or ill,---and the glow of every social and generous feeling chilled into a repulsive selfishness by the craving wants of the immediate homestead.---Ed.

\* It may be fairly surmised that the decay of old English hospitality is more correctly to be attributed to the long-con-

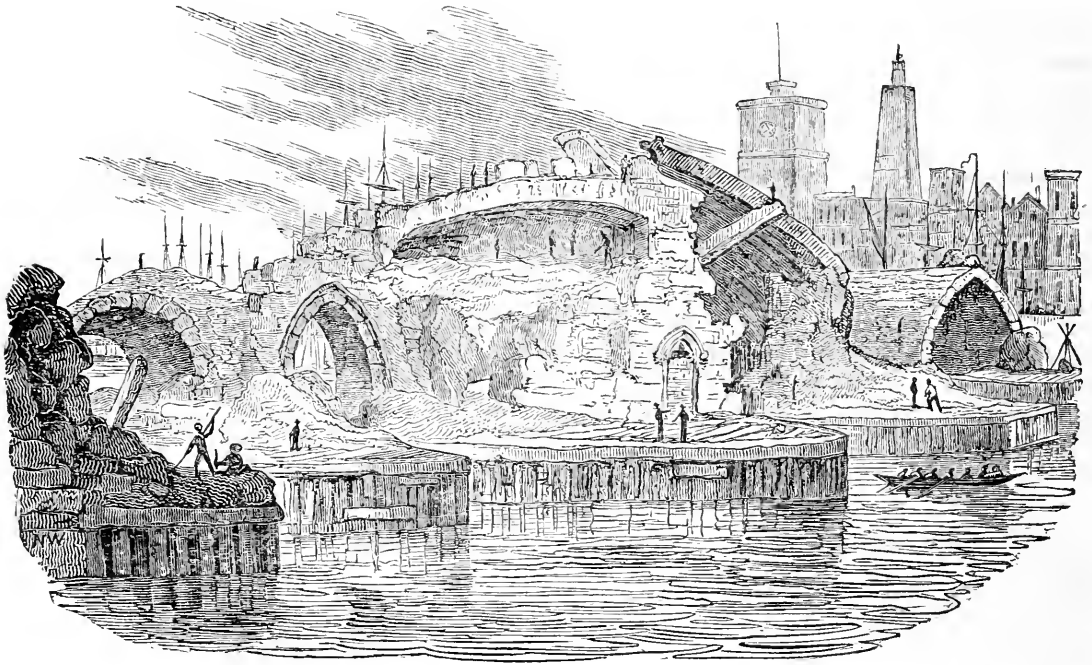
And has been thus translated :---

Your beauty, lady fair,  
None view without delight,  
But still as cold as air  
No passion you excite ;  
Yet this I patient see,  
While all are shunn'd like me.

No nymph my heart can wound  
If favours she divide,  
And smile on all around  
Unwilling to decide ;  
I'd rather hatred bear,  
Than love with others share.

NYKON.

### RUINS OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.



PRIOR to the entire removal of OLD LONDON BRIDGE we shall here briefly record the more important circumstances connected with its history ;---premiseing, that the above cut represents the dilapidated remains of this once venerable structure, as they appeared in March 1832, when the original sketch was made by Mr. W. A. Delamotte.

The origin of London Bridge is unknown; and, with the exception of Dion Cassius, no mention is made by any historian of a *Bridge* over the River Thames in the Roman times; but that writer has incidentally noticed one, when recording the invasion of the Emperor Claudius, in the year 44. His account, in substance, is as follows :---“ The Britons, retreating upon the River Thames, where it falls into the sea, (it being from inundation stagnant,) readily passed over, from knowing both the firm and the easily-ford-

able parts, whilst the Romans, in following them, were much endangered: upon which, swimming back, another party, *crossing by a Bridge* a little higher up, overtook and slew many of the Britons, yet pursuing the rest incautiously, were themselves entangled in the marshes, and had a great number lost.”\*

But little reliance can be placed upon this information, for as Dion Cassius did not write until almost two centuries after the invasion by Claudius, and as no other authority ever alluded to a Bridge across the Thames earlier than the tenth century, the probability is, that his statement was either founded on incorrect materials, or that he mistook some stream flowing into the Thames for the river itself.

The “Saxon Chronicle,” in noticing the irruption

\* Vide Dionis “*Historiæ Romanæ*,” tom. ii. p. 958, lib. lx. sect. xx.

of Olaf, or Anlaf, the Norwegian King, under the date 993, acquaints us, that "he sailed with three hundred and ninety ships to Staines, which, having plundered without opposition, he returned to Sandwich." Hence it has been inferred that there was no Bridge over the Thames, at London, at that period; yet William of Malmesbury, when noticing the attack made on the city by Sweyn, King of Denmark, in the following year, viz. 994, informs us, that Sweyn's fleet *ran foul of the Bridge*.

In the writings of Snorro Sturlesonius, an Icelandic historian, (who wrote in the early part of the thirteenth century, and was assassinated in 1241) there is a curious account of an assault on London Bridge, in the year 1008, by the united forces of Ethelred II., surnamed the Unready, and Olaf, the Norwegian Chief, his then ally.\* At that time, the Danes were in possession both of the city and the bridge, and had also a strong outwork in "*Sudurvirke*," Southwark, consisting of a rampart "formed of wood, stone, and turf," defended by "a broad and deep ditch." Snorro prefaces his details of the second battle, (the first assault having proved unsuccessful) by the following description of the Bridge:—

"There was, at that time, a Bridge erected over the river between the city and Southwark, so wide, that if two carriages met they could pass each other. At the sides of the Bridge, at those parts which looked upon the river, were erected ramparts and castles, which were defended at the top by pent-house bulwarks and sheltered turrets, covering to the breast those who were fighting in them: the Bridge itself was also defended by piles fixed in the bed of the river." In describing the attack, he proceeds thus:—"The fleet, as well as forces, being now ready, they rowed towards the Bridge, the tide being adverse; but no sooner had they reached it than they were violently assailed from above with a shower of missiles and stones, of such immensity, that their helmets and shields were shattered, and the ships themselves considerably injured. Many of them, therefore, retired; but Olaf, the King, and his Norsemen, having rowed their ships close up to the Bridge, made them fast to the piles with ropes and cables, with which they strained them, and the tide aiding their united efforts, the piles gradually gave way, and were withdrawn from under the Bridge. At this time, there was an immense pressure of piles and other weapons, so that the piles being removed, the

whole Bridge brake down, and involved in its fall the ruin of many: numbers, however, were left to seek refuge by flight; some into the city, others into Southwark." This event, and its consequent advantages, so intimidated the citizens, that they submitted to receive Ethelred as King.\* Among the Statutes of that Sovereign, inserted by Brompton, in his "*Chronicon*," is the following passage:—"Concerning the tolls given at Bylyngesgate,---Whoever shall come to the *Bridge*, in a boat in which there are fish, he himself being a dealer, shall pay one half-penny for toll, and if it be a larger vessel, one penny."

In the year 1016, the Danes under the command of Canute, having advanced up the river with their fleet, were impeded in their progress by the Bridge; and, in consequence, according to the "*Saxon Chronicle*," they "sank a deep ditch on the south side, and dragged their ships to the west side of the Bridge." This trench is supposed to have commenced at Rotherhithe, and continuing in a semicircular course, to have re-entered the Thames at the lower end of Chelsea Reach. In the curious narrative given in Suhm's "*History of Denmark*," of the removal of the body of the martyred St. Elphege, from St. Paul's Cathedral to Canterbury, by Canute, in the year 1023, the Bridge is again noticed; the King's Guards being ordered to take possession of the city gates, and also of the bridge, and the banks of the river, that the citizens might be prevented from impeding the removal of the Saint's remains. During the removal, "warriors, clad in armour," were placed on the Bridge itself; and after the body of Elphege had been conveyed on ship-board, to the Southwark side, and sent forward under a strong escort, Canute

\* The Norse bards, Ottar Suarti and Sigvatus, celebrated Olaf's triumphs in their songs; a specimen of which, as translated in Thomson's "*Chronicles of London Bridge*," page 24, (to which very interesting compilation we are indebted for much of the information detailed in this article,) is here given.—"That was really the sixth fight which the mighty King fought with the men of England; wherein King Olaf,—the Chief himself a Son of Odin,—valiantly attacked the Bridge at London. Bravely did the swords of the Völses defend it; but through the trench which the Sea Kings, the men of Vikeland, guarded, they were enabled to come, and the plain of Southwark was full of his tents." The King OLAF, Anlaf, or Olave, thus celebrated, appears to have been converted to Christianity in England; and his virtues were so much revered by the Londoners, that three Churches within the city, and one in Southwark, were consecrated to his memory after his enrolment in the Calendar of Saints, viz. St. Olave, Jewry; St. Olave, Hart Street; St. Olave, Silver Street; and St. Olave, Tooley Street.---Olaf was slain in battle by his Pagan subjects, at Stichstadt, to the north of Drontheim, in the year 1030.

\* Vide Johnstone's "*Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ*," 4to. printed at Copenhagen, in 1786.



and the Archbishop of Canterbury "sat down at the end of the Bridge, that the procession might gain time, and the apprehended attack of the populace be averted."

Although it is thus evident that the Bridge existed in the Saxon times, we have no other account of its origin than what has been given by Stow, in the following passage: "The original foundation of London Bridge, by report of Bartholomew Linsted, alias Fowle, last Prior of S. Marie Overies Church in Southwarke, was this: a Ferrie beeing kept in place where now the Bridge is builded, at length the Ferri-man aid his wife deceasing, left the same Ferrie to their only daughter, a maiden, named Mary, which with the goods left by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said Ferrie, builded a House of Sisters in place where now standeth the East part of S. Mary Oueries Church, aboue the Quéere, where she was buried, vnto the which House she gave the oversight and profits of the Ferry. But afterwards, the said House of Sisters being conuerted into a Colledge of Priests the Priests, builded the Bridge of Timber, as all other the great Bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparation; till at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, there was (by ayd of the Citizens of London and others,) a Bridge builded with Arches of stone, as shall be shewed."\*

In the year 1067, William the Conqueror, in a charter to the Abbey Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, confirmed to the monks there a gate in London, called Botolph's Gate, with a wharf "at the head of *London Bridge*." In the next reign, in November 1090, in consequence of a violent tempest, the river was so swollen, as entirely to sweep away the Bridge, and inundate the banks on each side to a great distance. Six years afterwards, William Rufus imposed a heavy tax upon his subjects for rebuilding the Bridge, and executing other considerable works, which he had then in progress. In 1136, it suffered greatly from fire, but was soon repaired, yet not so substantially as to last many years, since, according to Stow, "the same Bridge was not onely repaired, but *new made*, of timber as afore, by Peter of *Cole-church*, Priest and Chaplain.†

\* Stow's "Survey," p. 48. edit. 1618.

† Ibid. p. 50. St. Mary Cole-Church stood in the Poultry, at the south end of *Conie-hope Lane*, (now Grocer's Alley) "of old time so called," says Stow, "of a signe of three Conies hanging over a Poulter's stall at the Lane's end." This Church, which was a small fabric "named of one Cole, that builded it upon a vault above ground, so that men are forced to ascend vp

## POPULAR ESSAYS ON CHIVALRY, ARCHERY, &c.—No. IV.

### SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ANCIENT ENGLISH.\*

It is a much bruited assertion that "ignorance is the parent of superstition;" now, although we grant that the latter is frequently allied to the former, we will not concede that it cannot exist without it. The ancient Greeks, even when they had filled the earth with the glory of their arts and arms, and the Romans, when at the zenith of their greatness, were most superstitious nations. Each had their lucky and unlucky days; each considered the croak of a raven either propitious, or otherwise, as it was heard on the right or the left; both studied astrology; and both consulted the auspices before they set out on a maritime expedition: and if any unlucky omen happened, as of a person sneezing on the left, or of swallows alighting on the ships, the voyage was suspended!

The ancient Britons were exceedingly superstitious; and although the introduction and progress of Christianity gave new vigour to the thinking faculties, the "inventions" of the Papacy kept the multitude in mental durance. It was thus that superstition maintained its power; and until *printing* became general, its shackles hung fearfully upon mankind. "Our fathers," writes Mr. Addison, "looked upon nature with more reverence and horror before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy; and loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it; the church-yards were all haunted; every large common had a circle of faries belonging to it; and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit."

Climate and scenery have always had great influence in moulding the superstitions of different nations. "The direst," observes Bishop Hurd, "took their

thereunto by certain steps," was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. The parish was afterwards annexed to St. Mildred's, Poultry: the living was a curacy.

\* In treating on a subject like the present, and when so much has been written by preceding antiquaries, and little new information can be gathered respecting it, the difficulty is to *condense* into a popular form, for the general reader, those interesting fruits of laborious research which have hitherto been storied up in volumes too bulky or expensive for general circulation, or scattered among the too-frequently bewildering notes appended to the best editions of our early poets.

birth in the frozen regions of the north," and were fostered "by the gloom of the comfortless woods and forests."\* Not nearly so terrible, though sufficiently wild and spirit-stirring, were the superstitions of our ancestors;—river and mountain sprites, fays, and elves, dancing in the mystic rings by the silver moonlight, are the fancies of a people enjoying a mild and sunny climate, and living in a fertile and beautiful country.

No one, we are persuaded, who is at all acquainted with the rabble of sylvan deities of Pagan Rome, and remembers the following correct and beautiful lines of Milton, will hesitate to confess that the FAIRY MYTHOLOGY was originally derived from classic ground.

"The lonely mountains o'er  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with the poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.  
"In consecrated earth  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lures and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
In uras and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the *Flamens* at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat."

In the times of the Druids, this imaginary race was supposed to be the *manes* of those priests who were neither sufficiently pure for Paradise, nor sufficiently depraved for the punishments of hell, and therefore remained on earth till the day of judgment, when they would obtain a more glorious state of being. It is more than probable that the Gauls first seized the idea of a "little people" from the *Lamie* and *Larvæ* of antiquity, and that they imported the superstition among their neighbours the Britons, by whom the belief was so cordially received as to make some learned men suppose that it was certainly indigenous among them.

"It was an article," writes Mr. Brand, "in the creed concerning Fairies, that they were a kind of intermediate beings, partaking of the nature both of men and spirits: that they had material bodies; and yet the power of making them invisible, and of passing them through any sort of inclosures: they were thought to be remarkably small in stature, with fair complexions, hence comes their English name: the

habits of both sexes were generally green: their haunts were groves, mountains, the southern-side of hills, and verdant meadows, where their diversion was dancing hand-in-hand in a circle, with all the passions and wants of human beings: they were great lovers and patrons of cleanliness and propriety: they loved to steal unbaptized infants, and leave their own progeny in their stead, and are reported to have been particularly fond of making cakes, and to have been very noisy during the operation."\*—"They were not," says another author, "to be impeded in ingress or egress: a bowl of milk was to be placed for them at night upon the hearth, and in return they left a small present in money, if the house was kept clean, if not, they inflicted some punishment on the negligent, which, as it was death to look upon them, the offenders were obliged to endure, and many mischievous tricks were, no doubt, played upon these occasions. As their children might have betrayed their haunts, they were permitted to go out only in the night time, and to entertain themselves with moonlight dances, which were performed round a tree, and on an elevated spot, beneath which was probably their habitation, or its entrance. The older persons mixed, as much as they dared, with the world; and if at any time they happened to be recognized, the certainty of their vengeance was their preservation."†

The fairies were not on all occasions eager to avoid discovery. A tract published in 1696, written by one Moses Pitt, and addressed to Dr. Edward Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, informs us, that a person named Anne Jefferies, "as she was one day sitting knitting in an arbour in the garden, there came over the hedge, of a sudden, *six persons of a small stature all clothed in green*, which frightened her so much as to throw her into a great sickness." Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the twelfth century, relates: "A short time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in these parts (Neath, in Glamorganshire), which Elidorus, a priest, most strenuously affirmed had befallen himself. When a youth, about twelve years of age, in order to avoid the severity of his preceptor, he ran away and concealed himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting in that situation for two days, two little men of pigmy stature appeared to him, and said, "If you will go with us, we will lead you into a country full of delights and sports." Assenting, and rising up, he followed his guides, at first through a path subterraneous and

\* "Works of Richard Hurd, D.D. Lord Bishop of Worcester," vol. iv. p. 284.

\* "Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities," edited by Ellis, vol. ii. p. 328.

† See "Popular Antiquities of Wales."

dark, into a most beautiful country, gloomy, however, and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark. The boy was brought before the king, and introduced to him in the presence of his court, where having examined him for a long time, he delivered him to his son, who was then a boy. These men were of the smallest stature, but very well proportioned, fair complexioned, and wore long hair. They had horses and greyhounds adapted to their size. They neither ate flesh nor fish, but lived on milk diet, made up into messes with saffron. As often as they returned from our hemisphere, they reprobated our ambitions, infidelities, and inconstances; and though they had no form of public worship, they were, it seems, strict lovers and reverers of truth." From this extract, it appears, that the Welch were somewhat different to the English fairies, to whom we have devoted this article; and we merely make the quotation because it is one of the very few recorded instances in which fays have appeared to mortals!

Long before Chaucer's time, these little beings, by their many acts of kindness, had obtained so much credit, and thereby excited the angry feelings of the clergy, who wished to take their blessings into their own hands,\* that the poet says—

"I speke of many hundred yeres ago;  
But now can no man see non elves mo;  
For now the grete charitee and prayers  
Of limetoures† and other holy freres  
That searchen every land and every streme  
As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,  
Blessing halles, chambers, kichenes and bowres,  
Cities, and burghes, castles highe and toures, [dairies,  
Thropes (villages) and bernes (barns), shepines (stables) &  
This maketh that there ben no fairies;  
For thir as wont to walken was an elf,  
Their walketh now the limetour himself."‡

Yet although (even by their own confession) our English minstrels had never seen a fay, nor visited the sweet and blessed bowers of faeryland, they have dared to sing of the King and Queen of that happy

\* See "Malone's Shakespeare," edit. 1821, vol. v. p. 345, note.

† *Begging and Itinerant Friars*. They were M.A.'s; preachers of charity sermons; confessors granting easy terms of absolution; facetious story-tellers; could sing a good song, and play skilfully on an instrument; could dissemble, gloss, pray, and profess extraordinary sanctity; be violent or courteous; merry and wanton, or solemn and devout, as the occasion required: in a word, very popular ecclesiastics, and great favourites with the ladies of their day.

‡ "Canterbury Tales," edited by T. Tyrwhitt, Esq. vol. ii. p. 136.

people, and of the apparel, feasts, games, and glory of their retinues and subjects. In Poole's "English Parnassus" are given the names of the Fairy Court: viz.

*Oberon*, the Emperor; *Mab*, the Empress;  
*Perriwiggin*, *Periwinkle*, *Puck*, *Hobgoblin*, *Tomalin*, *Tom Thumb*; Courtiers.  
*Hop*, *Mop*, *Drop*, *Pip*, *Trip*, *Skip*, *Tub*, *Tick*, *Pink*,  
*Pin*, *Quick*, *Gill*, *Tin*, *Tit*, *Wap*, *Win*, *Nit*;  
the Maids of Honour.

*Nymphedia*, the Mother of the Maids.

Their palaces were formed of pearl; their rooms of sapphire, agate and crystal; and their tennis-courts of polished ivory; their robes of snowy cobweb, and silver gossamer bespangled o'er with the diamond drops of the morning, and wreathes of pearl; their lamps, the mystic lights of many glow-worms; their minstrelsy, the music of the nightingale, cricket, and grasshopper; their food, the brains of butterflies, the beards of mice, emmets' eggs, and

"Pearly drops of infant dew  
Brought and besweetened in a blue  
And pregnant violet;"

their amusements, hunting and dancing.

Thus far the English fairies greatly resemble the Peri of the east country, whose delights and dwellings are so well described by Moore.

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,  
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!"

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;  
Take all the pleasure of all the spheres  
And multiply each through endless years—  
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"\*

In their tastes and inclinations, however, our elves and fays were a *vulgar race* when compared with their eastern fellows. Even their Queen herself, not content with "galloping through lovers' brains," o'er "courtiers' knees and lawyers' fingers," in her hazel car, demeaned herself by performing many other tricks, which (to say the least of them) were very unbecoming her regal dignity:

"There is Mab, the mistress fairy,  
That doth nightly rob the dairy:  
And can help or hurt the churning  
As she please without discerning.

\* "Lalla Rookh:" *Paradise and the Peri*, p. 133.

She that pinches country wenches  
 If they rub not clean their benches:  
 And with sharper nails remembers,  
 When they rake not up their embers.  
 And if so they chance to feast her,  
 In their shoe she drops a tester.  
 This is she that empties cradles;  
 Takes out children, puts in ladies."

So sings Master Poole,\* and we learn from other sources that the courtiers were as mischievous as their empress. Of these, we shall only signal out one, called in the catalogue above quoted *Hobgoblin*, but more generally known by the more pleasant appellation of Robin Good-fellow.

"This," says Dr. Percy, "in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in the following ballad." This ballad is too long to transcribe, but our readers will excuse the following amusing extract:—

"When'er such wanderers I meete,  
 As from their night-sports they trudge home;  
 With counterfeiting voice I grete  
 And call them on, with me to roam  
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,  
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;  
 Or else, unseene, with them I go  
 All in the nicke  
 To play some tricke,  
 And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!"

When house or herth doth sluttish lye,  
 I pinch the maidens black and blue.  
 The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,  
 And lay them naked all to view.  
 'Twixt sleepe and wake  
 I do them take,  
 And on the key-cold floor them throw.  
 If out they cry  
 Then forth I fly,  
 And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!"

Milton thus celebrates this spirit in his "L'Allegro."

"Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn,  
 Then ten day-lab'rs could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full, out of doors he flings  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings."

But, notwithstanding the fancied services of this frolic loving elf, it appears from the following remark of Tyndale, in his Tract "*On the obedience of a Xtian*

man," that the housewives, or servants, were little the better or worse from his kind of mischievous exertions. "The Pope," says the Reformer, "is kin to Robin Goodfellow, which sweepeth the house, washeth the dishes, and purgeth all by night. *But when day cometh there is nothing found clean.*"

If any, the least obscurity involves the inquiry whence the ancient English received their "Fairy Mythology," none can exist respecting the source from which their belief in magic monsters, and prodigies was derived. The rosy land of the Saracens, basking beneath the blaze of eastern suns, rich in steeds, gold, and gems, spontaneously producing the most luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, and inhabited by a fiery imaginative people whose holy writings abound with tales of enchantment, was the peculiar shrine and nursery of the romantic and marvellous. The pilgrims and warriors who visited this far-off clime, on their return home, astonished their countrymen with the narration of the wonders they had there beheld. They told them of the magnificence, refinement, and luxury of the Saracens, their dreadful wildfire,\* the learning of their magi, and the beauty of their women, not forgetting, doubtless, to colour and exaggerate their descriptions. The comparatively barbarous Europeans could only ascribe such wonders to the agency of fallen spirits. The Troubadour enriched his songs with the stories of "necromancy" of demon coursers, which carried their rider safely through the air, provided he abstained from making the sign of the cross, or pronouncing the name of his Redeemer, and of love-inspiring maidens, who vainly endeavoured to entice the crusading knight from Christianity. The Romancer seized the glowing tale of sorcery and inserted it in his fabulous history, and the compiler of legends gladly enhanced the valour and merits of his saintly heroes, by relating that they fought with dragons, giants, and other monsters, with which the English had been previously unacquainted. Thus then, the superstitions of our ancestors received a large addition as well as a gorgeous and romantic colouring.

The lofty pretensions and mysterious knowledge of the *ancient magician*, are evidently of eastern origin; unlike the *witch* who derived all her power from Satan, he *commanded* the infernals by his skill in charms and invocations. Before a communication

\* Invented by the Greeks, but frequently lent by them to the Infidels. Hence, the *magical flames* and *fiery walls* of the Gothic Romancers. For an account of some other wonders in Romance, such as *enchanted arms*, *flying horses*, *invulnerable bodies*, &c. See "L'Esprit des Loix," lib. xxviii. c. 22.

\* Vide "*English Parnassus*," p. 333.

was opened between England and Araby, our "jongleurs" appeared only to have practised the vulgar arts of mere *legerdemain*, but afterwards, "when," observes the talented author of "London in the Olden time,"—"the popular mind was first dazzled and bewildered with the brilliant, but delusive marvels which Arabian science presented, and when the excited imagination of the student led him firmly to believe that no knowledge could be obtained, nor any great work ever be performed, unless by the permission of some saint, or the aid of some fiend, or through the mighty agency of one of the angels of the seven spheres," the masters of the "conyninge crafte" became invested with much loftier attributes. They studied at Padua and Salamanca, and arraying themselves in the garb of the infidel, with embrowed faces, silver tabor, and flowing siken garments, travelled from castle to castle, and from city to city, every where inspiring feelings of wonder and respect. Of this fraternity was the far-famed Taillefer, who led on a troop of horse at the battle of Hastings.

"Good steed had he, and lance and sword,  
As hardy vassal of his lord;  
And right before his peeres rode he,  
Doing strange marvels fetuously.  
He poised his lance, as light, I ween,  
As it a riding rod had been;  
And thrice he cast it toward the sky,  
And thrice he caught it from on high  
By the sharp point, and threw it then,  
Fiercely, among the Saxon men.  
Then, next, he tossed his glittering brand,  
With cunning sleight from either hand,  
Playing in such strange guise, that they  
Look'd on, I trow, with sore dismay;  
For well they ween'd such feats could be  
Perform'd by nought save *gramarye*."

But if the Saxons were astonished at feats like these, how would they have dared to have followed Taillefer to the scene of his conjurations, or witnessed his infernal ceremonies? The ancient magician sometimes compelled the fallen spirits to appear before him in all their majesty, and sometimes consulted them by the berryl, by means of a seer or speculator. When the wizard desired to see and converse with the infernals, he clad himself in a sacerdotal robe of snowy whiteness falling to his feet, and a black garment reaching to his knees, saying, the while, "By the figurative mystery of this holy vestment, I will clothe me with the armour of Salvation in the strength of the highest. *Ancoz, Amacoz Amides, Theobonias, Aniloz*. That my desired end may be effected through thy strength *Adonai*, to whom the praise and glory will for ever belong." He put on his con-

secrated shoes of russet leather, sanctified by crosses, and girdle of cat's skin, and brandishing his hazel wand, he drew the necessary circles with his own blood, sprinkled them with consecrated water, perfumed them with costly frankincense, and leaning on two drawn swords, consecrated them to his use and service. Then standing up, he solemnly repeated the following words; "Seeing God hath given us the power to bruise the Serpent's head, and command the Prince of darkness, much more to bear rule over every airy spirit; therefore, by His strong and mighty name, *Jehovah*, do I conjure you (*naming the spirits*,) and by his secret commands delivered to *Moses* on the Mount, and by His holy name *Letragrammaton*, and by all his wonderful names and attributes *Dadai, Sillon, Emillah, Athanatos, Paracletos*, &c., that ye do here immediately appear before this circle, in human form, and not of terrible or of monstrous shape, on pain of eternal misery that abides you, unless you speedily fulfill my commands, *Bathar, Baltar, Archem, Amachim, Nakun*. Amen."\*

The other mode of consulting spirits was by the berryl, or crystal. These crystals were as large as oranges, set in silver, with crosses at the top, and engraved round about with the names of the Seraphs, Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel. The Necromancer "in the new of the moon" being clothed "with all new, and fresh, and clean array, and shaven," and having that day fasted and confessed, and said the seven Psalms and Litany on the two preceding ones, repeated the necessary charms,† (which are given at

\* Nearly every spirit required a different circle and form of conjuration. These may all be found in Reginald Scot's "*Discovery of Witchcraft*."—Book xv.

† The form of conjuration began thus.—"I do adjure thee, by the Father, and the Son, and Holy Ghost, the which is the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, and by the latter day of judgment, that thou do appear in this crystal stone, or any other instrument at my pleasure, to me and my fellow, gently and beautifully, in fair form of a boy of twelve years of age, without hurt or damage of any of our bodies and souls; and certainly to inform and show me, without any guile or craft, all that we do desire or demand of thee to know, by the virtue of him that shall come to judge the quick and the dead and the world by fire.—Amen."

From the above, it appears that the spirit might sometimes be seen by the Sorcerer himself. "The only story," writes Master John Webster, "that seems to carry any credit with it, touching the truth of apparitions in crystals, is that which is related by that great and learned physician, *Joachimus Camerarius* from the mouth of *Lassarus Spenglerus*, a person excellent both for piety and prudence."—"Spengler said, that there was one person of a chief family in Norimberge, an honest and grave man whom he thought not fit to name. That one time

length in Scot's "Discovery," Book xv. c. 25.) The Seer, "who," says Mr. Grose, "to have a complete sight, ought to be a pure virgin; a youth who had not known woman, or at least a person of irreproachable life and purity of manners"---looked into a crystal or berryl wherein he saw the answer, represented either by types or figures, and "sometimes, though very rarely, he heard the angels or spirits speak articulately."\*—

Wonderful were the delusions practised by the enchanters on the awe-struck people when they preferred the society of men to the rebellious angels. Thus sings Chaucer;

"Oft at festes, have I wel herd say,  
That tregitours within a halle fulle large,  
Have made come in a water and a barge,  
And in the halle y rowen up and down;  
Sometimes hathe seemed to come a grim leoun;  
And, sometimes flowres springe as in a mede;  
Sometimes, a vine, and grapes, both whyte and rede;  
Sometimes a castel al of lime and stone,  
And, whan hem liketh, vanisheth anone."

It is more than probable that these wonders were the effect of *Phantasmagoria*. The Tregitours were many of them rich and revered; many came from Arabia, and studied at the Spanish Universities. "Now," observes an author above quoted, "their wealth would well enable them to procure all the apparatus necessary (for that magnifying glasses were well known in the middle ages, is an uncontrovertible fact), while their scientific knowledge taught them how to adapt the simple instruments of optical illusion to their ingenious purpose, and straightway "fair damosels" floated in witching beauty across the long and dimly-lighted hall, or the hunter and his gallant staghounds rushed by, or shadowy knights and phan-

tom came unto him, and brought, wrapt in a piece of silk, a crystalline gem, of a round figure, and said that it was given him of a certain stranger, whom many years before, having desired of him entertainment, meeting him in the market, he took home and kept him three days with him. And that this gift when he departed, was left him as a sign of a grateful mind, having taught such a use of the crystal as this—if he desired to be made more certain of any thing, that he should draw forth the glass, and with a male chaste boy to look in it, and should ask him what he did see? For it should come to pass, that all things that he required should be shewn to the boy, and seen in the apparition. And this man did affirm that he was never deceived in any one thing, and that he had understood many wonderful things by the boy's indication, when none of all the rest did by looking into it, see it to be any thing else but a neat and pure gem?" Vide "*The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*" &c., chap. xvi. p. 310.

\* The earlier astrologers, although denying the use of all necromancy or black magic, consulted spirits, &c. by means of crystals. Of this class were Dee, Lilly, and others.

tom steeds met, jousted and vanished away. The numerous stories, too, told apparently in full assurance of faith, of magical mirrors, wherein the marvelling gazer beheld scenes he had long since quitted, and friends long since past from earth, may not the same explanation be given to them all?—and thus may not a load of unmerited obloquy be removed from the memories of the simple chroniclers, who, in truth, described but what they had really witnessed?"

Many sorcerers likewise studied astrology and alchemy. "He will show you," says Lodge, speaking of one of these persons, "the devill in a crystal, calculate the nativitie of his gelding, talk of nothing but gold and silver, elixir, calcination, augmentation, citrination, commentation, and tho' swearing to enrich the world in a month, he is not able to buy himself a new cloake in a whole year."\* The above was written in 1596, and the latter part of the paragraph scarcely agrees with the assertion, that in Queen Mary's reign the predictions of judicial astrology "were received with reverential awe."

During several centuries the ruling authorities in England allowed the magicians to practise their juggling arts with impunity. Roger Bolinbrook and Margery Jordaine were executed not so much for necromancy as for *high treason* against Henry VI.; and it was not until the latter period of the sixteenth century that a general denunciation was issued against sorcery itself, as a desertion of the Deity, and a crime *sui generis*. Many reasons have been alleged for this moderation, perhaps "the supposed faction between a witch and a demon was deemed in itself to have terrors enough to prevent its becoming an ordinary crime, and was not therefore visited with any statutory penalty."† In 1541, however, a statute was passed against conjuration, witchcraft, and sorcery; and again in 1562, a formal statute against sorcery as penal in itself was enacted, but it does not appear that more than two or three persons at farthest were tried and punished during the reign of Elizabeth. When James I. ascended the throne, the popular indignation fell rather upon *witches* than sorcerers, if we may judge from the number of females executed for this crime, probably; because the latter were generally old women, who possessed neither friends nor influence. From the time that the episcopal and kingly government succeeded the dreary interregnum of anarchy, fanaticism, and military despotism, conjurers began to decline in public estimation; and instead of being regarded with awe or detestation, were despised as imposters. In "the character of a

\* "*Incarnate Devils*," 4to. Lond. 1596.

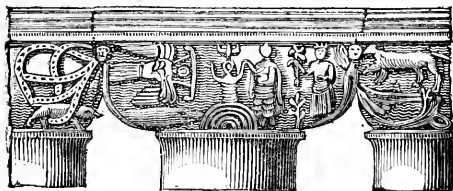
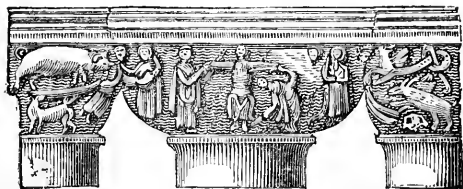
† Scott's "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," p. 218

quack astrologer," the "cunning man" is said to "*begin with theft*, and to help people to what they have lost, *picks their pockets afresh*."---But the "black art" has long ceased to be practised in England, and the gypsies are nearly the only persons who now pretend to a knowledge of astrology. The very excellent and learned editor of the "*Works of the English and Scottish Reformers*" observes:—"There lived in the village where I was born, in the weald of Kent, an astrologer, of some note in that part of the country;—I think I see Master Gilbert, as he was called, in his leather jerkin, and with his basket of weekly provisions, on a Saturday night, trudging through the fields to his solitary habitation.---I once repaired to this sequestered spot, to obtain his assistance in the recovery of a watch which I had left on the bank of a river where I had been bathing. In due time the horoscope was drawn, the aspect of the heavens consulted, and an answer returned as instructive as the Delphian oracle to Cræsus, that 'the watch was in some building not far from the water.'"<sup>\*</sup>

J. F. R.

## ADEL, OR ADDLE CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.

(Continued from p. 201.)



THE capitals of the supporting columns of the arch separating the nave and chancel in Adel Church

<sup>\*</sup> Vide "*Works, &c.* edited by T. Russell, A.M. vol. ii. 577: note,

are, also, extremely remarkable, as will at once be ascertained on referring to the annexed cut.

Although there is much rudeness of workmanship, there is likewise considerable spirit in the execution of these basso-relieues. On a capital on the south side, is an apparent delineation of the Taking down from the Cross, in front, with different quadrupeds on the returns. Opposite to this, on the north side, is the Baptism of Jesus by John, the Baptist; with a dove descending, a king on the left, standing; and on the right, an angel in an horizontal position: here, also, on the returns, are two animals. On another capital is a Sagittarius shooting at a griffin; and on a second, a knight on horseback, with a kite-formed shield and a spear, opposed to a lion. The other, and last capital shewn in the cut, is that on the left of the outer arch of the south doorway, on which a bull and an eagle are sculptured with the word TAVRVS over the former: vestiges of other names are also discernable, and, among them that of JOHANNES.

The parish of Adel is supposed by the Rev. Dr. Whitaker, to have been detached from that of Leeds at the time of the foundation of the Church; and according to the smaller register of Kirkstall Abbey, quoted by Stephens,<sup>\*</sup> "The entire soke of Adyll, with the advowson of the Church, and all the services of the freeholders in the said soke, with wards reliefs, escheats," &c. were granted to that foundation by Roger Mustell, whose father held them of the fee of William Painell. From the prior connection, however, of Adel Church with the priory of the Holy Trinity at York, (see p. 200.) it remained charged with a pension of ten marks to that house. The presentation is now vested in the *Arthingtons*, (formerly of Arthington, in this parish,) whose family obtained it by purchase.

## TOMB OF QUEEN ELEANOR,

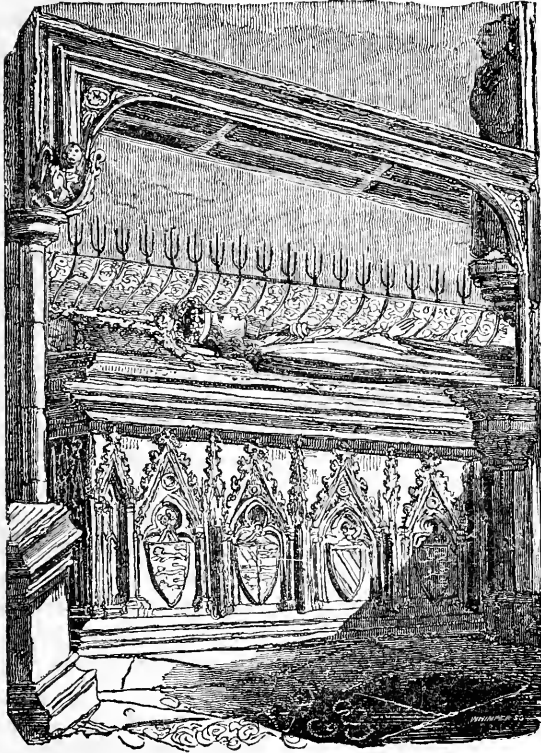
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

AFTER the burial of Queen Eleanor, the highly-lamented consort of Edward I. in St. Edward's chapel, at Westminster, in December, 1290, a splendid tomb was raised to her memory by that sovereign; and it has descended to our own days, with but little more deterioration than what has been occasioned by the effects of time and weather. The tomb itself, which

<sup>\*</sup> Vide "*Monasticon*," vol. iii. App. and 280, first edit.



is of grey Petworth marble, is designed in a style exactly corresponding with the rich crosses which Edward erected in commemoration of his beloved queen; but the top is covered with a plate, or table, of gilt copper, on which lies a statue of the deceased, which, also, is of copper, most richly gilt. Each side



of the tomb is divided by small buttresses into six compartments, in the pointed style, having angular pediments, ornamented by crockets and finials: these include large shields of arms, sculptured as pendent from oak and vine branches, within shallow trefoil-headed recesses. The charges, which are repeated in alternate succession, are those of England, as borne by Henry III. and Edward I. viz. three lions passant guardant; of Castile and Leon, namely, quarterly, first and fourth, a castle; second and third, a lion rampant; and of Ponthieu, viz. three bendlets within a bordure. The table, covering the tomb, is diapered with lozenges, containing the ensigns of Castile and Leon; and on the verge is an embossed inscription, part of which is hidden by the sculptures connected with the chapel of Henry V.; the other part is as follows, in black letter.

ICI : GIST : ALIANOR : IADIS : REYNE : DE :  
ENGLETERE : REY : EDEWARD : FIZ : LER——— :  
PUNTIF : DEL : ALME : DELI : DEO : PUR :  
SA : PITE : EYT : MERCI : AMEN.

The statue of the Queen is very admirably executed; but the thick adhesive coating of indurated dust that covers the whole renders the gilding only partially visible, except in parts which have been rubbed. The benign aspect of virtuous composure which the figure exhibits, is of the most elevated cast; and even its very attitude, (though of all others the incumbent position is the least adapted for expression,) is indicative of a chaste and pious dignity. The head reposes on two decorated cushions, and is encircled by a coronet, from which the hair falls in ringlets over each shoulder: the left hand is gracefully brought over the breast to grasp a crucifix, which is pendant from the neck; the right hand has borne a sceptre, but that has been removed and lost. The vestments, which are long and flowing, are very elegantly disposed; and, at the feet, is a lion couchant. At the head is an angular canopy of gilt copper, ornamented with engraved foliage, and having a rich bordering of crockets terminating in a clustered finial: each extremity is enriched with a small, but most beautifully-wrought, cherub.

On the northern ledge of the tomb, next the passage, or ambulatory, is a screen, or guard, of wrought iron, of curious workmanship, every principal division (of which there are eleven in number) being of a different, yet ingenious pattern, chiefly represented in the scroll-work foliage, with four animal heads beneath it. Below it, on the sub-basement of the tomb, are some very faint traces of human figures, which were once painted on the stone panelling, but are now from wanton mischief and the corrosions of time, almost obliterated. Keepe says there was "a sepulchre painted here, with divers monks praying thereat."\* Dart describes it more particularly: "though the painting is now worn out," he says, "there yet appears a sepulchre, at the feet of which are two monks: at the head, a knight armed, and a woman with a child in her arms."† Above it, in modern characters, but defaced, was this inscription; not any remains of which can now be traced:---

*Regina Alionora, Consors Edvardi primi fuit*  
*Alionora 1290. Disce Mori.*

\* Keepe's "Mon. West," p. 116.

† Dart's "Westmonasterium," vol. ii. p. 35.

## ORIGINAL LETTER OF LORD ORFORD.

THE epistolary talents of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the general ease and elegance of his writings, are so well known, that the following copy of a letter from that nobleman, which has been hitherto unpublished, in a perfect state, will, doubtless, be acceptable to every reader. It was addressed to the late Rev. Wm. Beloe, who had proposed to write a poetical work in praise of his lordship's seat at Strawberry Hill.\* The latter, and most important, part is expressed with great good sense, and a depth of feeling highly creditable to the writer, whose allusion to the nearly-extinguished race of his talented father, and to his despoiled mansion at Houghton, is particularly affecting.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 2, 1792.

I THANK you for your information on *confectum* and *fictum*, and am persuaded you are perfectly right. Xenophon might be so too in his solution of the Spartan permission of robbery. As he was very sensible, it is no wonder he tried to explain so seemingly gross a contradiction, as an allowance of theft where there was a community of property,—but, to say the truth, I little regard the assertions of most ancient authors, especially in their accounts of other countries than their own, and even about their own, I do not give them implicit credit. They dealt little in the spirit of criticism; information was difficult to be obtained; nor did they pique themselves on accuracy, but set down whatever they heard without examination. With many of the contrary advantages how little historic truth is to be gleaned even now!—I wish the report of the delivery of the King and Queen of France were not still unauthenticated. We did wish to believe it, not only for their sakes, but as some excuse for the otherwise inexplicable conduct of the King of Prussia,—he still wants a Xenophon,—so do the Austrians too, who with four times his numbers do not make quite so sagacious a retreat.

\* In Beloe's "Sexagenarian," where parts of this letter were first printed, the whole of those passages which relate to his own offer of writing in praise of Strawberry Hill, are suppressed; and the introductory words, "on *confectum* and *fictum*," changed to "on the two Latin words." But the most objectionable portion of this part of the Sexagenarian's Book, is that which studiously attempts to depreciate the character of Lord Orford; although whilst living he had, for his own purposes, both courted and flattered him. Hence the suppressions in the letter,—for had those passages been retained, his own insincerity must have been obvious to every one.

I am exceedingly obliged to your excessive partiality, Sir; but indeed I shall not encourage it, nor by any means consent to your throwing away your talents and time on such a transient bauble as my house and collection. A mere antiquarian drudge, supposing they could last even a century, would be fitter for the task. The house is too slightly built for duration, and the trifles in it too errant minutiae for the exercise of your poetic abilities. How vain should I be if I accepted such a sacrifice!—Indeed I blush at the proposal, and hope that at seventy-five I have unlearned vanity, and know the emptiness of it. Even that age must tell me that I may be gone before your poem could be finished, and vain-glory shall not be one of my last acts. Visions I have certainly had, but they have been amply dispelled. I have seen a noble seat built by a very wise man, who thought he had reason to expect it would remain to his posterity, as long as human foundations do in the ordinary course of things. Alas, Sir, I have lived to be the last of that posterity, and to see the glorious collection of pictures, that were the principal ornaments of the house, gone to the north pole, and to have the house remaining half a ruin on my hands. Think, Sir, what my reflections must be, if I have common sense left, when you are so kind as to offer me to preserve the memory of my pasteboard dwelling! Drop the idea, I beg you; I feel your friendship, but it hurts me more than it soothes me,—and though I trust I am free from vanity, I have wounded pride; and reverencing so profoundly as I do my father's memory, I could not bear to have my cottage receive an honor which his palace wanted!\*

\* Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, now the seat of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, was built by Sir Robert Walpole, between the years 1729 and 1735; but the north wing was destroyed by fire in 1789. In "Lepel's Letters" (p. 315.) it is thus characterized:—"I also saw Houghton, which is the most *triste* melancholy fine place I ever beheld. 'Tis a heavy, ugly, black building, with an ugly black stone. The hall, saloon, and a gallery very fine; the rest, not in the least so. But the pictures,—the most glorious Collection, both for number and choice, in this country, and perhaps in any other, those of the Duke of Orleans excepted."—The Houghton collection, or rather a selection from it, of all the principal pictures, was sold by George, second Earl Orford, (in 1779) to the notorious Catharine, Empress of Russia, for the sum of £40,555. These paintings are now in the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg, in the buildings connected with the Hermitage.

† Vide "Works," vol. v. p. 671. But it is singular that the conclusion, which is correctly copied in the wood-cut, is not inserted in that collection. It had, however, been printed in the "Sexagenarian," (vol. i. p. 269--271) in connexion with the letter itself; but the latter was not an accurate copy.

Forgive me, dear Sir, for dwelling so long on this article,—not too long for my gratitude, which is perfect, but perhaps too full of my own sentiments—yet how can I decline your too kind proposal, but by opening the real state of my mind? and to so obliging a friend, from whom I cannot conceal weaknesses to which both my nature and my age have made me liable; but they have not numbed my sensibility, and while I do exist, I shall be,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and obedient humble Servant,  
ORFORD.

Not having the signature to the above, we shall here introduce a *fac-simile* of Lord Orford's conclusion to another letter, addressed to Mr. Beloe, in answer to a request made by him for permission to dedicate to his lordship his translation of the "Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius." As this letter has already been published in the Collection of Lord Orford's works, an extract only will now be given from it. From that extract, the concluding passage will be the better understood; and it may be deserving of

remark that, in consequence of his lordship's deprecatory advice, the intended "address" of the translator, was "restrained to a mere inscription." Lord Orford's letter bears date from Strawberry Hill, December 2, 1794.

"—I do beg and beseech you, good Sir, to forgive me, if I cannot possibly consent to receive the Dedication you are so kind and partial as to propose to me. I have in the most positive and almost uncivil manner, refused a dedication or two lately. Compliments on Virtues, which the persons addressed, like me, seldom possessed, are happily exploded and laughed out of use. Next to being ashamed of having good qualities bestowed on me, to which I should have no title, it would hurt me to be praised on my Erudition, which is most superficial, and on my trifling Writings, all of which turn on most trifling subjects. They amused me while writing them, may have amused a few persons, but have nothing solid enough to preserve them from being forgotten, with other things of as light a nature."—

*I am, dear Sir, with great regard,  
yr much obliged  
[to hope by yr compliances with my earnest request to be  
yr much more obliged,  
I obed. humble Servant  
Orford*

## MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLISH HISTORY AND MANNERS.—No. I.

### RELICS OF BRITISH SUPERSTITIONS IN CORNWALL.

AMONG the interesting remarks made by Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," on the manners and customs of the early inhabitants of Britain, is the curious piece of information, that they thought it unlawful to use for food either the *hare*, the *common fowl*, or the *goose*, though they kept those animals for their pleasure.\* Blaise de Vigenere, an early French translator of the works of the Roman commander, in his

\* "Leporem, et gallinam, et anserem gustare fas non putant: hæc tamen alunt animi voluptatisque causa." Comm. de Bell. Gallic. lib. v. cap. 5.

copious annotations (written in the latter part of the sixteenth century), informs his readers, that he had often made inquiries from English ambassadors, and learned men belonging to their suite, concerning the probable motive of this alleged abstinence of the Britons; but all that he could learn amounted merely to a conjecture that the custom involved some mystery connected with their idolatrous superstitions; and Vigenere proceeds to advance some profound reasons why the cock was sacred to the sun, and he adds that the Britons probably abstained from the

hare as the most terrestrial of all animals; (*comme de l'animal plus terrestre de tous autres*;) and from the goose, as an aquatic bird: inferring that these creatures were respectively regarded as mystic symbols of the elements, and therefore sacred to the deities, who were supposed to preside over them. It is highly probable that the ancient Britons offered these animals in sacrifice to their gods, for the bones of hares and fowls are mentioned by Dr. Stukeley as forming part of the contents of sepulchral barrows opened under his direction, near Stonehenge; and they have been observed in similar situations by other investigators.

That this strange superstition should be found still lingering among the descendants of the early inhabitants of Britain would hardly be anticipated: such however manifestly appears to be the fact, though the usage is retained only in the form of a popular prejudice. The inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall, as is well known, continued independent for some time after the other parts of England had been subdued by the Anglo-Saxons, in the fifth and sixth centuries; and the Cornish Britons especially, when they were conquered by Athelstan in the early part of the tenth century, still retained possession of their territories, and till after the Reformation, their peculiar dialect indicated sufficiently their British descent. Hence the following intelligence becomes interesting:—"If you ask a countryman, in this part of the kingdom, (North Devon, or Cornwall) to dine with you, he objects to any kind of game which comes to your table; and says, in his provincial dialect,—'I se never eats hollow fowl,'—under which term he includes hares and rabbits, as well as wild fowl. It is in vain to inquire whence this dislike proceeds; for he can tell you no more than that he derives it from his father."\*

The validity of this account does not rest on the testimony of an anonymous writer in a magazine, for the custom is thus mentioned by the provincial historian Polwhele. "Of the animals for which the Cornish seemed to profess a peculiar respect, the hare, the goose, and the hen are the most obvious. Cæsar and other authors inform us that the Britons abstained from the hare as food, and the eating of

geese and hens was prohibited, as birds consecrated to religion. The Cornish, particularly those of the west of Cornwall, are unwilling to eat of the hare; whether from any transmitted regard to this animal, or not, I have not discovered."\*

#### BRITISH MARRIAGES.

Richard of Cirencester, copying a passage from Cæsar's Commentaries, says, "Ten or twelve Britons had their wives in common; and this custom particularly prevailed among brethren, and between fathers and sons; but the children were considered as belonging to him who had first taken the virgin to wife. The mothers suckled their own children, and did not employ maids and nurses."† Dio Cassius also perhaps borrowed his information from Cæsar, in his statement that the Britons had their wives and children in common. Πᾶδες καὶ γυναῖκας κοινὰς.---Selden, in his "Janus Anglorum," observes that Diodorus Siculus (Bibliot. Lib. II. c. 58.) gives a similar relation of the state of society among the inhabitants of Taprobana, (Ceylon) and he refers to Fabricius (in Sextum Empiricum, p. 179; and Bibliograph. Antiq. cap. xx. sect. 11.) for the like stories of other nations. "I imagine, notwithstanding," says Selden, "that this kind of promiscuous matrimony (or, as he terms it, Πολυγαμία) has been attributed to several nations, because many men with their wives and families live together in a single cottage or hut, as omitting other instances, is the case with the Greenlanders, among whom however incontinence and adultery are unknown."

But this attempt to explain away the disgraceful imputation on the national character of the Britons is by no means satisfactory; for it is highly improbable that Cæsar could have been deceived with respect to a circumstance, which he must have had repeated opportunities for witnessing, and which, being a general custom, there could be no temptation on the part of the islanders for its concealment or for deception. The freedom of manners which prevailed among the Britons, long after the time of Cæsar, appears from the spirited, but somewhat indelicate retort of a British lady of rank to the Empress Julia Severa, on her allusion to this custom of the Barbarians:---"Can

\* This statement is taken from a letter signed J. B. B. Barnstaple, Aug. 13, 1800, published in the "Sporting Magazine," vol. xvi. p. 266. It is there remarked, that spaniels refuse to eat the bones of pheasants, partridges, and wild fowl, though they naturally hunt them. The writer seems to have forgotten that the aversion of the dog for game, as food, is an acquired prejudice, the consequence of the severe discipline to which he is subjected, in the process of training or breaking in.

\* Hist. of Cornwall, 1803, vol. i. p. 39. Some Devonian or Cornubian friend will probably favour the "Illustrator" with further information on this singular subject. The goose must certainly be excepted from this gastronomic oburgation in Devonshire, with which the editor is best acquainted.---ED.

† Vide Hatcher's Translation of "Richard's Description of Britain," p. 9, 10.

you," said the former, "reproach us with our partiality to the bravest of our warriors, while you lavish your kindness on your freedmen and slaves?" †

Accounts of analogous practices among rude nations are given by modern writers. Dr. Forster, in his Narrative of his Voyage round the World with Captain Cook, mentions the custom of a plurality of husbands as existing in one of the South Sea Islands; and the same is stated with respect to some barbarous tribes in the northern parts of Hindostan, who were visited by a recent traveller.

As the tendency of such a mode of life must be to check the increase of population, so it must be considered as an obvious indication, not only of rudeness of manners, but also of peculiar circumstances; and of a state of society, in which food was but scantily provided by nature for a people not sufficiently acquainted with agriculture and the kindred arts to obtain the requisite supplies by means of their own labour and skill.

#### GAVELKIND.

The origin of the law of Gavelkind, by which land is divided among all the children of a proprietor at his death, instead of descending to the eldest son, is supposed by some antiquaries to have been derived from the ancient Britons; but the name is almost pure English—*Give all kind*, i. e. children; and prevailing as it does almost exclusively in Kent, the custom must have originated among the Teutonic or Gothic nations, and not among the Celts or Cymry. It may not unreasonably be conjectured that Gavelkind was introduced into Kent by the Jutes, who established themselves in that part of Britain in the fifth century, after having expelled the British inhabitants. Kent and the Isle of Wight were the only parts of the country colonized by that branch of the Teutonic conquerors of England; and in the Isle of Wight the Saxons held the sovereignty, which may account for the absence of the institution in question, among the islanders. It would form an interesting subject of inquiry whether the custom of Gavelkind can be traced in the ancient laws of Jutland, but researches to ascertain this point could only be prosecuted with advantage by Danish antiquaries. Sibbern, in his "*Bibliotheca Historica Dano-Norwegica*," 1716, mentions a treatise in manuscript by Bluting, a celebrated and learned advocate, intitled "*Tractatus de Successionibus secundum Jus Danicum*, in 35 capita divisus," which, if it is still in existence, might

† Dio Cassius.

be expected to throw some light on this subject. Bluting also wrote in defence of the Jutic law against Eckenberger.\*

J. M. M.

#### ADVICE ON THE FORMATION OF A LIBRARY.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THIS admirable composition was addressed, by Dr. Johnson, to the late F. A. Barnard, esq. (afterwards knighted,) librarian to George III., when the latter was on the eve of departing from England for the express purpose of collecting the works of the best authors for the king's library. The instructions are so scholar-like and masterly, that we trust our readers will agree with us, in regarding this letter of our great moralist as worthy of permanent record in the pages of the *Illustrator*. Boswell was unable to procure a copy, and it was first printed in the "*Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the King's Library*," dated April 18th, 1823.†

SIR,

May 28, 1768.

IT is natural for a scholar to interest himself in an expedition, undertaken like yours, for the importation of literature; and therefore, though having never travelled myself, I am very little qualified to give advice to a traveller, yet, that I may not seem inattentive to a design so worthy of regard, I will try whether the present state of my health will suffer me to lay before you what observation or report have suggested to me, that may direct your inquiries, or facilitate your success. Things of which the mere rarity makes the value, and which are prized at a high rate by a wantonness rather than by use, are always passing from poorer to richer countries; and therefore, though Germany and Italy were principally productive of typographical curiosities, I do not much imagine that they are now to be found there in great abundance. An eagerness for scarce books and early editions,

\* Grosley, quoting Giannone, says, "According to the Lombard law, by which the Two Sicilies were governed, before the conquest of those countries by the Normans, all male heirs were admitted to equal shares, even in noble successions." "*Observations on England*," vol. ii. p. 130.

† We believe that it afterwards appeared in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," and it has been since copied into Croker's new edition of the "*Life of Dr. Johnson*;" but as so valuable a composition cannot be too generally promulgated, we do not hesitate to give it insertion.

which prevailed among the English about half a century ago, filled our shops with all the splendour and nicety of literature; and when the Harleian catalogue was published, many of the books were bought for the library of the King of France. I believe, however, that by the diligence with which you have enlarged the library under your care, the present stock is so nearly exhausted, that till new purchases supply the booksellers with new stores, you will not be able to do much more than glean up single books, as accident shall produce them; this, therefore, is the time for visiting the continent. What addition you can hope to make by ransacking other countries, we will now consider. English literature you will not seek in any place but in England. Classical learning is diffused every where, and is not, except by accident, more copious in one part of the polite world than another. But every country has literature of its own, which may be best gathered in its native soil. The studies of the learned are influenced by forms of government and modes of religion, and therefore those books are necessary and common in some places, which, where different opinions or different manners prevail, are of little use, and for that reason rarely to be found. Thus in Italy you may expect to meet with the canonists and scholastic divines, in Germany with writers on the feudal laws, and in Holland with civilians. The schoolmen and canonists must not be neglected, for they are useful to many purposes, nor too anxiously sought, for their influence amongst us is much lessened by the Reformation. Of the canonists at least a few eminent writers may be sufficient; the schoolmen are of more general value. But the feudal and civil law I cannot but wish to see complete. The feudal constitution is the original of the law of property, over all the civilised part of Europe; and the civil law, as it is generally understood to include the law of nations, may be called with great propriety a regal study. Of these books, which have been often published, and diversified by various modes of impression, a royal library should have at least the most curious edition, the most splendid, and the most useful. The most curious edition is commonly the first, and the most useful may be expected among the last. Thus of Tully's Offices, the edition of Fust is the most curious, and that of Gravius the most useful. The most splendid the eye will discern. With the old painters you are now become well acquainted, if you can find any collection of their productions to be sold, you will undoubtedly buy it; but this can scarcely be hoped, and you must catch up single volumes where you can find

them. In every place things often occur where they are least expected. I was shown a Welsh grammar, written in Welsh, and printed at Milan, I believe, before any grammar of that language had been printed here. Of purchasing entire libraries, I know not whether the inconvenience may not overbalance the advantage. Of libraries collected with general views, one will have many books in common with another. When you have bought two collections you will find that you have bought many books twice over, and many in each which you have left at home, and therefore did not want; and when you have selected a small number, you will have the rest to sell at a great loss, or to transport hither at perhaps a greater. It will generally be more commodious to buy the few that you want, at a price somewhat advanced, than to encumber yourself with useless books. But libraries collected for particular studies will be very valuable acquisitions. The collection of an eminent civilian, feudist, or mathematician will, perhaps, have very few superfluities. Topography, or local history, prevails much in many parts of the continent. I have been told that scarcely a village of Italy wants its historian. These books may be generally neglected, but some will deserve attention by the celebrity of the place, the eminence of the authors, or the beauty of the sculptures. Sculpture has always been more cultivated among other nations than among us. The old art of cutting on wood, which decorated the books of ancient impression, was never carried here to any excellence; and the practice of engraving on copper, which succeeded, has never been much employed among us in adorning books. The old books with wooden cuts are to be diligently sought, the designs were often made by great masters, and the prints are such as cannot be made by any artist now living. It will be of great use to collect in every place maps of the adjacent country, and plans of towns, buildings, and gardens. By this care you will form a more valuable body of geography than can otherwise be had. Many countries have been very exactly surveyed, but it must not be expected that the exactness of actual mensuration will be preserved, when the maps are reduced by a contracted scale, and incorporated into a general system. The King of Sardinia's Italian dominions are not large, yet the maps made of them in the reign of Victor fill two Atlantic folios. This part of your design will deserve particular regard, because, in this, your success will always be proportionate to your diligence. You are too well acquainted with literary history not to know that many books derive their

value from the reputation of the printers. Of the celebrated printers you do not need to be informed, and if you did, might consult Baillet Jugemens des Sçavans. The productions of Aldus are enumerated in Bibliotheca Græco, so that you may know when you have them all; which is always of use, as it prevents needless search. The great ornaments of a library, furnished for magnificence as well as use, are the first editions, of which, therefore, I would not willingly neglect the mention. You know, Sir, that the annals of typography begin with the Codex, 1457, but there is great reason to believe, that there are extant, in obscure corners, books printed before it. The secular feast in memory of the invention of printing, is celebrated in the fortieth year of the century; if this tradition, therefore, is right, the art had in 1457, been already exercised nineteen years. There prevails among typographical antiquaries a vague opinion, that the Bible had been printed three times before the edition of 1462, which Calmet calls "La première édition bien averée." One of these editions has been lately discovered in a convent, and transplanted into the French king's library; another copy has likewise been found, but I know not whether of the same impression, or another. These discoveries are sufficient to raise hope and instigate inquiry. In the purchase of old books, let me recommend to you to inquire with great caution, whether they are perfect. In the first edition the loss of a leaf is not easily observed. You remember how near we both

were to purchasing a mutilated missal at a high price. All this perhaps you know already, and therefore, my letter may be of no use. I am, however, desirous to show you, that I wish prosperity to your undertaking. One advice more I will give, of more importance than all the rest, of which I, therefore, hope you will have still less need. You are going into a part of the world divided, as it is said, between bigotry and atheism! such representations are always hyperbolic, but there is certainly enough of both to alarm any mind solicitous for piety and truth; let not the contempt of superstition precipitate you into infidelity, or the horror of infidelity ensnare you into superstition. I sincerely wish you successful and happy, for

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

To F. A. Barnard, Esq.

Not being in possession of Dr. Johnson's autograph as annexed to the above, we shall here insert a brief note addressed by him to Miss Reynolds, (sister to Sir Joshua,) in reply to a solicitation for charitable aid to a distressed foreigner; we shall also annex a *fac-simile* of the conclusion.†

Dear Madam,

I HAVE sent what I can for your German friend. At this time it is very difficult to get any money, and I cannot give much

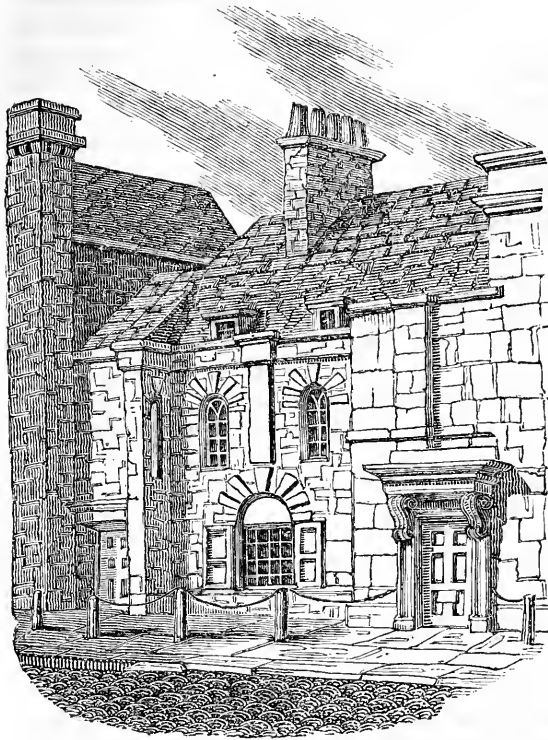
I am,

Madam  
 Your most affectionate  
 and most humble servant,  
 Sam: Johnson  
 July 27<sup>th</sup> 1775

† For the use of the original note, and also of the autograph of Lord Orford attached to the letter partly inserted in p. 235, we are indebted to our intelligent correspondent, Henry Bentley, Esq.



# ASSASSINATION OF GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.



GEORGE VILLIERS, the first Duke of his family, was assassinated at Portsmouth, in August 1628, whilst surrounded by his chief officers, and engaged in hastening forward the embarkation to relieve Rochelle; which, at that time was closely invested by the French army. The house, wherein this murder was committed, appears to have been temporally occupied by the Duke, and is situated at the upper end of the High Street, No. 10. It was, probably, then considered as a first-rate town residence, but such repeated alterations have been made, both within and without, that very little of its original aspect has been preserved. Some years ago, when occupied as an Inn, it retained much of its former character, yet all that now remains of the old front is shewn in the above cut.\* The other part of the front, which is not

delineated, on the left of the door-way, is of very recent date. The premises are now tenanted as a ladies-school.

The following particulars of the Assassination are given in a letter preserved in the Lansdowne collection of Manuscripts in the British Museum; and which is headed thus:

The Lord Carlton's Letter from Southwick, in Post, to the Queene, on Saturday, at afternoone, August 23d., 1628.—Touching the Tragical End of my Lord Duke of Buckingham.\*

MADAM,

I AM to trouble your Grace with a most lamentable relation. This day, betwixt 9 and 10 of the Clock in the Morning, the Duke of Buckingham, then coming out of a Parlour, into a Hall, to go to his Coach, and so to the King, (who was 4 miles off,) having about him diverse Lords, Colonels and Captains, and many of his own servants, was, by one Felton, (once a Lieutenant of this our army,) slain at one blow, with a dagger-knife. In his staggering he turned about, uttering only this word—(villain) and never spake word more, but presently plucking out the knife from himself, before he fell to the ground, he made towards the Traitor, two or three paces, and then fell against a table, although he were upheld by divers that were near him, that (through the villain's close carriage in the act) could not perceive him hurt at all, but guessed him to be suddenly over-swayed with some Apoplexy, till they saw the blood come gushing from his mouth and the wound, so fast that the life and breath at once left his begored body.

Madam, You may easily guess what cries were then made, by us that were commanders and officers there present, when we saw him thus dead in a moment, and slain by an unknown hand, for it seems that the Duke himself only knew who it was that had murdered him; and by means of the confused press at the instant about his person, we neither did nor could. The Soldiers fear his loss will be their utter ruin, wherefore, at that instant, the house and the court about it were full, every man present with the Duke's body endeavouring a care of it. In the meantime Felton passed the throng, which was confusedly great, not so much as marked or followed, insomuch, that not knowing where or who he was that had done the fact, some came to keep guard at

\* During a short tour in Hampshire, (recently made for the purposes of this work,) the sketch from which the above cut was executed, was drawn by Mr. Whittock; as well as that representing the Duke's monument.

\* Vide "Lansd. MSS." No. 213. f. 147, 8.

the gates, and others went to the ramparts of the Town. In all which time the villain was standing in the kitchen of the same house, and after the inquiry made by a multitude of Captains and Gentlemen, then pressing into the house and court, and crying out amain, "Where is the Villain? where is the Butcher?"—he most audaciously and resolutely drawing forth his sword, came out, and went amongst them, saying, boldly, "I am the Man; here I am." Upon which divers drew upon him, with an intent to have then dispatcht him; but Sir Thomas Morton, myself, and some others used such means, (though with much trouble and difficulty,) that we drew him out of their hands, and by order of my Lord High Chamberlain, we had the charge of keeping him from any coming to him, until a Guard of Musketters was brought, to convey him to the Governor's house, where we were discharg'd.

My Lord High Chamberlain and Mr. Secretary Cooke were then at the Governor's house, and did there take his examination, of which as yet there is nothing known; only whilst he was in our custody, I asked him several questions, to which he answered: vizt. He said he was a Protestant in Religion; he also expressed himself that he was partly discontented for want of £80 pay which was due unto him, and for that he being Lieutenant of a Company of Foot, the Company was given over his head unto another; and yet he said that that did not move him to this resolution, but that he reading the Remonstrance of the House of Parliament, it came into his mind, that in committing the act of killing the Duke he should do his Country a great good service: and he said that to-morrow he was to be prayed for in London. I then asked him at what church, and to what purpose? He told me at a church by the Fleet Street Conduit, and, as for a man much discontented in his mind. Now we seeing things to fall from him in this manner, suffered him not to be further question'd by any; thinking it much fitter for the Lords to examine him, and find it out, and know from him, whether he was encouraged, and set on by any to perform this wicked deed.

But to return to the screeches made at the fatal blow given. The Duchess of Buckingham and the Countess of Anglesey, came forth into a Gallery which looked into the Hall, where they might behold the blood of their dearest Lord gushing from him. Ah! poor Ladies, such were their screechings, tears, and distractions, that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again.—His Majesty's grief for the loss of him was express'd

to be more than great, by the many tears he hath shed for him, with which I will conclude this sad and untimely News.

Felton had sowed a writing in the crown of his hat, half within the lining, to shew the cause why he put this cruel act in execution; thinking he should have been slain in the place, and it was thus: "If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself. It is for our sins that our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished. John Felton."

"He is unworthy of the name of a Gentleman or Soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honor of God, his King and Country.

John Felton."

Madam, this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: yet all too much too, if it had so pleased God. I thought it my bounden duty howsoever to let your Majesty have the first intelligence of it, by the hand of,

Madam, your sorrowful Servant,

DUDLEY CARLETON.

It is extremely singular, that Carleton should not have copied accurately the writing found in Felton's hat;—a fact which we are enabled to ascertain from a reference to the original paper, which is now in the possession of Mr. William Upcott, of the London Institution; by whose permission we here insert an exact transcript: viz.

"That man is Cowardly base, and deserveth not the name of a gentleman o' Souldier, that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the honor of his God, his Kinge and his Countrie. Lett no man Commend me for doeing of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it, for if God had not taken away o' harts for o' sinnes, he would not have gone so longe unpunished. Jo. Felton."\*

\* The curious reader, as Mr. Ellis has remarked, ("Original Letters," 1st Series, vol. iii. p. 256,) will probably be pleased to know the pedigree of the possessors of this unique document; which, a few years ago, was found among the Evelyn papers at Wotton, in Surrey. Sir Edward Nicholas Secretary of State, who had the first possession of it, was one of the persons before whom Felton was examined at Portsmouth. His daughter married Sir Richard Browne, and the learned and philosophic Mr. John Evelyn, married the only daughter of Sir Richard Browne. Lady Evelyn, the widow of his descendant, presented it to Mr. Upcott. Lord Clarendon, with his accustomed inaccuracy,—for his "History" has received far more credit from the world than it deserves, says that on Felton's paper, "were writ four or five lines of that declaration made by the House of Commons, in which they had styled the Duke an enemy to the kingdom, and under it a short ejaculation or two towards a prayer." In the above transcript of Carleton's Letter, the spelling has been partly modernized.

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Sir Henry Wotton states that Felton "was a younger brother of mean fortune, born in Suffolk, by nature of a deep melancholy, silent, and gloomy constitution, but bred in the active way of a souldier; and thereby raised to the place of lieutenant to a foot company in the regiment of Sir James Ramsey." He also relates the following circumstances attending the assassination.

Speaking of the murderer, he says, "In a by Cutler's shop of Tower-hill he bought a ten-penny knife, (so cheap was the instrument of this great attempt) and the sheath thereof he sewed to the lining of his pocket, that he might at any moment draw forth the blade alone with one hand, for he had maimed the other. This done, he made shift, partly as it is said on horseback, and partly on foot, to get to Portsmouth, for he was indigent and low in money, which perhaps might have a little edged his desperation.

"At Portsmouth, on Saturday, being the 23rd of August, he pressed without any suspicion, in such a time of so many pretenders to employment, into an inward chamber where the duke was at breakfast, (the last of his repasts in this world) accompanied with men of quality and action, with Monsieur de Soubes, and Sir Thomas Fryer; and there, a little before the duke's rising from the table, he went and stood expecting till he should passe through a kind of lobby, between that room and the next, where were divers attending him. Towards which passage, as I conceive somewhat darker than the chamber, which he voided, while the duke came with Sir Thomas Fryer close at his arm, in the very moment as the said knight withdrew himself from the duke, this assassinate gave him with a back blow a deep wound into his left side, leaving the knife in his body; which the duke himself pulling out, on a sudden effusion of spirits, he sunk down under the table in the next room, and immediately expired.

"Thus died this great peer, in the thirty-sixth year of his age complete, and three days over, in a time of great recourse unto him, and dependence upon him, the house and town full of servants and suitors, his duchess in an upper room scarce yet out of bed; and the Court, at that time, not above six or nine miles from him, which had been the stage of his greatness."\*

At the time of this assassination the king (Charles I.) was at *Southwick Park*, a seat of some antiquity, and then belonging to the Nortons, between six and seven miles from Portsmouth. As Carleton's letter

is dated from Southwick, it is probable that he had hastened thither to acquaint his majesty with the murder; which the king is said to have heard with much apparent calmness, although he deeply regretted the loss of the duke. He is also stated to have styled Buckingham "his martyr," and independently of ordering his remains to be deposited in Westminster Abbey, he caused a sumptuous monument, or rather cenotaph, to be erected to his memory in Portsmouth church.

In the early part of September, Felton was conveyed by water to the Tower; where, after several examinations, he was threatened by the Earl of Dorset, in the King's name, with the rack, in order to force a confession of his accomplices. Felton replied,—“I do again affirm upon my salvation, that my purpose was known to no man living; and more than I have said before, I cannot. But if it be his Majestie's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatsoever his Majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and none but yourself.”\* This firmness, apparently, casued the Lords to hesitate, but as Charles was still desirous that he should be put on the rack, the question was referred to the judges, who having, “by the late proceedings in parliament, been taught a salutary lesson, unanimously replied, that torture was not justifiable, according to the law of England.”†

In reply to the questions of “two grave and learned divines,” that were sent by order of the King, “to try, if by working upon his conscience, they could get out of him who were his complices and confederates,” Felton stated, in effect,—“That he took his first resolution on Monday the 18th of August, but five days before he acted it; and that his only confederate and setter on, was the Remonstrance of the Parliament, which he then verily thought in his soul and conscience, to be a sufficient warrant for what he did upon the Duke's person. Now he makes two suites to his Majesty; the one is, that he may receive the communion before he suffer death; and the other, that until then, he may be permitted to weare Sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes upon his head, and to carry a halter about his neck in testimony of repentance, for shedding the blood of a man, and that so suddenly as he had no time given him to repent. That his own blood is ready for the satisfaction of the law; and he is con-

\* Reliquiæ Wotton,” 12mo. 1651, p. 112.

\* Vide, Ellis's "Original Letters," 1st Series, vol. iii. p. 267.

† Lingard's "History of England," vol. vi. p. 286.

fidest that the blood of Christ shall wash away this and all his other sins." †

Towards the latter end of November, Felton was arraigned in Westminster Hall at the bar of the King's Bench, and he was condemned on his own confession of the fact; yet he added, "that he did not do it maliciously, but out of an intent for the good of his country." On the Saturday following he was hanged at Tyburn, after expressing great penitence and resignation; and praying "all the people

not to justify his fact, but take notice it was onely the instigation of the Devil;"—for "it had been no warrant to him if the grievances had been true," &c. His body was afterwards hung in chains, at Portsmouth." §

The monument of the Duke of Buckingham in Portsmouth Church, which, greatly in contravention of religious decorum, usurps the place of the altar-piece, is shewn in the annexed cut, which represents the interior of the Church, looking eastward.



† "Original Letters," vol iii. p. 266.

On the day before his execution, he was visited, with his Majesty's leave, "by the Earl and Countess of Arundell, and the Lord Matravers their son, he being of their blood. They brought him money to give away, and a winding sheet; but the last, as it seems, in vaine."—Vide, "Original Letters," p. 282.

This monument is principally of white marble; and, in the lower division, between two female angels, beautifully wrought, is a large tablet thus inscribed:

GEORGIO VILLERIO BUCKINGHAM: DUCI,  
 Qui majoribus utriq; clarissimis oriundus: Patre  
 GEORGIO VILLERIO DE BROOKSBY in comit. Leicestr.  
 Milit: Matre MARIA BEAUMONT BUCKINGHAM: COMITISSA,  
 Cunctis naturæ fortunæq; dotibus insignis  
 Duorum prudentissimorum Principum gratia, suisq; meritis  
 Vota suorum Supergress: rerum gerendarum moli  
 Par soli Invidiæ impar: dum exercitus iterum in hostem  
 Parat hoc in oppido cædis immaniss: fatali arena  
 Novo cruoris & lachrimar inundante oceano  
 Nefaria perditissimi Sicarii manu  
 Percussus occubuit  
 Anno Domini 1628. Mense Aug: die 23.  
 Viro ad omnia quæ maxima essent nato ejusq.  
 Et suis hic una confossis visceribus  
 SUSANNA Soror, DENBIGHIÆ COMITISSA  
 Cum Lachrymis et Luctu perpetuo p.  
 Anno Domini 1631.  
 Tu Viator si qua tibi pietatis viscera tam indignum  
 Tanti viri casum indignabundus geme....  
 Et Vale.

Over the inscription, on a pedestal, is a marble urn, in which the heart of this ill-fated nobleman is said to be deposited: the Villiers arms and other insignia surmount the whole.\*

## OBSERVATIONS

ON THE SOCIAL HABITS AND DIALECT OF THE BARONIES OF FORTH AND BARGY, (COMMONLY CALLED "THE ENGLISH BARONIES," IN THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD.)

BY AN OFFICER OF THE LINE.

WHILE it is too generally a matter of regret that the olden simplicity of manners, which so often presents itself to the imagination, is so rarely found among

\* Portsmouth Church, which is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, is a spacious and handsome structure. It principally consists of a nave, transept, and chancel; with a lofty tower at the west end, forming a good sea-mark. The nave and tower are comparatively modern, both having been rebuilt in the Italianized manner; but the transept and chancel are nearly of the earliest period of Pointed architecture: the windows of the chancel are triplicated and lancet-formed. In this Church are numerous sepulchral memorials. Charles II. was married at Portsmouth to Catherine, the Infanta of Portugal, on the 21st of May 1662.

our English peasantry of the present day; and while the disappointed tourist too often returns from his excursion, deploring the clownish ignorance and boorish indifference prevalent in the most beautiful and picturesque of our rural districts; it is more interesting to ascertain that those habits of life considered peculiar to the husbandman and the shepherd are still to be found, most pleasingly exhibited, in one little nook of Ireland,—an Oasis in a rural waste,—and a smiling garden amid the uncultured wretchedness and naked aspect of a country, for which, as it has been most truly observed, "Heaven has done every thing, and man nothing." Such are the traits of the Baronies of Forth and Bargy, or, as they are frequently designated, "*The English Baronies*" of the County of Wexford.

This district extends about two miles Irish, (or nearly twelve and a half English), from east to west, along the sea shore,—stretching from thence about eight miles to the mountain of Fort, or Forth, as the natives are pleased to call a hill rising six or seven hundred feet, at the utmost, above the general level of the circumjacent country. Here, A.D. 1172, Henry of Mountmorres, or Hervè de Monte Maurisco,\* and his military followers, were located, by virtue of a grant made, (according to previous contract, on the part of Dermid Mac Morrogh, King of Leinster,) in return for their good and faithful services in the field. As the aboriginal inhabitants were wholly displaced, to make way for these martial intruders, the settlement became altogether English in its character; and the situation being sequestered, and the new inhabitants, from generation to generation, intermarrying within their own boundaries, that character has been there preserved to the present day in an unsophisticated guise, which we may vainly seek from the Thames to the Tweed. A handful of brave men, in a strange land, they soon felt the necessity of close union and brotherly concord, to protect them from the inroads of the surrounding natives; and governed, *ab initio*, by English laws, (laws, be it observed, which *beyond the limits of "the Pale," the Irish* for many centuries frequently sought without success) they soon settled down into one of the most peaceable and orderly communities that can well be conceived of. Respected, too, as a compact body of unmixed Englishmen, or Anglo-Irish, it is probable they escaped those constant prosecutions and those incessant mutations of property which so incessantly harassed the country at large, and generated that hatred among

\* Nephew of Richard, Earl of Strongbow.

the body of the people to the English, transferred, after the Reformation, to the Protestants, rather on account of their descent than their creed.

Even in the present day, amid remote districts, the Irish peasant has but one name, *Sassenach*, for Englishman and Protestant; and is impressed with the idea of Protestants being a race of men who deny the doctrine of the Trinity, and fear neither God nor man. Such feelings of hostility do not, however, by any means exist in the Baronies of Forth and Bargo; where, unless during periods of *unusual excitement*, both Protestants and Catholics live on very friendly terms of social intercourse; although not, perhaps, without those little feelings of jealousy which will always prevail in the main, among men of different creeds, where tolerance is not another name for indifference. The same good disposition towards their Protestant neighbours is also manifested by the inhabitants of the Island of Raghery, or Rathlin, off the coast of Antrim; and assignable to the same cause,---the absence of that contention between the opposite parties, in former days, which prevailed on the main land, and of whose lingering effects the wrong-headed politician and crafty demagogue too frequently avail themselves to keep alive that spirit of discord which alike frustrates every plan of private benevolence and legislative amelioration. For the exemplary conduct of *all parties* in the favoured spot I am more particularly describing, it may suffice to observe, that scarcely a man was committed to Wexford gaol, from the Barony of Forth, for felony,---between 1798 (the year of the general rebellion) and 1830. In the parish of Bamrow,\* no murder has occurred for a century; nor is there even a floating tradition of one handed down from times more remote; unless, indeed, as I remember in the days of my boyhood, some twenty years since, when the old people were wont to tell of a petty "robber chief," who dwelt, ages ago, in the old castle, or tower of Barristown, and dispatched his victims by hurling them down a perpendicular sort of shaft, still called "the murdering hole," into a small vaulted apartment, long since converted by the present hospitable Lord of the Castle† into a receptacle for sundry good things pertaining to the social board. In this parish, it is also worthy of observation, there has been only one pauper wholly supported by alms for many years, and that pauper is blind: others, indeed, require occasional aid; and

such, if deserving, never fail to receive it from their more affluent neighbours.‡

Throughout the English Baronies, the habitations, on the whole, are very superior to any others in the south of Ireland,---often as white as lime can make them,---especially in Forth; and boasting, moreover, of much comfort and cleanliness within. The male population are a fine manly race of well fed, well dressed, English-looking rustics, civil and frank, without servility in their deportment, and extremely intelligent. The raggedness of the Irish peasant is little seen among them, at any time; and their apparel on Sundays and holidays, especially that of the women, would reflect no discredit on their British kindred of the same standing in society.

Among the most striking peculiarities of this interesting people, however, is the circumstance of their having preserved the original Anglo-Saxon dialect, until the commencement of the present century,---some of the old people, in very retired nooks, still continuing to speak it. Its Tuetonic origin is obvious enough; but, as a language, it is far inferior to that of the native Irish, abounding, as the latter does, in poetical imagery, bold metaphors, and sententious force, that seem to mark its oriental descent, as they

‡ The tenants on the estate of Samuel Boyce, Esq. whose farms, on an average, do not exceed twelve or fifteen acres, had, some time since, two thousand pounds deposited in the Waterford Savings' Banks; and the active young men, who can find no adequate employment at home, being annually provided, to the number of ten or twelve, with funds to convey them to America, by their landlord, the property is thus drained of a redundant and idle population. These circumstances may appear trivial to the English reader, but are rather peculiar in Ireland, where, as very few landlords indeed, *by comparison*, ever make any abatement in their demands, however bad the season, or depressed the market, the tenant generally pursues his cheerless toil, pressed down by the dead weight of old arrears. The rents on Mr. Boyce's estates are not low; but, through the indefatigable exertions of his eldest son, Thomas Boyce, Esq. aided by the co-operation of a sober industrious people, a system of agriculture has been introduced, enabling the holder to till his few acres with the greatest profit. Mr. King, of Barristown, who has resided among the people during a long life, with the exception of one excursion to England, although not in the commission of the peace, has, for the last forty years, settled half the disputes in the parish:---such are the advantages of a resident gentry, when kind and benevolent to those around them.

Where farms are not too small, it is probably far better to have ground divided among a numerous than a scanty tenantry. In Jersey and Guernsey almost every head of a family not residing in a town holds his own farm; often, by the earnings of his personal frugality, or his forefathers' industry, converted into a miniature estate: and, of course, where almost every one has something to lose, the attachment of the people in general

\* This parish has been described at some length by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, in "the Amulet for 1830."

† Jonas King, Esq.---(the local "Man of Ross.")



certainly do its antiquity. But whatever the merits of the Hibernian tongue,—the unmixed colloquial phraseology of our English ancestors of the twelfth century, *as preserved in Ireland*, must claim the attention of the curious. And here it may be related, as a singular fact, that the Rev. William Eastwood, Rector of Tacumshane, Barony of Forth, while amusing himself one day in his field with a volume of Chaucer, fancied some of the obsolete words which met his eye resembled those which also met his ear, as his workmen conversed together: he accordingly called them around him, and commenced reading a page or two of old Geoffrey aloud, to their great delight, as they well understood the most obscure expressions, and often explained them better than the glossarial aids of Dryden and Johnson. As a specimen of their own rude but antique rhymes, we may refer to the second volume of the “Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,” in which there is a “Memoir,” by General Vallancey, “on the Language, Manners, and Customs” of the *Anglo-Saxon* settlers in the above-named Baronies, which includes a *yola zong*, (an old song) “handed down,” as the writer states, “by tradition, from the arrival of the colony in Ireland.” The subject of the song is the game at ball called *Camánn*, or *Hurley*;---and, as its

to social order and the support of good government is proportionably strong. The comfort of the labouring classes in Northumberland has often been referred to by those who advocate the setting of ground in large divisions: but although farms of one thousand acres, and upwards, are not uncommon there, the married labourer, especially on the Duke of Northumberland's estates, has, for the most part, his cottage and plot of ground. Some of the estates in Shropshire ought to be models to our nobility and gentry; as the people residing on them are not only rendered exceedingly comfortable, but schools are opened, at the landlord's expense, for the useful education of their children; the neglect of which, in general, will readily account for the clownishness of our rustics. Fifty years since, as I am informed by an elderly friend, connected with Staffordshire, the labourer there received about 1s. 6d. *per diem* wages, and usually had a neat cottage, paddock, garden, and little orchard. From the annihilation of the cottage system, and of the small farmer, have resulted many of the evils and much of the discontent now prevalent in our rural districts; and it is only by careful attention to the *practical* and *speedy* remedy of those evils that our landed proprietors can secure their influence at such a period as the present. A loyal rural population is the strength of every nation; and while all interests demand the same paternal care from a well-ordered government, short sighted is that policy which would sacrifice the agriculturist on the altar of immediate expediency. The experiment was tried by Colbert, during the expensive wars of Louis XIV. with temporary increase, it is true, of the public finances; but with an ultimate failure and ruinous reaction far counterbalancing the gain of the passing moment.

import is given in modern English in the same volume, it will enable the ordinary reader to judge of the amazing progress our language has made since the time of Henry II.; and furnish the more close observer with some *data* for tracing the affinities between the provincialisms of England and the yet scarcely discontinued dialect of Forth and Bargo.

## GEORGE HERIOT,

GOLDSMITH TO JAMES I. AND HIS CONSORT,  
ANNE OF DENMARK.

“But why should lordlings all our praise engross?  
Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross.”  
POPE.



SIR WALTER SCOTT's “*Fortunes of Nigel*” was the first work which, in any considerable degree, directed the attention of South Britain to the fortunes and character of “MASTER GEORGE HERIOT,”—who was born at Edinburgh in June, 1563, and “who has left the most magnificent proofs of his benevolence and charity that the capital of Scotland has to display.”\* “The person so named,” continues our author, “was a wealthy citizen of Edinburgh, and the king's goldsmith, who followed James to the English capital, and was so successful in his profession as to die, in 1624, extremely wealthy for that period. He had no children; and, after making a full provision for such relations as might have claims upon him, he left the residue of his fortune to establish an Hospital, in which the sons of Edinburgh freemen are gratuitously brought up, and educated for the station to which their talents may recommend

\* “*Waverley Novels*,” vol. xxvi. Introduction, p. iii.



them, and are finally enabled to enter life under respectable auspices.

"The Hospital in which this charity is maintained is a noble quadrangle of the gothic order, and as ornamental to the city as a building, as the manner in which the youths are provided for and educated renders it useful to the community as an institution:—to the honour of those who have the management, (the magistrates and clergy of Edinburgh) the funds of the Hospital have increased so much under their care, that it now supports and educates 130 youths annually: many of the scholars have done honour to their country in different situations." Sir Walter says further, that he was induced to choose Heriot for his hero as laying no claim to high birth, or romantic sensibility, but as possessing "worth of character, goodness of heart, and rectitude of principle;"—and he afterwards makes the singular acknowledgment, for a Novelist of such high reputation as himself, that he is "*no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions.*"\*

Heriot was descended of a family of that name, of some antiquity in East Lothian. His father, who was also a goldsmith, and one of the most respectable men of his time, was a burgher of Edinburgh, and served frequently as a Commissioner for that city, both in the Convention of Estates, and in the Parliament. The younger Heriot, having succeeded to his business, was, in 1597, appointed by King James, under a writ of privy seal, dated at Dunfermline, July the 27th, goldsmith to his Queen; an event which is thus noticed in an old *Diary*:—"1597. The 27 of Julii, George Heriot maid the Quein's goldsmythe; and was intimate at the Crosse, be opin proclamatione and sound of trumpet; and ane *Clei*, the *French man*, discharged, quha was the Quein's goldsmythe befor."† Soon afterwards he was appointed jeweller and goldsmith to the King himself; and in that capacity, after the decease of Queen Elizabeth, he accompanied his master to England. He was twice married, but does not appear to have had any children by his wives; although he had two illegitimate daughters, named Elizabeth Band and Margaret Scot, to whom he bequeathed £200 each; besides considerable property in lands, houses, &c. at Roehampton, in Surrey, and in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London; of which latter he was an inhabitant. Dying in the same parish, on the 12th of February,

1624, he was also buried there on the 20th of the same month, under which date he is designated in the Register as—"Imo Jacobo Regi *Yoman*." By his will, bearing date January 20th, 1623, he bequeathed his large property, supposed of the value of £50,000, partly to his relations, natural offspring, and others, and the surplus to found an Hospital for the maintenance, education, &c. of poor "fatherless boys, freemen's sons of the town of Edinburgh."

*Heriot's Hospital*, which stands upon a rising ground, immediately to the south of the Castle at Edinburgh, was erected from the designs of Inigo Jones, but with many variations to suit the views of the trustees; and particularly of Dr. Walter Balcanquell, Dean of Rochester, one of Heriot's executors, to whom he had consigned the entire arrangement of this foundation, and by whom the Statutes were drawn up under which it is still governed. The residue of the testator's property, (after deducting legacies, bad debts, and compositions for debts resting with the crown) amounted to the sum of £23,625. 10s. 3½d. which was paid over to the Governors of the hospital in May, 1627, and, on the 22nd of the following month, the trustees purchased, of the citizens of Edinburgh, eight acres and a half of land, near the Grass Market, in a field called the High Riggs, for the sum of 7,600 marks, Scottish money; and on that spot, on the 1st July, 1628, the foundations of the Hospital were laid. But the national troubles (during which, from 1650 to 1658, the building was occupied as an infirmary for the English army), retarded its completion until April, 1659, on the 11th of which month it was first ready for the reception of boys. The sum expended for its erection appears to have been about 30,000.; the trustees having laid out their original capital most advantageously in the purchase of lands, &c. in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh. The *new town* of Edinburgh now stands on a portion of those estates; but as the ground had been mostly *feued* to the magistrates when they first resolved to build upon that site, the chief benefits of that improvement are derived by the city. So greatly, however, has the hospital property increased in value, that since 1779, when its real income was stated at £1800. per annum, its yearly revenues have been estimated at £12,600.\* Other extensive improvements on the lands of the hospital are also in progress between the Calton Hill and Leith, which in a few years must add proportionably to its receipts. Should the plan be completed, Leith and Edinburgh will be united.

\* "Waverley Novels," vol xxvi. Introduction, p. v.

† Vide "Diary of Robert Birrel, Burges of Edinburgh," f. 44. Dalryell's Fragments of Scottish History.

\* Vide "Memoirs of George Heriot," p. 28.

The Hospital is a well-built quadrangular edifice, of the mixed style of architecture prevalent at the period of its design: at each angle is a square tower, turretted; and on the north, or principal front, is a lofty central tower, terminating in an octagonal cupola.† Beneath this tower is a vaulted archway, leading into the court-yard, over the middle of which, within a niche, is a statue of the benevolent founder, standing, in a short cloak, in the general dress of his degree and times. On the fascia of the entablature above the niche is inscribed;—

CORPORIS HÆC ANIMA EST HOC OPUS EFFIGIES.

Over the outer gate there is, also, the following inscription:—

Fundendo Fundavi.  
Vi cor incauluit Pietatis et Charitatis  
Sic vos Deus, ut vos eos,  
Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

On the central part of the south-front is a circular tower, which exhibits a handsome pointed window, forming part of the Chapel: the latter is suitably fitted up for the accommodation of the boys, who assemble here every morning and evening to prayers, in accordance with the Statutes of the Institution. Over the entrance is this sentence:—

Aurifici dederat mihi, vis divina perennem,  
Et Facere in Terris, in Cæli, et ferre, coronam.

The ingenious *Monogram* at the head of this article, and which consists of a fanciful arrangement of the name GEORGE HERIOT, is copied from a stone chimney-piece within the hospital. It is freely sculptured; and, like the Apprentices' Pillar, in Rosslyn Chapel, is rarely omitted to be pointed out to the visitor by the cicerone of the place.

In the Council-room are original portraits, but in a decayed state, of the founder and his father, which were presented to the Governors by the Earl of Buchan: on that of the son is 'Anno ætatis suæ 26, 1589; and on that of the elder Heriot, 'Anno ætatis suæ 50, 1590.' There is also a portrait inscribed 'William Aytonne, Measter Meason to Heriot's Vorke;'—who was one the most skilful masons of his time. Among the inscriptions in the Council-room, and which record the names and benefactions of different persons, is the following:—

"To the pious and worthie Memorie of GEORGE HERIOT, Goldsmith, Burges of Edinburgh, and some-

tyme Jeweler to King James the Sixth, of happie memorie, who mortified not only so much of his Estate as founded and completed this stately Hospital, but doeth now also maintaine 130 poor Burgeses and Freemens children of the citie of Edinburgh; in the tearmes specified in the Statuts of the said Hospitall, compiled by D: Balcanquell, D. of Rochester, the Founder's Trustee for that effect.

Anno Domine, M.DC.XCIII.\*

We shall conclude this article by *fac similes* of the autographs both of Queen Anne of Denmark and Heriot himself: that of the Queen is attached to the following order:—

"Sir thomas kneuat. We desyre you to delyuere to marster heriot our Jouellere, the sounce of nyne hunderithe and twenty poundes. And ressaue his acqyutance upowne the same. me At hamptowne Court the saxt day of October 1606."



Heriot's signature is appended to a brief statement of his charge for jewels and goldsmith's work furnished to the Queen in the course of ten months, viz.

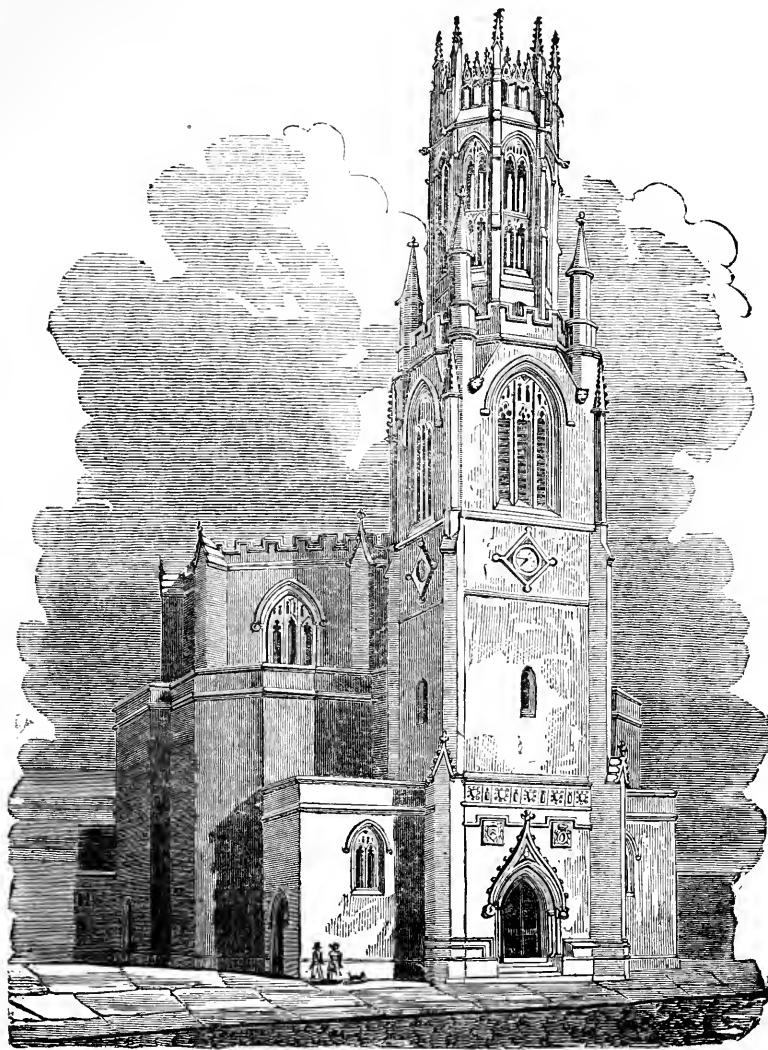
"The acompt of my frinishinge maid to hir ma<sup>tie</sup> from the x<sup>th</sup> of june 1608 to the ix of apryll 1609, extending to the some of 2896<sup>li</sup> 6<sup>s</sup> money of England."



\* The number of boys now supported on this foundation is 180.—In 1828, Mr. John Goldicutt published "Illustrations of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh," in eight plates; small fol.

† It is a singular fact, that in this building there are no two windows which resemble each other.

## ST. DUNSTAN IN THE WEST, FLEET STREET.

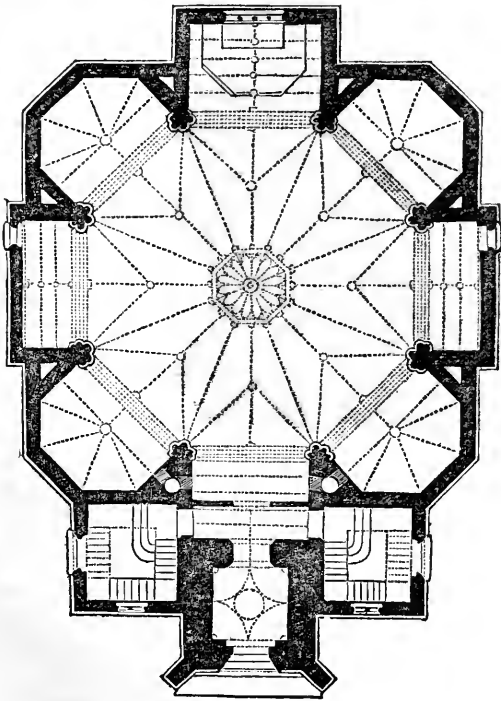


THE new Church of ST. DUNSTAN in the west, which is now nearly completed, and of which the above cut represents an exterior prospect, has been built at the expense of the parishioners, from the designs, and principally under the superintendence of the late John Shaw, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A., architect of Christ's Hospital. The foundations were commenced in November, 1830, and the superstructure in June, 1831; the contract for the former being £1545, and for the latter £10,900. In the plan of this building there is some peculiarity, it being a regular octagon, about fifty feet in diameter, conjoined by a lobby on the south side to a lofty tower, in which is the principal en-

trance. The general design is conformable to the Pointed style of architecture, but the details are varied from those of any particular period.

The tower, with its surmounting lantern, which, in an architectural point of view, is the most ornamental part of the edifice, is one hundred and thirty feet in height: that of the tower alone, to the battlements is ninety feet. The entrance doorway opens by a deeply-recessed arch, having an angular pediment in front, crocketed and otherwise ornamented. Here also, in lateral compartments, are the Royal arms, and the arms of the City of London. A surmounting series of panelled work, including small

blank shields, completes the basement division; above this rises the belfry story, intended for the reception of the tuneable ring of eight bells, that belonged to the old church, and the sound of which will issue with effect through the four large windows, which are the main features of the second stage. In the compartment below the windows is a clock, with three dials. "Above these windows, the tower, hitherto square, becomes gradually octagonal, (springing from corbeled heads), till terminated by four octagonal pinnacles, and crowned by an octagonal moulded battlement. Upon the tower is an enriched stone lantern, perforated with gothic windows of two heights, each angle having a buttress and an enriched finial; the whole being terminated by an ornamental, pierced, and very rich crown parapet." The whole of this division of the building is of Ketton stone, which is a very superior kind of freestone from the county of Rutland; and with which material many of our finest edifices, in the midland parts of the kingdom, have been erected: the body of the church is of fine brick, finished with stone.



In the annexed plan, the arrangement of the interior is distinctly shewn: of the eight recesses from the octagon, one is occupied by the altar, (above which is a

large pointed window,) and three others by the organ and the galleries for the parish children. Against the walls of the remaining recesses, which are unoccupied by galleries, are placed the sepulchral memorials from the old church. In the clere-story, which is supported on arches, are eight pointed windows. These enlighten the church, and, together with the altar window, are intended to be glazed with stained and painted glass. The roof springs from clustered columns, branching into an enriched groined ceiling, (which, also, is represented in the above plan,) with a very large pendant key-stone, richly sculptured, with foliated ornaments, &c.; from which the chandelier will be suspended. The bosses, corbels, and other embellishments, throughout the interior, display great elegance; and the pewings, gallery fronts, and other fittings, (now in progress, under the direction of Messrs. Cubitt) are of fine oak. This edifice is calculated for the accommodation of about nine hundred persons.† The painted windows, altar, pulpit, &c. will be benefactions, amounting, probably, to between two and three thousand pounds.

### REMARKS,

ON THE MODERN USE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL  
STYLES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—No. III.

THE cursory comparison which we have had occasion to institute between the various styles of Pointed architecture has thus led us to intimate a determination in favour of that last class of the art, which prevailed in this country from the close of the fourteenth throughout the whole of the fifteenth century—a class which includes all those productions comprehended under the appropriate denomination of "perpendicular Pointed," or erected since the first introduction of the flattened or obtuse arch. We would not, however, be understood to express an exclusive preference for those buildings in which the flattened arch prevails, since there are many admirable specimens of the perpendicular style, wherein that form of arch is scarcely seen to occur. Of this Westminster Hall may afford a fine illustration; so also a considerable portion of the cathedrals of York, Gloucester, Exeter, and others. It is at the same time true, that the excellent taste in

† The drawings from which the above cuts were executed were made by Mr. J. R. Thompson, from the original plans and elevations, obligingly furnished by the present J. Shaw, Esq. who has succeeded his late father both as architect to this church and to Christ's Hospital.

matters of detail and composition, which developed itself at the close of the reign of Edward III., was contemporaneous with the first use of the obtuse arch; and that this arch, from being originally appropriated to occasional and minor purposes only, gradually extended its application, and imparted the characteristics of complexity of curve and intricacy of detail to all its accompaniments, until was displayed, at length, the gorgeous exuberance of that which is called the "Tudor style." All this progressive variety then is comprehended in the general term "perpendicular English,"—(for *here* it is nationally and exclusively our own)—a term which, to the miscellaneous reader, may be explained as founded upon the prevalence, in works so classed, of perpendicular compartments, and continued vertical mullions, in the composition either of windows, or of the blank tracery of walls, &c.

This class of art, while it claims for itself the highest order of architectural beauty, affords us precedents for edifices of the greatest variety of character,—ecclesiastical, collegiate, castellated, civic, and general domestic, from the spacious manor house to the humble but ever-picturesque cottage. In the treatment of these subjects it displays to us the most ample resources for variety and tasteful effect, and mitigates the rigorous strictness of the older styles by sanctioning the free use, even in the same production, of arches of every curvature, while there is scarcely any really beautiful feature in the architecture of the previous ages, of which it does not exhibit some apt and authoritative modification. It may tend to illustrate the subject if we enumerate, severally, some of the more important members of composition, external and internal, offering a few remarks upon the principles of management in each, and adducing instances of the happy developement of those principles.

Of all the component features of Pointed architecture, none can be considered more striking than the *Window*,—a feature to which that style has imparted a beauty unimagined in the finest achievements of classic times. The windows principally recognized in the perpendicular style are the simple pointed, the obtuse pointed, the curtailed segment-headed, the square-headed, and the oriel. In all these the consideration which most directly affects their excellence (propriety of moulding being presupposed) is that any ornamental detail occurring in their heads should be compounded of continuous lines and ramifications, happily blending with and issuing from each other; and that any geometrical figures intro-

duced should be such as fill up with most completeness the spaces assigned to them. Another circumstance observable in the composition of the most satisfactory specimens of ancient arch-headed windows, and one second only to the former, is, that where a window contains a greater number than three or four "days," its composition is divided into two or three principal masses by means of mullions, strengthened above the rest by the use of an additional moulding on the face, and terminating only in the great arch which bounds the whole: a practice essential to perspicuity and force of design. The east window of York cathedral has by some been adduced as the finest existing specimen of the perpendicular style of window; but if there be any ground for the observation just made, and any distinction of import between the terms "fine" and "showy," we venture to think that compositions may be found in this country of a more obviously meritorious character. The stronger mullions, which divide the lower part of the window in question into three general portions, (each of three again) are not continued in such a manner as to carry their full substance up into the mouldings of the great arch; and the head, therefore, which most needs the distinction, becomes, though crowded with ornamental compartments, somewhat deficient in character. The east window in the choir of *Gloucester* cathedral, though composed with no such dazzling intricacy as the former, exhibits a design in which the relation of parts is marked with much greater judgment and effect. In this noble subject the larger mullions running to the top divide the whole into three great and lofty portions; these again are subdivided in width and height, and terminate above in compartments at once highly elegant, characteristic and chaste. Another fine example of composition in the perpendicular style may be instanced in the great front window of Westminster Hall, which, together with the preceding specimen, displays that style in the *simple* pointed form.

In windows of the *obtusely-arched* outline we have numberless happy illustrations of design. The great west window of King's College Chapel, those of the little chapels which flank the same magnificent building, those of the clere-story of Henry the Seventh's chapel, and many others, might be adduced to exemplify dignity and richness of effect, and freedom and elegance of outline. We are not, however, to consider that specimens such as these exhaust the resources of the style under consideration; for there are many of the older forms of Catherine-wheel and leaf-like composition in window-heads that would admit of modifica-

tion, or of greater developement, so as to prove beautifully congenial with the spirit of later art. The curtailed *segment-headed* is another pleasing variety of window; by which term we would designate those lights whose heads are formed of two simple curves, not flowing out of the upright lines of the sides, but meeting them at an angle, so as to produce in the head three angles instead of one. Of this kind of window (filled up in a similar style to the former, and surmounted by a hood moulding) Winchester cathedral, Boston church, and many other edifices of the same period, will afford us tasteful examples. The *square-headed* window will need no elucidation to the person who has visited either of our universities, or any of the existing mansions of the Tudor times. Few specimens of this feature, however, (if elaborate finish be required) can exceed in elegance a rich form of window executed in the cloisters of Christ-Church, Oxford.

The remaining description of window, the *oriel*, or bay, may be considered as of two kinds, which we may be allowed perhaps to distinguish as the *chamber-oriel*, and the *hall-oriel*. By the former of these we would understand that smaller oriel which, at a considerable height from the ground, gains its projection by the support of a cluster of advancing corbel-mouldings, and of which some fine examples, out of many, may be seen at Magdalen and Christ-Church Colleges, Oxford, at Windsor Castle, at John of Gaunt's palace, at Lincoln, and, (though not with equal purity of detail) at Hampton Court. By the other appellation of "*hall-oriel*," we would signify that larger description of window, so common in our college and other halls, which rises at once from the ground, and frequently comprises within itself the forms of three or even five entire windows. Of this kind of oriel we may adduce elegant specimens from Crosby Hall, London, and Eltham Palace, in Kent. In the composition of domestic edifices it is impossible to find a more useful feature than the oriel window, under either or both of these forms, as imparting to an exterior a pleasing variety of outline and of shade, and cheering an interior with an air of lightness and gaiety, and an amplitude of prospect, not to say with the associations of old English hospitality. In *Ecclesiastical* structures, however, these latter qualities are by no means requisite; and we cannot therefore think it other than a misapplication of the oriel, to make use of it for such purposes and to such an extent as is done, in fact, throughout the aisles of Henry the Seventh's chapel, especially when an effect more simply imposing, and adapted to the *genius loci*, might

be gained by pointed lights. There is indeed yet another description of window occasionally met with, which we have not hitherto noticed, viz. that which has for the outline of its head the single segment of a circle. We cannot however consider this former as any other than a pernicious, although authorized, innovation, intrenching upon the obvious principle, that in the pointed style all arches should be pointed.

Such then are the principal varieties of window recognised in the practice of the perpendicular style; and if we turn to the character and decorations of *Doorways* in this style, we shall not find them less varied or elegant. Here, on the one hand, we may select the *high-pointed* arch, finished (as indeed windows of the same form may be with equal propriety) with a label or hood moulding; either following the curvature of such arch, or rising into the graceful undulation of the double ogee figure, or even assuming the old pyramidal outline, and purfled in either of the two latter cases at discretion. Instances we have, indeed, of the union of the pyramidal and ogee forms of label in the same example, as in the beautiful gateway of Beverley minster, the dignified elegance of which cannot be surpassed. On the other hand, we may adopt the *flattened* doorway; with or without its label, arched or ogee,—or surmounted by a square label, and finished out thereto by spandrels of tracery or foliage—a form of decoration sometimes applied also to doorways with the *simple-pointed* arch, but by no means with the same frequency as in the case of the obtuse. In the *detail*, also, these doorways have their characteristic decorations of moulding, commonly differing from the ordinary casement and mullion-mouldings of windows, by the adoption of a greater complexity of outline, redundancy of columns, hollows, based beads, occasional introduction of tracery in the jambs, foliage in the casement mouldings, and various other decorations.

Nor are there wanting in the department of carpentry appropriate varieties of *Doors* also to such openings:—whether be needed the simple kind of "*ledged*" door, studded with nails, and adorned with massive flourished hinges and strengthening bands of iron,—or the more ornamented door, framed in panels, with mullion-like mouldings studded on the face; and, if in folds, adorned with a slender buttress or columnar bead at the line of junction,—or that which heightens its richness by placing in such panels suspended escutcheons, compartments of foliage, and long opened scrolls,—or lastly, that most elaborate variety which emulates in foliated ramifications the close tracery of a gorgeous window or shrine. Of

all these examples of doorway and door, and of others too fanciful for present classification, the edifices to which we have before referred will furnish extensive illustration.

A valuable adjunct to the door under many circumstances is the *Porch*, whose sweeping arch displays a depth of shadow well calculated, upon approach, to prepare the mind for the contemplation of an impressive interior, while perhaps a stream of light from a lateral opening suffices to relieve the door, and to intimate, it may be, an ornamental ceiling. The niches which frequently decorate its front afford a place for the characteristic effigies of patron and founder; or the face of the porch is otherwise distinguished by heraldic blazonry, cognizances and badges;---the whole mass, meanwhile, having a tendency to increase, by contrast, the apparent height of the main building to which it is attached, to add variety of distribution, and, by broken lines of summit, to blend with the lofty forms of the principal structure. Where indeed a porch cannot be introduced, its effect may to some extent be answered by the use of a recess, or interval, between the entrance opening and the door itself, the shadow derived by which means will mark the point with an appropriate relief and importance.

Having thus paid some attention to the varieties which the perpendicular style affords of those primary features of Pointed Architecture, the window and the door, together with the porch as an accompaniment to the latter,---(*primary* we designate them, for in the Pointed system they are so, while, in the classic modes, they are but matters of *subordinate* decoration;)--we pass on to other constituent parts of exterior composition, which are intimately connected with the distinctive character of the style under review; of these we may select the *Buttress* as one of the most striking. This feature was in ancient art as essential as it was characteristic, having to resist the pressure frequently of a ponderous groined ceiling of stone, and always of a weighty roof. In this age of plaster-finishings, indeed, and of scientific carpentry whose object it is to secure within itself the resistance of its own pressure, the same necessity for abutment seldom arises; we have, however, no desire to limit with such strictness the application of the imposing feature in question, the buttress, since, at least, it cannot do otherwise than add to the stability of the mass to which it is attached, and is singularly useful, in a decorative point of view, in preserving bold masses of shadow, and vertical tendency of line. Of buttresses, the perpendicular style recognizes two kinds,---the *solid*, and the *flying*. Of

these, the former, as it rises, diminishes its projection by successive graduations, which, in their simplest aspect, are formed by one slope of weathering or water-table, and, in their more ornamental, by a little gable, and correspondent *double* inclination of weather-moulding. In the first case, where somewhat more of variety and decoration is attempted, grotesque figures of animals are often introduced erect upon the water-tables for purposes of emblematical allusion or of heraldical support; or, in the place of these, slender piers with pinnacles frequently occur to enrich and diversify. In the other case, the little gables, where requisite, are rendered more elegant by the addition of crockets and finials. Further to adorn the face of each graduation, niches, compartments of tracery, armorial bearings, badges, &c. are usual and appropriate; and, to decorate the summit of the uppermost, a pinnacle is no less requisite, where the buttress rises above the parapet.

For the production of effect by the use of solid buttresses, nothing can be, under ordinary circumstances, of more essential importance than boldness of projection. In proof of this we might refer those who are for limiting their members of composition by a given number of feet and inches (or of brick-lengths, rather than by the rule of the impressive,) to the fine lines of buttresses at Westminster Abbey, and those of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, or even of the simply-dignified chapel of its scholastic precursor at Eton. In all these, also, an additional point of observance is the deep and bold plinth which passes round the buttresses and along the walls, and which, though it produces a number of horizontal lines, produces them only where they are most wanted, that is, where the structure bases itself upon the ground, and comes more immediately into conjunction with the flat lines of low surrounding objects.

Of the *flying* buttress, characteristic and elegant as it is, we need hardly say more than that the aisles of Westminster Abbey will afford an illustration of this feature in its most unadorned form, with simple weatherings above, and arch-mouldings beneath; and that Henry VII's chapel will furnish us on the other hand with examples of the same feature under its most elaborately-ornamented aspect, as pierced with rich tracery, crocketed with animal figures, and abutting against a pier surmounted by a purfled pinnacle. The flying buttress has also occasionally another application than that which these buildings exhibit, wherein, by assuming the ogee, or double form of curvature, and being arranged with a circular or polygonal distribution, it produces in effect the out-



line of the cupola: of this we may draw illustration from the market-cross of Malmesbury, and other buildings. On the use of buttresses, we may remark in general that, while their introduction in ecclesiastical structures is highly characteristic and almost essential, it is by no means equally so in domestic edifices, where there is not ordinarily the same cause for majesty of exterior, nor for apparent counteraction, to the thrust of massive roofs or stone ceilings. Their application, however, under such circumstances admits of some latitude.

The *Pinnacle* is a feature, the notice of which naturally connects itself with that of the buttress. Of this, too, the perpendicular style includes every variety; and, as the first, the simple pyramidal of four or (as it occasionally is) of eight sides, purfled up the angles in almost all cases, and issuing, either from as many little gables as it has sides, or from a straight cornice-moulding, sometimes plain, but ordinarily cut into small battlements and perhaps heightened with grotesques. In this, taper outline and bold but distinct purfling are matters of the most obvious importance. As to the latter of these points, almost any specimen of the fifteenth century might serve, one should suppose, to rectify the erroneous extremes, instanced in some modern works, of the use of crockets either so small and insignificant as to break without enriching the outline, or so long and close as to present the appearance of a continuation rather than a series,—not to notice, at present, any of the hideous anomalies in this particular of the Italianized or Grecianized schools of Pointed architecture. Another variety (but one on a larger scale than the former) is that of the square purfled pinnacle, whose sides, instead of being solid, are perforated in compartments of light tracery, and sometimes also, in lieu of the straight outline, assume a slight curve inwards. Of this kind of pinnacle, under its proper application, as placed upon a pierced battlement or parapet, we may adduce examples from the tower and south porch of Gloucester Cathedral. The other and last description of regular pinnacle is that, so frequent in Tudor architecture, which differs from the first-mentioned kind by taking the outline of the ogee instead of that of the straight line, issuing out of a level and usually embattled cornice, and frequently enriched with a leaf-ornament disposed like fish-scales, &c. Instances of this variety are numerous at Hampton Court and in other works of a proximate age.

The treatment of *Parapets* was another subject upon which our ancient mason-architects bestowed much and judicious attention. Their labours do, in-

deed, sometimes exhibit a plain continued coping-moulding; but they wisely preferred in most cases to meet the sky with a broken line of battlement, whose simplest form is that in which the upper edge only of each battlement and embrasure is moulded; and its more ornamental aspect that in which the moulding is continued round the entire line:—after which the greatest richness is procured by perforation, and elaborate open tracery. The west front of York Minster will furnish us with some of the ordinary varieties of pierced battlements,—St. George's Chapel, Windsor, with some of more varied design—various fronts at Oxford with open parapets in which the continued serpentine or the zigzag line prevails;—and King's College Chapel with specimens of pierced *pointed* battlements, and of the elegant perforated parapet composed of quatre-foil lozenges. In addition to these, the architectural traveller will have occasion to notice many examples too irregular for classification; and he will not fail to observe also, that, where a front has any pretensions to an ornamental character, the parapet generally exhibits a climax of airy elegance,—one of the many circumstances to which the Pointed style is indebted for the aptitude with which its masses harmonize with the scenery of nature; a result the more striking as contrasted with the effect of the hard-lined blockings, attics, and balustrades of classic architecture. The same may be said of the *Gable*—a feature so valuable in our style, and which, together with the roof terminated by it, is generally found by its greater or less inclination to adapt itself both to the high and to the flattened character of its accompanying members of composition, and more especially to that of the large window which it so frequently surmounts. We have, indeed, no wish to see the hand of modern improvement (as it is styled,) reducing in pitch the high barn-roofs of our older structures; and just as little relish have we for the gable, sometimes instanced in the present day, which makes pretension of stopping such a roof, but is found; on a change of position, to be only a piece of high blank wall. Since the gable is supposed to follow the lines of the roof, as *that*, in its turn, had anciently a declivity suited to the general character of the building it covered, as the high or the flat-pointed, let us, if we are to have the high gable-top, have it with the steep roof; if our roof be lower, our gables should be such as obtained under the same circumstances in the usage of the latter Henries.

Not to dilate upon the variety of picturesque external forms anciently assumed by that essential feature

of domestic architecture, the chimney, we may, in our upward course of observation, select, as the subjects of some general remarks, the *Tower*, spire, and turret. In the former of these, when happily composed, the peculiar characteristics of the perpendicular pointed style are developed with wonderful effect. Tall lines of regularly-graduated buttresses are here displayed with great advantage, and can never indeed be omitted without insipidity and vacancy of composition. Long and deeply-sunk windows, with high labels, here produce conspicuous dignity of outline and force of shadow,—effects further promoted by the use of niches, or of high panels of tracery. Airy battlements, light pinnacles, distinct purfling, and boldly-varied grotesques and knots of foliage unite in finishing the mass with dazzling but consistent elegance. The towers of Gloucester and Wells Cathedrals; Magdalen College, Oxford; Taunton Church, Somersetshire; and Great Malvern Church, Worcestershire, will furnish a few out of numerous happy illustrations of these excellencies, in some or in all points; and will shew, at the same time, how greatly many other of our towers, that may be of an equally or more expensive character, might have been improved by an observance of similar principles, especially upon the points of abutment and termination. The *lantern-tower* is an elegant variety, which, to be properly so called, should both contain more of window than usual, and also transmit light into the area of the building which it surmounts, as at York and Ely Cathedrals. The *octagonal lantern*, though destitute of the latter application, is frequently used with great advantage to terminate the square tower, as in the fine example of Boston Church, Lincolnshire, and many others.

The *Spire*, ever characteristic and imposing, is a feature of which more is always to be seen than said. The same principles, however, which regulate a good pinnacle of the first order, are those which produce elegance in a spire. This member (of which it would be impossible to classify the many unimportant varieties of distinction) is one, it may be observed, most frequently found in the older productions of the pointed style, but which is yet by no means foreign to the practice, much less to the feeling, of the perpendicular mode. We have also some specimens of a kind of *curtailed spire*, (if such it may be called) wherein the ordinary figure is cut off at about one third of its height, and finished with a parapet and pinnacles: of this description, for one, is the interesting steeple of St. Nicholas' Church, Gloucester.

The octagonal *Turret* is another terminating feature

of frequent use in the later practice of pointed architecture. This is sometimes finished with a plain or with a perforated battlement; sometimes with the addition of a purfling pyramid or depressed spire, as may be exemplified from Magdalen College, Oxford; but most frequently with the ogee-cupola, as in Henry VII.'s Chapel, or the yet more aspiringly-elegant turrets of that treasury of excellencies, King's College Chapel.

The characteristics then of these masses should, severally, seem to be those of dignity in the tower, lightness in the spire, and richness in the turret-crowning cupola; characteristics which, as supported by the all-pervading genius of the style, will even render such features *admirable*; whatever deteriorating comparisons may be made in respect to them by witlings and self-constituted critics.

E. T.

## THE PRINCESS MARY YACHT;

OR, THE BETSEY CAINS.

THE following account of the PRINCESS MARY Yacht, gathered from a variety of sources, will, we trust, prove acceptable to the reader. It must be acknowledged, however, that no satisfactory particulars can be gleaned as to the origin of this vessel; but the current tradition among seamen is, that she was Thames-built, and was purchased either by the Prince of Orange, or some of his adherents, to form part of the fleet destined to effect the Glorious Revolution of 1688. It is, also, said, that the Prince himself came over in this Yacht; and that he gave it the name of the Princess Mary in honour of his illustrious consort, the daughter of James II.\*

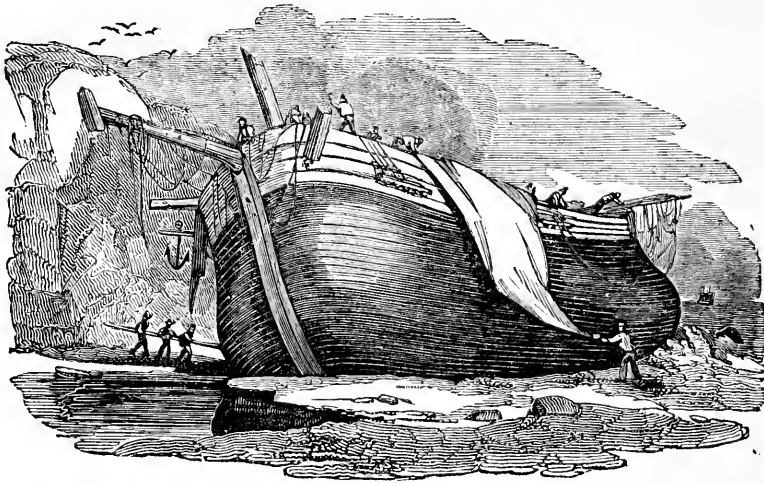
During the reigns of William and Mary, and Queen Anne, this vessel was one of the royal yachts; but during that period she underwent considerable repairs, which greatly interfered with her original *build*: she was, at length, called "one of Queen Anne's

\* In the "State Tracts," (vol. i. p. 56, fol. 1705,) it is said, that the Prince of Orange "embarked on a frigate of twenty-eight or thirty guns;" but this, from the date of the account, Oct. 29th, evidently alludes to his *first* embarkation, and before the storm arose which forced back the fleet. On the second, and successful attempt, "the Prince," says Rapin, (History of England, vol. ii. p. 776,) "on the 1st of November, in the afternoon, embarked on a new vessel called the *Brill*." This evidence makes questionable the seamen's tradition of the Betsey Cains being the vessel that brought over the Prince, from Holland, in the Revolution fleet.

yachts;" and was so known among nautical men. Upwards of fifty years ago, (and one account says as early as the reign of George I.) this vessel was sold by government to a merchant.† However this may be, a venerable friend of the present writer, (and an excellent seaman,) remembers, that at the first mentioned period she was a royal yacht, much altered and modernized;—yet the old sailor and the scientific shipwright could still discover the peculiarities of her particular build.

Report affirms, that she was sold by government to the Messrs. Walters, of London, and was re-chris-

tened the *BETSEY CAINS*, in honour of some lady connected with the West Indies;—in which trade she was long engaged. Another change took place, and this vessel having been purchased by the Messrs. Carlens, of London, was employed by them as a *Collier*. When thus situated, the *Betsey Cains* attracted the notice of all nautical men; and, wherever she lay, the sailors crowded to see her;—the more so, probably, from a memorable prophecy said to be connected with the fate of this venerable ship, viz. that "the Catholics would never get the better whilst the *Betsey Cains* was afloat."



WRECK OF THE *BETSEY CAINS*.

In 1827, (February 18th) after a changeful service of nearly a century and a half, this vessel, in entering the Tyne, struck upon a reef of rocks, called the Black Middens, (near the Spanish battery, under Tynemouth Castle,) and for want of timely assistance, became a complete wreck. In this state, forlorn and melancholy as it was, she excited great public attention, every one being anxious to bear away a relic of a vessel that had remained afloat during such a long-extended period;—and the sailors, as remarkable for their superstition as for their bravery, regarded the loss of the *Betsey* as a serious injury to the Protestant cause. After lying a short time on the rocks, she ultimately "broke up," and from her planks and timbers, a great number of snuff-boxes and other articles of memorial were made. Each of the members of the Corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was presented

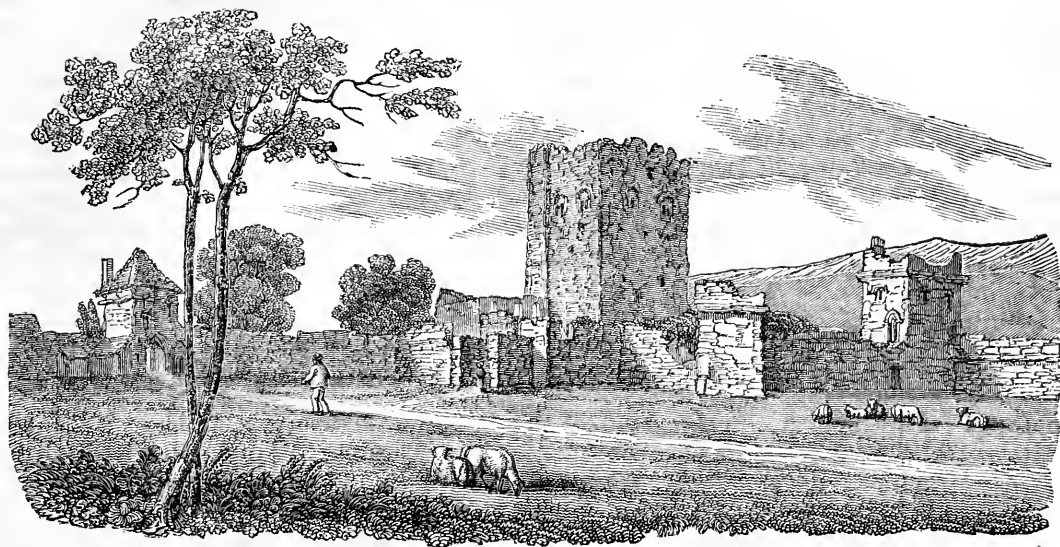
with one of the snuff-boxes: these boxes are, also, numerous in the coal trade, being kept in memory both of the various fortunes of this ship, and of the durability and inimitable qualities of the British oak.

While the *Betsey Cains* was lying upon the rocks she was made the subject of a painting, (now in the possession of Henry Hewetson, Esq. of Seaton Burn,) by Mr. James Ferguson, of North Shields, from which a lithographic sketch was executed by Mr. William Davison, of Sunderland, so well known in the north of England as a marine and landscape painter.\*

\* For this account of the vessel, we are indebted to a respected friend; of whose MS. Collections on the *Oak*, it forms a brief portion. The annexed cut of the *Betsey Cains* was reduced from the lithographic sketch above mentioned, but the contiguous scenery of the river and country was necessarily omitted from want of space. The sketch has been published both in North Shields and London.

† Vide "Mechanic's Magazine," No. 309; April 28, 1831.

## PORCHESTER CASTLE, HAMPSHIRE.



SOUTH-EAST VIEW, FROM THE INCLOSED AREA.

THIS strong and very interesting CASTLE is situated on a neck of land, jutting out a considerable way towards the middle of Portsmouth harbour, at the head of which it stands. Its precise origin is unknown; but as this Port, from its situation on the southern coast of Hampshire, and from its extreme convenience and safety, must have been one of the earliest frequented in the island, there can be little doubt that there was a fortress on this spot in times equally remote. Stow, in his "Annals," (following Rouse) ascribes its foundation to *Gurgunstus*, a son of Beline, in the year 375, and states that its British name was *Caer Peris*. By the Romans, its next occupiers, this harbour was called *Portus Magnus*, and it has been affirmed, by some historians, that the Roman general Vespasian landed here on his first arrival in Britain, but this has been contradicted by other writers.\* That it must have been in his possession,

however, when he achieved the conquest of the Isle of Wight, admits of no dispute. In the later times of the Roman dominion, this *castrum*, like Richborough, (in Kent) was one of those important places, maintained, in a more particular manner than most others, for the defence of the coast against pirates, under the command of the great officer styled *Comes Littoris Saxonici*.

The foundation of the outer walls and semicircular towers of this Castle, in their present extent and form, may unquestionably be assigned to the Romans; but it has had great and important additions made to it in succeeding ages,—particularly by the Saxons and the Normans, and again by the English in the reign of Edward III., and the various modes of build-

\* "Vespasian certainly came into Britain, at the head of the second legion, surnamed *Augusta*, in the year 43, (as appears from Tacitus, "Hist." lib. iii. cap. 44.) but concerning the actual place of his first landing there are great differences of opinion; for some of the British historians speak positively of his having been previously repulsed and driven from Richborough, in Kent, and of his having then landed at Totnes, in Devonshire;—and Holinshed adopts this idea. All agree, however, in speaking of his great actions in this country, which, with his being, on account of the expedition into Britain, brought forward by Claudius, were unquestionably (vide Tacitus, "Vita Agricola," sec. 11.) the foundation of all his future success and glory. Henry of Huntingdon ("Hist." lib. i. pp. 302, 303.) gives us an account of his adding the Isle of

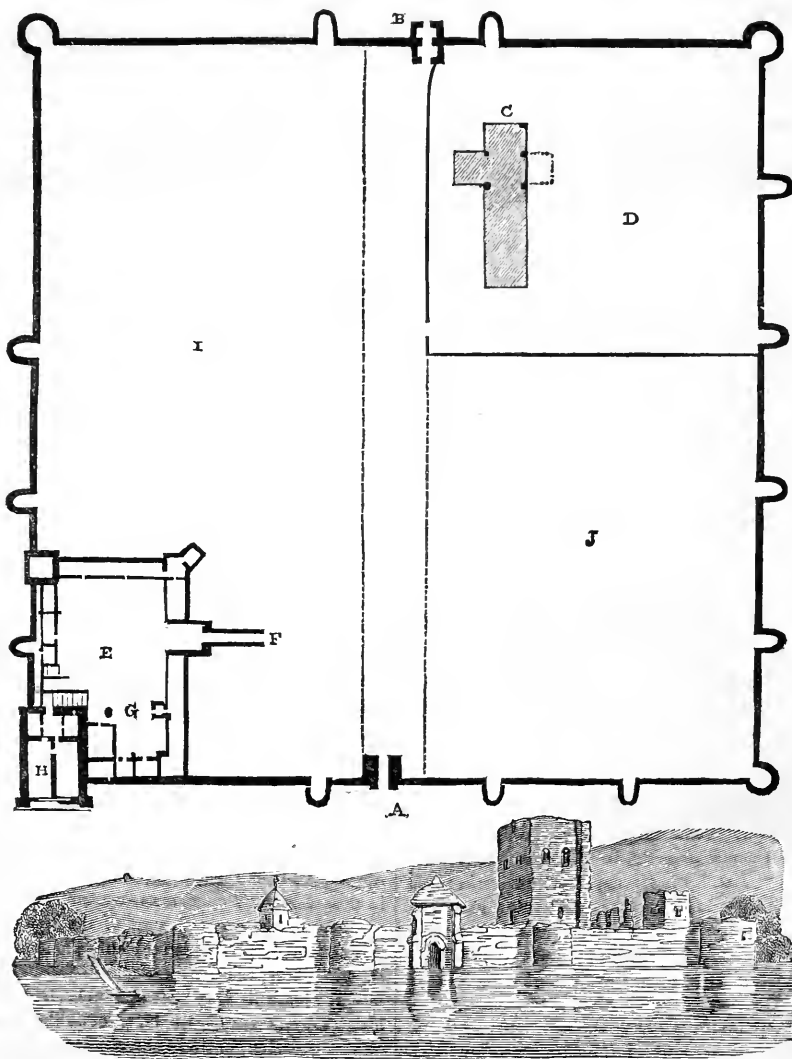
Wight to the Roman dominion;—and we are told (Suetonius, "Vespasianus," cap. iv.—Eutropius, lib. vii. sec. 19.) that he commanded all the *Southern* coast, and engaged the Britons in thirty several battles. Let the fact then, as to his first landing, be how it will, yet, since he could neither command the coast, nor make himself master of the Isle of Wight, without being in possession of PORCHESTER, we may be assured that here he made his abode during a part of his stay in Britain; and that at Porchester were unquestionably planted his *tremendous standards*.—Titus, the son of Vespasian, must have been with his father, upon this very spot at Porchester:—and it is related of him, (Dion. Cassius, lib. lx. p. 685) that when Vespasian was, on one occasion, entirely surrounded by barbarian troops, and in extreme danger, Titus broke through the ring they formed, with incredible boldness, and rescued him; and putting the Britons to flight, slew many of them."—King's "*Munimenta Antiqua*," vol. ii. pp. 23, 25.

ing practised by these different nations are yet discoverable on a minute investigation of the different parts of this noble remain.

This fortress, which is of a quadrangular form, stands upon a level site, and includes an area of nearly five acres, in superficial extent. On the north and south sides the walls, measuring on the outside, (and exclusive of the projecting parts of the round corner towers) extend about 620 feet; and on the east and west sides, about 610 feet. Their common thickness is about eight feet, but in parts they vary

from eight to twelve feet: their general height is about eighteen feet, and in many parts a rampart and parapet are still remaining. Independently of the great keep tower, at the north-western angle, there are eighteen towers, connected with the walls, yet standing, of various forms and magnitudes, round, square, and semicircular. On the north, west, and south sides, at some distance from the walls, there are also remains of a deep trench, or ditch, varying in breadth; and on the east side are two ditches, which extend to the water.

GROUND PLAN, AND EASTERN VIEW OF PORCHESTER CASTLE.



From the annexed plan a correct idea may be formed of the extent and arrangements of the respective divisions of this fortress. The outer walls distinctly shew the form of the original Roman *castrum*; but the mass of buildings at the north-west angle of the area, and the two gates, or entrances,

now called the Land-port, and the Water-port, are, speaking collectively, of the Saxon, Norman, and subsequent ages.

References to the plan.

- A. The Decuman Gate, now the Land-port.
- B. The Prætorian Gate, now the Water-port.
- C. Site of the Roman *sacellum*, now of the Church.
- D. The church-yard.
- E. Inner court of the castle.
- F. The barbican gate and portcullis.
- G. The well.
- H. The great Saxon keep.
- I. Part of the outer ballium;—generally occupied by French prisoners in times of war.
- J. Part of the outer ballium;—used as a market when so occupied.

The white space between the walls shews the secret passage on the upper story of the keep; and the lines crossing the area shew the space left for a road-way for persons attending the prison, bringing provisions, &c.

The round towers at the north-east, south-east, and south-west angles, and the twelve semi-circular towers, which are placed at unequal distances on the various sides, may be stated, generally, at from nineteen to twenty feet in diameter; including the thickness of the walls. In several of them, particularly on the south side, rows of Roman brick, dividing the stone-work, are still distinctly visible; and in various parts of the connecting walls, also, they may yet be traced, although from the alterations and repairs made in successive ages the regular courses have been mostly broken off, or otherwise entirely obliterated. The *Decuman Gate*, or Land-port, appears, from the irregular manner in which the work is inserted, to have been much wider than the present Norman tower-gateway, which now forms the principal entrance to the Castle, and which is nearly square, its width being about thirty-five feet, and its depth thirty: the passage through the centre is about ten feet wide: this tower is much dilapidated. So, also, is the ancient *Prætorian* gate, or Water-port; or, rather, the rectangular Norman tower, which occupies its site. This, on the side next the sea, was defended by a portcullis; and at different distances within by folding gates, strongly barricaded. Its dimensions are about forty-one feet, by twenty-seven feet and a half: the walls are from five to six feet in thickness.

The first innovation upon the Roman works, in the opinion of the late Edmund King, esq. (from whose minute investigations we have certified our own remarks, made in September, 1832,) was that of “sub-

stituting a *Saxon* Keep tower, at the north-west corner of the *Castrum*, in lieu of the ancient round tower which had stood there, as in other Roman *Castra*; and as a place of residence for the chieftain, or prince, instead of the more ancient Roman *Prætorium*, which had originally been in the usual situation near the Prætorian gate, and adjoining to that *sacellum* for the Roman idolatrous ensigns, on whose foundations was afterwards reared a Christian church.”\*

“This Keep tower,” continues Mr. King, “though at first sight it may deceive an inattentive observer and be supposed Norman, and somewhat like *Gundulph’s* towers;† yet, on a scrutinizing examination, appears to be truly *Saxon* in every original part of its construction, much less than any of *Gundulph’s* Norman keeps, and far differing from them,—though larger than many others of the early Saxon towers.

“It stands not,—like most British keep towers, or like *Gundulph’s* Norman keep towers,—in the clear open space of the castle area; but, like most of the early Saxon keeps, adjoining to, and even upon the very outward wall of the area itself;—where being at all times exposed to the attacks of an enemy, it was probably, on that very account, so contrived as not to have a single window on either of the two sides next the country. It also differs from other Norman towers, in that the entrance, though indeed carried *through* an additional building, is, in a manner, totally *different* from those in Norman keeps. There is also another remarkable difference;—for high up on the inner sides of the end walls, east and west, just a little over the third story, are most strange stone mouldings, [rather projecting ridges] pointing downwards, in the form of a V fixed against the walls; and, in a manner resembling a support for the ridges of a roof to be let in. There is some reason to suppose that the original entrance was by a steep flight of steps from the ground,—about the middle of the east side, before the additional building was reared on that side;—and still it is, even now, by a portal, which has a fine circular arch,” at its point of communication with the Norman work.—This keep is a lofty structure; and contains two vaults or dungeons, at bottom; with three double apartments above them, in so many several stories its walls are nearly eight feet in thickness; and its

\* Vide “*Munimenta Antiqua*,” vol. ii. p. 28. In that work the description of the Castle extends from p. 22 to p. 36, and is illustrated by several ground plans and views.

† *Gundulph*, Bishop of Rochester, and builder of the Cathedral and castle in that city, was also the original architect of the White Tower, in the Tower of London.



external dimensions on the south and north sides, fifty-seven feet, and on the east and west sides, fifty-eight feet. All the light which it originally received was from narrow loop-holes, except only in the third story, where, on two sides, in what were probably the state apartments, are small windows, in the very plainest Saxon style, consisting merely of two narrow lights, separated by a column, and surmounted by a semicircular arch.\*

The interior is divided by a wall, running east and west, five feet four inches in thickness; on each side of which the apartments, respectively, are forty feet in length, by nineteen feet five inches, and fifteen feet nine inches in breadth. Within the substance of the wall, at the south-east angle, there is a well, now filled up with earth and rubbish: at the other corner is a spiral staircase leading to the upper apartments and to the top of the tower. When fitted up for prisoners, however, in modern times, the communica-

tion with the upper rooms was continued by flights of stairs, which still remain. There is now a considerable rent, or fissure, in the walls on the north side: the upper part is, also, otherwise dilapidated.

Immediately attached to this keep, on the eastern side, is a much lower building, presumed of the Norman age; on the outer side of which a steep and high flight of steps leads to an entrance portal; whence, through a dark middle chamber, is the passage to the keep itself. This chamber communicates on each side with a large apartment, (measuring about twenty-one feet by thirteen feet), in the exterior walls of each of which, a spacious window has been made at some period long subsequent to their erection. The southern apartment has been used as a chapel, and called St. Mary's Chapel; and the northern room, as tradition reports, was fitted up as a bedroom for Queen Elizabeth, when on one of her summer *Progresses*.

PORCHESTER CASTLE, FROM THE INNER COURT.



\* "Munimenta Antiqua," vol. ii. pp. 28, 30.—"Here, therefore, we have evidently, by every characteristic mark, the perfect remains of a *Regal Saxon tower of residence*, and the only fair account that can be rendered of its origin is, that about the year 501, Porta, the Saxon, with his two sons, Biela and Megla, landed at the place now called Porchester, [*quare Porta's Castle*] and brought such aid to *Cerdic*, that by means thereof, he (the latter) founded the kingdom of the West Saxons. At Porchester, therefore, he must have found, and must have possessed himself of the prior Roman *castrum*, the



The works *originally* surrounding the inner court, or ballium, were unquestionably erected in the Norman times; most probably between the era of the Conquest and the reign of Edward I.: but such numerous alterations have been made in this part, particularly about the time of Edward III., and again, though to a less extent, in the reigns of Henry VI. and VII., that its general appearance, (as shewn in the preceding cut,) is that of a much later age. In these additional buildings was a great dining-hall, with its entrance porch, and various apartments for domestic purposes, having lodgings over them for the garrison and servants. But the original destination of the various buildings in this division of the castle cannot now be ascertained, as they have frequently been altered during the last and present centuries. At the north-east angle is a square tower, communicating with the ramparts and with an intermediate semicircular Roman tower, beyond which a passage extends to the keep. Another square tower, but projecting diagonally, stands at the south-east angle;—but the most curious part of this *Norman* court, as it may be called, is its fortified entrance, which opens from the outer area, on the south.

At this extremity was a portal, about eight feet

in width, with an obtuse-pointed arch, including a strong gate; further on, at sixteen feet and a half, was a portcullis, and beyond that another great gate. Eighteen feet more inward still, was a second portcullis, and between eleven and twelve feet beyond that was a third great gate, and on the west side, a sort of sally-port. Nearer the inner court, the side walls increase in thickness from four feet nine inches to nearly six feet; and here the entrance passage, which is continued to the extent of forty-three feet more, becomes wider, its whole breadth being eighteen feet and a half; in this part was designed a place for barricadoes. Independently of these defences, the whole vaulted passage (the entire length of which is upwards of ninety feet) was furnished with machicolations and perforations for pouring melted lead, hot water, &c., on the heads of assailants: and to these machicolations, and to the battlements above, was a passage from the top of the walls surrounding the inner court. Some part of this entrance is, apparently, of as recent a period as Henry the Sixth's reign. Within the court was a draw-well, still open, for supplying water to the garrison. In its general extent, this court measures about two hundred feet by one hundred and twenty-five feet.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PORCHESTER CASTLE.



walls of which do still, in so many parts remain. And as this tower is neither *British* nor *Roman*; nor when closely examined, furnished with the advantages of truly *Norman* towers, either on Gundulph's plan, or of any later design, we must conclude it could only have been Saxon; and have been reared either by Porta, or Cerdic, or by some of their Saxon successors." *Ibid.* p. 31.

Within the area of this castle, on the spot which had been the Roman *Sacellum*, there was, probably, a church erected in the Saxon age,—but, however that might be, there was certainly a church built here in the early Norman times, as appears from the existing remains, which are correctly represented in the preceding view.\* From its style of architecture, there can be little hesitation in ascribing this edifice to King Henry I., who founded on the spot a priory of Austin (or Black) Canons, either in July or August, 1153; but which canons were subsequently removed to Southwick, in this county, and the establishment continued there until the Dissolution, when, according to Dugdale, its revenues were estimated at £277. 4s. 4d. per annum. The castle church, which is dedicated to St. Mary, was originally in the form of a cross, and having a low tower rising from the intersection; but the south-transept has been long destroyed, and the chancel rebuilt on a much smaller scale, as appears from the marks of the ancient roof against the tower. Other minor alterations have also been made, but the building is still exceedingly curious, from its ornamental work and indisputable antiquity. The western portal opens by a recessed semicircular archway, decorated with double zig-zag mouldings, as well as a range of other sculptures, of foliage, heads, &c., including some signs of the Zodiac, of which Sagittarius and Pisces are yet very distinguishable. These mouldings spring from two spiral columns on each side, which have sculptured capitals. Within the church is the monument of *Sir Thomas Cornwallis*, knt. groom-porter to Queen Elizabeth and James I., who died in November, 1618; his bust represents him with short hair and beard, and a sash over the shoulder. But the most remarkable object within the church is the ancient FONT, which is represented in the subjoined cut. It is encircled, above the plinth, by a series of intersecting semicircular arches, interrupted in front by a compartment, which include three male figures, two of whom are kneeling, the other, who wears an helmet, is standing, and apparently, in the act of placing a crown, or chaplet, on the head of the figure immediately before him. Over the arches is a series of twelve circular compartments, conjoined, of scroll-like foliage, probably of the vine, enwreathing naked boys, in varied playful attitudes. Some plain mouldings surround the basin, which is designed for complete immersion.



From about the middle part of the last century this castle has been used as a prison for foreigners, and during the late revolutionary war with France, there was at one time nearly nine thousand French prisoners confined within its walls. Not only was the Keep tower entirely occupied by them, but they were also lodged in ranges of wooden buildings, two stories high, erected on the north side of the great court, which was separated from the south side by a double picketing, so disposed as to leave a passage through the area from gate to gate. There was also another range of building, containing the cookery and various other offices. The south-west quarter of the area was parted off as an airing-place, and a certain number of prisoners, in proportion to the whole, was daily permitted to walk there; within that division was also an hospital for the sick. Since the last peace, all these additional buildings have been destroyed, together with the barracks which had been erected for the soldiers guarding the prisoners, beyond the ditch, on the outside, contiguous to the north-west angle of the castle.

In the 18th year of Edward I., (anno 1290) as appears by the rolls of parliament, a complaint was exhibited against Henry Huse, *Constable* of the King's Castle of Porchester, reciting that John, Bishop of Winchester, being absent in foreign parts in the king's service, and all his possessions being in the king's protection, he the said Henry, with his armed men, foresters, and others unknown, hunted at their pleasure in the free chase of the said bishop.

\* All the illustrations for this account of Porchester Castle were executed from the drawings of Mr. N. Whittock, made purposely for this work, during a recent tour in Hampshire.

In the 27th of the same reign (anno 1299,) the Castle and Town of Porchester, with the forest, then valued at £16. 13s. were settled on Queen Margaret, as part of her dower. In the 15th of Edward II., divers of the commonalty of Southampton were imprisoned in this Castle by order of the king, until they had sworn that they would make no suit against Robert Batail, of Winchelsea, the king's admiral, and other persons of the Cinque Ports, who had burned and plundered their ships, under pretence that the inhabitants of Southampton were partizans of the Earl of Lancaster;---and for which outrage they had prayed redress. It appears, also, that in the 12th of Edward III., when John Hacket, lieutenant of the Earl of Arundel, was Constable of this Castle, that the Abbot of Glastonbury was bound to find for its defence, and for the guard of Portsmouth, three men at arms for his lands in Wiltshire, and one man for those in Berkshire. In the 4th of Edward IV., the constablership of Porchester, together with the wages and fees thereof, appears to have been granted to John, Earl of Worcester, by letters patent of that King.\*

At what period this Castle was granted out by the crown does not appear; but it is now private property. In the early part of the seventeenth century, it belonged to the Nortons, of Southwick; from whom by the maternal line, it descended to the Thistlethwaytes; and of that family it was rented by government when made a place of confinement for prisoners of war.

It has been stated by different writers, that Porchester was deserted in consequence of the retiring of the sea, in some degree, from the upper parts of the harbour; an event which occasioned the inhabitants to retire to the Isle of Portsea, and gave origin to Portsmouth. This, however, could hardly have been the case, unless a completely retrograde action of the waves has taken place; for the sea now flows up to the *very walls* of the Castle, and if some preventive measures are not executed, will, in a short series of years, prove disastrous to the water-port side, and south-eastern angle. The low grounds on the south side are now laved by every tide; yet an aged inhabitant of Porchester recollects the time when they were appropriated to the growth of barley; and in his youth, has played at cricket there on a meadow now covered with ooze and slime.---This Castle is about five miles from Portsmouth, proceeding by the land; but the most pleasant way for visitors,

is to engage a sailing boat at Portsmouth Hard, (when the tide is suitable, both for going and returning,) and proceed by water,---but not in *squally* weather.

## HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS,\*

BY LORD MAHON.

THE supposed discovery of a religious relic, and the miracles attending it, are events so common in Roman Catholic legends as to deserve but little attention, even on the ground of curiosity; but the real changes and vicissitudes of one of these relics, for twelve centuries after its discovery, may perhaps excite some interest, more especially as its singular adventures, very distant in time, and recorded by different writers, have never yet been brought together, and formed into one connected narrative.

In the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, his mother Helena, when almost an octogenarian, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her pious zeal was particularly directed to the search of the holy sepulchre, and of the cross on which Jesus Christ had suffered; and, according to her own judgment at least, she was successful in both. A vision, or perhaps a dream, disclosed the place of the Holy Sepulchre; the three crosses were found buried near it, and that of the Saviour is said to have been distinguished from the others by its healing powers on the sick, and even restoring a corpse to life. This discovery caused great and general rejoicing throughout Christendom.† The spot was immediately consecrated by a church, called the New Jerusalem, and of such magnificence that the celebrated Eusebius is strongly inclined to look upon its building as the fulfilment of the prophecies in the Scriptures for a city of that name.‡ A verse of the sibyl was also remembered or composed, which, like all predictions after the event, tallied in a surprising manner with the holy object so happily revealed.§ The greater share of the Cross was left at Jerusalem, set in a case of silver, and the remainder was sent to Constantine, who, in hopes

\* This essay was read at the Royal Society of Antiquaries, on the 10th of February, 1831. The author, previous to giving it publicity in "The Amulet," has added a few observations that have since occurred to him.

† For the discovery of the cross, compare Theodoret, lib. i. c. 18; Socrates, lib. i. c. 17; and Sozomen, lib. ii. c. 1, &c.

‡ De Vita Constant, lib. iii. c. 33.

§ The verse was as follows:—

Ω ξυλον μακαριτον εφ' ου Θεος εξεταυνοθη.

\* Vide Grose's "Antiquities," vol. ii. pp. 213, 214.

of securing the prosperity and duration of his empire, enclosed it within his own statue on the Byzantine Forum. The pilgrims also, who thronged to Jerusalem during a long course of years, were always eager, and often successful, in obtaining a small fragment of the cross for themselves; so that at length, according to the strong expression of St. Cyril, the whole earth was filled with this sacred wood. Even at present, there is scarcely a Roman Catholic cathedral which does not display some pretended pieces of this relic; and it has been computed, with some exaggeration, that were they all collected together, they might prove sufficient for building a ship of the line. To account for this extraordinary diffusion of so limited a quantity, the Catholic writers have been obliged to assert its preternatural growth and vegetation, which the saint already quoted ingeniously compares to the miracle of the loaves and fishes.\* That the guardians of this cross at Jerusalem should have had recourse to such evident and undoubted falsehood, should, I think, very much increase our doubts whether the Cross itself was genuine, and whether the old age and credulity of Helena, may not have been grossly imposed upon. Where we see one fraud, we may justly suspect another. From this period, however, the history of this fragment of wood may be clearly and accurately traced during the twelve succeeding centuries.

In spite of its frequent partitions, the Holy Cross, say the monkish writers, thus remained undiminished at Jerusalem, receiving the homage of innumerable pilgrims, until the year 614, when that city was besieged and taken by the Persians. Their barbarous fanaticism reduced to ruins or burnt to the ground nearly all the sacred buildings, and made a great slaughter of the Christians, in which they are said to have been actively assisted by the resident Jews.† The bishop and the relic in question were removed into Persia, and continued in that country fourteen years, until the victories of the Emperor Heraclius led to an honourable peace, in which the restoration of this most precious treasure was expressly stipulated. During its captivity it had happily escaped the pollution of infidel hands; the case which contained it was brought back, unopened, to Jerusalem, and Heraclius himself undertook a journey in order

to replace it in its former station on Mount Calvary. The prelude to this religious ceremony was a general massacre of the Jews, which the emperor had long withstood, but at length granted to the earnest and renewed entreaties of the monks of Alsik. The fact itself, and all its details, are so disgraceful to the parties concerned, that I would gladly reject it as false or overcharged, did it not rest on the authority of a patriarch of Alexandria.\* Heraclius then, attended by a solemn procession, but laying aside his diadem and purple, bore the Cross on his own shoulders towards the holy sepulchre. An officer was appointed to its peculiar care, with the title of *STAUROPHULAX*;† and the anniversary of this event, the 14th of September, is still celebrated in the Greek Church as a festival, under the name of the Exaltation of the Cross.

The relic did not long continue in the place to which the valour and piety of Heraclius had restored it, but was doomed to undergo still further vicissitudes of fortune. Only eight years afterwards (A.D. 636,) an army of Arabs, the new and fervent proselytes of Mahomet, invaded Palestine. At the battle of Yermuk, the imperial forces were totally routed, and Heraclius, downcast and dismayed, returned to Constantinople, bearing with him, as a source of consolation, the invaluable fragment, whose alleged miraculous powers were never exerted for its own protection.‡ It is rarely that, when a sovereign despairs of success, his subjects have the courage (it would, perhaps, be termed the disloyal presumption) to prolong their resistance; but the inhabitants of Jerusalem were animated by religious zeal and local associations, and did not, till after a doubtful siege of several months, yield the holy city to the Saracens. The event soon justified the prudent foresight of Heraclius in removing the Cross from the danger of Mahometan masters. The Caliph of Omar experienced some difficulties in the construction of a mosque at Jerusalem: he immediately supposed those difficulties to be supernatural, and, by the advice of the Jews, destroyed a great number of the neighbouring crosses; so that it seems certain that the wood of the real crucifixion could still less have escaped the effects of his ignorant fanaticism.§ At Constantinople, on the contrary, it was preserved with the utmost veneration in the metropolitan church of St. Sophia, and the honours paid to it are attested and

\* St. Cyril ap. Baronium, *Annal. Eccles.* A.D. 326, No. 50. One whole epistle of St. Paulinus of Nola (the eleventh) is also devoted to this subject.

† The participation of the Jews is positively asserted by Eutychius (*Annal.* vol. ii. p. 212,) but doubted by Theophanes (*Chronograph.* p. 252:) *ως φασι τινες*, are his words.

\* Eutychius, *Annal.* vol. ii. p. 242---247.

† Ducange, *Gloss. Med. Græc.*, p. 1437.

‡ Theophanes, *Chronograph.* p. 280.

§ Baronius, *Annal. Eccles.* A.D. 643. No. 1---4.

described by the father of English historians.\* Never, but on the three most solemn festivals of the year, was its costly case unclosed. On the first day, it received the adoration of the emperor and principal officers of state; on the next, the empress and chief ladies repeated the same ceremony; and the bishops and clergy were admitted on the third. While exposed to view on the altar, a grateful odour pervaded the whole church, and a fluid resembling oil distilled from the knots in the wood, of which the least drop was thought sufficient to cure the most inveterate disease. This precious fluid is also mentioned by Pope Gregory, the Great, in one of his letters to Leontius. "I have received your present," writes the Pope, "some oil of the Holy Cross and some wood of aloes, of which the one confers blessing by its very touch, and the other, when burnt, diffuses a pleasant perfume."†

In a period of several centuries, during which this relic remained at Constantinople, we find it occasionally mentioned in the annals of the time. It was on the Holy Cross that Heracleonas swore to cherish and defend his nephew;‡ it was to the same fragment that the son of Justinian the Second clung for protection, in the revolution which hurled his father from the throne;§ and we might entertain more respect for the superstition of the Greeks, if the supposed sanctity of this relic had produced either the observance of the oath, or the safety of the suppliant. At length, in the year 1078, the object of this narrative recommenced its travels. A wealthy citizen of Amalfi, whose name is not recorded, had long felt a wish to exchange active life for the cloister, and had selected the monastery of Casinum as the place of his future retirement. Being present in the Eastern capital during the tumultuous deposition of Michael the Seventh, he perceived in the general confusion a favourable opportunity for appropriating this precious fragment to himself. His zeal did not forget at the same time to secure the golden case, richly embossed with jewels, which contained it, and both were laid as a welcome offering before the shrine of St. Benedict, at Casinum.|| The good fathers must have felt no little pride when strangers beheld, in their secluded and obscure retreat, a relic which a long succession of the most illustrious princes had gloried in possessing.

The next place to which we can trace the Cross is Palestine, during the crusades, to which it had doubtless been conveyed for the purpose of restoring it to its more ancient and appropriate station at Jerusalem. In that country it was exposed to frequent hazards, as the crusaders appear to have been in the habit of bearing it in the van of their armies, when marching against the Mussulmans, hoping by its presence amongst them to secure the victory. One of their battles against the forces of Saladin by no means fulfilled their expectations, and in the course of it the sacred relic itself was unfortunately severed; one half of it being captured by the enemy, and most probably destroyed.\* This untoward accident, however, by no means impaired their veneration for the remaining fragment; and, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is again recorded as taking the field with the King of Hungary and the Duke of Austria.† From these it passed into the hands of their brother crusaders, the Latin sovereigns of Constantinople; and thus, by a singular train of circumstances, a change of dynasty restored this precious relic to the people which had so long enjoyed its possession. It does not, however, appear to have received the full measure of its ancient veneration, and a new Crown of Thorns, alleged to be that of the passion, held at this period a far higher rank with the public.

In the year 1238, the pressure of poverty and impending ruin compelled the Emperor Baldwin the Second, to sell what the piety of St. Louis, King of France, induced him as eagerly to purchase.‡ A very considerable sum was given in exchange for the holy wood, and on its arrival in Paris, it was deposited by King Louis in a chapel which he built on this occasion. There, the Cross remained for above three hundred years, until at length, on the 20th of May, 1575, it disappeared from its station. The most anxious researches failed in tracing the robber, or recovering the spoil, and the report which accused King Henry the Third of having secretly sold it to the Venetians may be considered as a proof of the

\* There is some account of its recovery by a Genoese, but it is clouded with miracles. He walked over the sea, as over dry land, &c. See Muratori, *Dissert.* 38. vol. v. p. 10, ed. 1741.

† See Raynaldus, *Annal. Eccles. A.D. 1217*, No. 39, and Pagi, *Critic. A.D. 1187*, No. 4.

‡ See Dupleix, *Histoire de France*, vol. ii. p. 257. ed. 1634. The original authority is Nangis (*Annales de St. Louis*, p. 174. ed. 1761.) Rigord, who speaks of the sale of this relic to Philip Augustus, appears to be guilty of a fable or anachronism, in which he was followed by Raynaldus, *Annal. Eccles. A.D. 1205*. No. 60.

\* Bede, *Op.* vol. iii. p. 370. Ed. Colon. Agripp. 1688.

† Epist. lib. 7. indict. i. ep. 34.

‡ Nicephor. *Constantinopolit.* p. 20.

§ Theophanes, *Chronograph.* p. 318.

|| *Chronicon Casinense*, lib. iii. c. 55.

popular animosity rather than of royal avarice.\* To appease in some degree the loud and angry murmurs of his subjects, Henry, the next year, on Easter day, announced that a new Cross had been prepared for their consolation, of the same shape, size, and appearance as the stolen relic, and asserted, most probably with perfect truth, that in Divine powers, or claim to religious worship, it was but little inferior to its model. "The people of Paris," says Estoire, an eye-witness of this transaction, "being very devout, and easy of faith on such subjects" (he is speaking of the sixteenth century,) "gratefully hailed the restoration of some tangible and immediate object for their prayers. Of the original fragment I can discern no further authentic trace; and here, then, it seems to have ended its long and adventurous career.

Before I conclude, I ought, perhaps, to make some mention of the pretended nails of the passion, which were obtained by Constantine the Great at the same time with the cross. He melted a part of them into a helmet for himself; and the other part was converted into a bridle for his horse, in supposed obedience to a prophetic text of Zechariah: "In that day shall there be upon the bells (bridles) of the horses, holiness unto the Lord,"† Yet, though the helmet alone might appear to have required all the nails which could possibly be employed in a crucifixion, it is not unusual in southern Europe to meet with fragments of old iron, for which the same sacred origin is claimed. Thus, for instance, at Catania, in Sicily, I have seen one of these nails, which is believed to possess miraculous powers, and exhibited only once a year with great solemnity. There is another in a private oratory of the Escorial; and I was surprised in observing in the same case a relic of Sir Thomas à Becket. All the nails, from the time of Constantine, are rejected as spurious by Cardinal Baronius;‡ yet a former Pope had expressed his belief in their authenticity;§ and the ingenious idea of miraculous vegetation might have been easily applied to them. But to trace the other parts of this real or fabulous history, and more especially their insertion in the Iron crown of Lombardy, would require, though scarcely deserve, a separate essay.

*From the "Amulet," for 1833.*

## ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF WALES.---No. II.

IN despite of the undoubted "march of mind" in these latter days, we think that any one conversant with the customs and belief of the lower orders in either of the three countries, or who has noted the several instances of belief in witchcraft, which have been recently made public, will agree with us when we assert that superstition still holds its sway over a large portion of the land, and exists more particularly amongst the peasantry to a considerable extent. In England we have frequent examples of outrages, connected with the belief in the powers of the first of "those detestable slaves of the devil, witches, sorcerers, enchanters, and conjurors," as the preamble to the act passed "for their more effectual punishment" expresses it in the year of grace 1602;---and more than one decrepit old object, since the notorious case in Suffolk in 1825,\* has been set afloat to test his or her diabolic powers, of which the trials of the offenders at the country assizes furnish ample evidence. The almost incredible sale of the predictions of "Francis Moore, Physician," is also a proof of the credulity of the times.

In Scotland the belief in supernatural agency is extensively diffused, and we have often passed deserted houses in that country, which were pointed out as the haunt of *brownies*, besides being entertained with serious stories respecting the pranks and tricks of these friendly little beings, in their visits to the farm house or the cotter's home; but it appeared that they

\* The details of this affair savour more of 1625, than 1825; we wish we had room for the whole, but we cannot omit the following. While the poor old man (Isaac Stebbings) was being "swum for a wizard," undergoing the ordeal with all the ceremonies pursued in other days, and surrounded by a large and savage mob, one of those whom he had "bewitched," a farmer in the same parish of Wickham Skeith, was unusually perturbed; he cried out, "I can see the imps all about me; I must frighten them away with my voice;" and his delusion and his noise, as Stebbings did not sink, were put down to his account. The poor old man was taken out of the water "more dead than alive;" yet the mob were not satisfied, and insisted that he should have a fresh trial in a few days, with another man, equally old, from a neighbouring parish, for his companion. Crowds of persons from all the country round attended to witness this second ordeal; but the clergyman and churchwardens at last interfered, to the great disappointment of the mob. To complete the affair, a respectable farmer in a neighbouring parish went to some "cunning man," and learnt to a certainty that Stebbings was a wizard. The sum of three pounds was paid for this intelligence, upon the assurance that Stebbings should be "killed by inches!"

\* See L'Etoile, Journal de Henri III., vol. i. p. 125, 161, ed. 1744.

† Zech. ch. xiv. ver. 20.

‡ Annal. Eccles. A.D. 326. No. 54.

§ See a letter from Innocent VI. ap. Raynald. Annal. Eccles. A.D. 1354. No. 18.



now made their appearance but very seldom, and then only to favoured eyes. Indeed in Scotland superstition has always prevailed to a great extent; the persecutions for witchcraft almost eclipsed those in any other country, and a refinement of cruelty distinguished their proceedings, for the innocent relations of suspected criminals were tortured in their presence, in the hope of extorting confession from them, in order to put an end to their sufferings, after similar means had been used without effect on themselves; nay, children of seven years of age were sometimes tortured in the presence of their mothers, with this diabolical design. A few years since, a place was pointed out to us, on the borders of Scotland, which had been, even within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant," used for the "trial" of witches; and a deep pool of water, in an adjacent stream, was the scene of the sufferings and murder of a great number of these poor old creatures.

The belief in *Wraiths*, or the spectral (though exact) appearance of a person while living, is universal amongst the lower orders in that country, and is now, perhaps, the most prevailing superstition there; it may be added that the *fetch* of Ireland, and the *waffs* and *swarths* of the north of England, are, with a little variation, one and the same superstition. The Wraith is often seen by the individual concerned, as well as by others;—if observed before twelve o'clock in the day it denotes long life; but, seen after that hour, it is considered a forerunner either of immediate death, or a very short life to the party.

In former times there were few villages in Wales which did not possess their witches or "cunynge" men; for that inherent passion of the human mind, a desire to pry into hidden things, and more especially events to come, appears to have existed in all its force in the principality; rendering the supposed possessors of such hidden knowledge objects of equal reverence and fear. Indeed, the anxiety of the peasantry to open the dark veil of the future was so great, that many of them sacrificed (as it was called) their children to the devil, for the purpose of rendering them wizards; which was done by passing them through a hoop, or across a flame of fire, on Allhallow eve, and afterwards conveying them to the mill bin, to be well shaken. In the county of Pembroke there once dwelt one of these wise men, who was reputed to possess more than ordinary powers. He foretold "coming events" long before "they cast their shadows;" could give tidings to the anxious inquirers of their distant relatives, even though half the globe intervened; but what was most remarkable, this

"cunynge man of Pentregethen" (as he was called) sold favourable winds to the credulous mariner, which blew his name far and wide; a superstition coincident with the well-known one of Lapland, Norway, and other parts of the north; and which, if we remember aright, was amongst the wonders dispensed by Norna, of the Fitful Head, one of the most powerful creations of that illustrious man, now no more. We shall endeavour to collate an account of these "oracles of human destiny," of whom the renowned Merlin may be considered the *magnus Apollo*, in an early paper. A custom also prevailed in almost every district, which materially tended to fan the flame of superstition. The scattered inhabitants of the hill and the valley used to meet at intervals at each others' dwellings, for the purpose of reciting the romantic legends and supernatural events with which the country teemed; in which those respecting the *Tylwyth Teg* and others of the Fairy tribe, held a conspicuous place. Seated on the turf in front of their cottages on an evening in the Spring or Summer, after an ample supply of *sopas*, (oatmeal and buttermilk,) or gathering in a circle round a blazing turf fire on a winter's night, contracting closer and closer as each new story of the wild and the wonderful circulated around the hearth; we can readily imagine that what occurred at these meetings, must have exerted a powerful influence over the rude and uncultivated minds of men passing their lives on the hill-side, amidst the wild and rocky scenery of Cambria.

Many of the ancient Welsh Superstitions may be traced to a Roman origin. Mankind are universally prone to the belief in omens, and the casual occurrence of certain contingent circumstances soon creates the easiest of theories. Should a bird of good omen, in ancient times, perch on the standard, or hover about an army, the omen was of good import, and favourable to conquest. Should a raven or a crow, accidentally fly over the field of action, the spirits of the combatants would be proportionably depressed. Should a planet be shining in its brilliancy at the birth of any one whose fortunes rose to pre-eminence, it was always thought to exert an influence over his future destiny. Such was the origin of many of our later superstitions. Thus in Wales the accidental appearance of a solitary magpie in the path, was once deemed so unlucky, that many persons have returned home, even when travelling on important business, rather than risk the consequences of the warning. The flight of a crow or blackbird over a dwelling house, or the appearance of an owl in the light of day was deemed very unlucky; and the howling of



a dog, the crowing of a hen, the flight of a hare across the road, and the screeching of an owl in the day, were at certain seasons considered the harbingers of death or disaster. If a man shot a robin-redbreast, the shot would turn back on himself. If a strange dog or black cat took up their abode at a house, according to the old proverb; they would keep away evil from it; and it was lucky to find a white clover or ash leaf with only two foils, (a superstition which prevails also in France and England,) for if discovered by one in a state of "single blessedness," on placing it under the head at night, it would make the finder dream of his or her future partner in this world's troubles. The baying of a pack of hounds, with the noise occasioned by a field of huntsmen sweeping onward in full career, called in Welsh *Cwn Amn'vn*, or Gabriel's hounds, is often popularly believed to be heard in the air, prior to some heavy calamity in the neighbourhood.

There are many stories related of a supernatural being of a remarkably wild and horrible nature, called the *Cyoeraeth*, from its deadly chilling voice, which is a superstition peculiar to Wales. It is also called *Gwrachyryboen*, both names having reference to its characteristics. The *Cyoeraeth* is a being in the dress of a female, with tangled hair, a bloodless and ghastly countenance, long black teeth, and withered arms of great length, in short, it is invested with a description which conveys to the mind the idea of a blasted tree as compared to the flourishing monarch of the forest, rather than as possessing the similitude of any thing human. This being, (fortunately for the people,) seldom made itself visible, but its scream, or shriek at night, had a terrible and overpowering effect on all who heard it. It generally foreboded death, or fearful disaster, and always occurred when the spirit approached a cross road, or drew near to a river or *llyn*; when it would commence to splash and agitate the water with its long bloodless hands, wailing all the time so as to "make night hideous." The shrieks generally ran according to the sex of the spirit, as "*oh! oh! fy ngwr, fy ngwr!*" (my husband, oh! my husband!)"—"fy ngwraig! fy ngwraig!" (my wife! my wife!) and "*fy mlentyn, fy mlentyn, fy mlentyn back!*" (my child, my child! my little child!)"—each being repeated for a considerable length of time. A legend is related of an individual who encountered one of these beings in a hollow at night, "when spirits are abroad." He addressed it, mistaking it for a woman; but the terrible shriek "*oh! fy ngwr, fy ngwr!*" froze his blood with horror, and he fled almost bereft of reason; the shriek

ever afterwards resounding in his memory, and materially affecting his mind. It is a Welsh saying, in speaking of an ill-favoured woman, "She is as ugly as a *Gwrachyryboen*."

The belief in ghosts existed in all its force in Wales, and there are numberless stories, new and old, afloat in consequence; but they possess no distinctive character, and seem to be of a similar nature with those so prevalent in the sister countries. We have stories of haunted houses, where the inmates are almost nightly disturbed with the violent opening and shutting of bolted doors, or windows, or the crashing of pewter and pottery, strange moans and other unearthly sounds; yet when the morning comes nothing is "disturbed from its propriety." Again, there are tales of gentlemen in black, and ladies in white; shaggy dogs of wondrous size; friends making bonds to appear to each other after the death of either; the appearance of departed persons to their descendants, or others, for the purpose of disclosing hidden treasure, or disburthening secrets, and "last not least," amongst many others, the apparition of his satanic majesty in these lower regions.

There are many traditions connected with the lakes of Cambria; some of which, like the lake Asphaltites, are reputed to flow over ancient towns. Below a *Llyn*, in the county of Cardigan, it is popularly believed that a town stood, portions of which it is said, may be seen under the surface, when the waters are far spent in summer. Within a few miles of Brecon, is *Llyn Savathan*, or *Llangors Pwll*, called by Giraldus Cambrensis, *Clamosum*, from the tremendous noise it makes, resembling thunder, when the ice breaks in winter. It is two miles broad, about the same in length, and thirteen fathoms deep, abounding with fish of various kinds. *Llyn Savathan*, is described by Giraldus as surrounded by houses, with gardens, cornfields and orchards. In 1080, shortly before the Normans ravaged South Wales,\* its waters assumed (according to Leland,) a miraculous green colour. It is remarkable for a tradition connected with the circumstance that the river Llewenny, which runs through it, will not mingle its waters with those of the lake, but carries away neither more nor less than it brought in. The Llewenny is described by the poet as of "an amber bright hue," and the legend runs, that there once stood a palace surrounded by many houses, in the midst of the hollow now covered by the waters of the lake, which was the abode of a cruel and tyrannical prince, who scorned religion,

\* See p. 73-4, where the reader will also find another tradition relating to *Llyn Savathan*.

led a very wicked life, and ground down his unfortunate vassals to powder with the magnitude of his extortions. He had many prophetic warnings, but nothing turned him from his evil courses. It was an evening in autumn, when all his dissolute friends, male and female, flocked to the palace, to a splendid entertainment prepared for them by its lord. Two renowned minstrels, from a distance, had been sent for to assist in cheering them at the revel: and riot and disorder, such as had never before been witnessed even in that place, resounded amongst the hills. The party had been many hours assembled: It was midnight. Suddenly a crash of thunder, so terrible, that even the prince was awe-struck, pealed over the palace, and a voice came saying, "Vengeance is at hand." The two minstrels arose; and seeing a mysterious hand in the air beckoning to them, they fled after it as it retreated, when the ground heaved violently, an earthquake tore up the earth, and a rushing sound of waters, like those of the ocean when convulsed, mingling with the dying shrieks of the revellers, arose in the night-wind. Pausing for a moment in their flight, the minstrels observed with great terror, a wide-expanse of boiling and agitated waters where the town had stood, engulfing the palace and its wicked inmates far below its bosom. Llyn Savathan has, we are told, been ever since deemed an unhallowed spot; it was supposed that the great wickedness of the chief and his followers had at last drawn down the wrath of Heaven, and the peasantry assert, as they view its dark expanse with superstitious awe, that this is the cause why the river Llewenny preserves its waters pure and distinct in its passage onwards.

We find stories respecting similar convulsions of nature in the counties of Merioneth, Radnor, Carmarthen, and Glamorgan. There is a remote tradition about Llyn Gwyn, in the latter county, which relates to some insult offered to St. Patrick, whilst walking on its borders with the patron saint of Wales. In his wrath at this insult, he changed the offending people into fishes, with the exception of one female, who was converted into the Lady Wen, or guardian spirit of the lake. This being, "all in white," has since haunted its waters, enlivening the gloom of night with faint and flickering flashes. "Once upon a time," also, (in consequence of the outrage on St. Patrick,) the sun was said to shine on the wild little Llyn, only one week in the year.

The wild character of the Llyns and waterfalls of Cambria, reposing in solitary beauty, or rushing in majesty, amidst the eternal hills, seems calculated to

engender superstitious fancy. Llyn Idwal, in the pass of Nant Frangon, Caernarvonshire, is perhaps the most awe-impressing of these scenes. Stupendous rocks overshadow it on every side in dreary solemnity; it has appropriately been termed the *Avernus* of the Britons, and the shepherds and peasantry believe that it is the haunt of demons, and "beings that none may name."\* There is also a tradition respecting the murder of a prince on the waters of Llyn Idwal, and that they were afterwards fatal to all the feathered tribes.

VYVYAN.

### MICHELHAM PRIORY, SUSSEX.

MR. EDITOR.—The following particulars, though few, of a monastery situated in a secluded part of the County of Sussex, are the result of considerable research and personal investigation, the writer having passed the greater part of his life in the immediate vicinity of the remain.

The word MICHELHAM appears to be of Saxon origin; and is a compound of *Michel*, *great*,—and *ham*, *a house*, or *hamlet*,—which taken together seem to imply that it has long been a place of some note. Whether at any time it formed a hamlet to the parish of *Erl-ynq-ton*, now Arlington, I cannot discover.

Antiquaries differ with regard to the period at which this priory had its foundation; as some fix it in the reign of Henry I. about A.D. 1100, but others, among whom are Speed and the Editor of Camden, affirm, that it was not established until more than a century subsequently, viz. in temp. Henry III. A.D. 1230, by *Gilbert de Aquila*,\* whose ancestors entered England in the train of the Norman conqueror, and who held the Lordship of Pevensey with its Castle for several generations; until Gilbert, the founder of Michelham, for passing over into Normandy without leave of the king, had all his estates confiscated, so

\* From the charters of Henry III. recited in the "Monasticon," Gilbert de Aquila seems indubitably to have been the Founder of this Priory; yet William of Worcester, in his "Itinerary," ascribes the foundation to William de Sancto Claro, a Norman;—and Leland, in the "Collectanea," vol. 1. page 87, says it was of royal foundation. From the above mentioned charters, it appears also, that Michelham Priory was dedicated in honour of the Holy Trinity;—and not as Speed states, to St. Mary Magdalene.—Vide Tanner's "Notitia," Sussex.—Ed.

that the pleasure of laying his bones among his own monks was denied him.

The order of religious placed here was that of Canons Regular of St. Augustine, sometimes from the colour of their habit designated Black Canons. The house was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and endowed with the following possessions:—

- The Church of Legton (Laughton.)
- The Church of St. Mary, Haylesham.
- The Church of St. Andrew, Alfriston.
- The Church of Flechyng, (Fletching.)
- The Manors of Michelham, Brighthelmston.
- Michelham, Broughton, and Marsefeld.

Among the benefactors of Michelham, the Pelham family seems to have stood conspicuous, as appears by the last will of William Pelham, of *Lawton*, Armiger, who (by will, bearing date 12th Feb. 1503) bequeathed his body to be brought to the church of *Lawton*, there to have exequies and masses performed for his soul and the “soules of his *fader*, and *moder*, and *wyff* ;” and directed that his body should thence be had unto the *New Priory* (Michelham), and there to be buried within y<sup>e</sup> chan- cel.” After several bequests to Laughton Church, he directs “*vr̄. viii<sup>d</sup>. to be gyven to everie church as the waye lieth between Laughton and y<sup>e</sup> new Priorie.*” The testament goes on to order:—

“*I wyll that myn executor do ordeyn a plaine stone of Marble to lye ouer my burial at the Priory to be graved with my \* \* \* \* (crest?) and arms, my name, and y<sup>e</sup> day of my death.*”

At a last holden at Westham, October 3d, 24th Henry VIII. for the purpose of preventing unauthorized persons from setting “*nettes, pottes, and innyances, or anywise taking fish within the privileges of the March of Pevensy, the king's commission was directed to John, Prior of Lewes; Richard, Abbot of Begeham; John, Prior of Mychillym; Thomas lord Dacre, and others.*” Upon the proceedings of this meeting, which was held at *Gotham*, near Pevensy, the facetious Andrew Borde, a native of that town, founded his “*Merrie tales of the wise men of Gotham.*”

Michelham was suppressed in the twenty-ninth of Henry VIII. when the revenues of its lands, &c. amounted to £191. 19s. 3d. which sum (though the lands were most probably underrated) was found sufficient only to maintain eight canons and their servants: such was the luxury of the monks at that period, and such the misappropriation of the donor's generosity. The whole of the possessions were granted by King Henry to Thomas Lord Cromwell, his Vicar General,

and the monastic edifice was transformed into a substantial farm-house, in which state it remains to this day.

Cromwell's greatness was not of long continuance. Upon his attainder, the lands and other property were granted to Anne of Cleves, the repudiated wife of Henry, in the year 1541. The king, however, appears to have reserved the site of the priory to himself. Having conceived a liking for some of the estates of William Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, soon after the Reformation, Henry was determined to have them in his own possession. He therefore forced from him the manors of *Hibernoe* and *Shillingly*, giving him in exchange the site of the Priory of Michelham and the Rectory of Rype, in Sussex. In this, Henry's behaviour did not well comport with the dignity of a Reformer of Religion and a Defender of the Faith.—At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Michelham was in the hands of the Pelham family: subsequently in that of Sackville, until the death of Arabella Diana, Duchess of Dorset, when it fell to Earl Plymouth, her son-in-law, who is the present owner.

The remains of Michelham occupy a low woody site in the Parish of Arlington, and rape of Pevensy. The conversion of the monastic edifice into a farm-house accounts for the comparatively perfect state of the remains. There is, however, no doubt that the ancient house was of much greater extent than at present; this is often proved by the discovery of foundations in various directions. When in its prosperity, and prior to the invention of cannon, it must have been almost impregnable, as it was, and still is, surrounded by a wide square moat, formed by diverging the streams of the river Cuckmere from their channel. This moat, which covers about 5½ acres, encloses an area of eight acres. On the western side stands the *Tower*, or gateway of the priory, a heavy, square, Gothic building of great strength, which, with its drawbridge, formed an excellent defence. This is of stone, embattled at top, and entered by an arch in the Tudor style; over which are four diminutive windows with trefoil heads, that gave light to two dingy rooms over the gateway. Under the building is a gloomy vault called the *dungeon*, used probably in times of Popery as a prison for those who were so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of the prior or his brethren. There is nothing evincing high antiquity on the exterior of the house itself, if we except some pillars and arches on the north side, the remnants of splendid apartments. The site of the chapel may still be traced;—

" And questionless, here in this open court,  
Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather, some men lye enterred  
Who lov'd the church so well and gave so largely to 't,  
They thought it should have canopied their bones  
Till Doomsday."—

The only rooms of the interior requiring notice are those which formed the crypt. Springing arches support the groined roof, and concentrate on the capital of a massive round pillar in the centre. The intersections of these arches are ornamented with an ogre's head, a rose, and other devices. The greater part of the buildings appears in the style of the latter Henries; and as we find, in the reign of Henry VII., Michelham designated, (in Pelham's Will), the "New Priorie," we have presumptive evidence that it was rebuilt about that period.

M. A. LOWER.

### MISERIES OF CIVIL WAR.

MR. EDITOR.—The following petition preferred to Richard, Duke of York, A° 32, Hen. VI. (1454) transcribed from the original amongst the Cottonian Deeds in the Museum, IV. 35, exhibits so frightful a picture of the miseries to which the feuds of contending chiefs gave rise, in Ireland, and of the anarchy which attended their contests, that it may, perhaps, be deemed worthy of insertion in your pages,—as a beacon to those persons, whose rashness and inconsiderate conduct might again plunge that country into all the calamities of civil war.

J. B.

RIGHT hye and myghty prince and oure right gracious lorde Richard Duke of Yorke we recomaunde us unto you as louly as we can or may: and please youre gracious hynes to be advertised that this lande of Irland was nevyr at the poynt fynaly to be destrued sethen the Conquest of this lande as it is now: for the trew liege pople in this parties dar ne may not appiere to the Kyng oure said sov'rayn lordes Courtes in the said lande, ne non other of the trew liege pople ther to go ne ride to market Townes, ne other places, for dred to be slayne lake (like) other, (or) spouled of thar godes: also the mysrule and mysgouvernaunce had done and dayly contynued by dyvers gentlemen of the Counte and youre liberte of Mith, the Countes of Kildare and Uriell, and namly of a variance had betwix therle of Wiltshire lieutenantt of this said lande and Thomas fitz Morice of the Geraldynes, for the title of

the Maners of Maynoth and Rathmore in the Counte of Kildare, hath caused more destruccionne in the said Counte of Kildare and liberte of Mith w'in short tyme now late passed, and dayly doth, then was done by Irish ennemys and english Rebelles of long tyme befor, and is likly to be fynall destruccionne of the said Counte of Kildare and liberte of Mith:—for Henry Bonyn Knyght constituted Tresorer of the said lande under the grete seall of the said land, assemblyng with hym Edmound Botiller cosyn germayn to the said Erle of Wiltesshire and William Botiller cosyn to the said Erle with thar Sequele (followers) of the which the moost partie was Irish ennemyes and english rebelles, came into the said Counte of Kildare and ther brant (burnt) and destrued dyvers and many tonnes and poche (parish) Chirches of the trewe liege pople, and toke dyvers of tham prisoners and spouled them of ther godes: and after the departyre of the said Henry and Edmond, the said William abydyng in the said Counte of Kildare, by the advice and consaill of the said Henry and Edmond, did so grete oppressionne in the said Counte of Kildare and in the Counte and liberte of Mith that vij<sup>xx</sup> (seven score) Tounes and more which was well enhabite in the feste of seynt Michele last passed been now wasted and destrued. And forasmuch as thes pties so destrued with a lytell partie more that remayneth not destrued in the said Counte of Kildare is the dayly sustenaunce of the Cite of Dyvelyn, and the destruccionne of hit is like to be the fynall destruccionne of the said cite, and the destruccionne of said Cite wilbe cause of the destruccionne of the said lande, whiche God defend; the Maire and Coes (Commons) of the said cite wrote dyvers tymes unto the right reverend fader in God John Archiebisshop of Ardmagh depute lieutenantt to the said Erle of Wiltshire to have this remedied: and at thar instance the Kyng oure said sov'rayn lordes Consaill here wrote to the said depute lieutenantt for dyvers of the oppressionnes and mysgouvernaunces that they shuld be remedied, and he remedied thuñ not. Also the said William Botiller after this destruccionne so done, assessed upon smale villages and Tounes in the said Counte and liberte of Mith and in the said Counte of Kildare certeyn suñes of mone to be reced accordyng to hys will, be cause of which he and his men reced in dyvers of the said villages grete and notable somes of mone, and in dyvers villages toke all the plowbestes and other bestes of the said villages and the moost sufficiaunt husbandes and held tham his prisoners and ostages ther, to that ende that they shuld make fyne and Raunsom with hym: upon the which mat'e the said Maire and coes com-

pelyned also by mouth to the said depute, and ther-upon he ordeyned no remedy. And forasmuch as all this mysrule done by the said Henry, Edmund and William, by statutes and lawes made in the said land as well as in the tyme of oure said sov'rayn lorde as in the tyme of hys noble progenitours is treyson, and also who soeer of the trewe liege pople here knowyng such mysrule wold not aryse to arrest such mysdoers shuld be demed felones, the lordes and gentles of the Counte of Kildare consydering the emynent myscheve and fynall destruccione of the said Counte and also the desolacōne of the said Cite desired the said Maire and coes to com into the said Counte of Kildare to put away the said William with his sequele and to avoide all this mysrule: upon the which they went with the said lordes and gentles and by the grace of God avoided all the said mysrule out of the said Counte. Also please youre hynes to be advertised that the said William Botiller Nicholas Wogan David Wogan and Richard Wogan came with dyvers Irish ennemyes and english rebelles to the castle of Rathcoffy where Anne Wogan sumtyme wiffe to Olyver Eustace then beyng the kynges vidue\* was dwellyng, and brant the gates of the said place and toke hir with them, and Edward fitz Eustace son and hire to the said Olyver, and son and heire aparant to the said Anne, and of the age of vij yere, and yit holdeth them as prysoners, and toke godes and catals of the said Anne to the value of v<sup>c</sup> (500) marke. Also the said Henry with a grete multitude of pople armed in manne of were (war) came to Osbernston in the saide Counte an ther toke and enprisoned Cristofie Flatesbye, and destrued and wasted the said Toune, and toke all godes and catals of the said Christofie to the value of C. li. Besechyng youre gracious remedy and help upon all thees mat'es. And forasmuch as thees mat'es been trewe and that it wold please youre hynes to geve faith and credence to thes pmisses we Nicholas Priour of the hous of Conatt, Edward fitz Eustace Knight, the Portreves and Coes of the Naas, the Portreves and Cocs of Clane, William fitz Eustace, Cristofie Flatesby, Nicholas Sutton, Wallian fitz Eustace, Cristofie fitz Eustace, Patrik fitz Morice, James Lang, Phelip Brytt, Robt fitz Eustace, John Saundre, and Jolm White, have put to this oure Seales. Written at ye Naas the xxiiij day of Ianuer the yere of the reigne of the king oure sov'rayn lord that now is xxxij."

\* This apparently means, under the King's protection :—a ward.

## WELLS CATHEDRAL, SOMERSETSHIRE.

### SINGULAR CAPITALS.

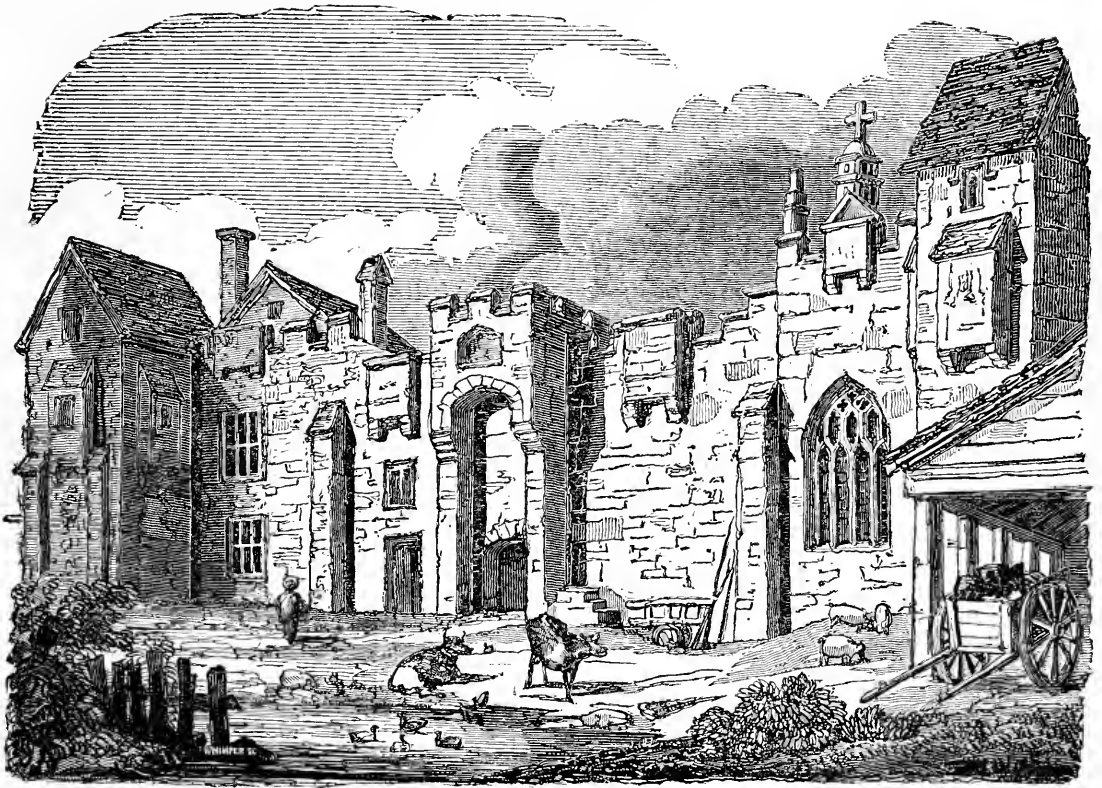
THE CATHEDRAL at Wells (one of the most interesting in the kingdom) presents innumerable examples of the skilfulness of our ancient sculptors;---and particularly, in respect to the richly-diversified and varied Capitals which surmount the larger columns in many parts of the interior. In these, as remarked by a judicious observer, we have proof "that the artist who designed, and the artizan who executed, wrought with conjoined taste and kindred feeling." Whether in clustered foliage, in scroll-like adornments, or in the human figure, these sculptures display an ingenious and florid fancy;---but picturesque withal, and at times, not unassociated with the grotesque and the ludicrous. We present a specimen, which our readers, perhaps, will range in the latter class,---*An aged Woman freeing her foot from a thorn.*



This sculpture, which appears on a capital in the south-transept, is about fourteen inches in height; and forms one of some sixteen or twenty others,---of subjects where the human figure is introduced,---which decorate the capitals in that and other parts of the edifice. They vary in height from about twelve to fifteen inches; and are generally diversified by varied and enwreathed foliage.\*

\* In Britton's "History," &c. of the Cathedral of Wells, twelve of these fanciful carvings are represented : plate xxii.

## COMPTON CASTLE, DEVONSHIRE.



COMPTON CASTLE, in the parish of Marldon, (on the southern coast of Devon,) and about two miles from Torbay, was in Henry the Second's reign, the property and residence of Sir Maurice de Pole. Afterwards, the Lady Alice de Pole bestowed it on Peter, surnamed *de Compton*, whose descendants continued owners for seven generations, when it was conveyed by co-heiresses to the Gilbert family. Towards the conclusion of the last century, the estate was purchased by the Templers, of Stover Lodge; but, on its being sold, in parcels, about the year 1808, the old castellated mansion of the Compton's became the property of Mr. John Bishop, and was converted into a farm-house. But it is again changed hands, and is now in the possession of Francis Garratt, Esq. It appears that the manor of Compton, which has long been subordinate to Marldon, was anciently attached to that of Paignton; and it is certain that William, son and heir of William Compton, did homage to Bishop Stapylton, in 1311. On that occasion he produced a deed of John, Bishop of Exeter, (who

governed the diocese between 1186 and 1191,) reciting the deed of his predecessor, Robert de Cicester, giving and granting to Alaurie, the son of Cyriacus de Compton, four ferlings and four acres of land, by holding (*habulam*) the yearly payment of eight shillings: which grant had been confirmed by Bishop John, and further extended by an addition of "two acres on each side the garden."<sup>\*</sup>

Though by far the greater part of this once important baronial fortress lies in ruins, and the other portion been much altered for the purposes of modern occupation, yet the remains (as shewn in the annexed cut,) are not deficient in interest. The buildings, constructed of the native lime-stone, and strongly cemented, are very massive throughout. The chapel is built with the same materials; and it is remarkable that its eastern window is the only one, in the ancient part of the fortress, left unprotected, by the extraordinary contrivance of a walled screen-work (or machicolation),

\* Vide "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Devon," p. 125.



as represented in the view, erected upon corbels before each of them. It was probably considered, that as the chapel formed a distinct and independent mass, the penetration so far would not endanger the security of the fortress. The chapel, and some other vaulted apartments, have been of late years, appropriated as cyder cellars and offices.

This Castle stands in a low and uninviting spot, although in the midst of a luxuriant country, abounding with the most beautiful situations; so that we may presume the considerations which determined the choice of the site by the founder were wholly different from those which would influence a baronial possessor in modern times. We may conclude, indeed, that if its original owners had any taste for the beauties of scenery, they did not care to indulge it by viewing the landscape through their windows; as this was rendered utterly impracticable by the screen-like machicolations before noticed, which were doubtless intended for a defence against hostile assault. Besides the remains shewn in the cut, part of the north front, with its embattled tower and arched gateway, is yet standing.

## ON AFFECTATION IN ARCHITECTURE.

### EXEMPLIFIED BY REFERENCE TO MODERN PRACTICE.

AFFECTATION, in every shape, is reprehensible, and especially so in regard to architecture;---a science which, *primâ facie*, might be thought to consist too strictly in solid matter of fact to admit of such a vice; yet, on inquiry, it will be found that this baneful propensity has a most extensive influence over the works of modern architects, and is likewise one of the chief causes of their inferiority to those of the ancients. It becomes important, therefore, to expose it to public obloquy, in order to check, if not destroy, so pernicious an evil.

In tracing the causes of *Affectation* in Architecture to their source, it will be seen to have arisen from the delusive pursuit, or misapplication, of a good principle. It has long been an established axiom in the fine arts that excellence is to be found only in the works of antiquity; consequently it becomes almost the sole object of the modern aspirant to acquire an intimate acquaintance with these works: he therefore applies himself with indefatigable zeal to storing his mind, his portfolio, and his shelves with all the history and details of ancient buildings of celebrity; and not content with the sources at hand, of books, drawings, and models, he laudably embarks on foreign travel, and,

by exploring ancient ruins and remains, seeks to draw knowledge and inspiration from the fountain head.

All this is very good, as far as relates to the materials or elements of architectural science; and he who has been enabled thus to store himself abundantly with them, has every advantage (arising from the possession of ample means) for forming his taste and maturing his judgment; by which he may eventually look forward to distinguish himself in his profession. But success in art must be the result of *study*, whereby to deduce from every thing excellent the principles upon which that excellence is founded, and so to apply them in practice as to produce a similar result. The mere acquaintance with the details of ancient works, however accurate and extensive, can no more constitute an architect than can the possession of a good collection of the books in which those details are described:---yet, to judge from many instances of modern practice, it is the *correctness* of the *copy* of some renowned work of antiquity which has been the ambition of the architect, and he humbly contents himself with the reflected fame of his great prototype, instead of employing his own genius and inventive faculties.

Should any person be rash enough to exercise his common sense in questioning the appropriateness of character, situation, &c. of these imported copies, he is stopped short by the high sounding assurance that it is correctly wrought, or designed, after such or such an authority of acknowledged celebrity, and *therefore* is most chaste, classical, and apposite.

Upon this principle, (or rather want of principle,) we see continually produced a number of exotic structures, altogether unsuited to the situation, purposes, materials, and other circumstances, which ought ever to guide and to controul the disposition, style, and construction of every building. Instead of bespeaking their own proper character and station, they serve only to remind us of the greatness of distant times and nations; and, by a natural association, whilst they proclaim the grandeur of antiquity, betray the wretched diminutiveness of modern art.

So then, the boasted march of intellect is limited to this result;---to follow implicitly in the path of the ancients, without considering the object it leads to, and without taking advantage of the additional lights afforded by the vast advances made in almost every kind of knowledge!

But to proceed to examples,—of which our new Churches present many sufficiently striking. In these, an affectation of Grecian, or other antique and classic style of architecture, has led to servile imitations, in



which nothing, except an abstract principle of beauty, appears to have been aimed at, and even *that* very imperfectly. The situation, character, climate, and materials, and the many other common-sense considerations, which should ever lead, and not *follow*, in architectural design, are generally disregarded in these compositions, and not unfrequently altogether violated. May it not be reasonably presumed, with respect to an ancient group of buildings accidentally combined without uniformity, but doubtless with great propriety for the purposes required, (and all very beautiful in their proper place;) that if the Grecian architect could see his designs repeated in an instance where all the circumstances were completely different, and his accidental irregularity reduced to uniformity by a studied repetition of parts,—his astonishment would be very great at such absurdity?—And may it not also be presumed, that the same genius which gave birth to the excellence so much admired in the antique example would, upon the same principle, if exercised in the modern instance, have produced something suitable to the *occasion*, and therefore totally different in its modifications, although accordant in spirit to his own admired example?

The beautiful simplicity of the ancient temple is universally acknowledged, but, unfortunately for modern practitioners, it is almost as inadmissible in the design of a christian church as are the heathen rites to which the former was dedicated. The tower, in accordance with modern usages, is an indispensable accompaniment to a church, and even a chapel cannot be without its campanile, (however unpretending its figure) but what can present a greater violation of the propriety of style than the placing of either upon the roof of a temple? The discordance and inconsistency are too obvious to require the discrimination of the critic to detect, for they strike the eye and offend the taste, even of ordinary observers. It may be deemed superfluous to descend to details, yet it must be equally clear, that to adopt in a christian church the decorations which have a distinct reference to heathen rites is a most gross violation of propriety, and at the same time betrays a great dearth of inventive genius in the architect who descends to such plagiarism.

But if this affectation in regard to *churches* be reprehensible, surely it is no less unreasonable to adopt the style of the ancient temples for edifices devoted to business or amusement. It is not here intended to deprecate the endeavour to impart to all buildings as much architectural beauty as may be consistent with the means to be employed, and the objects contemplated

in their erection; yet it were greatly to be desired that such beauty should properly result from the arrangement, and be consistent with the character and purposes; having due regard to situation, and the opportunities of viewing them, whether near or distant, direct or oblique;—but what is the modern practice in this respect?

First, in regard to style or character:—In approaching the splendour and gaiety of theatrical exhibitions, you pass under the awful solemnity of the Grecian porch; whose massive columns and entablature give a pigmy insignificance to every other object, and seem better calculated to bespeak the approach to the solemnities of a court of justice, or of divine worship, than to the scenes of mirth and festivity. Then as regards situation, we find frequent instances of these grand and solemn porticoes in streets not wider than the columns are high, so that no direct view of them can be obtained, unless it be so near that the whole cannot be embraced within any moderate angle of vision; and consequently, those forms and proportions which would have been pleasing and graceful if viewed from a proper distance, become distorted and repulsive from their too close proximity.

But then, say its adaptors, it is antique and classical, and therefore its appositeness must not be questioned!—Surely this servile and senseless copying of antiquity amounts to an admitted censure on the inventive genius and talent of the age.

It is commonly quoted as a striking proof of the decline of the fine arts in the time of Constantine, that the triumphal arch erected to his honour was composed of the spoils of preceding structures of the same kind, instead of being an original work produced for the occasion;—yet *this* was a very venial act compared with some instances of *modern* plagiarism. *There* the parts, though pillaged, were at least suitable to the purpose intended; *here*, on the contrary, we too often find the style, subject, situation, and purpose, quite unsuited, and totally inapplicable. Ancient basso relievos, originally placed under a portico, are transplanted into external friezes, in which, according to ancient practice, alto relievos would alone be proper. The triumphs of Minerva are displayed to public wonderment in a London street; yet it is only to the classic few that the subject can be known at all, for their lofty station literally renders them *above* all common ken or comprehension!

More recently we have witnessed other importations from the Continent, in the shape of imitative structures, and displaying much beauty with less inconsistency, inasmuch as there is greater analogy betwixt

the nature of the public buildings of London, and the palaces of modern Italy, than betwixt the former and the sacred edifices of ancient Greece:---but still it is deplorable that we cannot attain to more than successful *copying*; and that we are so little versed in the *principles* of architecture, or so diffident in the application of them, that, instead of producing something proper to the occasion, we should be ever aiming at and *affecting* the style and resemblance of something remote and foreign, and too often quite unsuitable to our own climate and country; thus publishing the celebrity of the genius of other times and nations, and the inferiority of our own.

The most venial affectations, or rather the most successful imitations in modern works, are the gothic churches, which have of late superseded the Grecian style in the department of sacred architecture; and an examination into the grounds of this superiority will illustrate and confirm the principles before advanced. Although the Reformation introduced considerable alterations into the forms of public worship, the same basis still remains, and whether popish or protestant, they are all *christian* churches. The style of building also, which was carried to such a height of perfection by the zeal, talents, and munificence of our ancestors, is naturally associated with our veneration for the institutions which they have handed down to us:---there is, therefore, an obvious propriety in continuing their style in our modern churches, as a means of imparting to them a venerable and ecclesiastic character, and thus making a suitable impression on the feelings of all who enter them. But after every thing that can be said in praise of the *modern* gothic churches, it must be painfully confessed that they are mere imitations, and, generally, meagre and feeble ones, of their great prototypes, when these had been stripped and denuded of their splendid and proper accompaniments of painting and sculpture;---accompaniments which gave that rich finishing to the architecture, and imparted that awful solemnity to the structure, still to be felt in entering the cathedrals on the Continent. To *their* sublimity of style it were vain for the modern architect to aspire, for the enthusiasm which fostered and matured it is gone; the means of execution are not to be obtained in these commercial times, and the taste to appreciate such beauties is also wanting: it only remains, therefore, to bend to necessity; and since painted glass cannot be obtained to enrich the windows, let those openings be contracted so as to reduce the lights to their proper proportion; and not affect those forms and void spaces in our present naked

buildings, which were calculated for the profusely rich finishings of our forefathers.

From the foregoing strictures on affectation in copying, is not intended to be inferred a recommendation of the opposite and equally absurd practice of constantly striving after originality and novelty, of which many instances might be noticed; for this indeed is the same injudicious propensity, only acting in the opposite direction, and equally requires to be exposed;---yet this evil is the less necessary to be animadverted upon, since the public and the connoisseurs are always sufficiently ready to decry every thing that is not founded upon classic authority; and thus one folly serves to keep the other in check. The kind of originality to be desired, is that which results from pursuing a direct and rational course towards the object proposed; and as it must be evident that there are no two cases precisely similar, but that the differences in situation, climate, purposes, means, materials, &c. are innumerable, so the combinations to which these considerations naturally lead, if properly treated, cannot fail to produce an equal variety of designs; and, when guided by judgment and good taste, they are sure to possess beauty without affectation, and to gratify the imagination at the same time that they satisfy the judgment.

It was said of certain prize poems by Professor Porson, that they contained much of Horace and much of Virgil, but little Horatian and little Virgilian;---so, in architecture as in poetry, the servile copyist of the ancients will never imbibe their spirit. While he professes his admiration of their productions, he exhibits nothing of a kindred genius: *their* works are characterized by freedom and originality, he voluntarily puts himself in shackles; they meditated deeply and successfully upon the combination of circumstances, inconceivably various, that lead to excellence, he is insensible of them all; and though placed upon a giant's shoulders, can see no farther than the giant.

SCRUTATOR.

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#### ON THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITY.—No. V.

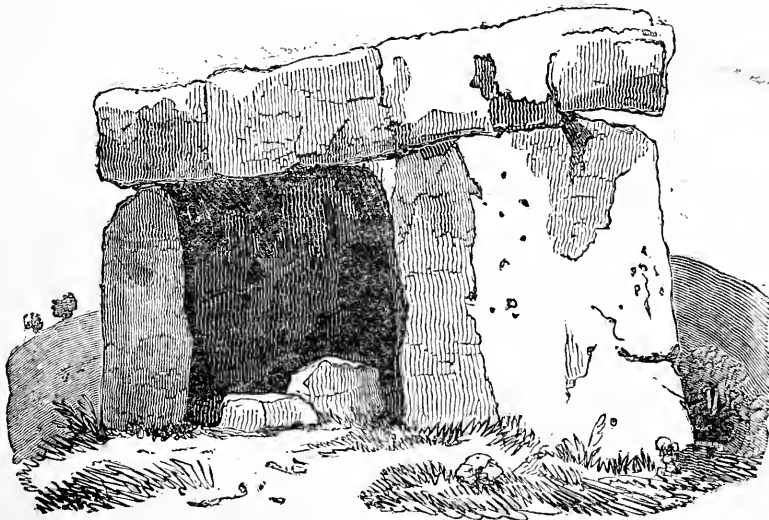
AUTHORS have, without any proof of the fact, followed each other in asserting, that those grand National places of rendezvous, such as Stonehenge and others, were surrounded with groves or plantations of oaks, resembling the "*Lucus iners nulli penetrabilis*

*astro*,"\* of the Roman poet. Such places would ill suit the assembling of large bodies of the people, and it is a fact that rests on incontrovertible evidence, that no such impenetrable groves ever surrounded either Stonehenge or Abury. These circles, as well as Rollright, and many others, are surrounded with barrows, or tumuli, that, to a certain extent, command a view of these consecrated places; having other barrows beyond them which are so situated as to keep up a connexion with those near each circle. These would have been entirely useless, had the prospect from one of these mounds to another, and to the temples, been interrupted by trees. That these tumuli are coeval with the circles, is evident at Stonehenge; for on opening them, chippings of the stones have been found, which the workmen had knocked off to give a degree of regularity to the whole. Pillars and altars *may* have been surrounded with oaks, to give them both seclusion and the air of solemnity; and in these gloomy recesses the horrible rite of human immolation was probably performed.

These altars have been confounded with that erection which is termed a *Cromlech*; but there is a material difference between the altar, or sacrificial stone,

and the cromlech. The former is a large stone, the top surface of which slopes a little: these are either surrounded with a shallow trench and bank, or with a few small stones; or with both. In the north of Europe they are called *blod*, i. e. blood stones, indicating their ancient rise. The Cromlech consists of two or three, or more sides, or uprights, (and a back stone occasionally,) on which is placed a top stone; which is somewhat inclined. They form cells, which may be considered as local temples, or places of ordinary resort during the intervals between the grand quarterly meetings; like Samuel's altar, near his own dwelling at Ramah, at which he sacrificed with the people, and where he heard their respective suits. There are many of these erections, some of which present very picturesque appearances. They are to be seen in various places in Cornwall, as well as Wales, and in different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. There is a very fine one near the stones of Kennet avenue; and a sort of double Cromlech still remains at the bottom of a field near Rollright. As perfect and handsome a Cromlech as most, is that on the Downs, close to the road between Maidstone and Rochester; and which has long been called by the Kentish people

KIT'S COTTY-HOUSE.†



\* That is, a grove so dense and gloomy that no star could penetrate it.

† Near this spot is a respectable Inn, which commands an extensive and beautiful prospect, and has on its sign-board, one of the best representations of the Cromlech that has yet been painted. The inn affords comfortable accommodation for persons inclined to spend a few days in this part of Kent. Those who establish their quarters here in summer-time, not unfrequently take their wine and coffee in the ancient cell which furnishes occasion for this note. The illustrative Cut has been executed from a drawing made by Mr. Thomas Underwood, formerly draughtsman to the Society of Antiquaries.

Hence, some antiquaries have absurdly asserted that this work was erected as a monument over the grave of King Catigern. In the adjoining field are some stones which are supposed to be the remains of another cromlech, but more probably, from their appearance, they formed an altar.\*—That verbal communications were made in these oratories, may be reasonably deduced from the following circumstances. In the north of Ireland, the catholic priests used to instruct and catechise the children in their *cells*;—and there is, on the top of a mountain at the head of Loch-lomond, a mass of rock resembling a cromlech, and here the minister of the place assembles the people once a year, and delivers a discourse in the Gaelic language. As the Jews, after their conversion to Christianity, in the days of the apostles, still retained

\* The following more particular account of these, and some other contiguous monuments, published by the Editor, in his "History of Kent," (vide "Beauties of England and Wales," vol. viii.) may not be unacceptable to our readers.

KIT'S COTTY-HOUSE, which stands on the Downs, about one mile north-eastward from Aylesford church, is composed of four huge stones, unwrought; three of them standing on end, but inclined inwards, and supporting the fourth, which lies transversely over them, so as to leave an open recess beneath. The dimensions and computed weights of these stones are as follows: height of that on the south side, eight feet; breadth, seven feet and a half; thickness, two feet; weight, eight tons. Height of that on the north side, seven feet; breadth, seven feet and a half; thickness, two feet; weight, eight tons and a half. The middle stone is very irregular; its medium length, as well as breadth, may be about five feet; its thickness, about one foot two inches; and its weight, about two tons. The upper stone, or impost, is also extremely irregular; its greatest length is nearly twelve feet; and its breadth, about nine feet and a quarter; its thickness is two feet; and its weight, about ten tons and a half. The width of the recess, at bottom, is nine feet; and at top, seven feet and a half; from the ground to the upper side of the covering stone, is nine feet. These stones are of the kind called Kentish-rag. Many years ago, there was a single stone, of a similar kind and size to those forming the cromlech, about seventy yards to the north-west; this, which is thought to have once stood upright, like a pillar, has been broken into pieces and carried away. Dr. Borlase conjectures that the name, *Kit's Cotty House*, is a corruption from the British word, *Koeton*, or *Coeton*, a quit.—At the distance of about five hundred yards south-eastward of Kit's Cotty House, has been another *Cromlech*, consisting of eight or ten stones, now lying in a confused heap, it having been thrown down about the beginning of the last century, by order of the then proprietor of the land, who is said to have intended sending the stones "to pave the garrison at Sheerness," after they had been broken to pieces.† This design was prevented by the extreme hardness of the stones, which are of the same kind with those of the other cromlech, and, together with them,

an attachment to their accustomed ceremonies, so there is reason to believe that the Britons after their conversion to Christianity still had a veneration for the pillar and the cromlech, and preferred performing their worship at those places;—and hence the origin of the custom in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland.

There is a tradition current at Brighton, (as well as in other places) that the attempts to build the church on a spot fixed on for it, were frustrated by the evil spirit, who continued to throw down in the night what the builders had raised in the day; until wearied out, they chose a new spot, and were allowed to proceed in the work without interruption.

The old church at Brighton is erected on such a steep ascent, and in so bleak a situation, that it

were most probably dug up in the immediate vicinity, as the soil for some distance round, is found to abound with similar huge and independent masses. Still nearer to Aylesford, and within one hundred yards from the road to *Tottington* farmhouse, (formerly the site of a mansion, and moated round) is a remarkable stone, called by Dr. Stukeley, the *Coffin*, from its shape; its length is upwards of fourteen feet; its breadth, about six; and its thickness, two feet.

Much has been written in regard to the real design of these cromlechs, but more especially of Kit's Cotty House. The long-established opinion that the latter was the monument of Catigern, was first contested by Mr. Colebrooke, (treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries,) who in the second volume of the "*Archæologia*," without the least footsteps, as Mr. Pegge afterwards observed in the fourth volume of the same work, "from etymology, or otherwise, except a vague and uncertain passage in Bede," inclined to suppose it the tomb of Horsa; and in contradiction to the general tradition, removed the burial place of Catigern to the *Druidical Circle*, at Addington, about eight miles farther to the west, and on the opposite side of the Medway. His conjectures, however, have made but few converts, and the current opinion still inclines to the belief that the Saxon chief, *Horsa*, was buried at *Horsted*, (a farm about three miles from Rochester, and just within the liberties of that city), which, says Philipott, in echo to Lambard, "borrows its name from Horsa; and there is something which, even at this day, lies wrapt up in the name that induces us to believe that Horsa, after his slaughter, received the rites of his funeral at this place;—and, in our grandfathers' memory, there were the scattered remains of diverse huge massy stones, which storms and other impressions of time have altogether demolished: and these certainly were, in elder times, composed into a figure of a monument, to shroud the ashes of this Horsa; as those at *Kit's Cot-House*, above Alresford, were framed into the same proportionate mould, to secure the dust, or at least to point out to posterity, the memory of Catigern." The spot where Horsa is thought to have been interred, is now a wood, at a short distance from the farm; with nothing to point it out, at present, but the remains of an old pollard. Several celts, (chiefly brass,) ancient spurs, old swords, and other antiquities, have been found, at different times, in digging on the Downs, in the neighbourhood of Aylesford.—Ed.

† Vide Thorpe's account of Aylesford, in the "*Customale Roffense*," p. 64-75.

amounted to a prohibition to aged and infirm people to reach it. The reason assigned for this is, that a situation in the town was determined on, but relinquished for similar reasons to those just alluded. The true cause, most probably, was the attachment of the majority of the people to the sacred stones near the spot where the church was ultimately built. These stones gave name to the place, i. e. *Brit-hely-stone*, or the British holy stone, corrupted into Bright-helm-stone, and now contracted into Brighton. It is also probable, that like the priests of Delphos and Dodona, the British priests imposed on the people by pretended oracular responses. There is a tradition respecting the large top of a cromlech, in Cornwall, that was removed to a brook at a distance, and converted into a bridge; it is said that this stone possessed the power of speech, and answered questions put to it, until on a certain time, it cracked in an effort to speak, and has been silent ever since. This vague tradition must have originated in the oracular use made of the cromlech from whence the stone was taken.

In many places, particularly in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, (and in the Northern countries) are conical heaps of loose stones: they are called *Cairns*. The heap of stones to which Jacob gave the name of Galeed, or the circular mound of witness, was of this kind, it was raised to remain as a memorial of the amicable agreement that Laban and Jacob entered into. But we read also in sacred writ, of stones that were heaped over persons in token of disgrace; and this seems to have been the general application of this structure with us. In Scotland it was usual to say to a person with whom another had been offended; "never mind, I shall throw a stone upon your cairn yet:" as much as to say, I shall see you come to an ill end. It has been noticed by travellers, that in passing over some parts of the deserts, the Arabs, when they had an opportunity, furnished themselves with a quantity of stones, which on passing some Cairns, they threw upon them.\*

The *Logan*, or *Rocking Stone*, is without precedent in sacred history; it consists of an enormous mass of

stone, sometimes placed on the summit of a pike of rocks, as the famous one near the Lands-end, in Cornwall, which a lieutenant and his men displaced some years since, and tumbled down to a ledge of the rocks below.\* Others are on level ground; others on rocky hills on the sea coast; and many in the interior of the country. Some of these are from eighty to one hundred tons weight, yet vibrate, or rock, with a slight pressure of the hand; hence they are termed rocking stones.

At a place in Derbyshire was a very large stone of this kind, which in their zeal against idolatry and superstition, Cromwell's soldiers broke into pieces, when they discovered that the stone was rendered thus moveable by a pivot worked in one stone, and a socket in the other. This must have been effected in large masses on the tops of high rocks, like that at

\* It should be stated, however, in justice to the party who in a mere thoughtless frolic overthrew this venerable remain, that it was shortly afterwards re-instated in nearly its original position, by the perpetrators of the mischief; who, whilst thus making honourable amends for their previous folly, evinced great ingenuity and skillfulness in the construction of the apparatus by which they effected the restoration. In Fisher's "Cornwall Illustrated," is a very romantic view of the Logan rock, and its surmounting rocking stone.---

This remarkable event merits a more circumstantial detail. The Logan Stone is an immense mass of granite, the weight of which has been computed by different persons at from seventy to ninety tons. Whilst the Nimble Cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Goldsmith, was lying off the Land's End, on the preventive service, that officer went on shore (April 8th, 1824) with fourteen of his men, and after much perseverance, by means of handspikes and a handscrew, called by sailors *Jack in the Box*, they succeeded in throwing over the stone. This inconsiderate and mischievous act excited great indignation throughout Cornwall; but, at length, the *amende honourable* was nobly made, and in the beginning of December, in the same year, after three days' laborious exertion, the Logan Stone was replaced upon its point of equilibrium, and now "rocks as before." Large chain cables were fastened round the stone and attached to the blocks by which it was lifted; and this was affected by the aid of three pair of large sheers, six capstans, worked by eight men each, and numerous pulleys. On the first day, when the rock was first swung in the air by its complicated tackling, in the presence of about two thousand persons, much anxiety was expressed as to the success of the undertaking; the ropes were much stretched, and the pulleys, the sheers, and the capstans, all screeched and groaned; the noise of the machinery being audible at some distance. Sufficient stays, however, were supplied to prevent accident; and on the third day the work was successfully accomplished by the united labours of about sixty men. Lieutenant Goldsmith, himself, directed the operations; and by the great personal attention and skill which he exerted in this hazardous enterprise, was acknowledged to have fully compensated for his thoughtless frolic in overthrowing the stone.—ED.

\* Cairns were unquestionably raised in many instances over the bodies of deceased heroes and chieftains; not in evidence of want of desert, but in respect and honour to those deposited beneath these artificial tumuli. Rowland derives the word from the two Hebrew words, קרן-נדר *Kern-nd*, or *Keren Nedh*, that is, a *coped heap*. Cairns, also, in remote ages, appear to have been a species of altars, on which, among the Celtic nations, great fires were made in honour of Apollo, and thence the name of *Karnen* (Καρνεϊος) Apollo. Vide Higgins' "Celtic Druids."—ED.

the Lands-end, at the expense of much time and labour. Some of these appear to have been formed by accident; the falling, or decomposing rock having rested on a point, on which it was so delicately poised as to admit of being put in motion by the hand.

The purpose to which these stones was applied, can now only be conjectured. That which Mason has assigned to them, in his drama of *Caractacus*, is a highly probable one; viz. that the British priests, in whom were united the priest and the judge, made these logan or rocking stones the test of the innocence, or guilt of the persons brought to their tribunal. In illustration of this, he introduces two young men, charged with being traitors to their king and country, and placed before the judgment seat of the Druids; whom the Arch-Druid thus addressed, at the same time pointing to this solemn test.

“Thither youths

Turn your astonish'd eyes—behold yon huge  
And unheven mass of living adamant!  
Which, pois'd by magic, rests its central weight  
On yonder pointed rock.—Fix'd as it seems,  
Such are its strange and virtuous properties,  
It moves, obsequious to the slightest touch  
Of him, whose breast is pure; but—to the traitor!  
Although a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,  
It stands as firm as Snowden. No reply;  
The Gods command, that one of you should now  
Approach, and touch it.—Priests, in your snowy vests  
The lots deposit, and, as our wont is,  
Present them to the younger.

It is certain from the structure of this test, that it must move on being touched, unless prevented previously, which might easily be done by the insertion of a small wedge between the pivot and the edge of the socket in which it was intended to move.

Another relic of British antiquity is that which is termed the *Tolmen*, that is the “Hole of Stone.” The Tolmen was either an immense stone, so placed on an opening or small chasm in the rocks, as that an aperture was formed between its supporters; or it was a stone with a hole artificially pierced through it, of a size sufficient to admit a child, and some of them a grown person, to be passed through.

In Cornwall, it was the general opinion that, by being thus passed through or under a tolmen, children were cured of weakness in their limbs; as were invalids of every description, of their different maladies. This was the belief and practice in Cornwall at no very distant period. Borlase notices the Tolmen in the following manner:—“There is,” says he, “another kind of stone deity, which has never been taken notice of, by any other author that I have heard of; its

common name in Cornwall and Scilly is Tolmen, or the “Hole of Stone;” it consists of a large spherical stone, supported by two others, between which there is a passage. There are two of these on the Scilly isles, one on St. Mary's Island, at the Salakee downs; the other on the little isle of Northwithee. The top stone of the first of these is forty-five feet in girt, horizontally, by twenty-four perpendicular measurement.—But the most astonishing monument, of this kind, is in the tenement of Mên, in the parish of Constantine, in Cornwall; it is one great oval pebble placed on the points of two natural rocks, so that a man may creep under the great one, between the supporters, through a passage of about three feet wide, by as much high. The longest diameter of this stone is thirty-three feet, being in a direction due north and south. Its height, measured perpendicularly, over the opening, is fourteen feet six inches; and the breadth, in the widest part, eighteen feet six inches, extending from east to west. I measured one half of the circumference, and found it, according to my computation, forty-eight and a half feet, so that this stone is ninety-seven feet in circumference, lengthways and about sixty feet in girt, measured at the middle; and by the best information it contains about seven hundred and fifty tons. Getting a ladder to view the top of it, we found the whole surface worked, like an imperfect or mutilated honeycomb, into basins; one, much larger than the rest, was, at the south end, about seven feet long.”\*

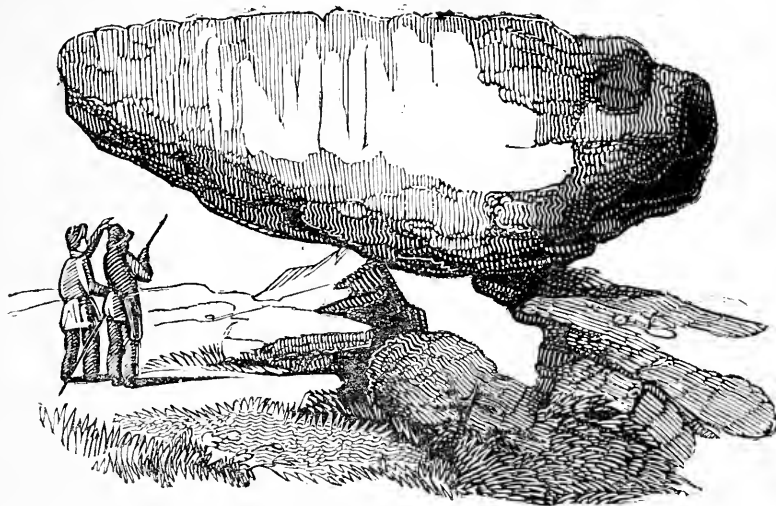
The salutary idea attached to passing through these apertures is very probably a modern one. In Nor-

\* Dr. Borlase here seems to have viewed this part of his subject solely through the medium of the antiquary; the geologist views it in a very different light, and attributes these bason-like cavities to decomposition; and they are to be seen where there is not the least vestige of druidical antiquity. It would appear to have commenced with soft places in the rock, which have retained moisture, and thus subjected those parts to the decomposing effects of alternate heat and moisture in summer, and frost and thaw in winter. These spots seem to have been the central points from which the decomposition has proceeded, in different directions, sometimes producing circular and at other times elliptical cavities; and it is surprising how accurately some of the circles are formed; so that, if previously marked out with compasses, they could not have been more correct, nor is the spherical scooping performed with less nicety. When a number of these have formed near each other, and by their gradual extending come in contact, they have then produced the honey-comb appearance, which Dr. Borlase describes. It still is probable that some of them may have been made by art; but, in this case, the mark of the iron instrument would be visible, as in the knobs and cavities of the trilithons at Stonehenge.



mandy is a church, having in it two columns so near each other, that only persons of modern bulk can press through the opening between them. Most people who visit this church are invited to make the attempt, which is frequently attended with some mer-

riment, at the expense of the unsuccessful essayist. It is not improbable that, originally, this ceremony had a symbolical meaning, and had a reference to passing from one state to another.—The subjoined cut represents the Constantine Tolmen.\*



We have now completed a cursory view of those remains of stone erections in this country, which are generally attributed to the British Druids. Destitute of inscription or sculpture, which might refer them to any particular period or origin, we have had to derive what knowledge is at this day attainable, from their respective semblances to the unhewn pillars, &c. of patriarchal times, as described in the pages of sacred history; nor has our research, it is presumed, been altogether an unsatisfactory one, since we have, in the first place, ascertained that they are of patriarchal origin, and common to both Israelites and Canaanites, the latter being a name given to the Phœnicians on account of the commercial habits of that people.

We have also ascertained that the Phœnicians themselves, introduced them into this country, which they had discovered in the course of their enterprising voyages, and on account of the tin which Cornwall produces, they settled a colony there; as they did in every place which favoured the extension of their commerce and the encouragement of their manufactures, in which the Tyrians and Sidonians far surpassed all other nations. Of this we may form an adequate idea from the various works which Hiram the Tyrian was capable of executing, as recorded in 2 Chronicles chap. ii. Homer, also, to enhance the character of some curious pieces of needle-work, says

that they were all the work of Sidonian maids. These notices were taken of the Tyrian and Sidonian manufactures about one thousand years before the present era; the state of their commerce and skill in navigation, at the same period, is evident from the circumstance of the King of Tyre and King Solomon's fitting out a fleet of discovery, that was absent three years sailing along the Mediterranean shores of Africa, circumnavigating the whole of that peninsula, and returning by the red sea to the Isthmus of Suez.

The article of tin being mentioned by Moses is a proof that the Phœnician colony in Cornwall was then settled, and working the tin mines in his days, that is 1500 years B. C. An additional proof of the presence of the Phœnicians in Britain is the remains of their language in this country and in the north of Ireland, where the language of one province is decidedly Phœnician, as Colonel Vallancey has most clearly proved, in his "*Collectanea De Rebus Hibernicis*."—By thus determining the origin of these ancient remains in our own

\* There are monuments of this kind in Ireland; one of which, called *St. Declan's Stone*, is thus noticed in the "*History of the County of Waterford*," p. 70. "It lies shelving upon the point of a rock, and on the patron-day of this saint, great numbers creep under this stone three times, in order, as they pretend, to cure and prevent pains in the back. This stone, they tell you, swam miraculously from Rome, conveying upon it *St. Declan's* bell and vestments."—*Ed.*



country, we do the same for those in other countries, and exhibit these ancient stones of memorial wherever, found, as marking the places visited in the days of earliest antiquity by our primeval and adventurous navigators; and the difficulty of accounting for erections so similar to each other, in countries so far remote, is solved; and we are not surprised at the articles of manufacture, and the natural productions of such distant places, finding a depôt in the metropolis of Phœnicia, viz. the iron, the tin, and the lead of Britain and the Northern shores of Europe;—the gold of Africa, the spices of Arabia, the horses, chariots, and fine linen of Egypt, with the silks and ivory of Persia and of India. That such was the case is most beautifully set forth in the Prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel, particularly of the latter,\* whose predictions against Tyre were delivered in the year 588 B. C.; two years after which Nebuchadnezzar did indeed lay siege to Tyre, which continued thirteen years, and ended in the overthrow of that great mart of nations. But her complete annihilation was effected by Alexander, who, to obtain possession of the new city, (built on a small island, at no very great distance from the land,) pulled down the old city, and threw the timbers and the stones into the sea, and scraped up the dust and rubbish to make a causeway for his troops to pass over to the island. He then so effectually demolished the new city, that it became a desolate place, frequented only by fishermen, who dried their nets there. To the truth of which even Volney himself bears witness;

\* Ezekiel thus commences his prophecy:—"O thou, that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles. Thus saith the Lord God, O Tyrus: thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty: thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy ship-boards of fir-trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon, to make masts for thee: of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars: the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim. Fine linen, with broidered work from Egypt, was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail: blue and purple from the isles of Elishah, was that which covered thee. The inhabitants of Zodin and Arvad were thy mariners: thy wise men, that were in thee, O Tyrus, were thy pilots:—the ships of the sea with their mariners were in thy port to trade in thy merchandise. Tarshish was thy merchant: with silver, iron, tin, and lead they traded in thy fairs. Javan, Tubal, and Meshech brought into thy market the persons of men and vessels of brass. The men of Togarma brought thee horses, horsemen, and mules. Dedan and many isles were traders with thee for thy own manufactures: they brought thee in exchange ivory and ebony. Syria traded with thee for thy own manufactures, with emeralds, purple, and broidered work, fine linen, coral, and agate. Judah, and the land of Israel, brought into thy market, wheat, and honey, oil, and balm. Damascus brought thee, in exchange for

but he regards this minutely-accurate fulfilment of the prophecy as a mere matter of chance.

This final destruction of Tyre was about 320 years B. C.; at that period, therefore, the communication between Tyre and Britain ceased, but Britain had long before this been resorted to by the Phœnician merchants of Carthage, who carried on a profitable trade with the inhabitants. Of this trade they were very jealous, and as much as possible concealed it. It is related by an ancient historian, that the Romans being bent on discovering this source of Carthaginian wealth, sent a vessel out with orders to trace a Carthaginian ship to its intended port; the captain perceiving this, made due provision for the consequence, and sailed for a place where there was a reef of rocks, and run his own vessel in, which soon struck upon a rock and was wrecked; the Roman commander followed the Carthaginian so close, that he also was wrecked upon the rocks, but not being prepared for such an event, and not so expert as the Punic commander and his men, the Romans perished with their vessel. The Carthaginians reached their intended port, and on returning home the commander was not only highly applauded, but amply remunerated. But Carthage itself was destroyed 146 years B. C., that is only one century before the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar.

The intercourse, however, between Britain and Tyre and the Tyrian colonies of Carthage and Tarshish, had continued during so many ages, that the

the wares of thy own making, wine of Helbon, and white wool. Dan also and Javan, going to and fro, traded with thee in bright iron, cassia, and calamus. Dedan traded with thee in precious clothes for chariots. Arabia and all the princes of Kedar, traded with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats. The merchants of Sheba and Raamah traded in thy fairs in the choicest of spices, in all kinds of precious stones and gold. Haran, and Canneh, and Eden, Sheba, Ashur, and Chilmad, brought thee blue cloths, broidered work, and rich apparel, in chests of cedar, bound with cords. The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy haven, and thou wast replenished and made very glorious in the midst of the seas."—Such was the flourishing state of Tyre in the sixth century before Christ; whose destruction the prophet thus foretells: "I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the waves of the sea; and they shall destroy thy walls and break down thy towers. I will scrape thy dust from thee, and make thee like the top of a rock. Tyre shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God. For thus saith the Lord God: behold, I will bring upon Tyrus Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, a king of kings, from the north, with horses, and with chariots, and with horsemen, and companies, and much people."—There is much to the same import in this, the 26th, and the 27th chapter of Ezekiel.

religion of Britain, generally termed Druidical, was identified with that of Canaan till the time of Cæsar, who says, so high was the estimation in which the British priests were held on the continent, that young men came over from Gaul to be educated by them. Many other proofs of an intercourse between Britain and Phœnicia might be deduced from the peculiar mode of warfare carried on by the Britains; by their sepulchres, and the articles found in them; by the fragments of the Punic language, now extant, and by the remains of Baalitish superstition still extant in this country. But we reserve our remarks on those points for another short series of papers on the subject of archæology.

## TISSINGTON FESTIVAL,

### OR, THE FLOWERING OF THE WELLS.

THIS annual ceremony (briefly noticed in p. 30), is said to have originated in a traditionary story that, at a very remote period, Tissington was the *only* place for many miles around which afforded water for the supply of the neighbouring villages. The following lines, connected with the tradition, suggested themselves on reading the ensuing account of this festival; which was communicated to the writer by an intelligent friend, who was an eye-witness of the scene, on Holy-Thursday, 1817.

Tissington is the seat of the Fitz-Herbert family, (baronets) the chief part of the estates having descended to them from the Meynells, in the fifteenth century. The village is most pleasantly situated in respect to the mountainous scenery around, and consists of three or four streets, irregularly built, and branching off from the village green; the principal buildings being the church, or chapel rather, and the mansion of the Fitz-Herberts.

The annual spectacle, designated "*The Flowering of the Wells*," is a most gratifying one, but how it originated, no person in Tissington seems to know. There are five wells in different parts of the village, of beautifully fine water; the principal of which, called *St. Helen's Well*, is in the street opposite to Sir Henry Fitz-Herbert's house; the water flows from a very large stone basin, into two smaller ones, and thence runs down the road. This well has a large stone alcove over it, around which there was a very broad border of laurel leaves, edged with a van-

dyke one of purple field-flowers, fringed with yellow daisies and other flowers. In the front, two large pillars covered with a net-work of ivy and moss, studded with tulips, supported the Fitz-Herbert arms. The ground work was a board, covered with moist clay, to receive the stems of the flowers, but the clay was entirely hidden. The arms, represented in their proper colours, were gules, three lions rampant, or; with the bloody hand. The Latin motto was formed of fir apples. At the top of the arms were the words, "Ask and ye shall receive," in large capital letters made of pensées; the whole was surmounted by a crown and G.R. The effect at a distance, was very beautiful; it appeared like embroidery.

Every house seems to vie with each other in dressing the wells; but where they obtain the flowers is wonderful, although there is a garden before almost every dwelling. The Well that pleased me most, was one that stood in a retired garden; it had an arbour formed of trees with wreaths of laburnum, and the common blue hare-bells thrown all over; at the top was a figure of Pity, (holding a medallion of the King) bending to Hygeia, with her accustomed offering of fox-gloves. The drapery of the figures defies all description, the colours were so well chosen. On the right hand of Pity was a globe most exquisitely designed; upon one part you might see the word "England;" on the left a ship with all her sails hoisted: on the figure was the crown and the words "God save the King," in sweet-briar leaves upon a ground of lilacs. The other Wells were highly ornamental, and displayed an infinitude of taste and design.

There was service at the church, appropriate to the day. The Rev. Mr. Belcher, of Ashborne, has the living; and, in leaving church, the clergyman walked in his gown to all the Wells, and read a collect, and the singers gave an anthem, praising the supreme being for such plenteous streams. Until within these last few years the ceremony had been little observed; but it now appears to be increasing in splendour and joyousness with every renewal.—

Or friend, or stranger, whosoe'er thou art  
That wanders here, awhile thy steps repress;  
If rural elegance can charm thy heart,  
Or nature, smiling in her brightest dress,  
Thine eye can cheer; if aught  
Can aptly please, untaught,  
Unless by nymphs and swains,  
Such as Arcadian plains  
Could boast of old, then stop, and muse on scenes divine,  
By legendary lore ordain'd, at Godhead's shrine.

Ye brooks and rills ! Ye sacred founts and wells !  
 Whence the pure limpid streams exhaustless glide,  
 Thro' cooling shades and groves, thro' woods and dells,  
 Or, roll adown the mountain's craggy side ;  
 Or, sooth'd in gentle currents, spread  
 Thro' smiling mead, or cheerful plain,  
 Where waving Ceres rears her head,  
 Or Flora sports her blooming train :  
 Of you ! so priz'd by neighb'ring nymphs and swains,  
 The humble muse thus sings in tributary strains.

How grand the theme which each revolving age,  
 By gratitude's spontaneous impulse taught,  
 Records in memory's enlivening page  
 Of miracles of old, benignly wrought  
 In dread affliction's baneful gale !  
 'Twas sad experience learnt the tale ;—  
 Surviving manhood's vigorous fire  
 Then stamp'd its *truth*, and now conspire  
 Both age and youth in awe sublime  
 'T' impress it on the wings of time ;

Whilst pregnant nature copious sheds her stores,  
 And grateful off'rings spring from sparkling flowers.

Heard ye yon hoary Sire rehearse the tale ?  
 In times remote, in Nature's early reign,  
 When desolation wing'd its fearful gale  
 O'er hills and dales, and wide extended plain ;  
 Him heard ye mark the fatal hour  
 Of ghastly groans and dire dismay,  
 When Death assum'd remorseless power,  
 With want and parching thirst, to slay ;  
 When nymphs and swains, and herds and flocks,  
 All cheerless, wild, and panting rove ;  
 Streamless the founts, the wells, the rocks,  
 No trickling rill to glad the grove ;  
 No humid spring to cool the plains,  
 No dews, nor heav'n descending rains.

How dire the scene ! when famine rag'd around,  
 And general Nature felt the afflictive wound !

But here, blest scene ! pure, insulated space !  
 Chosen of Heav'n ! 'twas thine the boon to share  
 Of life,—no horrors stalk'd with ruthless pace,  
 No dire disease, to taint the ambient air.  
 Though Nature, wearied and aghast,  
 Threaten'd around dissolving doom,  
 Yet hence, kind Fate withdrew the blast,  
 Its rage restrain'd, dispell'd its gloom :  
 Here Nature's fruits of varied shade,  
 And teeming sweet, maintain'd their reign,  
 Whilst purling streams enrich'd the glade,  
 And grateful Zephyrs fann'd the plain :  
 The Pilgrims here would fondly roam,  
 Whilst strangers flock'd from distant vales ;  
 'Twas here, the care-worn sought a home,  
 Or fainting caught the western gales,  
 Or parch'd with thirst would hail the gurgling font,  
 From whence pellucid streams abundant glide,  
 Grateful as hallow'd waves from Jordan's swelling tide.

For gifts like these, by gracious Heav'n bestow'd,  
 Each nymph and swain in annual consort roves,  
 Culling of Flora's sweets, the pond'rous load,  
 From wide spread plains and distant groves :

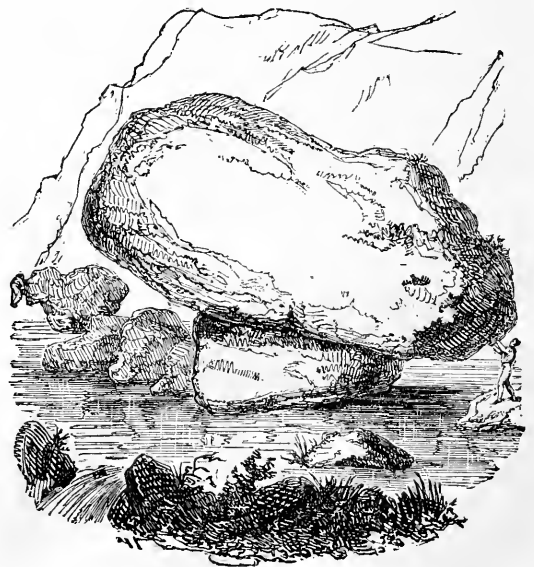
Gaily they skip through cheerful dale,  
 And rifle thence its brightest smiles ;  
 Or sauntering roam the silent vale,  
 Where modest worth rewards their toils ;  
 Or bound the waste, or trackless plain,  
 Where varied groups more wildly reign ;  
 Or brave the mountain's highest brow,  
 Fearless of yawning gulphs below ;  
 Or nimbly climb the craggy steep,  
 Where evergreens with ivy creep ;  
 Or sportive mount th' aspiring hills,  
 Midst sloping banks and purling rills ;  
 Or skirt the shelt'ring woodland's side,  
 Where flow'rets bloom in lavish pride :  
 Thus all around them plenteous stores supply,  
 To raise the votive pile to HIM, most high !  
 Whose presence glads the heart, whose bounties cheer the eye.

The massive tablet grac'd with sculptur'd lay,  
 Awhile holds faithful to its sacred trust,  
 But time resistless in its sov'reign sway,  
 Ere long impels it to the mould'ring dust ;  
 Yet sudden Fate nor varying Age  
 The records of th' Almighty's praise  
 Can e'er o'erwhelm ! sacred each page !  
 Indelible the mystic lays !  
 Whilst time, propitious in its circling race,  
 Each trophied rite sustains with ever blooming grace.

*St. Margaret's, at Cliffe,  
 near Dover, Aug. 13th.*

H. I.

### LOGAN STONE, DARTMOOR.



THERE is a very remarkable LOGAN STONE in the rocky channel of the Teign river on Dartmoor, at a little distance from Drewsteignton ; but its oscillating

powers have nearly ceased;—although the native poet of Dartmoor, “warbling” with the Muses’ license, has thus otherwise described it:

—Near the edge

Of the loud-brawling stream a LOGAN stands,  
Haply self-pois’d, for Nature loves to work  
Such miracles as these amidst the depths  
Of forest solitudes. Her magic hand  
With silent chisel fashion’d the rough rock,  
And placed the central weight so tenderly,  
That almost to the *puffing breeze* it yields  
Submissive *motion*; she around it flung  
The foaming river, and above it bade  
The cliffs dark verdure wave; whilst songs of birds  
To the wild waters’ plaintive melodies  
Respond harmoniously.

CARRINGTON.

The base, or under stone of this vast granitic mass, is deeply engrafted in a bed of rocks, of which, indeed, it forms a part. The Logan stone is of irregular shape, its height, or thickness, varying from six or seven to ten feet; its length is about eighteen feet; the top is flatish. There is uncommon grandeur in the scenery of the Teign river around this monument of remote ages.

Near Chagford, at *Holy Street*,<sup>†</sup> on the brow of a hill near the same river was another Logan stone, of less dimensions, but which no longer vibrates. At Shilston, in the same neighbourhood, is a *Cromlech*,\*

\* That the Cromlech was not confined to the Northern nations is evident from the views of two Cromlechs, in Malabar, given by Sir R. C. Hoare, in his “History of Wiltshire.”

Judging from the following particulars, the *Rocking stone* is not unknown in the East Indies. We extract the passage from the “Pen and ink sketches of India,” (vol. ii. p. 114), by Captain Mundy, who attended Lord Combermere in his tour through that country.

“Our route lay through a country, the surface of which is undulated here and there with gentle eminences thickly clad with forest trees, and interspersed with those gigantic natural *Cairns* of fantastically-piled rocks, peculiar to the province of Bundelcund. These accumulations are usually of a conical form, and the huge round blocks of stone are sometimes heaped up to the height of *one hundred, or two hundred feet*. Were it not for the unwieldy size of the component portions, the traveller would almost be led to imagine that the mechanical ingenuity of man had been employed in the structure. The rocky masses being of a circular form, wide interstices, admitting the light, are frequently found half-way down the pile; and the *enormous crag*, which generally forms the *apex* of the natural pyramid, is, in many cases, so *nicely poised*, that it looks as though a puff of wind would destroy its delicate *equilibrium*, and the whole edifice would dissolve partnership, and roll away into independent masses, like a pile of oranges. The most obvious way of accounting for these phenomena, is by the supposition that the blocks of hard rock were formerly embedded in a stratum of a softer nature, which, yielding before the lapse of ages and the fury of the elements, crumbled down in sandy particles to the base, and left the more durable portions to support themselves as they could, and take up such positions as the laws of gravity dictated.” Ed.

bearing the name of the Spinster’s Rock, from a tradition that three spinsters, or unmarried damsels, constructed it one morning, for their amusement before breakfast. Dartmoor, indeed, *abounds* in British and Druidical vestiges of many descriptions.

## DRYBURGH ABBEY.

“The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!  
The stones have voices; and the walls do live.  
It is the house of memory!

C. R. MATURIN.

WALTER SCOTT and DRYBURGH will be enshrined in our hearts with SHAKESPEARE and Stratford-on-Avon. Its aged ruins are situated in a land renowned in song and story; the district is rife with historical mementos and classic associations; but the name of him who has been taken from us, alone confers a deathless interest over the spot hallowed with his remains,—had it been the most barren in this lower world. The literary pilgrim from every civilized land will draw nigh the last earthly dwelling-place of the great, and what is more, the good Sir Walter Scott, with deep and overpowering interest; and it is with similar feelings that we sit down to describe the ruins of “Dryburgh’s dark Abbaie.”

It has been conjectured, that the name of Dryburgh takes its derivation from the Celtic *Darach-Bruach*, “the bank of the sacred grove of oaks, or the settlement of the Druids.” Some vestiges of Pagan worship have been found on the Bass Hill,—an eminence in its vicinity,—among which was an instrument used for killing the victims for sacrifice, that was in the possession of the late Earl of Buchan.\*

In the early part of the sixth century a monastery was founded here by St. Modan, one of the first preachers of Christianity in Scotland. This eminent man was abbot in 522, but it is supposed that after his death the community was transferred to Melrose, since no subsequent mention is made of the monastery by the ancient historians, and many centuries must undoubtedly have elapsed between its desertion and re-establishment.† Mr. Morton ob-

\* See “Monastic Annals of Teviotdale,” by the Rev. James Morton: p. 290. fol. 1831. To that splendid, and at the present period, doubly-interesting work, we have been greatly indebted in the present paper.

† Vide Sir Nicholas Carlisle’s “Scotland.” Relics of St. Modan were long preserved in a church dedicated to him at Roseneath, and he was the patron saint of the High Church at Stirling.

serves, that it "was probably destroyed by the ferocious Saxon invaders under Ida, the flame-bearer, who landed on the coast of Yorkshire in 547, and after subduing Northumberland, added this part of Scotland to his dominions by his victory over the Scoto-Britons at Cattraeth." Part of the original monastery is supposed to remain in the sub-structure of the existing ruins.

The present structure was founded by Hugh de Morville, Lord of Lauderdale, the district in which it is situated, and Constable of Scotland, about the year 1150. According to the Chronicle of Melros, Beatrix de Beauchamp, wife of the above, obtained a charter of confirmation for the new foundation, from David I., a munificent patron of religious establishments in Scotland. The cemetery was consecrated on St. Martin's day, 1150, "that no demons might haunt it;" but the community did not come to reside here until the 13th of December, 1152. The monks were Premonstratensians, who came from Alnwick; and they styled, says Mr. Pennant, "the Irish Abbies of *Drum le Croix* and Woodburn, their daughters." This abbey fell under a heavy calamity in 1322. "Tradition says, that the English, under Edward II., in their retreat in that year, were provoked by the imprudent triumph of the convent in joyfully ringing the church bells at their departure; the sound of which made them return and burn the abbey in revenge. King Robert the Bruce contributed liberally towards its repair, but it has been doubted whether it ever was fully restored to its original magnificence."\*—"Certain flagrant disorders," which occurred here in the fourteenth century, drew down the severe censure of Pope Gregory XI. upon the inmates.

Many of the Abbots of Dryburgh were persons of high rank and consequence. James Stewart, who was abbot in 1545, occasionally exchanged the cowl for the helmet. Having united his retainers with those of some neighbouring nobles, they boldly determined on making a *raid* on the English border, and crossing the Tweed, burned the village of Horncliffe in Northumberland, with a great quantity of corn; but the garrisons of Norham and Berwick, assisted by other hearts of oak, attacked and drove them across the border with considerable loss, before they could effect much more damage. In the same year, Dryburgh Abbey was destined again to be laid in ruins, it being plundered and burnt by an English force under the Earl of Hertford: the market town of Dryburgh

had been previously destroyed by the troops of Sir George Bowes. The last head of this house (the lands and revenues of which were annexed to the crown in 1587) was David Erskine, natural son of Lord Erskine, who is described as "ane exceeding modest, honest, and shamefast man." The abbey and its demesnes were then granted by James VI. of Scotland to Henry Erskine, Lord Cardross; the second son of John, Earl of Mar, the Lord Treasurer, and Mary, daughter of Esme Stewart, Duke of Lennox,—the direct ancestor of David Stewart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, elder brother of Thomas Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor, and uncle to the present proprietor, Sir David Erskine.

Dryburgh, in Berwickshire, is situated about four miles from Melrose, on the north bank of the Tweed, in the most delightful part of the vale, famed as it is for beauty along its whole extent. The abbey stands amidst the gloom of wood, on a verdant level, above the high banks of red earth which confine the course of the river, whose rapid stream makes a bold sweep around it in its passage onwards. In the background, hills covered with luxuriant foliage rise in picturesque beauty; and whether we contemplate the time-worn ruin, the harmony of nature, or the remembrance of the past, the scene (particularly when viewed from the opposite banks of the river) is one of singular interest.

Mr. George Smith, architect, states that the ruins are so overgrown with foliage, that he found great difficulty in taking accurate measurements of them. "Everywhere you behold the usurpation of nature over art. In one roofless apartment a fine spruce and holly are to be seen flourishing in the rubbish; in others, the walls are completely covered with ivy; and, even on the top of some of the arches, trees have sprung up to a considerable growth, and these clustering with the aspiring pinnacles, add character to the Gothic pile. These aged trees on the summit of the walls are the surest records we have of the antiquity of its destruction." The structure was originally cruciform, "divided in the breadth into three parts by two colonnaded arcades; the cross or transepts and choir have all been short; a part of the north transept which is still standing, is called St. Mary's Aisle; it is a beautiful early English Gothic work." Perhaps the most striking feature in the remains is a fine Norman arch, which was originally the western doorway. Its enrichments are in the style of the twelfth century, and little affected by time. The monastery is a complete ruin. Nothing is entire but the Chapter-House, St. Modan's Chapel, and the adjoining passages. The chapter-house is forty-seven feet long, twenty-three broad, and twenty

\* This conjecture is greatly strengthened by the fact that masses of melted lead and vitrified glass have been recently found in clearing out the rubbish from the interior of the church.

in height. At the east end there are five early English pointed windows; the western extremity contains a circular-headed centre window, with a smaller one on either side. The hall is adorned with a row of intersected arches. Mr. Smith concludes his valuable description with the following remarks: "From a minute inspection of the ruins we are led to believe that there are portions of the work of a much earlier date. The arch was the distinctive feature of all structures of the middle ages, as the column was of those of classic antiquity; and among these ruins we observed no fewer than four distinct styles of arches,—namely, the massive Roman arch with its square sides; the imposing deep-splayed Saxon; the pillared and intersected Norman; and last, the early English pointed arch. These differ not only in design, but in the quality of the materials and in the execution. The chapter-house and abbot's parlour, with the contiguous domestic dwellings of the monks we consider of much greater antiquity than the church.\*"

These structures were built of "hard pinkish-coloured" sandstone (which is in fine preservation,) and they exhibited a remarkable diversity in their levels.† Near the ruins still flourishes a fine tree which there is good reason to suppose was planted seven hundred years ago.

The late Earl of Buchan was devotedly attached to this place. At a short distance from the Abbey, he constructed an elegant wire suspension-bridge over the Tweed, two hundred and sixty feet in length. His lordship also erected a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, on the summit of an adjoining hill; which was placed on its pedestal 22nd of September, 1814, the anniversary of the victory at Stirling Bridge, in 1297. "It occupies so eminent a situation," says Mr. Chambers, "that Wallace frowning towards England, is visible even from Berwick, a distance of more than thirty miles." The statue is twenty feet high and is formed of red sandstone, painted white. Upon a tablet there is an appropriate inscription. Lord Buchan fitted up one of the ruined apartments of the Abbey in a style corresponding to the original, to which he loved to resort. Sir David Erskine, who

resides close to the Abbey, preserves the ruins, we are told, with great care.

Sir Walter Scott, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," gives an interesting account of the Nun of Dryburgh, an unfortunate female wanderer, who took up her abode about eighty years ago, in a vault, amongst the ruins of the Abbey, which during the day she never quitted. It was supposed from an account she gave, of a spirit who used to arrange her habitation, at night, during her absence in search of some food or charity at the residences of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that the vault was haunted; and it is still regarded with terror by many among the lower orders. She never could be prevailed upon to relate to her friends, the reason why she adopted so singular a course of life; "but it was believed," says Sir Walter, "that it was occasioned by a vow that during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the Civil war of 1745-6, and she never more beheld the light of day."

Allan Cunningham tells us, that the late Earl of Buchan waited upon Lady Scott in 1819, when the illustrious author of Waverley was brought nigh to the grave by a grievous illness, and "begged her to intercede with her husband to do him the honour of being buried in Dryburgh. 'The place,' said the Earl, 'is very beautiful,—just such a place as the poet loves, and as he has a fine taste that way, he is sure of being gratified with my offer.' Scott, it is reported, good-humouredly promised to give Lord Buchan the refusal, since he seemed so solicitous;"—but the peer, dying the first, was himself laid the first in Dryburgh church-yard.\*

\* Vide, "Athenæum," No. 258. The last resting place of Sir Walter Scott, is a small spot of ground in an area formed by four pillars, in one of the ruined aisles, which belonged to his family. We derive the subjoined particulars from the valuable memoirs which has appeared in "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal." The ground originally belonged to the Halyburtons of Merton, an ancient and respectable baronial family, of which Sir Walter's paternal grandmother was a member. On a side wall is the following inscription. "Sub hoc tumulo jacet Joannes Haliburtonus, Barro de Mertoun, vir religione et virtute clarus, qui obiit 17 die Augusti, 1640;" below which there is a coat of arms. On the back wall, the latter history of the spot is expressed on a small tablet, as follows;—"Hunc locum sepulturæ D. Seneschallus, Buchani comes, Gualtero, Thomæ et Roberto Scott, nepotibus Haliburtoni, concessit, 1791,"—that is to say, the Earl of Buchan (lately proprietor of the ruins and adjacent grounds,) granted this place of sepulture in 1791, to Walter, Thomas, and Robert Scott, descendants of the Laird of Halyburton. The persons indicated were the father and uncles of Sir Walter Scott; but, though all are dead, no other member of the family lies there, except his uncle

\* "Mon. Ann. of Teviotdale," p. 323.

† Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland" in 1769, thus describes the ruins: "There are scarce any relics of the church, but much of the convent; the refectory supported by two pillars; several vaults and other offices; part of the cloister walls, and a fine radiated window of stone work," [similar to that at Jedburgh]. "These remains are not inelegant but are unadorned." The refectory fell after Pennant's visit, leaving little else but the gable-ends remaining.



We cannot attempt to describe, nor even to enumerate, all the beauties of this enchanting district. Melrose, whose stately abbey has risen again in fresh beauty under the poet's magic pencil; the venerable ruins at Jedburgh and Kelso; the vale of Glendearg with its towers and wonders; Abbotsford; and the Eildon Hills, (once one lofty eminence, but cleft into three by the wizard wand of Michael Scott,) from whose summits we are told by the immortal author himself that, "you may see the scenes of forty-two songs, and ballads, and

battles, all of old renown," have been elsewhere immortalized.

"Even as the tenderness that hour instils  
When Summer's day declines along the hills,  
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes  
When all of Genius which can perish dies.  
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power  
Hath pass'd from day to darkness,—to whose hour  
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd,—no name,  
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!"—BYRON.

VYVYAN.

### HOUGHTON CHAPEL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.



ABOUT four miles to the north-west of Tuxford, in Nottinghamshire, upon the River Idle, and on the verge of the ancient Forest of Sherwood, is *Houghton Park*; where was once a stately mansion, successively the residence of the Malluvels, the Stanhopes, and the Holleses, Earls of Clare. The park, now cut up into enclosures, still retains features of its former magnificence. Noble avenues of limes and other trees exist to denote the approaches to a patrician abode; and on the margin of the slowly-gliding Idle, embosomed in a thicket which causes a twilight gloom even

at mid-day, stand the remains of the CHAPEL where the lords of Houghton formerly worshipped the Deity, and where they found their "long home." Some idea of the desolation which reigns over this once-hallowed spot is conveyed by a reference to the accompanying delineation; and it is indeed, mournful to witness the havoc, not merely of time, but that made by sacrilegious hands. The sanctity of the grave has not been respected; and the last encasements of mortality have been sought to be exposed to the gaze of every visitor. On viewing this place, in the month of August last, we found that many of the floor stones had been displaced, evident attempts made to discover the coffins of the dead,—and, in one instance, with success. A leaden coffin,—that of some high-born lord or dame, had been reached and opened, and pieces of the wooden shell were strewed around the uncovered grave!

Robert, and his deceased lady. From the limited dimensions of the place, the body of the author of *Waverley* has been placed in a direction north and south, instead of the usual fashion; and thus, in death at least, he has resembled the Cameronians, of whose character he was supposed to have given such an unfavourable picture in one of his tales." May no unhallowed hand ever violate his sepulchre!



How this Chapel came to ruin in the first instance we know not—whether during the Civil Wars, which preceded the Commonwealth, when all our ecclesiastical edifices suffered spoilation by those who thought—

———"Fire and sword and desolation

A godly, thorough, reformation;"

or whether it fell into gradual decay and neglect, after the Mansion itself had become deserted by its noble owner the fourth Earl of Clare,—who, having married the co-heiress of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, was upon the death of his father-in-law himself created Duke of Newcastle, and went to reside at Welbeck Abbey, which, with other estates, came into his possession by his wife. Thoroton merely observes of the Chapel, that it "was accounted to belong to Tickhill;"\* that is, probably, to some religious house at that place in Yorkshire; but respecting the estate he is more diffuse, and traces its succession from the Lungvillers to the Earl of Clare. Among its owners he notices "good Sir William Holles," whose father (Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry VIII.) purchased it of John Babington, and whose grandson, Sir John Holles, was first created Baron of Houghton, and afterwards Earl of Clare, by James I. Of "good Sir William," it is recorded, that he lived at Houghton in great splendour and hospitality. "He began his Christmas at Allhallowtide, and continued it until Candlemas; during which time any man was permitted to stay three days, without being asked whence he came, or what he was." His retinue was large, for "he was at the Coronation of Edward VI. with fifty retainers with blue coats and badges." His great grandson, Deuzil Holles, (second son of the first Earl of Clare,) was one of the five members who, when Charles I. was about to dissolve parliament, forcibly held the speaker in the chair until certain resolutions were passed. He was afterwards accused by Charles, of high treason; but nevertheless he strongly opposed the execution of the monarch, and took an active part in the restoration of Charles II., who created him Lord Holles of Isfield, in Sussex. Another great grandson of "good Sir William," Gervas Holles, whom Thoroton styles "a great lover of antiquities," left several MSS. Collections for the county of Lincoln (now in the British Museum,) in which are memoirs of his own family, and probably notices of this place. But to digress no further, we proceed to give a brief description of the Chapel as it now appears.

This edifice has evidently undergone various alter-

\* Antiq. Notts. p. 357.

ations, and been originally of larger extent, there being arches walled up on the north side. It consists of a nave, chancel, and a small cemetery on the north side of the chancel. The doorway on the south side is very ancient, and presents a specimen of the Anglo-Norman style. Close beside it, on the outside of the Chapel, are two flat stones, having each a head rudely carved in relief,—one, apparently that of a male, and the other of a female. In the interior are, a plain circular font, a small piscina, and a niche on the right of where the altar once stood, intended perhaps for the image of the Patron Saint. The cemetery contains a large slab stone, marked with a cross having, in the old character, the words, "*Jhe (Jesu) mercy,*" "*lady helpe,*" and at the foot (as well as we could decypher) "*orate p aia Johe' Stanhop ux Herici Stanhop armig,*" surmounted by a shield impaled; the male arms those of Stanhope, (adopted from those of Lungvillers,) viz. sable, a bend between six cross crosslets arg.; the female arms are too much defaced to be ascertained. This stone is supposed to be in memory of Joan, the wife of Henry Stanhope, who lived in the reign of Edward IV. On the outside of the Chapel, on the north side, is a mutilated effigy of a recumbent female, her head supported by angels, and her feet resting upon a dog. Possibly if the weeds and rubbish which cover the floor of this sanctuary were removed, other inscriptions might be discovered; and it is hoped, that the few vestiges remaining, which we have thus noticed, will be protected from further devastation.

## TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR, 1634.

(Continued from p. 208.)

In the Close, besides buildings belonging to the Dean, Prebends, &c. "there is a Pallace built castle-like, at the entrance whereof we mounted some dozen stayres into a spacious goodly Hall, as large as any we yet met with, all the roofe whereof is of Irish Timber, richly and curiously caru'd, and the couering of Lead, Church-like, the carving expressing sundry strange formes, and a great part thereof gilded." The City.—"Some few Knights and Gentlemen reside therein; but amongst all their Gentlewomen, one more glorious then the rest was, by one of these Trauellers, accidentally (yet happily) discover'd to be the rarest and most pfect modell and mistresse-peece of peeeces they met w<sup>th</sup> in all their Journey. She was

ture's utmost Perfection, and a composition of  
ace, Beauty, and excellent Features, inferior to  
ne, because transcending all, and meriting not only  
ervation, but w<sup>th</sup> it admiration: such as might have  
e ambition to know her, may in a fayre and gentile  
ay of addresse, finde this modest, proper, handsome  
tall, not in a Nunnery, but at the fryers, in this  
reet Cittie. Heere we would willingly have fallen  
t w<sup>th</sup> precious Time, in depriving vs, (as we desir'd)  
full and satisfying sight of soe delicate a Creature, as  
did, not a little, trouble us, that we could not afford  
visit to so fayre a Person, in respect we being cre-  
bly inform'd, by some who had the felicitie in the  
nowledge of her, that her inward endowments were  
ery way adequate to her outward adornm<sup>t</sup> or ex-  
cellent and unparrall'd Parts."

Hastening next to Derby, & "passing through  
urton Market thither, we lighted to view that great  
nd vast promising Cathedrall-like Church, wherein  
es the Monument of him that built her, as naked,  
bare, & plaine as she. The large Abbey, now  
all'd the Mannor House, adjoining to her: & a fayre  
Bridge there is of 20 arches, built ouer Trent."

"Away then wee spur'd for Darby, and as we  
ass'd on our way, we left Tidbury Castle on o<sup>r</sup> left  
and, where his Ma<sup>ty</sup> was pleased not long since to be,  
t the election of a new King. Wee gott by Noone  
the Hart in Darby."—"This ancient Towne wee  
und seated on a little River, which peaketh up his  
head in those Mines & Quarryes, there dividing this  
shire in the midst, on w<sup>ch</sup> is a fayre archt stone  
bridge." "There are 4 churches in the Towne,  
besides that high and beautifull Tower, called All  
Hallowes, which is 70 yards high, built in K. Henry  
the 8th dayes, at the cost & charges of some young  
men & maydens as by the Inscription thereon ap-  
peares, w<sup>ch</sup> is engraven on the outside of the Steeple,  
wherein wee observ'd 3. Monum<sup>t</sup>."

One of a Religious & pious Parson, that erected  
an Hospitall for 16. poore aged Persons, as  
Almesmen; & a good Benefactor besides to the  
Church. [Parson Johnson.]

Another of a Marchant in London, that gave  
a liberal Maintenance for a weekly Lecture  
there, euery fridday, being Market day; & was  
very beneficiall besides. [M<sup>r</sup>. Crashaw.]

And the 3d is a fayre stately rich Monument of  
of an hon<sup>ble</sup> Lady, of bracke Marble, Alablas-  
ter, & Touch, [Touchstone?] such as her owne  
Grounds in that Country afforded, w<sup>ch</sup> was  
the more rare, and of remarke, in that respect,  
[The Lady Shrewsbury.]"

Nottingham. "The next morning we found o<sup>r</sup>-

selves in a Towne nothing but Rocke, w<sup>ch</sup> way soe-  
euer we walk'd. It is sweetly situated on a Hill,  
w<sup>th</sup> in a little mile of the brave Riuer Trent. All or  
most of their Celleradg, & many artificiall Dwell-  
ings are hewen and made out of the firme Rocke;  
but that more especially of note, at that famous ru-  
inated Castle built by Wm. the Conqueror, is Mor-  
timer's Hole, into w<sup>ch</sup> wee descended from the Court  
of the old Castle, by 150. stayres, all within one  
mighty huge Rocke, on the w<sup>ch</sup> the Castle is founded."

"After we had tyr'd o<sup>r</sup>selves w<sup>th</sup> clymning up so  
high as those comāounding Towers, & descending  
down so low as we did, into those deep, dismall,  
darke vaults, and canes, where the King of Scotts  
was famish'd miserably to death, and the hole wherein  
the 1<sup>d</sup> Mortimer Earle of March was surpriz'd, we  
came marching fayre and easily downe again to the  
Towne, and there we found a spacious Market place,  
3. reasonable well built Churches, in one of w<sup>ch</sup> wee  
saw 2. faire Monum<sup>t</sup> of white Marble, one whereof  
was Salmon's, & the other Thurland's."

The next place visited was Leicester, "that old  
Towne, built by the British King Leir, neere 1000.  
yeeres before Christ."—"We saw the two famous  
Hospitalls, the elder called the Holy Trinity, a stately,  
fayre, long Building, couered with Lead, for the per-  
petual maintenance of 112. poore Men & Women,  
founded by that noble Duke, Anno 1332. [Henry D.  
of Lancaster] whose Monument, w<sup>th</sup> another, a vir-  
tuous Ladie's, and a great Benefactresse to that  
Hospitall, is fayrely and deserningly erected, in their  
neat Chappell, for a religious memoriall to future  
Ages. The other is a fayre Building, and was built,  
giuen & endow'd w<sup>th</sup> sufficient maintenance for 2.  
Juries of poore people, 12. of either sex, by a Mar-  
chant of London. [Sir W<sup>m</sup> Wixton.]

"Then were we conducted to see the ruines of Janus'  
Temple, where, as they say, lieth the Royall ffounder  
both of the Citty, and that. Part of the Reliques  
of which Temple is a peece of a wall, and is still  
standing, neere vnto St. Nicholas Church.

"Wee then marcht to the Castle, and view'd that  
goodly large Hall w<sup>ch</sup> was John of Gaunt's domes-  
ticke and princely habitation; wherein the Judges  
in their Circuits sit. It is situated vpon the banke of  
the head Riuer, that cutts this Shire in the middle."

Coventry. "Here wee rested very quietly & con-  
tentedly, & in the morning address'd o<sup>r</sup> selves to a  
stately fayre Church, w<sup>ch</sup> may compare w<sup>th</sup> out Or-  
gans w<sup>th</sup> many Cathedralls, though none itself, both  
for largenesse, lightsomenesse, fayrenesse, and neat-  
nesse, w<sup>ch</sup> hath as fayre and lofty a stately spire as  
any in this kingdome, built, as they credibly re-



a strong double Gate, into a fayre Court leauing on either hand, a strong & lofty defensible Tower, viz Julius Cæsars on o<sup>r</sup> left, and Guy of Warwicks on o<sup>r</sup> right.

“ This Castle is seated vpon the sayd River Avon ” —“ By it a second Eden, wherein is a most stately Mount, w<sup>ch</sup> ouer-tops, and commaunds a great part of her owne and some part of 4. adiacent neighbouring shires : ” —“ and the whole hill and declining brow is so planted, and furnish'd w<sup>th</sup> Beech, Birch, and severall sorts of Plum-trees, as it is most delightfull, and exceedingly pleasant to ascend.

“ By this large and pleasant peece of ground, w<sup>ch</sup> is adorn'd w<sup>th</sup> all kind of delightfull, and shady walkes and arbors, pleasant Groues and Wildernesses, fruitfull Trees, delicious Bowers, odoriferous Herbes and fragrant flowers, betweene the River and the high rocky foundation of the Castle, on the South side thereof, there are many rare and curious fish Ponds, all made, and hewne out of the solid Rock of ffree-stone, like Cisterns of Lead, w<sup>ch</sup> are leuell w<sup>th</sup> the River, and supply'd w<sup>th</sup> great store of good fish.

“ This sumptuous, stately Building, this most pleasant Garden, and these delightfull fish Ponds were made thus rare and excellent at the great cost and charges of that worthy and famous Knight, her late owner and Inhabitant, [Sir Fulke Grevill, Lord Brook.] And as at the last Castle we met with the high Armor of that warrior [Guy of Warwick] for his Body; so heere wee saw that for his Horse; his fearefull Sword and Dagger, the large Rib and Tooth of the wild Bore, w<sup>ch</sup> they call a dangerous Beast, that frequented the Woods, the Hills, and the Rockes thereabout, w<sup>ch</sup> hee encountred w<sup>th</sup> all, and slew, if report may passe for credit.”

After having visited the seat of Sir Tho. Puckering, called the Priory,—“ Wee then heard of the rare Monum<sup>t</sup> that one of the two Churches that is in the Towne afforded, thither therefore we hastned;—and we found them to transcend report: Ffirst, in the Lady Chappell, built by Richard Beauchamp Earle of Warwicke, A<sup>o</sup> 1434, & in the time of Hen. the 6<sup>th</sup>, the glasse windowes whereof are richly and curiously painted.

**MONUMENTS.** In the middst of the sayd Chappell, is a fayre and rich Monument, whereon lyeth the sayd Earle, all in Brasse, double gilt; about w<sup>ch</sup> Tombe are plac'd the engraven Statues, of the same worke, of 14. Earles, Countesses, Lords, Knights & Ladies of that family: at his head the Swan in a Crownet, w<sup>th</sup> a helmet at his feet; The Beare muffed, and a Gryphen. This Monum<sup>t</sup> for its bignes,

may compare w<sup>th</sup> any in that famous Chappell at Westminster.

In the same Chappell is another fayre rich monum<sup>t</sup> erected there A<sup>o</sup> 1588. for Robert Dudley Earle of Leicester, and his Countesse. A third there is for Ambrose Dudley, E. of Warwicke, his brother, A<sup>o</sup> 1589. and Robert Dudley, who dyed at 3. yeeres of age.

In the middle of the Chancell, lyeth Thomas Beauchamp, E. of Warwicke, in his Coat of Maille, Sword, and Gauntlet; his Countesse by him, both in fayre, rich Alablaster,—hee, a wild Beast, the vnmuffed Beare; shee, a tame beast, y<sup>e</sup> gentle lambe, ly couching at their feet.

In another Chappell, on the other side of the Quire & Chancell, w<sup>ch</sup> was sometimes the Counsell House, w<sup>ch</sup> is in a manner round w<sup>th</sup> 10. Seats of freestone about it, is a very fayre, rich, and lofty tombe, for that Hon<sup>ble</sup> L<sup>d</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Fulke Greuill Lord Brooke, built exceeding stately, w<sup>th</sup> 10. fayre Pillers of Touch, [i. e. Touch-stone,] and 6. of Alablaster, 2. Arches of the rich Table, all of blacke excellent Stuffle, & curiously wrought & polish'd, and amongst Inscriptions about it engraven, this:—S<sup>r</sup> Fulke Greuill, Seruant to Queen Elizabeth, Councellor to King James, and friend to S<sup>r</sup> Philip Sydney. This now is called by his Title, Brookes Chappell.

In the Church, is an ancient plaine Monument of Tho. Beauchamp, E. of Warwicke, A<sup>o</sup> 1402. and Margaret his Countesse. He was flather to y<sup>e</sup> Earle that built the Chappell.

Another Monum<sup>t</sup> there is in the sayd Church, of Thomas Fisher, Esq. and his Wife: This Gentleman built the neat Pryory there: hee was sometimes Steward to the noble Duke of Norfolk.

“ The next day we marcht out vnder a long, strong, arch'd Gate, hewne out of a Rocke, ouer w<sup>ch</sup> is a fayre Chapell, and were for Worcester; & in the way we met first w<sup>th</sup> a Seat & Parke of a Ladyes. [Snotfeld, the Lady Hales.] And likewise the Seats of 2. Honourable Persons, by Anster Market, [Beachley, y<sup>e</sup> L<sup>d</sup> Brookes, & the L<sup>d</sup> Conweys;] and another Seat of a worthy and generous Knight, the then High Sheriffe, [S<sup>r</sup> Symon Clarke;] and soe cross'd ouer a small swift streame, [The A1 row.] At Coak Hill, 8 mile from Worcester, wee left the last Shire, [Worcestershire,] and came into the next, for there the 2. Shires parted: close whereunto is the House and Parke of a Gentleman of a very ancient and worshipfull family, [Mr. Fortescue];

and w<sup>th</sup> in a mile of the City, the seat of an Hon<sup>ble</sup> Judge: [Speechley, Judge Barkley's.]

"In that dayes trauell we came by Stratford upon Avon, where, in the Church in that Towne, there are some Monum<sup>ts</sup>; which Church was built by Archbishop Stratford. Those worth obseruing and wh<sup>ch</sup> wee tooke notice of were these—

A Monument for the E. of Totnes,—& his Lady, yet living.

The Monument of S<sup>r</sup> Hugh Clopton, who built that strong stone Bridge of 18. fayre Arches, ouer y<sup>e</sup> Riuer: He was L<sup>d</sup> Mayor of London.

A neat Monument of that famous English Poet, M<sup>r</sup>. W<sup>m</sup> Shakespeare, who was borne heere.

And one of an old Gentleman a Batchelor, M<sup>r</sup>. Combe, vpon whose name the sayd Poet did merrily *farn* vp some witty & facetious verses, w<sup>ch</sup> time would not give vs leaue to sacke vp.

(To be continued.)

## CASTLETON CASTLE, HIGH PEAK, DERBYSHIRE.



" This Castle rose in Norman William's reign,  
And for its master own'd a royal Thane:  
Then oft the Cave with herald trumpets rang,  
And echo'd to the sword and buckler's clang,  
Then doughty knights their prowess oft assay'd  
To gain a smile from some obdurate maid.  
Then errant champions met in combat fierce,  
Or strove the high-suspended ring to pierce:  
Then high-born dames the happy victors crown'd  
While with applauding shouts the hills resound.  
Then blazon'd banners deck'd th' embattled walls,  
And midnight revelry illumin'd the halls!  
Where are they now? No more the bending lance  
Bears off the gauntlet. Now the warden's horn  
No more awakes the hunter's with the morn.  
No pennon beats the air in scutcheon'd state;  
No gorgeous pageant crowds the massy gate:  
The rampant nettle now o'erspreads the halls;  
The mournful ivy mantles on the walls;  
The portal now admits the straggling sheep,  
The long grass waves above the ruin'd keep,  
The playful breezes whistle thro' each cell,  
Where bats and moping owls, sole tenants dwell.

" Sad are the ruthless ravages of Time!  
The bulwark'd turret frowning once sublime,  
Now totters to its basis, and displays,  
A venerable wreck of other days!"

WANDERINGS OF MEMORY.

CASTLETON is a place much visited by the frequenters of the Derbyshire Watering-places during the Summer season, not so much for examining the ruins of its Castle, as for exploring the recesses of the *Peak Cavern*, and viewing the subterraneous wonders of the *Speedwell mine*,—as well as for inspecting the various other remarkable places of this vicinity.

Castleton lies at the edge of a fine luxuriant valley, generally called by the name of *Hope*, or *Castleton Dale*, which is sheltered by a circular range of mountains, that to all appearance deprives it of all communication with the outer world, leaving no visible outlet except by skirting the bases of the hills in the direction of the little stream that flows to the east or by climbing the almost impassable fronts of the mountains to the south and to the west.\*

Immediately behind the village to the south, is a very high and steep rock, cut off from another still higher by a very deep but narrow valley, called the

\* Castleton is distant from Buxton about twelve miles, from Bakewell about fourteen, from Matlock twenty-four or twenty-five, from Sheffield about fifteen, from which place a coach runs every day through it to Manchester, passing, before it reaches Castleton, through Hathersage and Hope, and on the other side through Chapel-en-le-Frith, Bullock-Smithy, and Stockport.

*Cave*, except in one point where an extremely narrow ledge connects both hills at the very part where the rock forms a perpendicular precipitous front, towards the west, of nearly one hundred yards in height. In this front is the entrance to the Peak Cavern, and on the very edge of the precipice stand the ruins of the Peak Castle.

Of these ruins, the Keep and part of the outer walls are all that remain: in fact, it seems as if the whole Castle had originally consisted of little more than the Keep and an enclosed area known as the Castle-yard. The hill, on the side next the village, is too steep to be mounted except by traverses, or zig-zag walks, and those approaches are still traceable. The summit, which is not exactly level, but of a gentle slope, is almost wholly inclosed by the Castle walls. On the west side, the wall is built in a straight direction; but on the north and south the walls, following the shape of the inclosed area, are slightly curvilinear, through which form the eastern and connecting wall, which also is slightly curved, is but little more than two-thirds of the length of that to the west. There has been a small tower on the northern side, and a larger one at the north-west angle; but the Keep itself occupies the highest part of the area, near the extreme (and most inaccessible) point of the south-west angle. The preceding view of this remain was taken from nearly the north-east angle of the Castle-yard, where part of the wall that guards the precipice is seen on the right, and a portion of the south wall on the left, covered with ivy, and backed by a young thin plantation of ill-thriving trees.

Mr. Bray, who visited this Castle in the year 1777, thus describes it in his "Tour;" and his description, with very little variation, is applicable to the present day. "The walls of the Keep, on the south and west sides, are pretty entire, and at the north-west corner are now fifty-five feet high; but the north and east sides are nearly shattered. On the outside it forms a square of thirty-eight feet two inches, but on the inside it is not equal, being from north to south twenty-one feet four inches, from east to west nineteen feet three inches. This difference must be accounted for from a difference in the thickness of the walls which in general is nearly eight feet. It consisted of two rooms only, one on the ground-floor and one above, over which the roof was raised not flat, but with gable ends to the north and south, the outer walls rising above it. The ground-floor was about fourteen feet high as well as can be discovered from the rubbish now fallen on the bottom;

the other room was sixteen feet high. There was no entrance to the lower room from the outside, (what is now used as an entrance, being merely a hole broke through the wall at the corner where the staircase is,) but a flight of steps led to a door in the south side of the upper room, the door being seven feet high and about four and a half wide. The places where were the hinges of the door remain, and on one side is a hole in the wall in which the bar to fasten the door was put. It is now called the bar-hole, is made of squared stone, and goes twelve or fourteen feet into the wall; on the other side is a hole to correspond with it. In this room is one narrow window over the door, one in the north, and one in the east side; in the south-east corner is a narrow winding staircase, now in a ruinous condition, which led down to the room below, and up to the roof. Descending this staircase the lower room is found to have been lighted by two windows, one in the north side, the other in the east, each of them being seven feet high, and five feet five inches wide on the inside, but narrowing to about four feet high, and seven inches wide on the outside. The walls are composed of small limestones and mortar, of such an excellent temper, that it binds the whole together like a rock, faced on the outside and inside with hewn gritstone. Part of that on the outside, and much of it on the inside, is still pretty entire, but the sandy part of some of the stones has crumbled away, so as at first sight to exhibit an appearance of very rude sculpture; but within a quarter of an inch of the mortar at the joints the stone is entire, which may be owing to the effect of the well-tempered mortar on such parts as come in contact with it. Within side, there is in the wall, a little *herring-bone* ornament."

Whether this Castle was built before the Conquest or immediately afterwards, will not be easily determined. In the time of Edward the Confessor, the manor or estate belonged to two proprietors, Gundeborne and Hundine; this then gives a great plausibility to the opinion of its being erected anterior to that period, but we are still at a loss for assigning any particular use for an edifice of this kind. Placed on such a commanding eminence, and nearly inaccessible, it possessed the powers of defence in a very extraordinary degree, but against what foe was such a defence necessary? Again, its size would not permit it to furnish shelter for any thing but a very small army, even within the walls of the castle-yard, while the Keep itself would contain very few warriors; and those few would be soon brought to capitulation for want of provisions. Some antiquaries have con-



cluded that it was built as a protection to the lead mines, but this is a use for which we have no analogy or precedent; nor can we offer any thing plausible in respect to its use, except we consider it as intended for an occasional summer residence, when the chief wished to take the recreation of hunting, and in pursuance of the fashion of the times, he chose to build it in the manner customary for larger castles.

It is most probable that the precise origin of this castle will never be ascertained. The late Mr. King, who minutely described the existing remains in the sixth volume of the "*Archæologia*," imagined this fortress was of *Saxon* construction, and a place of royal residence during the Heptarchy. But other antiquaries suppose it to be an undoubted Norman structure, built by *William Peverell*, a natural son to William the Conqueror; to whom indeed the traditions of the neighbourhood ascribe its erection. Its ancient appellation of "*Peverell's Place in the Peke*," countenances this opinion. Whatever be the truth, it is certain that Peverell possessed it at the time of the Domesday Survey, by the name of the *Castle of Peke*, together with the honour and forest, and thirteen other lordships in this county.

Whilst the Peke Castle was in the possession of the Peverells, and most probably during the time of the second William, son of the first William Peverell, it became the scene of a splendid *Tournament*, which lasted three or four days; though how the knights and their followers found accommodation, unless some temporary buildings were attached to the castle, or pavilions erected, seems hardly to be explained, but the fact is unquestionable.

Pain Peverell, Lord of Whittington, in Shropshire, had two daughters, both (as usual) very beautiful and very accomplished. The eldest, whose name was Mellet, inherited the martial spirit of her race, and though she was sought after by many of the young nobility of the land, she declared she would marry no one but a knight who had distinguished himself by his prowess in the field. Her father, admiring her resolution, took the accustomed mode of procuring her a husband by proclaiming a Tournament to be held at a certain time, at "*Peverell's Place in the Peke*," and inviting all young men of noble birth, to enter the lists and make trial of their skill and valour. He promised to the victor his daughter for a wife, with his castle of Whittington, as a dowry. Many were the knights that assembled, and severe and long disputed were the contests, for the prize was a rich one, and the honour desirable. Among the competitors was a knight of Lorraine, with a maiden shield of

silver, and a peacock for his crest. This unknown hero performed prodigies of valour, unhorsing and overcoming all who opposed him, and consequently gaining the favour of the fair Mellet; until, as a last effort, having vanquished a knight of Burgundy, and a prince of Scotland, he was hailed victor and received the glorious prize, thus carrying the castle of Whittington to the family of *Fitz-warren*.

Where the Tournament was held seems not to be ascertained. Within the walls of the Castle it could not be; for independent of want of room, the ground was too sloping to give fair play to the parties who had to fight. Some assert that it was in the valley called the Cave, but this seems a very inconvenient spot. It is more likely that it took place on the plain near the Castle, where there would be space sufficient for the lists, and where the inhabitants of all the country around, were they ever so numerous, might find room to witness the war-like contention.

This Castle did not remain in the possession of the Peverell's more than four-score years, it being forfeited in the time of Henry the Second, by the then William Peverell, for having poisoned Ranulph, Earl of Chester; and the castle and his other property were given by the King to his son John, Earl of Mortaigne, afterward King John, who in 1204, appointed Hugh Neville, his governor.

In 1215, the Peak Castle was in the custody of the barons, who had taken up arms against John, but it did not remain long in their possession, for William de Ferrers, the seventh Earl of Derby, took it by assault for the King, and as a reward, was made governor, which office he held for six years after the accession of Henry the Third.

"In the fourth year of the reign of King Edward the Second, John, Earl of Warren, obtained a free grant of the *Castle and Honour of the Peke*, together with the whole forest of *High Peke*, to hold during his life, in as full and ample a manner as *William Peverell* antiently enjoyed the same, before it came by escheat to the Kings of England,"—yet in the time of Edward the Third, "this castle and forest appear to have been part of the fortune given with Joan, his sister, on her marriage with David," son of the King of Scotland. In the same reign it seems to have reverted to the crown, for in the forty-sixth year of Edward the Third, it was granted to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,—and it now forms part of the Duchy of Lancaster. At present, it is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, who, as lessee from the crown of the "*Honour, Manor, and Forest of the Peke*," has the nominal appointment of the Constable



of the Castle. Mr. Bray, says "this Castle was used for keeping the records of the Miners' Courts, till they were removed to Tutbury Castle, in the time of Queen Elizabeth," and he further observes, "an entrenchment which begins at the lower end of the valley, called the *Cave*, inclosed the town, (Castleton)

ending at the great cavern, and forming a semicircle; this is now called the *Town Ditch*, but the whole of it cannot easily be traced, many parts having been destroyed by buildings and the plough."

A. JEWITT.

### THE OLD ENGLISH STAGE.—No. 1.

PREJUDICES AND REVERIES.—THE OLD ENGLISH JESTERS; JOHN HEYWOOD, WILL. SOMMERS, AND DICK TARLETON.—EARLY PAINTED SCENERY.



THE COURT-FOOL.\*

AMONGST the civil customs and habits of the English, in times remote, those relating to public amusements, perhaps, have been the most circumstantially recorded by our ancient chroniclers.

\* This wood-cut is a fac-simile of a portrait of a Court-Fool, selected from a group of those prankish wights, sketched by the masterly hand of Albert Durer.

Aptly enough have those who lived in ages past been designated our sport-and-pastime-loving forefathers, for with all their industry, and all their thrift, yet did they so order the affairs of life, that they were liberal in their hospitality, and apportioned a part of their time to holiday recreations. It is not possible for the sensitive mind to contemplate the domestic

history of former days, without associating therewith in the most pleasurable sensations. Every one, apparently, was enabled to live by his labour, the rich were bountiful, and every holiday was a universal festival.

In those joyous days, Dramatic Exhibitions formed no inconsiderable part of the public amusements. These, it is well known, were for ages exhibited gratuitously to all beholders, as the stages, or platforms on which the actors performed were moveable, and the crowds in the streets and market-places surrounded them; as in our days, do people gaze at the merry doings of Punchinello, or the mechanical wonders of the Fantoccini.

The common prejudice that all *Players* were deemed *rogues* and *vagabonds*, by statute law, has begotten many a wager dinner, at the Devil and Dunstan, the Grecian, Button's, Toms, and Dicks, amongst the families of the Wrongheads, and the Positives, in the days that are gone; and in places of less note, many a wanton joke, many a "sword-tickling," and many a broken head. In our days men are become more "civil-spoken," swords have been long, no longer the fashion; and as for broken heads, touching such matters, they are numbered with the things that have ceased to be.

Yes, these were the prejudices of other times; the good folks of our times if not better fed, are better taught, and consequently need not be told, that the profession of a player is no less reputable than that of an author; not that this is altogether a new discovery; for so the legitimate, legalized actor has been considered in the eye of the law, from the days of the royal patroness of Shakespeare, England's Maiden queen.

The following act, promulgated in the reign of Elizabeth, will shew, on what class of actors the offensive designations were bestowed.

"That all persons that be, or utter themselves to be proctors, procurers, patent gatherers, or collectors for gaols, prisons or hospitals, or fencers, bear-wards, *common players* of interludes, or minstrels wandering abroad, (OTHER than players of interludes belonging to barons of this realm, or any other honourable personage of great degree, to be authorised to play under the hand and seal of such baron or personage,) all jugglers, tinkers, pedlars and petty chapmen wandering abroad, &c. These shall be adjudged rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and punished as such."

John Heywood, of facetious memory, was one of the first old English play-wrights, who led the way to the regular drama. He died in 1565, the year after Shakespeare was born. Heywood's dramatic works are properly classed under the term, interludes, though intituled, plays.

This merry ancient then, wrote six plays, the titles of which are so quaint, and so characteristic of the humour of the times, that they may be herein recorded at length.

1. A Play between Johan the Husband, Tyb the Wife, and Sir Johan the Priest.
2. A Righte Mery Play between the Pardoner and the Friar, the Curate, and the Neighbour Pratt.
3. A Play called the Four P's; being a new and a very mery interlude between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedlar.
4. A Play of Genteelness and Nobility.
5. A Play of Love.
6. A Play of Weather. These were published in 1533.

Amongst the pleasing reveries that crowd a cultured mind at ease, few are more kindly entertained, than those that savour of the daily doings of our old English households; they may be likened to links in the social chain that unite the present with the past, and hold affiance to the love of our country.

Would that our chroniclers of old, had given us, for every page of coronations, royal weddings, births and deaths of princes, with nightly tournaments, and wars their prototypes, and all that appertains to courts, and camps, at least another page, touching the more genial events of common life.

Chaucer has shewn us what men were in his time; society abounded in character then, as now. Every city, town, and village performed its daily drama, in which each one played his part.

Who more holy than the prior? who more jovial than the monks? When not at mass, they might be found at the hostelry hard by, teaching mine host, how to choose good sack, and mine hostess how to season venison pasty; he being somewhat of a homely wit, and she a buxom dame. Then the bench bore corpulent justices, and bodies-corporate grew fat at the mayor's feast. Then attorneys-at-law, scrupulous to the very letter, o'er the parchment, met neighbour, neighbourly at the inn. Barons were then right lordly, maintaining open hospitality, and their ladies courteous and bounteous to the poor. Esquires were brave abroad, frank, generous, and noisy as their beagles; when at home, cracking fair maiden's ear strings, with loud talli-hoes: self-grudging misers there were, and self-loving extortioners; but these were shunned. Then there were humourists of every degree, in high life, and in low; each wearing his humour as a badge. The schoolmaster, and the rhymier; the priest and poticary, the sexton and the pinder; the smith and the cord-wainer; the miller and the malster; the tanner and the tinker; the weaver and

the tailor; the millwright, carpenter, and mason; little confraternities, neighbours in good fellowship. Yea, a congregate of character, the thrifty and the thriftless; the sober and the sottish; the joyous and the moody; the phlegmatic and warm-hearted; the sprightly and the grave, all mingling, and helping to drive on the daily system of life, through all its social ramifications, and congenial dependencies.

That these diurnal doings were done in days of yore, we know; but, vain would now be our regret, at not knowing more of these the daily doings of our worshipful forefathers. The little that we happen to know thereof, however, shall herein be recorded.

Amongst other excentrics of former days, was that merry wight, cyleped *Jester*, and his no less sprightly coeval, the Motley-fool; whose frolics, gibes and jeers were the delight, and the talk of all, whilst, few, even amongst the writers contemporary, had the kindness to record their witty sayings, for the entertainment of posterity.

Master John Heywood was one of those cognomened *Jester*, a character not to be confounded with that of Patch, or Fool. Killegrew, a man of letters also, was commonly so designated, as one of the leading wits of Charles the Second's court.

Heywood doubtless was a master-wit; it were sufficient to establish this to know, that he was the delight of Sir Thomas More, who frequently entertained him at his seat at Chelsea, and exchanged many a lively joke with Master John.—He himself, indeed, kept a Fool in his own house, whose portrait was introduced by Holbein into his celebrated picture of the More family.

By this renowned lord high chancellor, the patron of wit in others, himself being peerless in that rare talent, Heywood was introduced to the Lady Mary, daughter of King Henry VIII., and incredible as it may appear, through the favour of this religious devotee, he found his way into the good graces of that potent prince, and was dubbed the King's *Jester*. But, those were strange times, when a buffoon might with something like impunity, laugh in the very face of that sovereign, who could send to the scaffold so great a man as Sir Thomas More!

We are not told whether Master Heywood acted by his first patron, as worthily as did his compeer the other *Jester* to the king, laughing Will. Sommers, who is seen painted to the life, tapping at the lattice of a chamber in Whitehall, to "have a merry skit" at the first courtier who might happen to be passing;—for he, kind-hearted soul, admonished the dying tyrant on the score of his injustice to an old master of his, and caused the oppressor to relent, in time to restore that

master to his right.\* Perchance, Heywood did not; for, according to report, Master John was prompt to invent facetious tales to divert the gloomy Mary, when she became England's Queen, and when her conscience had better been in the holy keeping of an honest priest than of a courtly Merry-Andrew.

Of this worthy, Puttenham relates a comic tale: "The following happened," says he, "on a time, at the Duke of Northumberland's board, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the board's end. The duke had a very noble and honourable mynde alwayes to pay his debtes well, and when he lacked money, would not stick to sell the greatest part of his plate: so had he done some few days before.

"Heywood being loth to call for his drinke so oft as he was dry, turned his eye towards the cup-board, and said, 'I find a great misse of your grace's standing cups.' The duke thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said somewhat sharply, 'Why, sir, will not these cuppes serve as good a man as yourself?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbowe, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your man so often to call for it.'

"This pleasant and speedy revers of the former words holpe all the matter again; whereupon the duke became very pleasant, and drank a bottle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cup should alwayes be standing by him."

The great Sir Thomas More himself was no mean actor. It is related of him, that he would make one among the players, occasionally coming upon them by surprise, and without rehearsal fall into a character, and support the part by his extemporaneous invention, and acquit himself with credit. Even his impromptu wit was boundless.

To John Heywood succeeded Master Richard Tarleton,—as comic a soul as any recorded on the ancient list of those who were wont "to set the table in a roar." The humour of this mad-cap would make the surly Ben Jonson "shake his sides."

*Dick Tarleton*, so he was familiarly called, is known to posterity as Queen Elizabeth's *Jester*. What joyous meetings,—what revellings when the Stationers shut up their stalls, and went to take their sack at Master Dick's. He kept a tavern in Paternoster-row;

\* Richard Fermor, Esq. of Eston Neston, Northamptonshire, with whom Will. Sommers had formerly lived servant. This gentleman, ancestor to the Earl of Pomfret, had been found guilty of a *præmunire*, and deprived of all his property by Henry VIII., for sending 8d. and two shirts to a priest who had been convicted of denying the king's supremacy, and was then in the goal at Buckingham

what sign he sold his wine by there is not now known. "*Good wine,*" nor then, nor now, "*needeth no bush.*" Doubtless those patriarchal venders of *Black-letter lore* were men of *taste*: hence it may be received as orthodoxy, that honest Dick was followed by the worthy *Bibliopolists*, when he removed to the sign of the *Tabor*, in Gracechurch Street, in honour of mine host's house-warming.

Tarleton was so esteemed an actor in parts of humour, that his head became a common tavern sign; as did that of Jemmy Spillers, the comedian in Hogarth's day.

There is a print of the Queen's Jester, as frontispiece to a scarce book of Elizabeth's time, intituled "*Tarleton's Jests.*" He is represented in the costume of a pantaloon or clown, playing the pipe and tabor.

This print is said to be so well cut, touching the identity of resemblance, that a flatness is observable upon the nose, occasioned by a wound he got in parting some dogs and a bear, at Paris Gardens; which misfortune he turned into merriment, by observing, "*that it did not affect him, for he had still sagacity enough to smell a knave from an honest man.*"

This Tarleton was a careless spark, a "jolly royster," and many a joyous nocturnal revel perpetrated by him and his colleagues, Scoggan, Skelton, and Master George Peel, the renowned city poet, disturbed the sober citizens in days of yore.

These licentious wits and bottle companions would "get you drunk as lords," and lords as drunk as they, all at the same board, under the same "free vintner's sign," as well in good Queen Bess's reign as in that of the merry Charles. These were your Killebrews, and Rochesters, and Ogles, one hundred years before.

It may appear somewhat strange that play acting should have gotten into such disrepute in the seventeenth century, when we look back and discover how prone to dramatic exhibitions were those who lived ages before. To be sure, the worthies of more distant days did not exhibit secular plays, but *Mysteries*, *Sacred Interludes*, and *Moralities*,—not unfrequently less moral by the way than the drama which succeeded, and which, to the Puritans, gave such unpardonable offence.

What now, we may ask, is become of that dramatic genius which prevailed amongst our worthy Traders of old? Look to the days of King John. Could our London City-companies, in concocting a pageant for Lord Mayor's day, compete with the pageant-mongers of Chester, six hundred years ago? Who now of the *Worshipful Cordwainers*, or *Butchers*, or *Fishmongers*, could get you up a play,—and then play it to the life, as these the worthy ancients did. Then

had every Company each its particular play, and there they spouted, to the delectification of the courtly knights and ladies fair, and all beholders, for three successive days, at the memorable feast of Whitsuntide.

The Creation was performed by the Drapers.

The Salutation and Nativity, by the Wrights.

Melchisedek and Lot, by the Barbers.

The Three Kings, by the Vintners.

The Fall of Lucifer, by the Tanners.

The Deluge, by the Dyers.

Moses, Balack, and Balaam, by the Cappers.

The Shepherds feeding their Flocks by Night, by the Painters and Glaziers.

The Temptation, by the Butchers.

Jesus and the Leper, by the Corvesories.

Anti-Christ, by the Clothiers.

The Blind Men and Lazarus, by the Glovers.

The Day of Judgment, by the Websters.

The Purification, by the Blacksmiths.

The Sending of the Holy Ghost, by the Fishmongers.

The Oblation of the Three Kings, by the Mercers.

The Killing of the Innocents, by the Goldsmiths.

Christ's Passion, by the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Ironmongers.

Descent into Hell, by the Cooks and Innkeepers.

The Ascension, by the Taylors.

The Resurrection, by the Skinners.

Much as has been recorded relating to our old dramatic spectacles, as to the subjects represented, the dialogue, and the costume of the *dramatis personæ*, but we derive no precise information relating to the SCENERY. It may be presumed nevertheless, that some scenic representation formed a part, as the act is commonly marked to have occurred in a city, or public building, a palace, or a prison, a garden, or a wood, on the land, or on the waters; and the most likely conclusion upon the admission of this data would be, that such scenes were wrought in Tapestry;—a material by the way, if ably designed and executed, well calculated for candle-light splendour, particularly such scenery as proceeded from the looms of Sir Francis Crane, at Mortlake, in the age of James I.

Some writers upon our ancient drama have asserted, that Painted Scenery was not introduced upon the stage, until Sir William D'Avenant opened his celebrated theatre, (the Duke's) in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; this was early in the reign of Charles II.

More diligent researches, however, have satisfactorily proved, that painted scenes were introduced in the dramatic exhibitions at Holy-Rood House, in the time of James VI. of Scotland, and that they were designed by Mytens, and painted by some foreign artist.

That there must have been a paucity of scenes in the days of Alleyne and Shakespeare is evident from the lively remarks of the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney, who speaking of tragedies, and comedies, as exhibited in the London theatres of his time, humourously observes,—“Now you shall have three ladies walk in to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, out-comes a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave.”

That they had scenes for the public stage in those days we may be assured, such as they were, though from what has been said upon them by coeval writers, it is plain that the same scene usually served for different acts. It is likely, moreover, that what they had were wrought in tapestry, as the denominative term for playhouse scenes two centuries ago, was *hangings*.

The introduction of painted stage scenery in England is to be ascribed to King James I., who had already, as we have seen, beheld the like in the spectacles at Holy-Rood. That monarch caused Masques to be performed at his palace, in compliment to the nuptials of certain nobility of his court; a custom productive of much public good, by encouraging marriages amongst the young nobility, the best security for that dignified and virtuous conduct which regulated the households of our great families of old, and rendered the neighbourhood of a palace, or of a noble seat, desirable in proportion to the virtues of their lordly possessors.

On occasion of the marriage of Robert, Earl of Essex, with the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, a *Hymenæi*, or solemnities of a Masque, was performed at court, on Twelfth-night, anno 1606. In this piece, which was written by Ben Jonson, Master Alphonso Ferrabosco sung; and Master Thomas Giles was *Ballet-master*, as he “made and taught the dances.”

Inigo Jones, the renowned English architect, designed the scenery and machinery for the stage on which these little elegant and chaste amusements were performed; and that they were designed with taste and skill may be reasonably inferred, for the Masque presented on the creation of Henry, Prince of Wales, June 5th, 1610, written by Daniel, appeared to owe so much to scenic decoration, as to induce the candid author to announce, that “the machinery, and contrivance, and ornament of the scenes, by Master Inigo Jones, made the most conspicuous part of the entertainment.” This masque was intitled the “*Queen's Wake*,”

Three years subsequent to that period, on the marriage of the Count Palatine, of the Rhine, and Elizabeth, daughter of King James I., a masque was performed at Whitehall, composed by Chapman, a dramatic writer of eminence, and contemporary of Shakespeare. The merit of this father of English scene painting, for his share of *getting up* of the piece, is thus set forth. “Invented and fashioned by our kingdoms’ most artfull and ingenious architect, Inigo Jones.” This superb exhibition was provided in compliment to the royal pair, at the expense of the societies of the Middle-Temple, and of Lincoln’s-Inn, at the cost of £2,400, and performed at court. Happy the day when this social intercourse subsisted between the sovereign and his people!—

It may be reasonably inferred then, that at this early period, the scenic representations at the Court must have been eminently splendid, for the taste of Jones for the picturesque, united with his knowledge of Greek architecture, and exercising his great talent for a royal patron of such acknowledged judgment in every elegant art, as Charles I. might naturally be expected to produce a brilliant stage effect. The many Masques which were performed at Whitehall, in his reign, being written by so able a dramatist as Jonson, and the performers thereof being the King and Queen, esteemed the most accomplished royal pair then in Europe, together with the most elegant young persons, of both sexes of their court, could not fail to make these entertainments delectable to behold.

The beautiful masque of *Comus*, written by Milton, was exhibited in this reign, with all the aid that could be afforded by painted scenes, dresses, and machinery, to render the spectacle as illusive as art could make it. The painter’s name is not recorded, but it is known that the famed Henry Lawes composed the music for the masque, and played the character of Thersis the shepherd therein; the children of the Earl of Bridgewater also performed in the piece, which it was represented before his lordship, and his friends on Michaelmas night, 1634.

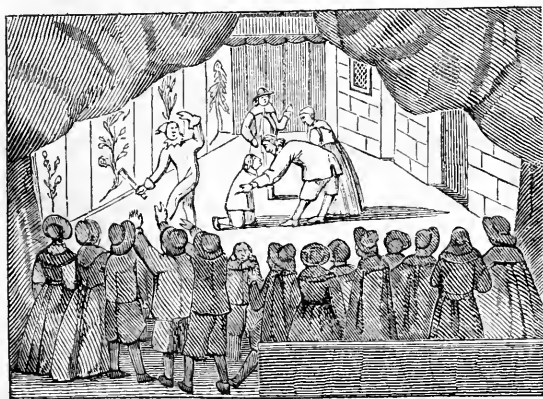
The improvements which were in contemplation for the scenic department of the public stage under the auspices of the king, were suspended by the civil war. The subsequent government, of the Commonwealth, holding play-houses, and players in abhorrence, the one as “schools of Satan,” and the other as “scholars of perdition,” shut up the theatres, and suppressed the public drama altogether.

To prove that those persons were wrong who have denied the existence of Painted Scenery upon our public stage until the time of Charles II., (from the circumstance of Sir William D’Avenant, godson and

*protogée* of Shakespeare, together with Mr. Henry Killebrew having gone to Paris, expressly to engage Italian scene painters and machinists to decorate his theatre;) we can refer to the fact of scenes being used on the *Public boards*, by the printed announcement of "*The Temple of Love*," to be again performed at the Theatre, Black-friars, in 1634, which notifies, "This Masque, for the invention, *variety of scenes*, apparitions, and richness of habits, was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent, that had been done in England." This occurs within eighteen years, from the death of Shakespeare;---in whose plays, it may be remarked, *en passant*, many expressions will be found, distinctly allusive to stage scenery.

It appears moreover, that even during the time of the usurpation of Cromwell, a species of dramatic exhibition, performed for a short season, by connivance of the ruling powers, at Rutland-house, in Aldersgate Street, was announced as "*A Spectacle by Declamation*,"---"*The Siege of Rhodes*," conducted by D'Avenant, and made into a representation, by the "*Art of Perspective in Scenes*," and the story sung in *Recitative music*."

Nicholas Laniere, the musician and composer, was also a scene-painter in the age of James I. Ben Jonson composed a Masque for the entertainment of the French ambassador, then resident in England, which was prepared for representation by this accomplished artist, as expressed in print. "The whole after the Italian manner, *stylo recitativo*, by Master Nicholas Laniere, *who ordered and made bothe scenes and music*." This was performed at the house of Lord Haye, and within one year of the death of the immortal Shakespeare.



Having thus established the proof of scene-painting having been practised as early as the time of James I., we shall now refer to the annexed wood-cut, intending to proceed with the subject in our next paper.

This is a fac-simile of a wood-cut, forming part of a series of graphic illustrations to an old school-book, intituled "*ORBIS SENSUALIUM PICTUS: or a picture and nomenclature of all the chief things that are in the world; and of mens' employment therein*." Originally written in *Latine* and high Dutch." The print represents a scene in one of the olden *Moralities*; the description is in Latin, and thus Englished.

## LUDUS SCENICUS.

## A STAGE-PLAY.

In Theatra, (quod vestitur Tapetibus, et Sipariis tegitur) agunter Comœdiæ vel Tragœdiæ, quibus representantur ares memorabiles; ut hic, Historia de Filio prodigo, et Patre ipsius, a quo recipitur, domum redux.

In a Play-house, which is trimmed with Hangings, (scenes) and covered with Curtains, Comedies, and Tragedies are acted, wherein memorable things are represented; as here, the History of the Prodigal Son and his Father, by whom he is entertained, being returned home.

Actores (Histriones) agunt personati; Morio, dat Jocos.

The Players act, being in disguise; the Fool maketh Jests.

Spectatorum primarii, sedent in Orchestra: Plebs stat Cavea, & plaudit, si quid aridet.

The chief of the Spectators sit in the Gallery, the common sort stand on the ground, and clap the hands if any thing please them.

## NOTES

## ON THE DISSERTATION OF SOME OF THE ANGLO-SAXON PRONOUNS.\*

IK, IC, ICH, ICHE, YCH, ICHOLLE, ICHOT, YCHOLLE, ETC.—HER, THIKE, THULKE, QUIHLK.

THE first personal pronoun occurs under the following forms, in Saxon writings of different periods.

*Ik*.—In a Harmony of the four Evangelists, intituled "*Liber Canute*,"

gibu ik iu hier be thiū samad etan endi drincan.

*I give you here at the same time both to eat and drink.*

*Ic*.—In Alfred's Boethius—

Donne ic on fælum pær:  
Oft ic nu mifercýppe.

In a Poem of a much later date, quoted by Hickes.

Ic am elðen ðan ic pær.  
A pinter 7 ec a lofe.  
Ic ealdi moþe ðanne ic ðeðe,  
Mi pīt oghæ to bi moþe.

This form is also common in Robert of Gloucester.

\* Vide pp. 91 and 122.



*Ich*.—In a deed of Edward the Confessor, we have “ich beode þat man hit leze in ongan comen.” In Robert of Gloucester, (p. 405.) “*Ich* hem abbe,” quap our Lord, “*ȝholpe* hem er *ȝwȝs*.”

*Iche*.—In Robert of Gloucester, (p. 501.) “*Iche* wolle, whanne he cometh, hem vnderfonge þerto.”

*Ye* and *ich*.—In Robert of Gloucester, “*ȝch drede*,” *I fear*, “*ȝch evene*,” *I think*. One or two other forms I have observed in printed works, which are evidently only errors of the press.

*Icholle*, *Chill*, &c.—Several words of this kind occur in Robert of Gloucester. *Icholle*, *ȝchcholle*, *ȝcholle*, *I shall*, *I will*. Thus, (p. 405.)

“go & seȝe hem þȝs,

þat hi turne agen to me, & ycholle samfayle;” — Again, (p. 500.) “Now icholle, quath the king.” In that part which is printed from a later manuscript, it is sometimes written separately, *i cholle*, (as in Hearne’s edit. p. 501.); and in the same place, other manuscripts have “*iche wolle*.” The passage quoted by Mr. Jennings, I have not been able to find in Hearne’s edition, but perhaps “*yuf*” should be “*zuf*,” as (at p. 471.)

“Zuf a man of holi chirche halt eny lay fe;”

and in several other places. We have also *ichot*, *ȝchot*, *I wot*, *I know*; *ichabbe*, *I have*: *ichȝlle*, *ychelle*, *ȝchȝlle*, *I will*.

*Her*—is used in Robert of Gloucester, in the sense of *he, it*. *Hit* is the general form of *it*, in the same writer.

(P. 123.) *Thic*, *Thilk*.—In Robert of Gloucester we meet with *thike*, *thilk*, *thulke*, &c. *this*. Thus, (p. 373.) “Anon in þulke sulue ȝer as ȝt wolde be.” *In that same year*. In the same writer (p. 405.) we find, “and vor ȝȝf hem þulle sunuol dede,” and *forgive him that sinful deed*. Here one manuscript also has “*þulke*.” I am inclined to suspect that these forms, in *ilk* and the like, arose from compounding the two words “that *ilk*,” that same. In Robert of Gloucester, we have *ilke* or *ilk*, *the same*, *very*. In this case, “*thilk*” is a more expressive word than that. A similar form was retained in the Scoto-Saxon word “*quhilk*,” *which*. Thus in the “Prologue of the Complaint of the Papinga,” by Sir David Lyndsay, speaking of Gawin Douglas,

“And specially the trew translatioun  
Of Virgil, *quhilk* bin consolatioun  
To cunning men, to know his greit ingyne, †  
Als weil in natural science as divyne.”

And Gawin Douglas himself, in the preface to his

\* Samfayle, without fail, (sans, Fr.)  
† Ingyne, wit, genius, (ingenium, Lat.)

Translation of Virgil, where he criticises the Virgil of Caxton, also thus uses the word:

“Thoch Wylliaume Caxtoun had no compatioun  
Of Virgil in that buk he preyt in prois,  
Clepard it Virgill in Eneados,  
Quhilk that he sayis of Frensche he did traulait,  
It has nothing ado therwith, God wate,  
Nor na mare like than the Deuil and sanct Austin;  
Haue he na thank tharfor, but lois his pyne; ‡  
So schamefully the storie did perverte,  
I reid his werk with harmes at my hert,  
That sic ane buk, but sentence or ingyne,  
Suld be intitult efter the poete divine,  
His ornate goldin versis mare than gylt,  
I spitte for disspite to se thame spyllt §  
With sic ane wicht, *quhilk* treuly be myne intent ||  
Knew neur thre wordis at all quhat Virgill ment.”

T. W.

## JEDEDIAH BUXTON.



THIS very extraordinary Calculator was born at Elmeton, or Elmtun, a small village near Bolsover, in Derbyshire, early in March, 1707. His grandfather, the Rev. John Buxton, was vicar of Elmtun, and his father was schoolmaster in the same parish; yet, from some unknown circumstances, Jedediah himself was never taught either to write or cast accounts. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, and though obliged to work as a common day-labourer, he could solve the most difficult problems in arithmetic by a recondite process, peculiar to his own mind. In other

‡ Pyne, trouble, pains.  
§ Spyllt, spoilt.  
|| Intent, opinion.



respects he was extremely illiterate; nor could he explain the means by which he became acquainted with the relative proportions of numbers, and their progressive determinations. His powers of resolving questions of this nature, appear to have originated in an astonishingly retentive memory, yet so peculiarly biassed, that although many experiments were made to direct it to purposes of utility, the result was always unfavourable. When he had once comprehended a question, the whole force of his mind was bent to the investigation, and for a while, his abstraction was so great that he became generally regardless of external objects. Almost every variety of questions regarding numbers, he would solve in a very little time; and would multiply any amount of figures, either by the whole or any part of them, and so store up the results in his memory, as to give them correctly several months afterward. He is stated, also, to have had so retentive a memory as to resume, at pleasure, any calculation which he had once commenced though at a long distant period;—and he could work several questions at the same time. Among the singular instances recorded of his capacity, is that of *striding* over the entire lordship of Elnton, (then belonging to Sir John Rhodes,) of some thousand acres in extent, and giving the exact contents, not only in acres, roods and perches; but likewise in square inches, and afterwards in square hair-breadths, reckoning forty-eight of the latter to each side of the inch. His celebrity in this way attracted the notice of Sir George Saville, by whose means he was brought to London, where he was introduced to the Royal Society, and he answered various difficult arithmetical questions so satisfactorily, that his dismissal was accompanied by a handsome present. Whilst in the metropolis he was carried to see Shakespeare's play of King Richard the Third, but instead of being interested by the drama, his attention was directed to the number of words which Garrick uttered, and to the amount of the steps of the dancers; in these calculations he was successful, but he allowed that the innumerable sounds produced by the musical band perplexed him beyond measure.\*

Jedediah had a wife and several children; and is said to have died at about seventy years of age, but the exact date is not known. He generally wore on his head a linen or woollen cap; and with a crooked stick in his hand, and a handkerchief carelessly thrown around his neck, would sit down when asked

any abstruse question, and leaning upon his stick commence his mental task.

His portrait, (from which the above is a copy,) was taken by Miss Hartley, on the 14th of January, 1764, at thirty-eight minutes and forty-three seconds after three o'clock in the afternoon;—at which time, by his own calculation, he was fifty-six years, ten months, one week, two days, nine hours, fifty-three minutes, and forty-three seconds old:—or, as he also calculated, in days, 20,743; in hours 497,841; in minutes 29,870,513; and in seconds 1,792,230,823.

## STANZAS

WRITTEN ON COMPTON CASTLE, DEVON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VISIONS OF SOLITUDE, A POEM, &c."

"Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum  
Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."—Hor.

RECORD of other men and days,  
The Autumn leaf around thee falls;  
The wailing breeze of Autumn strays  
Amid thy ruin'd walls!  
A loftier pile I oft have seen,  
With stately front, and hoary towers;  
But not more pensively, I ween,  
Through spacious hall, and fretted bowers,  
I've slowly paced, than pace I here,  
Taught wisdom by the waning year.

To distant times I backward glance,  
In dreaming reverie, and see  
The warrior, laid aside his lance,  
The palmer, and the maiden free,  
Of guileless heart,—and courteous dame,  
Of matron look, and minstrel old,  
With lays of love and martial fame,  
Assembled in thy lordly hold;  
While brightly blaz'd the hearth, and song  
Chas'd nights of wintry gloom along.

Or o'er thy ample park the deer  
Fly swift before the baying hound—  
Or falcon, 'mid the azure clear,  
Strike her fleet quarry to the ground:  
Or vassals, at the trumpet's call,  
In mustering speed—a fearless band,  
March forth, to conquer or to fall,  
Beneath their haughty chief's command:  
While many a gentle heart, in fear,  
Throb'd the departing clang to hear.

And now dismantled,—prostrate all  
Thy former might, there scarce remains  
Enough of what thou wert, to call  
Thy bulwarks and thy wide domains

\* Other particulars of this remarkable person will be found in the "Gentleman's Magazine," vols. li. liii. and liv.

Back to the musing mind ; and e'en  
 Tradition's voice, all hush'd and still,  
 Restores not to the changeful scene,  
 From the sepulchre, dark and chill,  
 The names, the exploits of the dead,  
 Ere thy brief day of pride had fled.

The peasant fiuds in thee a home,  
 The rustic shed beside thee stands ;  
 Thy ancient dwellers, like the foam  
 That sinks beneath the ocean sands,  
 Have perish'd, and have left no trace  
 Of what they would have been, or were ;  
 Forgotten in their natal place

Their virtues, and their lineage fair :  
 Forgotten too, perchance, the crime  
 That stain'd the annals of their time !

To twilight bat, to midnight owl,  
 A dwelling place for many a year,  
 As stormy clouds above thee scowl,  
 Methinks the doom of all I hear !

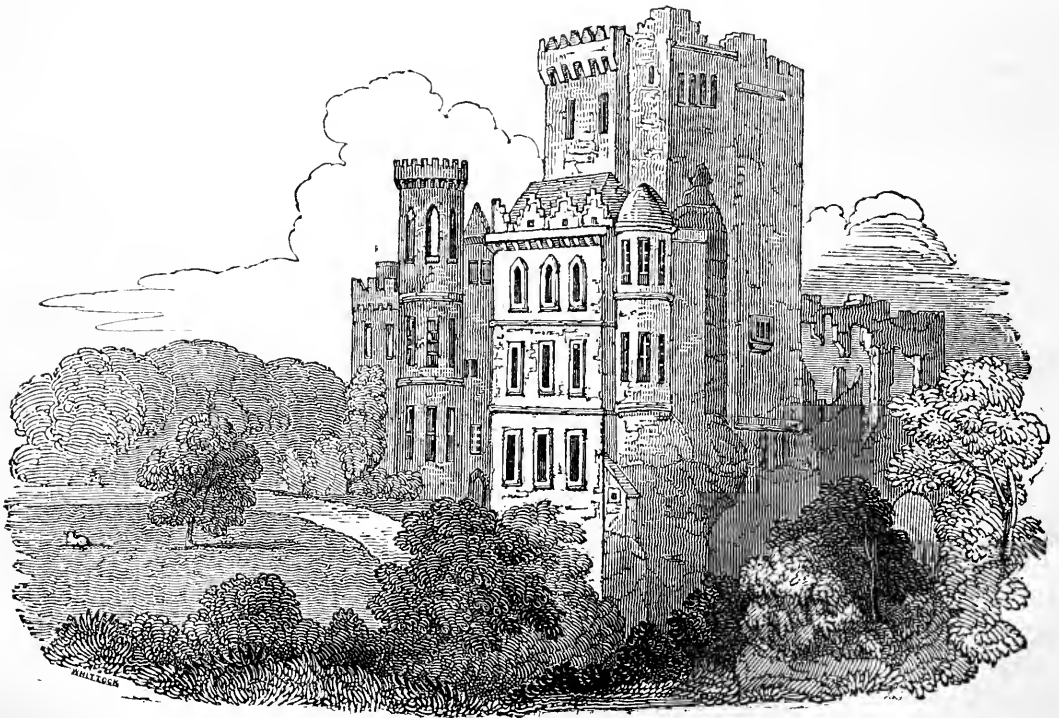
The loves, the joys, the hopes, the fears,  
 The pride, the pomp, of living man,  
 (E'en as thy glory disappears)  
 Shall perish with his fleeting span ;  
 While mute, unhonour'd, and forgot,  
 Another race shall know him not.\*

Sad is the lesson :—but more wise  
 By sadness made, may it be mine  
 To seek a mansion in the skies,  
 Where changeless suns for ever shine !  
 Though low my lot,—ym path unknown  
 To monarch's gaze,—no trump of fame  
 To sound above my funeral stone  
 The transient honours of a name ;  
 Mine be the hopes of endless day,  
 When worlds themselves have pass'd away !

31st Oct. 1832.

\* For the little that is known of Compton Castle, see p. 273.

### BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY OF CORK, IRELAND.



Who, between the Land's End and John o' Groat's House, has not heard of the *Groves of Blarney*?—and where, in green Erin itself, shall we find a spot more celebrated? Even our “Woman-kind,” cannot plead ignorance of its renown; although, thanks to feminine delicacy,—and peradventure in some de-

gree, to the peculiar *locality* of the mysterious relic,—they seek not the adventitious aid of the *Blarney Stone* to augment their native attractions. Not so, however, in sorrow be it spoken, the conduct of their male associates; for few visitants, indeed, of that sex, ever mount the battlements of Blarney

Castle, without invoking, by a daring salute, the hidden genii of the Stone to endow them with "a smoothly-flattering tongue;"—or, in other words, with the faculty of lying *without a blush!*

BLARNEY CASTLE, the property of the Jeffereys' family, occupies a pleasant and picturesque situation, between three and four miles north-west of Cork, in the district of Muskery. This edifice consists of the remains of an old castellated pile, to the eastern side of which, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was attached a spacious mansion of a more domestic, but incongruous character. The original Castle was raised about the middle of the fifteenth century, by Cormac Mac Carty, or Carthy, surnamed *Laidir*, or the strong; a descendant of the kings of Cork, and a chieftain so powerful in Munster, that the English settlers paid him an annual tribute of £40. for protection against the attacks and insults of the natives:\* to him, also, is ascribed the erection of the abbey and castle of Kilcrea, the nunnery of Ballyvacadine, and several other religious houses; in the former of which he was buried, in 1494.

"In 1542, an indenture of allegiance to the English laws was signed by Teig Mac Cormac Carty (*Dom. de Muskery*) among other Irish chieftains; and, in 1558, his son, Dermot, was knighted, at Limerick, (on his submission,) by Thomas, Earl of Sussex, the lord deputy; who, at the same time, presented him with a gold chain and a gilt pair of spurs. This mark of favour was certainly merited, for the Muskery Mac Cartys, unlike most other Irish clans, appear to have strictly maintained their faith with the English since the original submission of their ancestor, the king of Cork, to Henry II.†

On the apprehended defection of Cormac Mac Dermot Carty, commonly called Lord Muskery, from the English cause, in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, some forces were dispatched from Cork to surprise Blarney Castle, but the warders being on the alert, the attempt failed. Soon afterwards, however, the Lord Muskery being seized and put in

irons, and his wife and younger children imprisoned, the castles of Blarney and Kilcrea were surrendered to the queen's troops. At that period Blarney Castle, as described by Carew, in his "*Pacata Hibernia*," was one of the strongest in Munster,—“for it is four piles joined in one, seated upon a main rock, so as to be free from mining, the walls eighteen feet thick, and flanked at each corner to the best advantage.”

Although strict orders had been given by the lord president for the secure confinement of Lord Muskery,—and that his jailor had said, “If shackles of iron, walls of stone, and force of men, can make him sure, then shall my prisoner be forthcoming whensoever the state may be pleased to call for him,” yet he contrived to escape from prison and join his followers. Other clans, then in rebellion, offered to unite with him in opposing the queen's authority; but Muskery considering that he had little prospect of ultimate success, and that both his family and estates were in the president's power, determined on submission;—and in reward for that, and other acts which testified his sincerity, he had summons to parliament, as Baron of Blarney.

In the Irish Rebellion of 1641, Donough, Lord Muskery, took an active part, and on the decease of Sir William St. Leger, he was appointed president of Munster by Charles I. Early in the year 1646, Lord Broghill, (afterwards the celebrated Earl of Orrery,) reduced the castle of Blarney, which he appears subsequently to have occasionally made his head quarters; and the letter which, on August the 1st, 1651, after a battle with Muskery, he addressed to the speaker Lenthall, is dated from "*Blairney*." The conflict was sanguinary in the extreme, no quarter being given on either side. Shortly after, Lord Muskery was apprehended and tried for his life, on the charge of having murdered several English; but being acquitted, he was allowed to pass into Spain. On the Restoration he was recalled, and in reward for his active services in the royal cause, was created Viscount Muskery and Earl of Clancarty.‡

Donough, fourth Earl of Clancarty, supported the cause of James II., after his deserved expulsion from the English throne; and when that infatuated prince landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, in March, 1688, he was received and entertained by Lord Clancarty; who, in

‡ Charles, Lord Muskery, eldest son of this earl, was a great favourite with the Duke of York, (afterwards James II.) and accompanying him to sea, as a volunteer, against the Dutch, in 1665, was killed by a cannon-shot, in the engagement in Southold Bay, on the 3rd of June. Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth, was also killed by the same shot.

\* Vide Crofton Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland," p. 292. The original name of a *sept*, or *clan*, in Ireland, was *CARTY*; supposed to be derived from "*Cartheigh*," which signifies an "Inhabitant of the Rock;"—and *MAC*, denoting "*son of*," was used before the father's christian name, for the purpose of distinction, as Mac Cormac Carty expressed Carty, son of Cormac. On the introduction of a greater variety of names, and the gradual spreading of surnames, (which was enjoined by statute in the reign of Edward IV.) this mode of designation was gradually abandoned, and the *Mac* alone retained by the elder branches. Ibid, p. 293. † Ibid, p. 294.

reward for his conduct, was made a lord of the bed-chamber to James, and placed at the head of a troop of horse, in the command of which he committed many acts of wanton cruelty. His castles of Blarney, Macroom, &c. were used as places of confinement for the protestant inhabitants of Cork. Blarney Castle was afterwards reduced by the forces of King William; and, on the surrender of Cork to the Duke of Marlborough, in 1691, Lord Clancarty was himself taken at the capture of the old fort; he was afterwards sentenced to exile, (an annual pension of £300 being allowed him,) and the estates and title of Clancarty were declared forfeited to the crown. Shortly after, most of the forfeited estates were publicly sold, at Chichester House, Dublin;\* when Blarney Castle, with its contiguous lands, was purchased by Sir James Jefferyes, in whose descendants it still continues.

This Castle stands on the northern side of a precipitous ridge of limestone rock, (about a mile in length,) which rises from a deep valley, and has its base laved by a beautiful little river, called the Awmartin. The chief remain of the old fortress is a large square and massive tower, in which are few windows but many apertures for the discharge of missiles. Here, in the highest part of the castle wall, below the battlements, a *stone* is pointed out to visitants, which is reputed to possess the power of imbuing every one who *kisses* it, with the peculiar privilege of deviating from veracity, with an unblushing countenance; and hence, the well-known phrases of *Blarney*, and *Blarney-stone*. The more modern mansion has but little architectural appropriateness to the fortress with which it is conjoined, as may be seen from the preceding wood-cut. Within it, among other pictures, is a full-length of Charles XII. of Sweden, which was brought hither by James Jefferyes, esq., (son of the above-named Sir James,) who had been envoy to the Swedish court.

The natural scenery of this demesne is very beautiful, and although much timber has been felled since the late Mr. Milliken wrote his strangely-ridiculous song on "The Groves of Blarney," (in imitation of the Cobler's song on Castle Hyde,) yet, the picturesque combinations of wood, water, and rock, still give a great variety to the views. The little recluse vale, called the Rock Close, is described as a spot so charming, [that the *petite* elves of fairy land might there congregate in midnight revelry.

### THE MALVERN HILLS.—No. III.

I shall behold far off thy tow'ring crest,  
Proud mountain: from thy heights as slow I stray,  
Down through the distant vale my homeward way,  
I shall behold, upon thy rugged breast,  
The parting sun set smiling:—me the while  
Escap'd the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness  
May visit, as life's bitter losses press  
Hard on my bosom; but I shall "beguile  
The thing I am," and think, that (e'en as thou  
Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,  
Proud mountain! whilst the scatter'd vapours fly  
Unheeded round thy breast,) so, with calm brow,  
The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear  
The smile unchang'd of peace, tho' press'd by care!  
W. LISLE BOWLES.

### GREAT MALVERN :—MEDICINAL SPRINGS :— GEOLOGY :—LITTLE MALVERN.

THE older portion of the village of Great Malvern is situated in a gorge, or valley, between the North Hill and Worcestershire Beacon, the modern additions (which form a series of handsome villas) principally lying along the declivity towards the north. It is entirely sheltered from the west, and much protected from the northern and southern winds, but in consequence of its exposure to the east, has generally been deserted by invalids earlier than was necessary; for the lofty heights which rise immediately behind the village, must necessarily materially check the force of the east wind. Enjoying the full benefit of the morning sun at a period when the air has attained its minimum of temperature, and from its situation exempt from the fogs and damps of the plain, the terrestrial radiation of caloric is porportionably diminished, and the climate rendered pure and comparatively equable. It has been remarked by Mr. Daniell, that a valley is more liable to the effects of radiation than the tops or sides of hills; and it is a well-known fact that dew and hoar-frost are always more abundant in the former than in the latter situations, a circumstance which has been particularly remarked in the Malvern Hills. The early growth of plants and vegetables there, is considered a proof of the average temperature; and the entire absence of gnats, "by which damps and foul situations are generally infested," is adduced as a "just criterion of the purity of the atmosphere."

Malvern possesses some excellent hotels and boarding houses. Several of the private residences are situated amidst extensive plantations which spread over

\* The Sale Book is still preserved in the Library of the King's Inns.

part of the hills; and the mixture of rock, tree, and habitation, with the Priory-church\* rising on the steep in massive solemnity, combine when taken with the elevated beauty of the scene, to produce a striking effect. In the fifth of Elizabeth, Great Malvern contained a hundred and five families;—its population in 1831, comprised two thousand one hundred and forty individuals, exhibiting an increase within ten years, from 1821, of five hundred and seventy-two persons.

The Priory gateway, and a curious wooden edifice, and a building called the Abbey House, will attract the attention of the lover of antiquity. The former is a very beautiful specimen of the ornamented style which prevailed in the fifteenth century. There are many niches, once filled with images, and the windows are adorned with tracery, though devoid of glass. The ancient wooden edifice is supposed to have been the Refectory and Audit-hall of the Priory, and is converted into a barn, with stabling. It may here be mentioned that the barns of many religious houses, were anciently constructed with great care, and highly ornamented. "The Abbey house" was probably constructed out of the materials of the Priory, after its dissolution. It has an antique room of considerable length lined with varnished oak, and is used as a boarding-house. On Malvern Link, (on which a number of houses have been erected) a celt was found many feet under ground, in 1781. It weighed ten ounces, was five inches and-a-half long, of a mixed metal, between brass and copper, with a small ring or loop, and a beautiful patina upon it.†

\* Sir Reginald Bray, K. G., who superintended the renovation of Malvern Priory church, is stated in the "Beauties of England and Wales," art. Worcestershire, to have been born at Malvern. It is believed, however, that he first drew breath in the parish of St. John, Worcester, about the year 1424. In addition to his unrivalled skill as an architect, he shone also as a statesman and a soldier. He bore an important part in promoting the success of Henry VII., and was made a knight banneret by that monarch for his gallant conduct in the battle of Bosworth-field; and afterwards appointed constable of Oakenham Castle, Rutland, and chief justice, with Lord Fitzwalter, of the forests south of the Trent, &c. He had also a grant for life of the Isle of Wight, at a low rental. This distinguished patron of the arts died on August the 5th, 1503, and was interred in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where his coffin was seen exposed in 1740, under the stone which covers Dr. Waterland. We have before noticed his portrait, which remains in the windows of Jesus' Chapel, Malvern. "He was a verie father of his countrie," says Holinshed, "and for his high wisdom and singular love to justice, well worthe to bear that title. If anie thing had been donne amisse contrarie to law and equitie, he would, after an humble sorte, plainlie blame the kinge, and give him good advertisement that he should not only reform the same, but also be more circumspecte in anie like case."

† The use and origin of celts have given rise to much dis-

The picturesque walks and rides in this neighbourhood are infinitely varied and delightful. The Countess Harcourt led the way in these improvements, and the rocky heights, the wild ravines, the swelling hills, and sloping hollows, which give so great a diversity to the range, are now rendered generally accessible to all.

Many historical associations of high interest are called up by the view from the Malvern Hills. The fortifications of the Herefordshire Beacon carry us back to the turmoiled times of remote antiquity. Their summits overlooked that great battle on the plain of Tewkesbury on the 4th of May, 1471, between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, by which the hopes of the latter were totally destroyed, and the crown secured to Edward IV. "Now Malvern mountains veil the weary sun," says Hume, "and yet the conflict rages;" and at its conclusion it is handed down that an awful storm and thick darkness overspread the land, which saith father Daniel, "was more terrible to the rebels than the death of their chief."\* On Edge-hill the first encounter between Charles I., and the Parliament took place. Within a few brief years after, his son passed the night at Madresfield Court, (immediately below Malvern,) in intense expectation of the coming encounter with Cromwell at Worcester: † the next day saw him alone and a fugitive. Upton Bridge, which was forced by Cromwell, that he might proceed along the southern bank and prevent the escape of Charles, is another historical memento.

The Malvern Hills are frequently distinctly seen at great distances. Dr. Booker, in the notes to his poem of "Malvern," remarks, "a distance of about forty miles intervenes between me and my residence, but these hills are very discernable by the unassisted

cussion, and it is not decided whether they were used as chisels or for defensive purposes. Dr. Stukeley ascribes them to the Druids, and supposes that they were the brazen hooks with which they cut the mistletoe; but on the other hand, in addition to their being so often found about Roman stations, Dr. Lort (see *Archæologia*, vol. v. p. 106.) has given engravings of several discovered in Herculaneum, of which that in plate viii. fig. 3, nearly resembles the celt found at Malvern.

\* Queen Margaret and her son, Prince Edward, were taken prisoners. The Queen was sent to the tower, but the young prince was inhumanly killed after the battle. The Duke of Somerset and some other noblemen were taken from the abbey of Tewkesbury, whither they had fled for sanctuary, and tried and executed; the rest were pardoned.

† The bed-room at Madresfield is still called "the King's Room." Doubt has been attempted to be thrown on the circumstance. The house which Charles II. occupied at Worcester was in New Street; the king's apartment, says Green, faces the Corn-market. Over the entrance of the house is the inscription, "Love God, and honour the King."

eye, rising in general, like a cluster of dark clouds towards the west. Sometimes when the atmospheric medium is clear, not only the irregularities and colours of the surface are visible, but even the scattered habitations of the village." And Leland says, "I marked that when at Worcester, the high crests of Malverne Hills to be to the sight neare to Worcester." When the apple and pear-trees, with which the surrounding country is overspread, are in bloom, the effect is exceedingly beautiful.

There are many medicinal and other springs in the Malvern Hills, though scarcely any running water, indeed hardly a brook issues from them along the whole range. The chief writers on this subject, have been Drs. John and Marten Wall, Dr. Philip, and Mr. W. Addison, to whose recently-published work\* we are indebted for several particulars. The springs are situated on the eastern side of the Hill, and being "some distance up the ascent, are removed from the influence of decaying vegetable or animal matters." St Anne's Well, and the Holy Well, are those now principally frequented by invalids. ST. ANNE'S WELL rises about a quarter of a mile above the village of Great Malvern, up a steep ascent, but which has been rendered perfectly accessible to the invalid by winding walks on the hill-side. A neat cottage over the spring is provided with every convenience for drinking the waters,—hot and cold baths, &c. "The Malvern water, as it issues from the rock, is perfectly clear and transparent, and remains so after an indefinite exposure to the air; its temperature at the spring is about 47° F. The place where it falls has not received any kind of incrustation or deposit, nor is there the slightest appearance of any precipitation from the water," which has hardly any perceptible taste. The following are the results obtained by Mr. Addison, from a series of experiments on the water of St. Anne's well; one gallon of which contains

Atmospheric air, <i>nearly</i> ..	3 cubic inches.
Sulphuric acid.....	66 grains.
Muriatic.....	64
Soda.....	30
Lime.....	205
Magnesia.....	528
Silicious matter.....	50 nearly.
Precipitate obtained with the sulphate of magne- sia insoluble in water, and loss.....	} 167
Total	

3,000 Grains.

\* "A Dissertation, &c., on the Malvern waters," by W. Addison. F.L.S., 8vo. London, 1831.

The HOLY WELL is situated nearly two miles from Great Malvern, about midway up the ascent on the road towards Little Malvern, where there is an hotel called the "Wells' House," and many villas and boarding houses. Chambers says, "from whence it obtained the appellation of Holy, is not certainly known, but tradition informs us it was in great repute with the ancients, who ascribed the virtues of the water to a supernatural effect, communicated by some celestial benefactor, and therefore, this well was dignified with that sacred epithet, and this assertion is not repugnant to the superstitious notions which prevailed in former ages." The spring is protected by a small building with the necessary requisites for bathing.\* From different experiments, it appears that the water here closely assimilates to St. Anne's Well. The EYE WELL rises about a hundred yards higher up than the Holy Spring: "its water has been more particularly used for disorders in the eyes, but it does not appear," says Dr. Wall, "to differ in quality from it." In the old work, called "Bannister's Breviary of the Eyes," published in 1622, we find,

"A little more I'll of their curing tell,  
How they help sore eyes with a new-found well:  
Great speech of Malvern Hills was late reported,  
Unto which springs people in troops resorted."

The CHALYBEATE SPRING is situated about a quarter of a mile from Great Malvern church. It was "formerly held in considerable repute, having been of great service to many invalids," but was lost for some time, owing to "injudicious interference." It has however been re-discovered near its original site.† This spring is remarkably pure, and "is a light, pleasant, valuable tonic, invigorating the stomach, and giving tone to the system generally."† Mr. Lambe remarks, "the springs at Malvern have proved efficacious remedies for many obstinate and deplorable disorders," amongst which we find enumerated scrofula, eruptions, &c. and their effects; incipient consumption, and all pectoral complaints; disorders of the eyes and eyelids; urinary diseases, weakened constitutions, *cum multis aliis*. Dr. Wall published an account of seventy-six complete cures in the above diseases, in part of his own practice.

\* It has been conjectured that the original well is that called "Ditchford's Well," which rises in the vicinity of Little Malvern church.

† In referring to the extreme purity of the Malvern waters, Dr. Wall remarks, "the Pouhon and Tunbridge Wells' waters contain from four to six times more earthy matter than this; the Cheltenham and Scarborough waters contain only the same proportion of iron, whilst they are much more loaded with earthy matter; the Bath waters also have not only more earthy impurities, but contain less of the chalybeate principle."



The outline and details of the Malvern Hills, which vary from one to upwards of two miles in breadth, are remarkably irregular, while the country on either side presents a great diversity of surface. The plain of Worcestershire on the east is an alluvial tract in high cultivation; and the undulating surface of Hereford on the west has been compared to the waves of the ocean, which, according to Humboldt, is always a characteristic of a primitive tract. The general structure and great body of the hills (the central part, and nearly the whole of the eastern side) consists chiefly of quartz, hornblende, feldspar, and mica, irregularly heaped together in large confused masses, and varying as much in the size as in the proportions of their ingredients. In the western declivity is a bed of limestone,\* which is the course of a vein that commences near Peusax, in the county of Worcester, and terminates at Ledbury, in Herefordshire. It generally produces excellent lime, and will also take a good polish. The limestone strata seldom exceeds a foot or eighteen inches in thickness. "It does not," remarks Mr. Horner, "form a continued ridge, but, for several miles along the range, rises up in many places, forming low hills, the longitudinal bearing of which is in general parallel to the Malvern Hills; the dip of the strata is in general towards the west, but, in this, is subject to much more variation than the bearing. It is, in general, of a bluish grey colour, but is sometimes of a pale brown, especially in the strata near the surface, and the highest point at which it appears is about one third of the elevation of the Herefordshire Beacon. It contains a great many organic remains, particularly terebratulites, and occasionally vertebræ of the enchrinite, so common in some of the limestones of Derbyshire: these organic bodies are most distinct in the upper strata.

From the point where the road turns to the westward, the ground, for a considerable way to the south, is covered with trees: there are very extensive plantations of the ash and alder along the side of the Malvern Hills; the former being used in making the hoops for the cyder casks, and the latter for hop poles. In the limestone in the parishes of Colwall and Mathon, says Barrett, "is an almost infinite variety of marine productions, particularly the remains of shell-fish." Some of these relics are in high preservation; but we can only enumerate the nautilus,

\* Mr. Kidd remarks, "The metalliferous limestone, incumbent on Malvern Hill, on the Herefordshire side, towards Ledbury, is sometimes so charged with argillaceous matter as scarcely to effervesce on the addition of acid.

cockles, muscles, and various shell fish, several species of gryphites, the vertebræ of the enchrinite, zoophytes, corals, marine fungi, &c. as occasionally found here. Not a vestige of the stratified rocks of the western side appears on the eastern; and *vice versâ*, a bed of red sandstone, (similar to that which is so common in Worcestershire) which appears on the eastern side, is not to be found on the western. It would lead us into much too long a detail to enumerate the various speculations respecting the origin of the vast granitic mass of the Malvern Hills. Mr. Barrett conjectures that they have been surrounded by the ocean, and Mr. Bakewell states that they were at one time higher than at present. In 1711, a furnace and smelting houses were erected by an individual named Williams, from Bristol, about one mile south of Great Malvern, in expectation of finding tin and copper. But, after labouring unsuccessfully till 1721, the whole was abandoned. "It is very probable," says Mr. Horner, "that the metallic lustre of the micaceous rock, (particles of which are called by the country people gold dust) was the cause of this speculation." Among this mica was found some specimens of asbestos. The surface of the hill is chiefly covered with a reddish kind of earth, which varies materially in depth, here affording support to trees of some magnitude, there supporting with difficulty a few mosses, and often leaving "the grey weather-beaten front of the rock, covered only by some hardy lichens." This red earth arises from the decomposition, which the various constituents composing the chain are undergoing, and to which, says Mr. Phillips, "not only the generally smooth surface of these hills is attributable, but also the existence of the numerous masses of green stone, sienite, and red feldspar, in the valleys, which are still angular, without exhibiting any appearance of having suffered by attrition."

At the foot of a romantic valley, near the Herefordshire Beacon, on the eastern side of the hills, lies the sequestered hamlet of LITTLE MALVERN. This picturesque hollow is in many parts thickly clothed with luxuriant foliage, and is three miles and a half from Great Malvern. In Bishop Sandy's return to the Privy council in the reign of Elizabeth, Little Malvern was said to contain thirty-seven families, but it progressively fell away, in consequence of the dissolution of the Priory, and the disafforestation of the chase, and in 1781 contained only six families: in the population returns of 1831, it numbers eighty-eight inhabitants. The shattered remains of its Priory church rank next after the Herefordshire Beacon, amongst



the interesting objects in this parish. This Priory is supposed to have originated in a similar manner, though at a somewhat later period than its more important neighbour. Two brothers, Joceline and Edred, Benedictine monks of Worcester, who had retired to the wilderness of Malvern, are said to have founded it, about the year 1171. The Priory and church were dedicated to St. Giles; and amongst the benefactors at different times we find Kings Henry II. and III. and Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. "John Alcock, Bishop of Worcester, from 1476 to 1486, Chancellor of England, and president of the council, 1st Edward IV., rebuilt the church here, and dedicated it to St. Mary, St. Giles, and St. John the Evangelist."\* It afterwards became a cell to Worcester. It has been supposed, from the ten seats in the choir, that the foundation was for ten monks, but in Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xiv. we find at the dissolution of the lesser monasteries, in 1538, only John Bristow, the prior, and six others, who subscribed to the king's supremacy *una ore*. At the Dissolution, the annual revenues amounted, according to Dugdale, to £98. 10s. 9d., and as Speed to £102. 10s. 9d. The priory and perpetual advowson of this church were granted (temp. Philip and Mary) to John Russell. The living is a perpetual curacy, endowed with £1200 royal bounty; and has been for about two hundred years in the gift of the family of Lord Somers, Mrs. Wakefield the incumbent and her ancestors (who derived it from the Russells) being Roman Catholics.

The ivy-mantled church of Little Malvern, which is partly in ruins, when viewed amidst the foliage around, is singularly picturesque, particularly, as Nash remarks, where the ruins of the cross aisle on each side, with their gothic windows and fine tracery, still remain. Here and there a fragment of stained glass may be discovered amidst the glossy ivy, which clings about the mullions in a way dear to the lover of hoar antiquity. It was originally built in the form of a cross, having an embattled tower springing from the centre: but the nave now forms the chief remain, the transept having fallen into decay. "On each side of the upper division of the tower," says Mr. Moule, "is a handsome window, separated into two lights by a mullion, and having a quatrefoil and other tracery, displaying some bold overhanging mouldings." The stained glass windows are said to have equalled those at Great Malvern, and contained many memorials of Bishop Alcock, the founder; but alas! Time has fallen on them also with his withering and fatal

grasp. Some scanty relics prove that the floor has been tessellated with the remarkable description of tiles, which ornament its stately and venerable sister. The stalls in the chancel, a delicately carved beam, extending over a wooden screen, which has been "perforated in the gothic style," into compartments, between the nave and the chancel, and the windows over the communion table, in which are some remnants of stained glass, feebly attest its original beauty. There yet exists in stained glass the remains of a figure kneeling, to which popular tradition has given the name of King David: the colour of his robe is red, and of a most brilliant clearness. Several remarkable monuments have disappeared.—A short distance from the church are some remains of the priory, attached to a circular tower, which has been converted into a dwelling house called Malvern Court, the property and residence of Mrs. Wakeman, who is said to be the last descendant of Owen Glendwr. A piece of water extends before the building, which commands many wildly-beautiful prospects.

"Just peeping from a woody convent near  
The lesser Malvern stands. Sequester'd church!  
The spot around thee speaks of quietness.  
Down at the mountain's base thou long hast brav'd  
The vernal tempest, and December's storms;  
Yet at this tranquil time most fair thou art.  
The aged oaks around, and towering elms,  
In wild luxuriance spread their stately limbs;  
And true to friendship, ward each angry blast,  
That howling through the valley sweeps along  
To thy dark battlements."\*

But we must bring these notices to a close. The Malvern Hills are objects of no ordinary beauty and interest; and it has been our endeavour, as far as the limited space would permit, to place before the reader a full, and, we trust, an accurate, illustration of this remarkable chain.

VVVYAN.

\* Cotton's "Malvern Hills."—Malvern may in every respect be called the "British Parnassus," for since the time of Langland, poesy has paid it many beautiful tributes.—In our Second paper we slightly mentioned the time-worn ruin of Bransil Castle, but omitted to add the following curious tradition, which we extract from Chambers' *Malvern*, p. 284. "There is a tradition that the ghost of the late Lord Beauchamp, who died in Italy, could never rest until his bones were delivered to the right heir of Bransil Castle; and accordingly they were sent from Italy enclosed in a small box, and are said to be now in the possession of Mrs. Sheldon, of Abberton. The tradition further states, that the old castle of Bransil was moated round, and in that moat a black crow, presumed to be an infernal spirit, sat to guard a chest of money, till discovered by the right owner. This chest could never be moved without the mover being in possession of the bones of Lord Beauchamp."

\* Vide Chambers' *Malvern*.

## ON THE RULES OF THE SUCCESSION,

IN THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES.

THE succession to the crown in the kingdoms of Europe during the Early and first part of the Middle Ages, seems rather to have been confined to a particular family, than to the actual succession of an eldest son to the dominions of his father: and, although the instances of the promotion of another to the vacant throne, in the room of the rightful heir, are comparatively scarce; yet there are sufficient to afford a very strong presumption, that such was more in accordance with the opinions and manners of the people, than the strict Rules by which the succession is at present limited.

The reason for which the heir was set aside, seems generally to have been, that he was a minor and not known to the nation at large:—as in the case of John, who supplanted his nephew Arthur, and the people at that time seem to have been very well satisfied with him. Another reason for the acquiescence of the people might have been the reflection, that an adult was more able to hold the reins of government with a firm hand, (so requisite in those turbulent times,) than a minor who was obliged to be under the guidance of some one else.

Sometimes another son stepped in, if the heir chanced to be absent from the country; as in the case of William Rufus, and of Henry I., who both

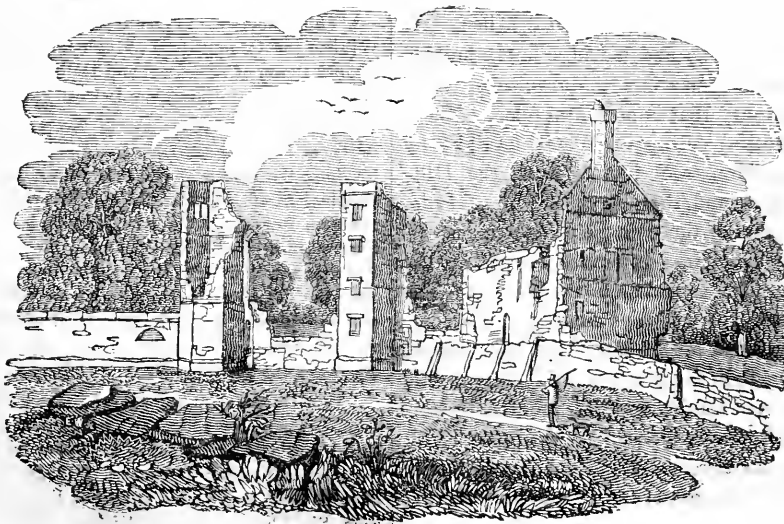
supplanted their elder brother Robert. During the Anglo-Saxon period, we also see instances of the same. Alfred the Great reigned when his elder brother Ethelward was living; and Ethelstan succeeded Edward, the Elder, although an illegitimate son, solely (as it appears,) because the legitimate sons of the late king were minors. In Castile, till about the eleventh century, we read, “that upon the death of the king, the nobles together with the clergy, assembled in common council to appoint a successor.”

In Germany, although we may now and then see an instance of a son succeeding his father for two or three generations, yet upon the whole the government might be styled elective. The grand principle of government in all Europe seems to have been, that if no impediment lay in the path of the heir, he succeeded; but if absent, or any other cause hindered him from taking immediate possession, the people had not sufficient love for his person to scruple at quietly obeying whoever seized the crown.

In the history of the kingdom of Israel, as recorded in the sacred writings, we have a remarkable instance of indifference as to *which* son succeeded. Upon the death of Ahab, Jehu wrote letters to the keepers of the seventy sons of Ahab, and his letters run in this style---“Look even out the best and meekest of your master’s sons, and set him on his father’s throne, and fight for your master’s house.” He does not say crown the eldest, but the one most proper to succeed to the vacant throne.

S.

## BRADGATE, LEICESTERSHIRE.



THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THE LADY JANE GREY.

"This was thy home then, gentle Jane!  
 This thy green solitude;—and here  
 At evening, from thy gleaming pane,  
 Thine eye oft watch'd the dappled deer,  
 While the soft sun was in its wane,  
 Browsing beneath the brooklet clear:—  
 The brook runs still, the sun sets now,  
 The deer yet browseth; where are thou?"

IN the midst of the most sequestered part of Leicestershire, deserted and solitary, backed by rude eminences, and skirted by lowly and romantic valleys, stands BRADGATE, the birth-place and abode of the beautiful LADY JANE GREY, the accomplished, but unfortunate daughter of the House of Suffolk. The approach to this spot from the little village of Cropston, is particularly striking. On the left stands a group of venerable trees, at the extremity of which rise the remains of the once magnificent mansion of the Greys of Groby. On the right is a hill, known by the name of the *Coppice*, covered with slate, but so intermixed with forest-fern and flowers, as to form a beautiful contrast with the deep shade of the adjoining wood. To add to the loveliness of the scene, a winding trout-stream finds its way from rock to rock, washing the once festive walls of the building, until it reaches the more fertile meadows of Swithland. Nor ought we to omit the beautiful vale of Newtown, the romantic loneliness of which would be worthy even the pen of a Scott. In the distance, situated upon a hill, is a tower, yeleft OLD JOHN, commanding a magnificent view of the adjacent country, including the far-distant castles of Nottingham and Belvoir.

Leland has given the following description of the place, as it appeared in his time;—"From Leicester to Brodegate by ground welle woodded 3 Miles. At Brodegate is a fair Parke and a Lodge lately builded there by the Lorde Thomas Gray, Marquise of Dorsete, Father to Henry that is now Marquise. There is a fair and plentiful spring of Water brought by Master Brok as a Man wold juge agayne the Hille thoroug the Lodge, and thereby it dryvitt a Mylle. This Parke was part of the olde Erle's of Leicesters' Landes, and sins by Heires generales it cam to the Lorde Ferreres of Groby, and so to the Grayes. The Parke of Brodegate is a vj Miles cumpace."\*

Bradgate is situated on the border of the ancient forest of Charnwood, in the hundred of West-goscote, about two miles from Groby, and four from Leicester. A park was enclosed here as early as the year 1247, as appears from an agreement made between Roger de Quincy, Earl of Leicester, and Roger de Someroi,

\* Leland's "Itinerary," vol. i. p. 14.

Baron of Dudley, respecting their mutual hunting in Leicester forest, and Bradgate park.\* As a parcel of the manor of Groby, Bradgate, formerly belonged to Hugh Grandmeisnell,† and with it, passed by the marriage of his daughter and co-heir, Petronilla, to Robert Blanchmaines, Earl of Leicester; and afterwards, by marriage also, to Saker de Quincy, Earl of Winton. In the reign of Edward I., it came into the family of the Ferrers, by the marriage of Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Roger de Quincy, with William de Ferrers, second son of William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, whose son and heir, William, was in 1293, created Baron Ferrers of Groby.

In 1444, on the death of William Lord Ferrers, of Groby, who died without any surviving male issue, Bradgate descended to Sir Edward Grey,‡ knight, in right of his wife, Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir of Henry, the son of the last mentioned William, (who had died during his father's life time) and he was accordingly, on December 14th, 1446, summoned to parliament, under the title of Sir Edward Grey, knight, Lord Ferrers of Groby.§ Sir Thomas Grey, his grandson, was in 1471, created Earl of Huntingdon, and a knight of the garter; and in 1475, was advanced to the higher dignity of Marquis of Dorset; he married a second wife, Cicely, daughter and heir of William, Lord Bonville and Harrington. Henry, his grandson, the third Marquis of Dorset, succeeded to the title in 1530, and married the Lady Frances, eldest daughter and co-heir of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and of his illustrious consort, Mary, Queen Dowager of France, and youngest sister of Henry

\* Nichols' "Leicestershire," vol. iii. p. 681.

† This manor, with other lands in the county, was given by William the Conqueror, to Hugh Grandmeisnell, a Norman, created Baron of Hinckley, and High Steward of England, by William Rufus.—Burton's "Leicestershire," p. 122.

‡ The family of Grey was of Norman origin; their arms, Barry of six, Argent and Azure, in chief three torteauxes, Ermine; the motto, *A ma puissance*. Rollo, or Fulbert, the chamberlain of Robert, duke of Normandy, was possessed, by gift from Robert, of the castle and lands of Croy, in Picardy, from whence he took the name of *de Croy*, afterwards *de Gray*. The first notice we find of this family in England, is shortly after the Conquest, when Arnold de Gray, grandson of the above-mentioned Rollo, became Lord of Water Eaton, Stoke, and Rotherfield, in right of his wife, Joan, daughter and heiress of the Baron de Ponte de l'Arche.

§ Vide Dugdale's "Baronage," vol. i. p. 719. Sir John Grey, their son, who succeeded as Lord Ferrers of Groby, was slain at the battle of St. Alban's, in 1460; he married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Richard Widvile, Earl of Rivers; who after his death became the Queen of Edward IV. He left two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Richard Grey.—Polydore Virgil, p. 513.

VIII,\* by whom he had issue, three daughters, the LADY JANE GREY, Catherine, and Mary.†

Having arrived at that period in the history of Bradgate, when it became celebrated as the birth-place of the greatest ornament of the age, it behoves us to describe the Mansion itself, which became the scene of the childhood, and early studies of this incomparable woman. "This fair, large, and beautiful palace," to use the words of old Fuller,‡ was erected in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., by

Thomas Grey, the second Marquis of Dorset, principally of red brick,\* of a square form, with a turret at either corner. It became the favourite residence of the Dorset family, more especially that of Henry, the father of the Lady Jane, of whom it has been observed, that he loved to live in his own way, and was rather desirous to keep up that magnificence, for which our ancient nobility were so much distinguished, in the place of his residence in the country, than to involve himself in the intrigues of a court.†



LADY JANE'S TOWER AND CHAPEL.

Of this once princely mansion, which has for many years, with the exception of the chapel and kitchen, been a complete ruin, scarcely enough of the walls

remain to assist the careful observer, in designating the several apartments; but a Tower yet stands, which tradition assigns as that occupied by the Lady Jane. Traces of a bowling-green, which Nichols imagines to have been the tilt yard, are visible, and the garden walls, with a broad terrace are nearly entire. The ruins of the water-mill, mentioned by Leland, may still be seen; and also, the little stream, near which stands a magnificent group of chestnut trees. The spot occupied by the pleasure grounds can also be traced, and though, observes Nichols, "they have now somewhat the appearance of a wilderness, yet they strongly indicate, that once,

\* Her two brothers dying without issue, the Marquis of Dorset was, in favour to her, though otherwise, for his harmless simplicity, neither disliked, nor much regarded, created duke of Suffolk, 11th Oct. 5th Edward VI.—Dugdale's "Baronage," vol. i. p. 721. On the death of the Duke of Suffolk, (who was executed shortly after Lady Jane Grey,) the Lady Frances married Adrian Stokes, Esq.; she lies buried in St. Edmund's chapel, Westminster Abbey, where an alabaster monument was erected to her memory.

† The male heir of the family was continued by his younger brother John, ancestor of the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington. The Lady Katherine married Lord Herbert, eldest son of the Earl of Pembroke; and the Lady Mary, Martin Keyes, Esq., of Kent, sergeant porter to Queen Elizabeth. Brooke's "Catalogue of Kings," p. 310.

‡ Fuller's "Worthies," p. 127.

\* The materials were principally brought from the manor house of the Earl of Warwick, at Sutton Colfield.—Dugdale's "Warwickshire," p. 667.

† Howard's "Lady Jane Grey," p. 79.

where the nettle and the thistle now reign in peace, the rose and the lily sprang luxuriantly."

The *Chapel*, a small building adjoining the Lady Jane's tower, and the only part of the mansion on which any care for its preservation has been bestowed,\* contains a handsome monument (in alabaster,) commemorative of Henry, Lord Grey of Groby, (cousin to the Lady Jane Grey,) and his wife; whose effigies lie recumbent, beneath an arched canopy supported by composed Ionic columns.

The former is encased in armour, and robed; round the neck is a high collar; the hair is cut short but the beard broad; the head resting on a helmet, with the gauntlets placed at the feet. His lady is clothed in a gown and a short jacket, and suspended from a waist-belt is a chain, with tassels at the bottom; a long ruff covers the neck. The whole is surmounted by the family arms and supporters.† In a vault in the middle of the chapel, made to contain three coffins, repose the remains of *Lady Diana Grey*, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Stamford, by his first wife, Elizabeth; *Thomas, Earl of Stamford*; and *Mary, Countess Dowager of Stamford*, for whom there is the following inscription on a large blue slate on the floor;

"D. G.—The Right Honourable THOMAS GREY, Baron of Grooby, Viscount Woodvil, and Earl of Stamford, late Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire and Somersetshire, died January the 31st, 1719, aged 67 years. The Right Honourable MARY, Countess Dowager of Stamford, died November 10th, 1722, aged 51 years."

The melancholy associations connected with the name of Lady Jane have given to Bradgate an attraction, which, notwithstanding its picturesque beauty, it would doubtless never have otherwise possessed. The story of this lady's "almost infancy," as it has justly been observed by a writer of the pre-

sent day,\* if not authenticated by several whose veracity was as unquestionable as their judgment, would be wholly incredible.†—But the history of her eventful life has engaged the attention of so many writers, and is so generally known, as to render its repetition unnecessary; we cannot, however, entirely pass over in silence the period of her *education*, nearly the whole of which she resided at Bradgate. Burton, in his additions to Leicestershire, calls her "that most noble and admired Princess Jane Grey; who being but young, at the age of seventeen years, as John Bale writeth, attained to such excellent learning, both in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, and also in the study of divinity, by the instruction of Mr. Aylmer, as appeareth by her many writings, letters, &c.,‡ that, as Mr. Fox saith of her, had her fortune been answerable to her bringing up, undoubtedly she might have been compared to the house of Vespasians, Sempronians, and Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi in Rome, and, in these days the chiefest men of the universities." It was at Bradgate that Roger Ascham paid her that visit, which he describes with so much pleasure in his "Scholemaster," and which we cannot refrain from quoting. "Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parentes, the Duke and the Dutchesse, with all the householde, Gentlemen and Gentleweemen, were hunting in the Parke: I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis in Greeke, and that with as much delite, as some gentleman would read a mery tale in Bocace. After salutation, and duetie done, with some other talke, I asked her, why shee would leese such pastime in the Parke. Smiling shee answered mee: I wisse, all their sport in the Parke, is but a shadow to that pleasure, that I finde in Plato: Alas good folke, they never felt what true pleasure ment. And how came you, Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you vnto

\* This Chapel was formerly used as a place of shelter by the cattle, but has since been repaired, and newly paved. The key is in the charge of the keeper at the lodge.

† Viz. quarterly, 1. Grey, as before; 2. Hastings, or, a maunch, gules; 3. Valence, barry of ten, argent and azure, eight martlets in orle gules; 4. Ferrers of Groby, vair, or, and gules; 5. Astley, azure, a cinquefoil, ermine; 6. Widvile, arg. a fess and canton, gules; 7. Bonville, sable, six mullets, argent; 8. Harrington, sable, a fret, argent. Crest, on a wreath, a unicorn erect, ermine, armed, crested, and hooped, or; a full sun behind it, whose rays are resplendent all round him, proper. Supporters, two unicorns, ermine, armed, crested, and hooped, or; Motto, *A ma puissance*.

\* Vide, Lodge's Portraits.

† Fuller says, "she had the innocencie of childhood, the beauty of youth, the soliditie of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen: the butt of a princesse, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor, for her parents offences." "*Holy State*," p. 238.

‡ An account of Aylmer's residence at Bradgate, is given in the "*Jewel of Joy*," written by Thomas Beeon, in the reign of Edward VI. Aylmer was a clergyman of the reformed religion, and domestic chaplain to Lady Jane's father. He was afterwards promoted to the see of London, by Queen Elizabeth. Vide, Strype's "Life of Bishop Aylmer," p. 25.

it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereunto. I will tell you, quoth shee, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefites that euer God gaue me, is, that hee sente so sharpe and seuer parentes, and so gentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, keepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be mery, or sad, bee swoing, playing, dauncing, or any thing els, I must doe it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, euen so perfectly, as God made the world, or els I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other wayes, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I think my selfe in hell, till time come, that I must goe to M. Elmer, who teacheth mee so gently, so pleasantly, with such faire allurements to learning, that I thinke all the time nothing, while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I doe els, but learning, is full of greefe, trouble, feare, and whole misliking vnto mee: and thus my booke, hath been so much my pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasure, in very deede, bee but trifles and troubles vnto mee.—I remember this talke gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talke that euer I had, and the last time euer I saw that noble and worthy lady.”\*

On the attainder of the Duke of Suffolk, the family lost all claim to their titles and estates, until James I. by letters patent, bearing date, July 21st, 1603, bestowed the barony of Groby on Sir Henry Grey,† of Pergo, nephew of the last mentioned nobleman. On returning to the house of his ancestors, he immediately disposed of his property in Essex, and settled at the family mansion at Bradgate, where he lies buried. He was succeeded by his eldest grandson, Henry, who married Anne, daughter and co-heir of William Cecil, Earl of Exeter, in whose right he became possessed of the manor, borough, and castle of *Stamford*, whence he took the title of the earldom, on being created a peer, March the 6th, 1628, by Charles I.;

and from him is lineally descended the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

In 1645, an order was made, that the Countess of Stamford, (being then at Bradgate,) should have the protection of the House of Lords, that no soldiers or commanders should be quartered in the house, or park.\* In 1694, the mansion had a narrow escape from destruction by fire, caused, it is said, by the then Countess of Stamford; and according to tradition, it was fired in three several places. The cause of this rash attempt has been variously accounted for, but all agree in stating that the Countess had an intrigue with her husband's chaplain.† A separation immediately afterwards took place, and the Earl married, secondly, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Joseph Maynard, Esq. In the following year, Bradgate was honoured by a visit from King William, when it is related, that a large room with a bow window was fitted up for his reception.‡

Shortly after the death of the Countess Dowager of Stamford, in 1722, Bradgate appears to have been deserted by the family as a residence,|| and to have gradually fallen into a state of dilapidation. Towards the close of the last century, the then Earl disposed of the materials of the building, on condition, that the purchaser should remove them from the ground within a given period. Luckily, however, for the admirers of history and antiquity, the contract was not fulfilled; some parts were consequently left standing, and have,

\* “Journals of the Lords,” vol. vii. p. 399.

† Thorosby says, she set it on fire, or caused it to be set on fire, at the instigation of her sister, who then lived in London. The story is thus told. Some time after the Earl had married, he brought his lady to his seat at Bradgate; her sister wrote to her, desiring to know “how she liked her habitation, and the country she was in?” the Countess wrote for answer, “that the house was tolerable, that the country was a forest, and the inhabitants all brutes.” The sister in consequence, by letter, desired her “to set fire to the house, and run away by the light of it.” The former part of the request, it is said, she put immediately into practice. The burning is now visible.—“Leicestershire,” vol. i. p. 120.

‡ “An old man,” says Nichols, “now living (1804) at Anstey, aged eighty-one, remembers the principal part of Bradgate quite entire. He had been in all the rooms; and says, there was a door out of the dining room into the chapel. The same person recollects being told by his father, (who was only thirty years older than himself,) that he was carried, when a child, to the end of Anstey town, to see King William pass across the fields on his way to Bradgate.”—“Leicestershire,” vol. iii. p. 680.

§ The principal seat of the Earl of Stamford is at Enville, in Staffordshire.

\* “Scholemaster,” fol. 11, edit. 1571.

† Son of the Lord John Grey, (youngest brother of the last Duke of Suffolk,) by his wife Mary, daughter of Viscount Montacute; to whom, through the interest of his wife, had been granted in 1559, the site of a capital messuage in Essex, called Pergo, a part of the ancient and royal manor of Havering, at Bower.—Vide Morant's “Essex.”



with the exception of natural decay, remained in nearly the same state ever since.\*

I. B. S.

We shall annex to this account of Bradgate some very pleasing and appropriate STANZAS, with which we have been favoured by our much-respected correspondent, the author of the "Visions of Solitude."

#### THE LADY'S TOWER.

WHERE frowning bulwarks crown the craggy steep,  
Who can glance upward with unpausing eye?  
While belted warriors moonlight vigils keep;  
And darksome turrets, in the pallid sky,  
Like sable giants, lift their crests on high,  
Beneath the dews of Heaven that o'er them weep,  
And the sad breeze that plaintive murmurs by—  
As if lamenting Nature sorrow deep  
Express'd for hapless man, whose fears and guile ne'er sleep.

Or where baronial hold, in hoary pride,  
And ruined grandeur, overlooks the plain,—  
Or lichens grey, and ivy mantling wide,  
Shroud the lorn wrecks of old monastic fane,  
Who may from musings deep his soul refrain,  
As wandering by, when sinks the sun to rest?  
Nor o'er the vanities of life complain,  
While fancy robes each long departed guest,  
In fairer form and mien than fall to mortal vest?

Such sights are solemn, and impress the soul  
Of the beholder with no vulgar dread:  
And years may on their rapid circuit roll  
Long, ere we cease, in memory's dreams, to tread  
Scenes where the wildness of romance was spread,—  
Where the hushed heart, in silent awe, was still;  
And the mute spirit many a lesson read,  
And all which can the soul with sadness fill,  
Of grandeur's swift decay,—at which our blood runs chill.

But here, methinks, though less these crumbling walls  
Of stableness may boast, 'tis better far  
Awhile to stray, where seldom footstep falls;  
And think of her whose vision, like a star,  
Sheds a soft light on days when horrid jar  
And bloody feuds, and bigot-hate, combined,  
A groaning nation's happiness to mar;  
And fetter down the free discursive mind,  
In Superstition's hold,—all prostrate, weak, and blind.

This lone Chapelle, whence prayer to heaven arose,  
The Lady's simple Tower, that stands beside;  
The nameless limpid rill that gurgling flows,—  
With shadows flitting o'er its foaming tide,  
Which even with th' opposing rocks doth chide;  
The greensward hills that bound the gazer's ken,  
And seem the stilly spot from all to hide,

May well detain the pensive pilgrim, when  
He quiet lingers here, afar from common men.

There, in departed days, the gentle maid,  
The lovely and the good, with infant glee,  
Along the margin of the streamlet played,  
Or gather'd wild flowers 'neath each mossy tree;  
And little recked what cares were hers to be,  
While listening to the sky-lark's aerial lay;  
Or merry grass-hopper that carolled free,  
In verdant haunts, throughout the livelong day,  
That beauteous child, as blithe, as sorrowless as they.

And here, where sighs the summer breeze among  
These echoing walls, deserted now and bare,  
Oft o'er some tome of ancient lore she hung,—  
No student ever since so wondrous fair!  
Or lifted up her soul to God in prayer,  
And pondered on His word, of price untold  
Radiant with wisdom's gems beyond compare,  
Richer than richest mines of purest gold,—  
The star that guides our steps safe to the Saviour's fold!

To Fancy's wizard gaze, fleet o'er yon height,  
Hunters and hounds tumultuous sweep along;  
And many a lovely dame and youthful knight,  
Gaily commingle with the stalwart throng  
Of valiant nobles, famed in olden song:  
But not amid them, as they rapid ride,  
Is that meek damsel,—trained by grievous wrong,  
Of haughty parents, to abase her pride,  
Ere yet her lot it was to be more sternly tried.

Here from her casement, as she cast a look,  
Oft might she mourn their reckless sport to scan;  
And well rejoice to find, in classic book,  
Solace,—withdrawn from all that pleasure can  
Impart to rude and riot-loving man:  
Aye, and when at the banquet revels ran  
To loud extreme, she here was wont to haste,  
And marvel at Creation's mighty plan;  
Or with old bards and sages pleasure taste,  
Unknown to Folly's crowd, whose days all run to waste.

And thus it was—the child of solitude,  
She grew apart, beneath that Father's eye,  
Who careth for the wild-bird's nestling brood,  
And decks the flow'ret with its varied dye;  
Nor, in His presence, had she cause to sigh  
For the vain pageants of delusive mirth;  
Trained to uplift her soul, in musings high,  
From this dark vale of wretchedness and dearth,  
Aloft, above the stars, where angels have their birth.

Well had she need! a scaffold was the path  
To that abode her soul had often sought;  
Scarce crowned before the stormiest clouds of wrath  
Rolled o'er her head, with scathing ruin fraught.  
Alas, for human greatness! it is nought!  
And nought she found it, save a deadly snare;  
Enchantment, by the evil genii wrought,  
Whose diadems conceal the brow of care,—  
Whose tissue robes display a lustre false as fair.

\* In the possession of the Earl of Stamford, there is an oil painting of the Park at Bradgate, but it does not include the ruins.



Beautiful martyr! widowed by the hand  
 That reft thee of thy life, ere yet 'twas thine;  
 Thy grave to find beneath a guilty land,  
 Thou hast no need of gilded niche or shrine!  
 Fond recollections round thy memory twine—  
 A sacred halo circles thy brief years:  
 'Tis thine, redeemed from sin and death, to shine  
 Eternally above this world of fears,  
 Where Christ himself, thy king, hath wiped away all tears.---

Farewell, thou mouldering relic of the past!  
 An hour unmeetly was not spent with thee:  
 Events, as rapid as the autumn's blast,  
 Have hurried onward, since 'twas thine to see  
 The fairest flower of England pensively

Expand and blossom, 'neath thy rugged shade;  
 And here thou stand'st, while circling seasons flee,  
 A monumental pile of that sweet maid,  
 Whom men of bloody hands within the charnel laid.

Farewell! Farewell!—Again a long farewell,  
 With lingering footstep and unwilling tongue,  
 I bid to thee,—thou most secluded cell,  
 In my poor lay too ill and weakly sung!  
 But could my lyre to bolder hands have rung,  
 A worthier tribute justly thou might'st claim:—  
 Thou, with unfading wreaths around thee flung,  
 By mystic influence of a deathless name,  
 The brightest and the best upon the scrolls of Fame.

## NOTICES OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

RODELEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.



“ —Not harsh and rugged are the ways  
 Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.”

JOS. WARTON.

THE industrious and careful researches of the antiquaries of the last and present century directed chiefly among the castles and larger edifices, military and ecclesiastical, common in this country, have been attended with considerable and deserved success;—but although so much has been performed with respect to the more magnificent architectural remains, and such great light has been thrown by those ingenious persons upon what may be called the public architecture of our Saxon and Norman progenitors, yet there remain a number of less important but, never-

theless, interesting edifices, towards the elucidation of which little attention has hitherto been directed.

Among these secondary structures, as they may be called, we may instance the *Preceptories* or *Dwellings* of the KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, as worthy of the attention of the reader, and which we propose to make the subject of this paper;—hoping, by the aid of collateral observations, to make it both interesting and instructive.

But before we consider these dwellings, it may be as well to say a few words concerning their former inhabitants, their growth, grandeur, and decay, until they passed away, like a ship upon the waters, leaving scarcely a track behind. The society of Knights

Templars (or, of the Holy Temple) was the latest formed, and the earliest abolished, but by far the wealthiest and most powerful of the two great military orders, so conspicuous during the Crusades. It took rise in the year 1118, at Jerusalem, during the period of the first crusade; and its style and title is supposed by the best authorities to have been derived from the accidental occupation of some chambers adjacent to the Temple of Jerusalem, by those who were the original members of the order.

The Knights Templars were ecclesiastics, differing in this particular from the brethren of St. John, or the Knights Hospitallers, who were always laymen. Their dress, in peace, consisted of a long white robe, bearing the cross of St. George upon the left shoulder, and worn something after the fashion of a cloak, or mantle; a cap, turned up, covered the head; and the staff or abacus of the order, bearing at its extremity an encircled cross, was borne in the right hand. In war, their panoply does not appear to have differed in any important particular from the knightly harness of the period. The *Agnus Dei*, still visible over the portal of the *Temple*, in Fleet Street, (which originally belonged to them) was blazoned upon the bannerol. Their vows were very strict, and comprehended celibacy, poverty, humility, and inveterate war against the infidels,—to which last indeed they adhered pretty steadily, but some other injunctions were interpreted with great laxity.

Their Superior, elected by the Order for life, was styled the Grand Master of the Temple, and took rank as an independent prince. Immediately beneath him were the Preceptors, each ruling over his preceptory, and subject to the will of the Grand Master, and the statutes of the Order. Each knight companion was attended by two esquires, who were usually candidates for admission into the Order.

Few in numbers, and destitute of power or possessions, the members of this Order were at first exposed to but little temptation to break their vows of humility and poverty; by degrees, however, their splendid military achievements, and their high sense of chivalry and honour, attracted multitudes to their standard, and heaped upon them those riches which finally became the occasion of their dissolution. Pride, luxury, and cruelty were their distinguishing characteristics; and losing, with the exception of their valour, all those virtues which had caused their elevation, they were cut off, even in their highest and most palmy state, by the general detestation of Christendom, aided however, no doubt, and directed by the avarice of its needy monarchs. The Knights of the

Temple were widely scattered through every Christian nation. Their fraternity embraced valiant men of every country, and in every country held ample possessions. At a very early period they possessed nine thousand manors, and at the time of their abolition that number had been augmented to sixteen thousand.

England was their stronghold, owing probably to the distracted state of the country; but as they were able to preserve a considerable force in each of their foreign territories, and as they were accounted the best lances in the world, they were not only respectable, but formidable to the most powerful sovereigns of their time.

The order having existed nearly two hundred years, was finally abolished in 1312, by the concurrence of the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of France. The Grand Master and several of the Knights were burnt, at Paris, on charges of sorcery; and in England their possessions (at a period shortly subsequent) either reverted to the representatives of the donors, or were appropriated by act of parliament to their more fortunate rivals the Knights of St. John.

There existed altogether, in England, of these *Preceptories* (or rather garrisons) as near as can be calculated, fifteen, of which the shires of Cambridge, Derby, Hants, Middlesex, Somerset, and Warwick, each possessed one; Lincoln, Yorkshire, and Wales two each; and Leicestershire three. Of these, thirteen passed to the Knights of St. John, by whom it is probable that several of them were suffered to fall into decay.

The new Temple in London was the chief seat of the Order, and in its church, built after the model of the Holy Sepulchre, (that is, partly circular-wise) the effigies of some of the first Knights of the Order are still to be seen.\* This church was consecrated in

\* This, though the currently-received opinion, appears to be a mistake, since one alone of the Knights, whose effigies are in the Temple church, has been recognised as in anywise connected with the Order of Knights Templars. Vide "Brayley's *Londiniana*," vol. iii., where further particulars of the Knights, and of their Temple in London, will be found, pp. 272--300.

Ranulph Higden, in his "*Poly-Chronicon*," relates an anecdote of Richard Cœur de Lion, which perfectly accords with the haughty character of the Knights Templars as given by Matthew Paris.—Richard, he says, having been told by a French priest, that "he had three daughters, namely, Pride, Covetousness, and Letchery, who would subject him to the wrath of God if he did not presently get quit of them," immediately replied, "that he would bestow them in marriage;—my eldest daughter, Pride, I give to the Knights Templars; to the Cistercians, Covetousness, and my third daughter, Letchery, I commit to the Prelates of the Church, who therein take most pleasure and felicity; and now you have my daughters bestowed amongst you."—Ed.

1185, by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who came over to offer the dangerous honour of the Crown of the Holy City to the English monarch.

Under the order of St. John the Preceptories took the title of Commanderies, a commander of St. John being equivalent to a preceptor among the Templars.

The villages to which they were attached continued, however, in many cases to bear the name of Temple in addition to their own, as Temple-Combe, Temple-Bruer, and many others. At the Reformation, England ceased to be one of the eight nations of which the order of St. John had been composed; their possessions escheated to the crown, and a small pittance being granted to the English knights, their demesnes were sold or granted away.

The Preceptories, or dwellings, usually surrounded by what is called a *peculiar*, that is to say, an ecclesiastical jurisdiction, independent of the bishop of the diocese, became private residences, and were often called Temples.

The site of the ancient buildings, usually, was well chosen, near a river, and often on the slope, or at the bottom of an eminence. They were of a moderate size, accommodating from twenty to thirty knights, and rarely built with that jealous attention to security apparent in the baronial residences of the period. The general dread of the Order probably stood them instead of walls and moats. There was a chapel always, and sometimes a church attached, a refectory and hall, kitchens, vaults, and dormitories for the knights. The adjacent meadow served for the purposes of a tilt-yard and place of exercise. Several such houses remain at the present day, although much altered, and rarely possessing in their structure any considerable remains of the ancient Preceptory. Some, however, are in better preservation, and it is by a description of one of the most perfect of these that we shall conclude this paper.

It appears from a record (12 Edw. I.) quoted by Burton, that, in 1284, certain privileges of a market and fair were granted to the village of *Rodeley*, in the county of Leicester, then in the possession of the Knights Templars; to whom the manor and church had been granted by Henry III. No further mention of much importance appears of this place until 1371, (45 Ed. III.) about sixty years after the abolition of the Templars, when it is spoken of as a Commandery, pertaining, together with Dalby in the same county, to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, at that time ruled by the celebrated Raymund de Bèrenger, Grand Master. The lordship and soke of Rodeley were then rated at £6. 9s. 9d.; and the mill, lately destroyed,

with the mill stream, at £22 annual value; the latter, however, subject to a deduction of £8. 3s. 6d. for the support of two chapelans, or chantry priests. The demesne remained in the hands of the order of St. John until the Reformation, when it was seized by Henry VIII., and in his thirty-fifth year granted, with appurtenances, to Henry Cartwright, one of his favourites; at which time it was, jointly with Dalby and Hether, valued at £231. 7s. 10d. per annum. By that person it was sold, together with the Preceptory, church, and several other possessions, to Humfrey Babington, a younger son of the great northern family of that name. In this purchase he was probably assisted by the interest of his elder brother, Sir John de Babington, the Preceptor of Rodeley and Dalby at the time of their escheat to the crown. The said Humfrey married a coheiress of the family of Beaumont, and it is in the possession of his male descendant in the ninth generation, Thomas Babington, Esq. sometime M. P. for the borough of Leicester, that *Rodeley*, or *Rotheley Temple*, still remains.

This edifice is situated in the hundred of West Goscote, about six miles north of Leicester. The house is pleasantly placed upon a well-wooded plain, and within half a bow-shot of the fertilizing waters of the Soar. The front possesses an eastern aspect, and the abrupt range of the Charnwood or Chorley Hills, forms a sheltering and picturesque back-ground. The building presents a front of considerable extent, and the gothic window delineated on the left, in our cut, is that of the chapel, a part of the ancient Preceptory.

The portions of the original edifice still remaining, are a crypt, or vault, of early pointed architecture, and the chapel, a large and lofty building of a somewhat later date. It is to be lamented that this latter, one of the most spacious private chapels in the county, should be mulcted of a moiety of its proportions by a brick wall across its centre. Within the chapel are a few family monuments, and a genealogical escutcheon in carved oak. There are also some remains of armorial bearings on the windows, viz. Babington quartering Beaumont, with the ancient crest of the latter, an Elephant.\* In the hall are some pieces of ancient armour, back and breast plates, and morions, probably of the date of the civil wars, in which the family espoused the cause of the Parliament. The neighbouring church is a very curious edifice.

J. J.

\* The Babington arms are, Arg. ten torteauxes, in chief a label of three points, Azure.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A TRAVELLER.—No. IV.

ELTHAM PALACE, KENT.



The Hall, where oft in feudal pride  
 Old England's peers to council came;  
 When Cressy's field spread far and wide  
 Edward of Windsor's warlike fame;  
 Whose rafter'd roof, and portals long,  
 Rung while unnumber'd harps awoke;  
 Now echoes but the thresher's song,  
 Or the sad flail's incessant stroke.

“ELTHAM,” by the Rev. S. S. ALLEN.

It was with feelings of high interest that we approached this venerable pile, still uprearing its head beyond the storms of ages; and while the numerous political convulsions it has witnessed have passed away, like the “baseless fabric of a vision,” it yet stands a visible relic of the past, telling of the glories

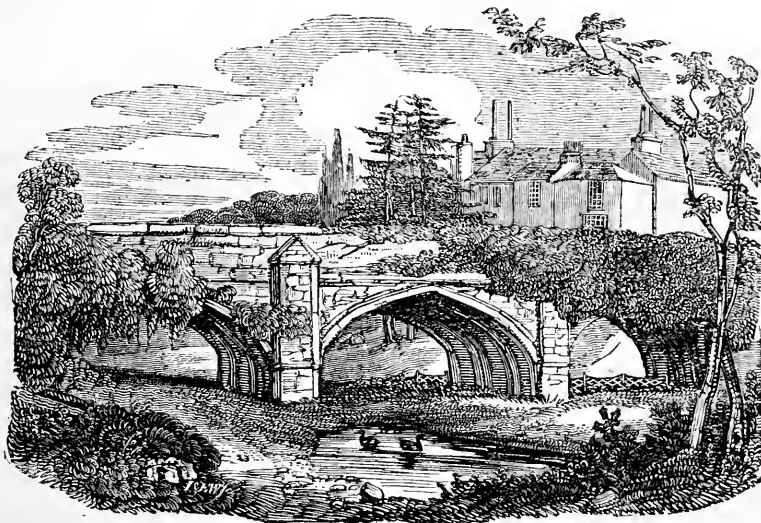
and hospitalities of the olden time. The approach to the Palace, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the south of Eltham, still possesses, in a certain degree, its original character. Lofty forest trees rise in all their beauty on either side of the road, and the grouping of the noble oaks and elms on the left, in Lord Rivers' park, confer additional interest on the scenery as we advance towards the bridge.\* On emerg-

\* The park and pleasure grounds occupied by Lord Rivers extend over about sixty acres, adjoining which is a park of seventy-four acres, occupied by a Mr. Green, which are but poor representations of the ancient royal demesnes here, as we shall shew. On the right of the road to the bridge, are several houses of some antiquity; one of which, constructed of brick and wood, was the chandry or storehouse of the palace, accord-

ing from the avenue, the shattered remains of this once extensive palace stood before us; the elevated roof of the Hall appearing over the surrounding build-

ings, with an effect which was heightened by the waning season, and our own peculiar reflections on sublunary changes.

THE BRIDGE AT ELTHAM PALACE.



On reaching the ivy-mantled Bridge, which is supposed to be coeval with the hall, and still the only entrance to the palace on the north, we paused, and examined with attention a structure, over which time has, comparatively, had little influence. It is of stone, with a strong abutment and four groined arches, varying in size, and of a massive yet beautiful design, the piers being strengthened by angular buttresses. It probably replaced the drawbridge in the reign of Edward IV., a period when it was considered that comfort could be combined with security in the defences of this castellated mansion. The moat is now partly occupied with a pond, partly used for grazing, and also laid out as a pleasure ground and garden; ornamental shrubs and flowers clustering around in picturesque beauty. The Bridge was originally defended by a gateway, which, with a

tower at the north-east end of the moat, remained entire at the date of the view published by Samuel and Nath. Bucke, in 1735,—but it has since progressively disappeared; two dilapidated stacks of brick chimneys remained, one on each side, till 1813. This gateway, according to Harris and Philipott, was of stone, and probably the work of Bishop Beke, “who repaired, rebuilt, and beautified,” the palace, at great cost, at the latter end of the thirteenth century. According to the plan published by Hasted, it consisted of a large arch, a postern, and two towers, flanked by some buildings comprising the northern front of the palace, which are described as “decayed lodgings:” two modern-looking houses, which stand on either side of the bridge, harmonize but very ill with the desolation which has fallen on all around.

ing to the plan in Hasted's Kent. Nearly opposite, and extending east of the palace over five acres, is the original garden, the massive walls, and lofty arched entrance to which are in good preservation. The latter is deserving of, and has excited much observation. In the garden wall, to the west, are traces of triangular apertures, supposed for the exercise of archery. The ancient house in the garden merits the notice of the curious; it is occupied by Mr. Mc. Clean, to whose politeness we are indebted for several particulars.

It has been well remarked, that the existing historical records of Eltham Palace are scanty and imperfect. Its origin is lost in obscurity; and the absence of data respecting a place which for centuries was a favourite abode of English monarchs, cannot but be considered as very remarkable. The notice which appears in the “Perambulation of Kent” is slight and meagre. Lambarde seems to have imbibed the

general feeling of neglect which prevailed respecting this splendid relic of antiquity.

Eltham derives its name from the two Saxon words, *cald* and *ham*, signifying the old town or habitation, which shews that it is a place of great antiquity. The manor was valued at £16. (according to the Domesday Book,) during the reign of Edward the Confessor, and was held of that prince by an individual named Alwolde. In William the Conqueror's time, it was granted, with other extensive possessions in this county, to Odo, Bishop of Baieux and Earl of Kent, half-brother to the sovereign, of whom it was held by Haimo, sheriff of Kent. On the disgrace of this prelate, in the reign of William Rufus, all his estates were confiscated to the use of the crown; when a portion of the manor became vested in the Mandevil family, from whence it was called Eltham-Mandevil. Edward I. granted his portion of the manor, with certain other lands of the yearly value of £248. 4s. 8d., to John de Vesci, (son of William de Vesci, a powerful northern baron, of Norman extraction,) who had the year before (1280) married Isabel de Beaumont, a kinswoman of Queen Eleanor. Having obtained the residue of the manor, by exchange, from Walter de Mandevil, he then held it undivided, by knight's service. His brother, William de Vesci, who succeeded him, (17 Edward I.) "a person in great esteem with the king, and who held several offices of high trust," with the royal license enfeoffed Antony Beke, Bishop of Durham, in several estates, including the manor of Eltham, upon the special trust that he should retain them for the use of his natural son, William.\* On his death, in 1296, "the bishop had livery of his lands accordingly, but violated the trust reposed in him, and retained possession of the property till his death, at Eltham, March 3rd, 1310, leaving the house with all its appurtenances to the crown.† William de Vesci, the younger, fell at the battle of Bannockburn. The manor was after-

\* By Dergavile, a daughter of Dunwald, a petty prince of Ireland.

† This Antony de Bec, or Beke, when archdeacon of Durham, was elected bishop of that see, July 5, 1283, anno 12 Edward I., and consecrated January 9, following. He was a man of great power and wealth, and had the patriarchate of Jerusalem conferred upon him by the Pope, and the principality of Man by Edward I. He had so great a command that there were commonly in his suit one hundred and forty knights; and in the battle of Faw Kirk, (Falkirk,) fought by Edward I. against the Scots, there were no less than twenty-six of his banners in the army. He was most munificent in the reparation of his castles and other buildings, and in the religious foundations which he endowed. He was buried in his cathedral of Durham, behind the high altar, being the first bishop who was

wards vested in Gilbert Aton, (created Lord Vesci,) as next heir, who granted it (11 Edward II.) to Geoffry de Scrope, of Masham,\* who shortly after parted with it to Queen Isabel, after which it remained, with a few exceptions, in the hands of the crown. The manor of Eltham was granted, in 1663, to Sir John Shaw, knight,† who had purchased a subsisting term during the time of the Commonwealth. He was created a baronet in 1665, for the great services he had rendered Charles II., during his exile at Brussels and Antwerp, and the manor is now vested in the same family. There is a yearly fee-farm rent paid for the great park to the crown of £153. 3s. 4d., which, with the manor-house, is at present occupied by Lord Rivers. The manor extends over the parish of Eltham, the hamlet of Mottingham,‡ (so called from the Saxon, *modig*, proud or lofty, and *ham*, a dwelling,) and the south side of Foots Cray, in the parish of Chislehurst.—We now proceed to trace the history of the "faire house of Eltham." Hasted says, the palace was built, most probably, on part of those premises which were granted by King Edward I., in his ninth year, (1281) to John de Vesci, and perhaps on the very site of the house where Henry III., in his fifty-fifth year, (1270,) kept his Christmas publicly, according to the custom of the old time; being accompanied by the queen, and all the great men of the realm.‡ Speaking of these festivities, Lambard remarks, "and this (belike) was the first warming of the house (as I may call it) after that Bishop Beke has finished his worke. For I do not hereby gather that hitherto the king had any property in it, foras-

buried in that church. Vide Hasted. Willis' Cath. vol. i. p. 239. Dugd. Mon. vol. ii. p. 846.

\* Dug. Bar. vol. i. pp. 95—637. Phillipot, p. 134. "John Phillipot, esq. was born at Folkstone, in this county, and had a genius from his childhood for heraldry and antiquities. He was a great loyalist, and followed King Charles I. to Oxford, but afterwards, falling into the hands of the rebels, was imprisoned in London, and on his release, lived about Eltham, in much obscurity. He died, and was buried within the precincts of St. Paul's Wharf, November 25, 1643, having written several books, among which was "Villare Cantianum, or Kent Illustrated and Surveyed," of which his son, Thomas Phillipot, had the honesty to rob his father of the merit, publishing it under his own name, in folio, at London, 1659. Hasted. Thomas Phillipot founded the alms houses now at Eltham.

† The family of Shaw derive themselves from the county palatine of Chester. Hugo de Shaw, of that county, having distinguished himself, under the Earl of Chester, in an enterprise against Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, in the castle of Ruthin, had several manors, and the daughter of the Earl given him in marriage. One of the titles of the Prince of Wales is Earl of Eltham.

‡ Hist. Kent, vol. i. folio ed. p. 50.



much as the princes in those daies used commonly both to sojourn for their pleasures, and to pass their set solemnities in abbaies and in bishops' houses;"—he adds, on the authority of Leland, that "Bishop Beke was either the very author, or the first beautifier of this house,"\*—of which it is thus seen he was in possession long before William de Vesci granted him the *manor* in trust. Edward II. resided at Eltham Palace, where, in 1315, his queen (Isabel) was delivered of a son. At twelve years of age, this young prince was created Earl of Cornwall, (1 Edward III.) but was commonly called, says Speed, John of Eltham, from the place of his birth.† He died in Scotland in the flower of his age, in 1337, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The *Statutes of Eltham*, containing precedents for the government of the king's house, were made at this palace. King Edward III., in the fourth year of his reign, held a parliament here, and thirty-four years afterwards, gave a princely reception to John, King of France, (who had formerly been his prisoner,) entertaining him with great magnificence. The same monarch held another parliament here in 1375; when the lords and commons attended with a petition, praying him amongst other matters, to create his grandson, Richard, of Bordeaux, (son of the Black Prince and heir-apparent to the realm,) Prince of Wales; and Lionel, his third son (guardian of the realm,) kept his Christmas here when the king was in France in 1347. Richard II., who "resided much at Eltham, and took great delight in the pleasantness of the place," entertained Leo, King of Armenia, a fugitive from the Turks, at Christmas, 1386. During the same reign Sir John Froissart, the Historian, was introduced to the king, and mentions a secret parliament, or rather council, which was held during his stay at the palace. It was whilst wasting his time at Eltham, that the parliament sent this monarch a bold message and remonstrance on his arbitrary conduct. Henry IV. kept his last Christmas here in 1412: two years afterwards Henry V. made great preparations for feasting at Christmas, but suddenly left the palace, in consequence of an idle report of a conspiracy to assassinate him, in which Sir John Oldham was said to be implicated. Henry VI. made it his principal residence, "keeping his Christmas with splendour and feasting in 1429." Edward IV. "to his great cost, repaired his house at Eltham,"‡ and

in 1482, kept a splendid Christmas here with great feastings, two thousand people being fed at his expense every day. His fourth daughter, the Princess Bridget Plantagenet, was born at this palace on the 8th of November, 1480; she was next day baptised in the chapel by the Bishop of Chichester; and was consigned when little more than eight years of age, to the care of the Abbess of Dartford Nunnery, of which community she afterwards became the superior. Buckler says, "Edward IV., is the first *Sovereign* on record who is mentioned as having built any part of Eltham Palace;" and attributes the erection of the Hall to him on evidence we shall further advert to. Henry VII., "built a handsome front to this palace towards the moat, and was usually resident here; and, as appears by a record in the Office of Arms, most commonly dined in the great hall, and all his officers kept their tables in it."\*

Henry VIII., in 1515, and 1527, kept his Whitsuntide and Christmas at Eltham; where in the former year, he created Sir Edward Stanley baronet, Lord Monteagle; for his services performed against the Scots at Flodden Field. Some contagious disorder raging at that time in London, none were permitted to dine in the king's hall but the officers of arms, who at the serving in the king's second course of meat, according to custom, came and proclaimed the king's style and title, and also that of the new lord. His residence however, was only occasional, for "this house, by reason of the nearness to Greenwich, hath not been so greatly esteemed, the rather also for that the pleasures of the emparked groundes here, may be in manner as well enjoyed, the court lying at Greenwich, as if it were at this house itselfe."† The bricks which had been provided for the reparation of Eltham Palace were taken from the kilns there, and used in the improvement and extension of the royal residence of Placentia, at Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth spent a few days at Eltham in 1559. Sir Christopher Hatton was keeper of the Palace in her reign, and after him Lord Cobham, who had a grant of that office in 1592. The palace had long been sinking into neglect, but it was not finally deserted by royalty until the seventeenth century, James I., having remained a short time at Eltham, in 1612, which is the last authentic record, says Mr. Lysons, that we can find of his having visited it.‡

In 1649, after the death of Charles I., the parliament ordered the demesnes of the crown to be sold

\* "Perambulation."

† From whence the hall probably derives its local name, "King John's Barn."

‡ "Perambulation," p. 522.

\* Hasted.

† Lambarde.

‡ Lysons's "Environs of London," vol. iv. p. 399.



for the benefit of the state: those at Eltham were on the 16th July, ensuing, consigned by ordinance to trustees; and a survey which was made thereupon, furnishes us with the following description of the property at that period. First, the capital mansion house, built with brick, stone, and timber, was called Eltham House, and consisted of one fair chapel, one great hall, thirty-six rooms and offices below stairs, with two large cellars; and above stairs, in lodgings called the king's side, seventeen lodging rooms, and on the queen's side twelve lodging rooms; and on the prince's side, nine lodging rooms; in all thirty-eight, with various other small and necessary rooms and closets; and thirty-five bays of building round the court-yard, which contained about seventy-eight rooms, used as offices. The whole being much out of repair, was sold, and the materials valued at £2753, exclusive of the charge for taking them down. The site of the above, when cleared, was worth £11. per annum; and the outhouses, when divided into tenements, were computed at the yearly value of £25.\* Then follows a description of the three parks attached to the Palace; viz., the great park, the little or middle park, which stretched towards Mottingham, and Horne, or Lee Park, (the latter enclosed by Edward IV.) The great park consisted of five hundred and ninety-six acres, three roods, and eleven perches, valued at £328. 4s. 10d. per annum; and Horne Park comprised three hundred and thirty-six acres, one rood. The three parks contained one thousand three hundred and fourteen acres; and, including the demesne lands, the whole extended over one thousand six hundred, and fifty-two acres, twenty-four perches. These parks numbered altogether, seven thousand seven hundred trees; of which four thousand were declared, in the survey, to be "old and decayed," and the remaining three thousand seven hundred were marked out for the use of the navy.—A book called the "Mysteries of the Good Old Cause," published in 1660, says, "Sir Thomas Walsingham had the Honour of Eltham given him, which was the Earl of Dorset's, and the middle park which was Mr. White's. He has cut down £5000. worth of timber, and hath scarcely left a tree to make a gibbet."† The deer had all been destroyed, and the lands disparted and disfigured by the soldiery and common people during the summer of 1648; and the manor and entire property returned

in the survey, were immediately sold to different persons, the whole of which reverted to the crown at the Restoration in 1660.

Eltham Palace had now completely "fallen from its high estate," and was soon converted (with the exception of the hall) into a heap of ruins. We now proceed to describe the former structure and existing remains.

The situation of the Palace was happily chosen. Standing on an eminence of greater elevation than any in the immediate district, except Shooters Hill, the ground sloped gently away towards the west, over a rich and interesting landscape, including Blackheath, Greenwich Park, and the Surrey Hills; between which stood London with the lofty spire of the old Cathedral of St. Paul in view, and the insulated pile of Westminster Abbey, then without towers; the distant heights of Highgate terminating the background.

Eltham Palace was surrounded by a moat enclosing above an acre of ground within its limits. The moat was about sixty feet broad, except the portion towards the north entrance, where it was increased to one hundred and fifteen feet, which must have afforded considerable security against any sudden attack.\* Mr. Buckler remarks, that the external wall (within the moat) was built with great care and strength, and that its basement is likely to remain long after all other traces of the Palace have disappeared. The bank of the moat was an extensive work, and of much greater magnitude on the west and south sides, than towards the north; composing a terrace to the south of one hundred feet broad. We have already described the northern entrance over the foss, but there was a drawbridge on the south side, where is now a bank of earth.†

The design of the Palace was quadrangular. The hall, its principal feature, rose above the other edifices, standing in a direction nearly due east and west; and the common rule was observed of limiting the general elevation to two stories. Like other castellated mansions, the outline was irregular; towers and projecting masses breaking the line, at intervals, with picturesque effect. The area of the palace was an imperfect square, surrounded by buildings on the north and west, and partly enclosed on the other two sides, the centre being occupied by four quadrangles, of which two towards the west were of large dimensions, and

\* Hasted's Kent, vol. 1. p. 52.

† At the commencement of the civil war, the palace was for some time in the occupation of Robert, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary General, who died there September 13th, 1646, but was buried in Westminster Abbey.—Lysons.

\* The moat was filled with water at the date of Bucke's Views, a century ago.

† This passage was indisputably only used as a means of access to the terrace, gardens, and park.—Buckler.

formed wide and spacious courts.\* The great hall, the chapel, and other stately edifices extended across this area to the western front. The eastern range comprised the kitchen and other domestic offices, which were very extensive, and connected with the hall by two passages at its eastern end. A ground plan, from a supposed survey made in 1509, appears

in the first volume of Hasted's Kent; but judging from the existing remains, it must have been a very inaccurate delineation. The bridge and moat are not laid down; the outline is quite different from the area now within the walls, and the buildings in the centre are not shown; neither does it denote any buildings to the south of the hall.



THE INTERIOR OF THE HALL AT ELTHAM PALACE.

That the Palace was the progressive work of different ages will be seen from its history; each possessor probably adding to, or making some alteration in the

\* Buckler's "Eltham Palace."

various buildings. It was, however, in the reigns of Edward the Fourth and Henry the Seventh,—that golden era in English architecture,—that this structure rose to its greatest splendour. The west front,

which contained many of the principal apartments, is recorded as "handsome;" and extended three hundred and eighty feet, commanding from its windows the beautiful landscape we have briefly described. The design was irregular, and we find in the plan many towers and projecting shafts of chimneys at different spaces, but angular or circular bay windows, of large dimensions and differently clustered, formed its leading characteristics. The basement of a bay window, twelve feet and a half wide, and four feet and a half in bulk, with a triangular wall in front, and the remains of several towers, (which with one exception, were of a square form) may be traced amongst other ruins near the southern extremity.\* The materials of this front presented that mixture of brick, wood, and stone, so common in old English architecture; but a few scattered ruins, with immense masses of ivy peacefully clustering along the walls of the moat, are all that now exist to record its former importance. Some extensive vaults and drains exist under the western boundary; and the woman who shews the building, told us, that it is popularly believed they extend for a great distance under ground, and that one had been recently traced for a short way in the direction of Blackheath. They are all, with one exception, about three feet in width, and six high to the summit of the arch; and from the great durability of their construction, and excellence of the cement, seem calculated to last for centuries to come.

The "faire chapel" is supposed to have been built by Edward the Fourth; it occupied the upper or chief floor, and was probably situated in the line of structures which were united with the hall; but the ruthless hands of man have "left not a rack behind." At the eastern end of the hall a portion of the ancient buildings, connected with the "Kitcheners'" department, still remain; which, with more modern additions, form the residence of a Mr. Saunders, who holds an under lease of four hundred acres of crown land here, at present. There are several other remains, and some small buildings of a later date within the enclosure.

Having thus briefly described the plan of the ancient palace, we come to the Hall, always the most attractive feature, and which is now all that exists to attest the unrivalled skill of the architects of the older time. From long-continued and shameful neg-

lect, this princely monument of the past had fallen into a state of extreme dilapidation. Its entire demolition had even been spoken of: the south wall was in a tottering and insecure state, and the splendid roof was partially exposed to the weather, and fast hastening to decay. Indeed the Palace had long been abandoned to every species of degradation, the hall having been converted into a barn, for more than a century past; and it is probably from its applicability to this purpose, that it has alone been rescued from the destruction which has swept away almost every other vestige. At last, on the point of ruin, a survey was made in 1828, by order of government, when it was proposed to remove the roof to Windsor: but her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia, of Gloucester, a great admirer of the old palace, and who, we are informed, now frequently visits it, interfered with so good an effect that its partial restitution, under the able superintendence of Mr. Smirke, was proceeded in without delay. The walls and buttresses were strengthened, and the chesnut ceiling (which, except where exposed to the weather, remained perfectly sound) has been substantially repaired with foreign beech, and restored once more to a state of security. These repairs (we believe) were effected at a cost of only £700. The louver has been long removed, but with this exception, and the partial demolition of the parapets, and many of the enrichments, it still retains all its constituent features.

The architecture of the north and south sides of the hall, which is built of brick, partly faced with stone, exactly corresponds; it appears, however, from Bucke's engraving that the northern parapet was embattled, and the cornice ornamented with sculptured corbels. The whole forms a design of a simple yet imposing character, and is perhaps the most perfect model of an ancient banquetting room which has ever been constructed. It is lighted at both sides, thus differing from Westminster and Guildhall, which are destitute of bays, and, from particular causes, have their windows over the dais and screen. There are ten windows arranged in couples on either side, besides two bay windows of great beauty, on the north and south sides of the dais. The spaces between the windows are divided by buttresses of light proportion, which terminate under the cornice. At the foot of the windows, each buttress has twice the projection of the upper half, and while contributing to the strength of the building, materially adds to its beauty. Every window is divided by a vertical mullion, without a transom, with a depressed arch for its head. The bays form an oblong square of corresponding di-

\* In the ground plan, published by Hasted, the principal buildings at the southern end of the west front are distinguished as "My Lord Chancellor, his lodgings." This portion protected considerably from the front, and a bay is laid down in the inner side, which is probably that mentioned above.

mensions, each containing two magnificent windows in front, and one towards the east. These windows are of lofty proportion and divided by a transom, consisting of arches, with an embattled cornice, whose upright shafts are united to the pillars of the roof, and rest their bases on the sill. On the external side of the bays are three rudely executed heads of men and animals, similar to those which appear on the north cornice.\*

The principal doorway, or entrance, to the Hall faces the north, and consists of a square frame, protected by a cornice, with an arch deeply recessed within its mouldings, resting on pillars. The spandrels are enriched by a beautiful pattern of tracery, encircling the *rose en soleil*, a celebrated badge of Edward IV., which is executed with great delicacy. At the opposite end of the passage, formed by the remains of the screen, another doorway, consisting of a plain arch, opens to the south. Another badge of Edward IV. will be noticed in the interior; and it may be here remarked, that independently of the general style and details of the building, which closely assimilate to that which prevailed in the latter half of the fifteenth century, the appearance of these heraldic devices certainly gives great strength to Mr. Buckler's assumption, that the Hall was built by this monarch, who, we are told by Lambarde, "to his great cost repaired his house at Eltham."

We now enter the Hall from a doorway in the screen, and the surpassing effect of the ceiling immediately calls forth our warmest feelings of admiration. A great portion of the carved work, which enriched it, has been removed, but the leading features remain entire, and form a design of extraordinary beauty. The principal beams of the roof (which are seventeen inches square) rest on the summit of the walls. "Every one of the seven frames thus formed, includes a wide-spreading arch, within and intersected with which are the handsome arches composing the essential features of the design, and the side segments, resting on brackets, which terminate on stone corbels most beautifully formed. These segments, joined to horizontal beams attached to the side cornice, themselves assume the form and answer the purpose of brackets, since they sustain the main arches, whose elegance is much increased by the pendant corbels by which they are upheld. The remaining space between the arches and the apex is occupied by open wrought tracery."† The effect of this roof in a room

one hundred feet in length, thirty-six in width, and fifty-five feet high, may be conceived, but cannot be adequately described. The frame-work which supported the louver was in the third division from the upper end.\* A bold cornice, with numerous mouldings, crowns the summit of the walls; and the stone work over and between the windows, being designed to be always uncovered, is carefully executed. The extensive space below, once covered with tapestry, is constructed with brick;‡ handsome stone brackets, which anciently supported trophies, appearing on either side. On advancing to the western end of the hall, the bays have a striking effect. The ceiling of these recesses is ornamented with stone tracery of most beautiful execution, chiefly composed of roses and foliage, and resting its clustered springers on the capitals of slender shafts which, at the extremities, are united with the mouldings of the windows, and rest on a plinth below. In the ceiling of the north bay are three specimens of the *rose en soleil*; and that to the south displays an intersected ribbon, and the device of the falcon and fetterlock, another badge of Edward IV., supported by four angels, with expanded wings. The door-cases, which led from the bays to the withdrawing and other rooms, may be traced in the interior.

At the opposite end of the Hall, the shattered remains of the screen, which is advanced ten feet six inches into the apartment, present a sad contrast to its former magnificence. It was divided into five spaces, but the tracery has been destroyed, and the main pillars and beams form the principal remains.† The two largest spaces had each an arched entrance into the hall, enriched with a beautiful frieze; opposite to which, in the eastern wall, are two stone door-cases with plain arches, formerly the outlets to the kitchen's departments.—

The fading light of day cast a mysterious gloom through the aged edifice, as we turned to depart. What a change had the corroding hand of Time wrought before us! Once the abode of the princes and nobles of the land, the resort of the high-born

the Palace, of a solitary specimen of exceeding richness and beauty, which fell in 1813.

\* "It was destroyed prior to the date of any drawing or engraving of the palace now known; but, as the hearth was not substituted by a recessed fire-place in the side wall, it is probable that the old method of warming the room was adhered to till its desecration, and that afterwards the louver was removed as useless."—BUCKLER.

† Some remains of the cement over which the tapestry was hung can yet be traced.

‡ For a drawing of this screen, see "Archæologia," vol. vi.

\* Buckler. The south bay is filled up with boarding externally.

† Buckler. The pendant corbels have all disappeared; but an engraving appears in Mr. Buckler's interesting History of

cavalier and courtly dame, the theatre of parliaments; it now presents an heterogeneous display of agricultural instruments, straw, and rubbish. As the autumnal wind moaned through the broken interstices of the windows, we could almost fancy that we heard the voice of the past mournfully bewailing its fallen fortunes. The dais, once graced by the frequent presence of royalty, has long been humbled to the dust; and those tables which had groaned under the princely hospitality of the olden time, have given place to an uneven earthen floor and piles of lumber. The light of heaven no longer streams through the stained glass of its lofty windows (now replaced with broken bricks;) chaff and cobwebs cover the stately arched roof and clustering tracery, the walls, once covered with gorgeous tapestry, and adorned with trophies of the chase or battle, present a naked and mouldering front to the melancholy wind; and the "stroke of the flail" sounds strangely sad amidst the recollection of martial music. Verily, as we view these things we feel more forcibly than ever the saying of the preacher,—"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but all is vanity." VYVYAN.

### WELLS CATHEDRAL, SOMERSETSHIRE.

SINGULAR CAPITALS.

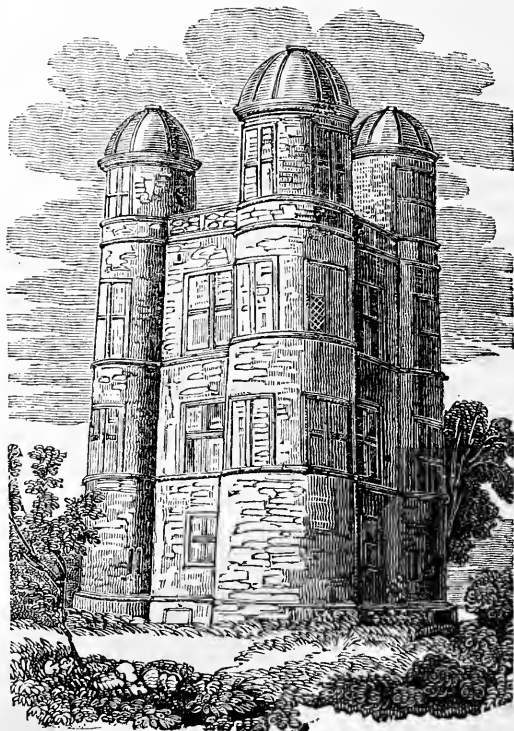


IN the annexed wood-cut is delineated another of those remarkable Capitals in the Cathedral at Wells, to which

we have directed the attention of our readers, (vide p. 272) in a previous article. Here, between lateral projections of beautiful foliage, wrought with great spirit and freedom, is sculptured in bold relief, *A Woodman proceeding to his labour*. On one shoulder, he carries his axe, or bill, and on the other his provision wallet, which is partly slung by a brace from his coat collar, and partly held by the handle of a long-bladed adze. He wears thick gloves, and loose half boots; whilst his rosary hangs from his girdle, as being still mindful of his religious duties, though engaged in the common affairs of life. A congenial air of seriousness is impressed on the lineaments of his face, and the entire character is well imagined and appropriately executed.

### THE HUNTING TOWER, CHATSWORTH:

DERBYSHIRE.



AMONG the wonders of the Peak, Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, has always been enumerated. Behind Chatsworth, nearly at the summit of a steep, rocky, and thickly-wooded hill, stands the building which is represented in the cut. It is a



square tower, having at each angle a round turret, which rises above the tower itself, and is surmounted by a small dome. There is nothing otherwise remarkable in the architecture of this building. The windows are most of them blocked up with masonry. The door is approached by a flight of low steps. Its use, at present, is to bear the flag of the Duke of Devonshire, as lord lieutenant of the county. It is built on a level spot of ground, and from its elevated situation affords an extensive view over the park and the surrounding hills.

Hunting towers were, in former times, frequently built in the neighbourhood of the residences of the great, for the purpose, we are told, of "giving the ladies of those days an opportunity of enjoying the sport of hunting." This at Chatsworth, probably, is as old as the first house. Stukeley, in his *Itinerary*, gives a view of a Hunting tower at Audley End, in Essex, which in his time (1722), was in ruins. "Not far off," he says, "by Audlenhouse, upon an eminence, is a great Roman camp; a Hunting tower of brick now stands upon it."\* This is a square tower; and, like that at Chatsworth, is situated upon an elevated spot, overlooking much of the surrounding country. The Hunting Tower at Chatsworth is now called *The Stand*. It is mentioned in Bray's "Tour" in 1782, and he says that it was then called "The Hunting Tower." It seems, however, to have long had its present name, as it is called "The Stand" in the map in Speed's Description of Britain, made in 1666. In the traditions of the place, it is connected with the name of Queen Mary of Scotland, who was confined for some time at Chatsworth. Similar traditions are connected with an old building near the river, (the Derwent,) surrounded by a moat, and including a garden, which is now called "Mary's Bower."

T. W.

## REMARKS

### ON THE MODERN USE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL STYLES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—NO. IV.

IN the notice already taken of this subject, we have offered some few observations upon the principal members of exterior composition in the perpendicular Pointed style, and their appropriate modes of treatment. On turning, however, to the consideration of matters connected with *Internal* design, we shall find much of our subject involved in what we

have formerly advanced. Thus the door and window follow the same principles in internal as in external composition; and even the tall column, with its shadowy arch, is in some degree anticipated in noticing the columnar dressings of doorways and porchen-  
entrances. Indeed, where the decorations of internal architecture become minute, there is scarcely any feature observable on the outside of a building which has not its parallel within. This is especially the case, (for instance,) in the gorgeous shrines and chantries which adorn many of our larger ecclesiastical edifices, and which frequently exhibit a complete epitome of Pointed architecture. There is, however, one important object, of internal arrangement, which is perhaps the first to arrest and to impress the attention upon entering any edifice of a decorative character, namely, the *ceiling*, or otherwise the *exposed roof*. On this, the style in question delights to lavish its mazy beauties and inventive resource, and in so doing has left us varieties of study applicable to every case;—of these we will briefly notice the principal, belonging either to the department of Masonry or to that of Carpentry.

Of Stone ceilings, the first in order is the simple pointed, groined and ribbed. The choir of Exeter Cathedral, together with many others, exhibits some good workmanship of this kind in a plain form; but the finest specimen in this country of simple-ribbed groining, is that of the choir-ceiling of Gloucester Cathedral, presenting, as it does, to the view a labyrinth of lines, and a rich field of study for the composition of knots and of foliage. We have also examples of the *fan-groin*,\* with tracery; as adapted to the outline of the simple arch; but these are for the most part confined to works of a more diminutive character. In stone ceilings following the curvature of the four-centered or obtuse arch, we have instances of the plain groin, as before, so frequent as to need no illustration. We have also in some cases the continued vault without groining, but with ribs springing across it, enriched with compartments of tracery, as is exemplified in the ceilings of some large recesses in Henry the VII's Chapel and other places. Lastly, we have the fan-groined ceiling—sometimes of a simple and less obvious character, with plain ribs ornamented with knots at their in-

\* By the term "fan-groined," the general reader will understand that kind of ceiling formed of compartments in which the ribs, springing from one point, branch out in all directions so as to form ordinarily a semi-circular sweep, unlike the common groin which is produced by the intersection of one vault with another. Examples will be adduced hereafter.

\* Stukeley's "Itinerary," vol. i. p. 75, and plate 45.

tersections; but more frequently finished with elaborate tracery. Of this latter kind, admired so greatly for exuberant richness, beautiful play of outline, and variety of light and shade, it is scarcely necessary to say that the finest existing specimen is the ceiling of King's College Chapel; of the same denomination is that of the great staircase at Christ Church, Oxford:—so also those of the aisles of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and of Henry the VII's Chapel. The nave of the last-mentioned edifice exhibits the fan-groined ceiling under a yet more sumptuous form, as adorned with the richest pendants as well as the most complicated tracery; of this, however, it may be said, in common with the rest of the building, that, as compared with the embellishments of the Cambridge structure, what is gained in richness is lost in unity and grandeur. Besides these varieties, as following the outline of the simple and of the obtuse arch, we have in some diminutive works of a late period, instances of ceilings that are essentially flat, but dressed out with ribs which are made to spring with a slight curvature from columns, or corbels, so as to conceal the real plane. Of such a kind, for one example, is the ceiling of Prince Arthur's Chapel, in Worcester Cathedral.

But besides Stone ceilings, of which these are but the principal denominations, affording endless variety of development, we have kindred works in Carpentry of great merit and diversity. As the first kind we have the open roof, in which the whole construction is shewn, the timbers being reduced to regular architectural forms, and the spaces filled with ornamental compartments,—the whole springing from a capital, or corbel, and ordinarily requiring an external abutment to counteract its thrust. Such a roof, as adapted to features of *simple* Pointed architecture, is that of Westminster Hall, so deservedly admired. As associated with compositions in which the obtuse arch prevails, the roof of Eltham Hall is no less appropriate. Many of our college halls have roofs on the same principle, though frequently too much affected with the Italian style to afford unmixed satisfaction. Such too is the case with that of the great hall at Hampton Court. Roofs of the same character, while of the simplest possible decoration, are to be seen in many of our old parish churches, in which, perhaps, two principal timbers form a large arch to each truss of framing, the place of moulding being supplied on them, on the rafters, and on all other timbers by roughly chamfering off the edges. In many of the later works of the style, where the abutment was sufficient, the roofs of churches, &c., displayed so little of con-

struction as to form only two inclined planes rising in the middle, having the timbers wrought with mouldings, so as, with the lead-boardings at their back, to form, internally, a series of square or oblong panels. These, neat and characteristic as they were, were further heightened, occasionally, with knots of foliage at the intersections of the mouldings, and with curved springing-pieces added to the principal timbers so as to give them the air of a flattened arch. Such a roof, for one among numbers, is that of St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

Other instances, however, are frequent in which the framing of the roof is altogether concealed, while it supports an ornamental ceiling of wood. This, in its richest form, exhibits a continued flattish-arched vault, decorated with ribs and foliage, or with arches and pendants, as exemplified in the ceilings of Crosby Hall, noticed in a former number. In other instances, we find the general form of the ceiling flat, it being then divided into panels by moulded ribs: illustrations of this variety we may gather from the Abbey Churches of St. Alban and Great Malvern. Another example of flat ceiling may be taken from Hampton-Court Palace, in which case the subject is divided into a number of star-like and other compartments by ribs, which, at the principal points of junction, are brought down from the ceiling with a curve, and finished with a pendant. This specimen, though its detail be questionable, and though its treatment be merely intended to disguise a flat ceiling, by giving it an effect something analogous to that of the fan-groin, exhibits a variety at least as allowable as a flat ceiling may be (under any circumstances) in Pointed architecture.

Such, then, are some of the principal forms of ceiling and of roof, recognised in the perpendicular English style,—forms, that under these general denominations, admit of unlimited diversity of management. Of ceilings, the simple-pointed groin exhibits most of impressive dignity, while the obtuse-arched fan-groin is characterized by the greatest richness, and most airy beauty. The effect of the *open-framed* roof is ever pleasing, from its varied intricacy of outline, tone of colour, and depth of shadow; where, however, this cannot be introduced, the other description of roof, or ceiling, formed of two inclined planes, ribbed as panels, may be used with propriety. As to *flat* ceilings, however ribbed and panelled as they may be, their use, in any situation, seems a matter of doubtful taste, though by no means unauthorised as to precedent. For, essentially as the ceiling is concerned in the production of the total effect of consistency in



an interior, it is obviously of the greatest importance that the principle of the pointed arch should be maintained in so conspicuous an object. In all the cases which have been enumerated, except the last, this is done; for even in the simple ceiling of two inclined planes, however slight their inclination, the eye is carried up to the point in the centre, and along the line there formed, in the same manner as it is by the curves of the pointed vault, and recognizes an unity of feeling in both. In the case of the horizontal ceiling, on the other hand, this effect is entirely lost, and one of the most striking distinctions between the Pointed style and others, or between that and the absence of any style whatever, is set aside. If, however, the flat ceiling be allowable at all, we venture to think that it can be so only where associated (as in domestic edifices it frequently is) with square-headed windows, the upper lines of which may, in some measure, harmonize with the level plane above. Beyond this we cannot think that the use of the horizontal ceiling can with propriety extend; for, if applied over pointed-headed windows, it entirely neutralizes the effect of the arch in them, destroys the illusion which all subordinate members are intended to produce, and, for the most part, conveys to the beholder an idea of restriction or of poverty, little consistent with the attempt at decoration in any other features.

The ceiling, however, involves but a portion of the subject of internal composition, upon the leading principles of which we have yet some remarks to offer. It is, indeed, in the treatment of interiors (as we have had occasion to hint elsewhere) that the resources of the Pointed style (in exteriors unrivalled) are displayed with their greatest power and almost magical effect. These resources are alike displayed in that majesty which is chiefly the result of proportion, and in that beauty which is to the same extent dependant upon ornament. In order to the attainment of the former, loftiness and length are essential; without these, or at least without the first of them, an interior may possess beauty, but cannot lay claim to grandeur. The Royal Chapel at Windsor is indeed exquisitely beautiful; but it fails to impress the mind with that feeling of awe experienced upon viewing the fine perspective of Westminster Abbey from the extremity of the choir, the point of sight least interfered with by modern marble. And this difference in our sensations is not attributable to the difference in size of the respective buildings, (between which it would be ridiculous to institute a comparison on this head), but principally, to a dissimilarity in the proportion subsisting between their heights and widths. So striking is

the effect gained by the lofty proportions of the venerable abbey, in common with those of many cathedral churches, (enhanced as the apparent height is, in this and all similar cases, by the contrast of the nave with the aisles,) that we are disposed, on an external review, to wonder how so much real sublimity of internal aspect can be comprised within limits so moderate.

The just distribution of *light* is also a matter, in which grandeur of effect is intimately concerned. In domestic edifices, indeed, an abundance of light may be in character, as consistent with cheerfulness and utility; but, in ecclesiastical structures, the more subdued the light the more will a feeling of awe be promoted by contrast, and the longer will the imagination be kept in exercise while discovering new beauties, not prodigally disclosed to the first inquisitive glance. In this particular of the management of light, we cannot consider that the builders of the Tudor times evinced so much judgment as their predecessors, when they occasionally made their windows so large as to give cause for the remark, that "the sides of their buildings were all glass." Nor let it be supposed that an air of lightness is not to be attained in an interior, without such a flood of effulgence; for, be it remembered, that the term *light*, having a double acceptation, stands as much opposed to the idea of weight as it does to that of darkness,—and thus, in an architectural sense, it can be by no means difficult to conceive of an interior, whose composition and construction shall justify the application of the epithets "airy" and "light," while, at the same time, solemnity of effect is preserved by an economical admission of the rays of day, at once "dim" and "religious."

The preservation, then, of loftiness and length of proportion, and the judicious admission of light, are circumstances which take the lead of all others as affecting the impressive in the composition of interiors in the Pointed style. Thus it would not be difficult to produce, from our parochial churches, and plainer collegiate chapels, examples which, while they have little else to recommend them than the display of these points of excellence, (united with general consistency in features absolutely indispensable,) yet cannot be otherwise than imposing, independently of any complex arrangement or florid decoration. There are, however, various other particulars of a more detailed nature which deserve notice as imparting to a composition character, beauty, and finish. Continuity of line in a perpendicular direction is, for one, a point that cannot be too much insisted on. The apparent loftiness of an interior is greatly increased by ascending lines, and insipidity as effec-

tually avoided. Witness, once more, the sides of King's College Chapel, with its clustered semi-columns and their deep plinths, the arch-mouldings which spring therefrom across the vault above, and the lines of window-reveal and mullion continued on the walls above and below. The same happy effect is illustrated also to a great extent in the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, to which we have before referred. The value of such lines will be rendered more conspicuous, upon comparing the prevailing tendency of parts in one of our old churches of the fifteenth century, with the tendency of those predominating in our modern sacred edifices on Grecian principles.

The attainment of the impressive is also facilitated, in our ancient interiors, by that degree of mystery which is the consequence of frequent "masses" of shadow. The pursuit of effect, by this means, is indeed a characteristic of Pointed architecture from its largest to its most minute productions. Not to expatiate upon the fitness of mouldings and foliage in this style to advance the same object, we may observe that this shadowy mystery is greatly promoted by such features as the triforia, or corridors, which overlook the naves and choirs of our larger churches from above the lofty lines of principal arches; though these, indeed, can rarely be imitated with propriety in modern architecture. So also by the niches, or the deeply-recessed sepulchral monuments, which break the flatness of the walls; and by the excrescences, or additions, of oratory and chapel, confessional and stall.

Nearly connected with this, is the effect derived from the intervention of screens, (or of the open-work of chantries and shrines,) which, while they promote the playful distribution of light and shade, continually offer new excitement to the mind of the spectator, by raising his curiosity, and by varying the circumstances and opportunities of prospect. It is thus, not without reason, that the master-builder of olden time caused a partial interruption in the vista of the long cathedral, by making the rood-loft, with its usual rich accompaniments, to separate the nave from the choir; and the latter again to obtain only a glimpse of the Lady-chapel through the perforations of a screen. This license of interception, however, may easily be carried to an excess, and is so, indeed, in many of our ecclesiastical structures, wherein the organ, which has since assumed the station of the rood or cross, rises to a height not contemplated by those who designed the respective edifices, and that so as to interrupt the sight of continued lines of ceil-

ing, and almost wholly to obscure the eastern extremity. If it be advisable to excite the interest by separating the choir with a screen and loft, it is still more so, on the other hand, to allow of an unimpeded view of the vaulting, or roof, from end to end, by confining within moderate bounds all necessary obstacles to vision; otherwise the primary consideration of unity will be sacrificed to an object of merely secondary expediency. While upon this subject, we may be permitted to remark that the arrangement of many of our collegiate chapels, in which a small portion of the length is reserved for an *ante-chapel*, (sometimes increased on either side with a kind of transept, might afford a hint for the more imposing effective composition of our modern ecclesiastical interiors, in which, ordinarily, a regular nave would be altogether inadmissible. Such an arrangement would greatly enhance the interest of the view, both on entrance and from the extremity, and would have, also, the advantage of being more favourable to the transmission and circulation of musical sounds than that which generally obtains.

The use of the transept, especially, constitutes a deviation from the simpler forms of architectural interiors productive of the finest picturesque effects and of an air of the most spacious dignity. Were we, indeed, to study with deference the capricious rules of *symbolical* fitness in composition laid down by some Italian architects, we could hardly find any arrangement of plan so appropriate to ecclesiastical purposes as the cruciform; and assuredly, as applied in the Pointed style, none can surpass it for variety of apparent extent, and the opportunity of mysteriously interesting display. An elegant deviation from the ordinary shape of transept is that of the semi-octagon exemplified in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Besides these, and many subordinate points of composition, which would come under the general head of variety of design, one circumstance, which is deserving of more attention than it has usually received, consists in *tone of colour*. It is probably to be attributed to the introduction of plastering, some three centuries since, that the system of *white-washing* has become so mercilessly prevalent, that daubing has been mistaken for cleanliness,—and that distinction of object and material has in so many cases given way to the cold monotonous glare of the "beautifying" lime and brush. How many of our finest ecclesiastical interiors are thus covered with white from top to bottom, which, while it oppresses the eye, serves but the more obviously to betray the dust and cobwebs that unavoidably accumulate! Few indeed

are the instances of buildings that have been so fortunate in this respect as Westminster Abbey, in which the deepened grey of the old uncoloured stone imparts to the perspective a subdued harmonious tone, and venerable aspect, which it would be sacrilege to mar with common indiscriminate daubing. The application of *gold*, also, in this edifice, to relieve and heighten the knots and principal lines of the groining over the choir, is at once rich and judicious. In those of our old churches, however, in which the white-washing operation has long since been practised, it were to be wished either that some attempt might be made to clean the masonry, leaving it to time alone to tint it, or that, at any rate, the next wash might be some sort of stone-colour, tending to produce a warmer and more congenial hue than that which has hitherto prevailed. In this respect the rude, but vivid, painting which was anciently made use of to decorate the devices applied as knots on ceilings,—whether of arms, foliage, or figures,—is by no means undeserving of notice. The effect of these ornaments so coloured is in single instances, scrutinized singly, gaudy, and perhaps unmeaning; but, when viewed collectively, they will appear rich and harmonious, and will develope numbers of forms and characteristics which otherwise would have passed unseen. Nor were their ceilings, whether of stone or wood, the whole upon which our old decorators bestowed their attention. The surfaces of walls in their chapels, &c., constantly exhibit proofs of their labours in the illustration of history, legend, or symbol. Sometimes their plain spaces contain patterns of foliage, (outlined in gay colours with much freedom and elegance,) frequently occupying or entwining amidst compartments of trellis-work. Rich and deep red, purple, green, or blue, occasionally mark the more shadowy mouldings; gold, the fillets; spiral stripes, the beads and columnar mouldings; and zig-zag bands of colour, other more exposed surfaces. These embellishments, though not usually applied on a large scale, have of course a tendency to render the tone of colour in an interior rich, varied, and lively, so far as they extend. In this, they often derive aid in old edifices from being met by the darkened tints of oak or chesnut, whether in roofs, wainscottings, fittings, or furniture. *Stained Glass* is (as we have had occasion to hint elsewhere) a very valuable auxiliary in improving the prevailing tints of an interior by transmission and reflection. The same end is often promoted by the use of rich draperies, and never more advantageously than when they fall behind the open-work of a screen or shrine. But our forefathers were not content with adorning in this manner, and in various others, their walls,

their ceilings, and their windows, but they made even their floors to conduce in some degree both to unity of character and relief of colour. This they did by using, together with stone, *glazed tiles*, singly or in compartments, on which were ordinarily depicted subjects common to architecture and to heraldry, and appropriate to the plan of their application,—sometimes ornaments of foliage, and at other times legends or inscriptions. These tiles, however, as used formerly, did not all contain devices equally durable, some having their subjects indented in them and filled up with differently-coloured clay, while others have them merely painted on the surface and baked in;—hence the perishable nature of the designs on the latter. The former kind however, may be imitated with ease and with permanency in all those cases to which variegated pavement can be considered applicable.

Some general principles, deducible from the works of our forefathers, yet remain for our notice; and to these we will advert at a future opportunity. E. T.

## TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1643.

(Continued from p. 293.)

On leaving Stratford, the travellers proceeded to Worcester.—“The Talbot in Sidburg, at that old City, [Worcester] was o’ Inne where we met a good She-Informer, a briske and merry Hostesse. In this ancient City wee found planted 11 Churches, besides the Cathedrall, and in that there are many fayre Monuments of much antiquity, amongst which the most observable, These—

In the middle of the Quire, in blacke Marble, the Monum<sup>t</sup> of that great withstander of the Pope, King John (who lost his Life by the diuelish practise of a Monke) w<sup>th</sup> his Pourtrature thereon, in his Princely Roabes.

In a Chapell is the Monum<sup>t</sup> of that noble Prince Arthur, eldest Sonne to King Henry the 7th of blacke Marble & Jet. Hee dyed at Ludlow Castle, A<sup>o</sup> 1502.

Some Monuments of Bishops of note, as these, Bp. Freak, Bp. Bullingaine, Bp. Parry, and diuerse other old Monum<sup>ts</sup> of Bishops, Deans, Ffryers, Monkes, and other Churchmen w<sup>th</sup> out Inscriptions.

The fayre rich Tombe of the now L<sup>d</sup> B<sup>p</sup> Thornborough.

In the Church, the Monum<sup>t</sup> of the L<sup>d</sup> Beauchamp, & his Lady lying by him.”

"We found the Towne [City] seated in a pleasant rich Valley, on the east banke of that sweet Riuer, [the Severn] ouer, w<sup>ch</sup> is built a fayre Archt Bridge, strongly wall'd, w<sup>th</sup> 6 Gates, and many Towers, on one of w<sup>ch</sup> is plac'd the Statue of King Edgar, that great Monastery ffounder & Builder.

"Her Gouvernm<sup>t</sup> is order'd by a Mayor, 24 Magistrates, whereof 6 are Justices, & a Recorder, [the Son of the L<sup>d</sup> Keeper, L<sup>d</sup> Coventry.] The Hall wherein they sit is very fayre and large.

"And having stay'd o' design'd time heere, wee made haste to her neighbouring City, o' next dayes Journey; and 4. Miles short of Broomegard Markett, the mid-way betweene these 2. ancient Citties, wee left, a little on o' left hand Whithorne Castle, y<sup>e</sup> Bishop's place of residence, where his Lo<sup>p</sup> then was: w<sup>th</sup> in a mile thereof we entered into his See at the Riuer Teame, w<sup>ch</sup> runs suddenly into Seuerne, for heere the two Sees parted.

"Before we could take sight of the City o' sight was taken from vs, by the Vesperian florerunners, so as we were muffled, and had neere lost our selues in a Mill Poole, (for there lay o' way) had not that miraculously-honest toll-dishing Miller directed vs ouer that deep swift current, by whose guidance at last, (though late) we entered that old City, [Hereford,] and billeted o' Selves at a proper and portly Alderman's House, an Hoste both of Qualitie and Reckoning; for the former his breeding shew'd it, for the latter o' Purses have cause to remember it: well there we were glad wee were so well, though wee pay'd for it, for he was both an able and a willing Intelligencer, and a good Discourser, and of a ciuill and gentile Garb.

"The next morning o' Hoste march'd w<sup>th</sup> vs out of his owne ward, & shewed vs the whole City, w<sup>ch</sup> wee found inuiron'd with a strong wall, w<sup>th</sup> 6. Gates, and many watch Towers for her defence, neere 2 Miles about (that part w<sup>ch</sup> way the Riuer Wye runs, w<sup>ch</sup> is close to the Cathedrall onely excepted) ou' w<sup>ch</sup> is a fayre stone Bridge of 6 arches, w<sup>ch</sup> Riuer ioyning w<sup>th</sup> another of her owne Country breed, [the Lug] at Chepstow, falls into the Seuerne. Upon the banke of this Welsh riuer, w<sup>ch</sup> diuides the 2 Soyles is an artificial Mount, whereon was scituated a strong Castle, now almost quite demolish'd."

"In this city [Hereford] are planted 6 churches w<sup>th</sup> their old White Mother Church; the Cathedrall, the w<sup>ch</sup> by her outward habit appeares very like her Sister in Carlisle: She is dedicated to S<sup>t</sup> Ethelbert sometimes king of the East Angles.

In this ancient old Cathedrall, there are many brauo Monum<sup>ts</sup> and amongst these following wee noted,

S<sup>t</sup> Thomas Cantalupus his Shrine of Marble & Brasse, who liued in the time of Edward the 3rd.

Bishop Aquablanke, & his brother Deane, in Henry the 3rd time.

Bp. Brews, of a noble ffamily: Hee exco<sup>m</sup>unicated K. John.

Bp. Stanberry, on the left hand of the Altar, in Henry 6th time. He built Stanberry's Chappell, right ouer ag<sup>st</sup> his Tombe, w<sup>ch</sup> is curiously wrought w<sup>th</sup> the History of the Crosse, & the Mistery of the Passion

In S<sup>t</sup> Katherin's Isle, Bp. Westfaling, & Bp. Charlton.

In the Church, Bishop Booth, in Henry the 7th time.

In the Chancell, Bishop Bennet of late yeeres.

Bp. Swinfield's Monum<sup>t</sup> who gave to this Church the rich Rectory of Swinfield; And by him lyes an old Pryor.

On the South side of the Quire, lieth 5. Norman Bishops, and on the North side, 3. more. An ancient Monum<sup>t</sup> of a Knight of the Garter, who was soe in Edward the 3rd time.

And diuerse other Monuments there are of old Bishops, Pryors, & Churchmen, who are interr'd in that old ffabricke.

"At the end of the High Altar Eastward in the new Library, where-in was the Shrine of the sayd S<sup>t</sup>. Thomas [Cantalup:] adioining close to it is a neat little Chappell, called the Lady Chappell, wherein are rich & curiously cut and caru'd workes. The Chapter house there is very fayre, & not much short of any wee yet saw, wherein are 10. fayre square built windows of Antique worke in good Colours: It is adorn'd on the Walles w<sup>th</sup> 46. old Pictures, curiously drawne, and sett outt. Christ & his 12. Apostles, The 2. Sisters, that gaue 4. Mannors to that Church. Edward the Confessor, & his Queene; the Earle of Pembroke, that flourish'd in the time of the Barrons Warres: S<sup>t</sup>. Winefride, S<sup>t</sup>. Chad; and diuers Holy Women: In the midst heare-of stands a Pulpitt, wherein euery Cannon, at his first entrance, doth preach 4. Latine Sermons.

"Next came wee into a braue & ancient priuileg'd Place, through the Lady Arbour Cloyster, close by the Chapter House, called the Vicars Chorall, or Colledge Cloyster, where 12. of the Singing Men all in orders, most of them Masters in Arts, of a gentile Garbe, haue there their conuenient seuerall dwellings, & a fayre Hall, w<sup>th</sup> richly painted windows colledge-like, where in they constantly dyet together, and haue their Cooke, Butler, and other Officers, w<sup>th</sup> a

fayre Library to themselves, consisting of all English Bookes, wherein (after wee had freeleie tasted of their chorall cordiall Lignor) wee spent o' time till the Bell toll'd vs away to Cathedrall Prayers: There we heard a most sweet Organ, and voyces of all parts, Teno<sup>r</sup>, Counter Teno<sup>r</sup>, Treeble, & Base; & amongst that orderly snowy crew of Queristers o' Landlord Guide did act his part, in a deep and sweet Diapason."

Quitting Hereford after breakfast, "away wee posted for Gloucester."—

(To be continued.)

## ON THE KNOWLEDGE

POSSESSED BY EUROPEANS OF THE ELEPHANT IN  
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

It is by no means an incurious subject to trace the information possessed by our ancestors of subjects of natural history, now become so familiar, as to create a surprise that fables respecting them should so long have been currently received. The fictions respecting griffons, dragons, &c., not to mention the unicorn, and other non-descript creatures, were greatly circulated during the middle ages, and the early romances of the Anglo-Norman and English *Trouvères* contributed in no small degree to increase them. The only sources of information were the writings of Pliny and Solinus, with many additional marvels in the popular work called the *Bestiarium*, the spurious Epistle of Alexander to Aristotle, and the Travels of Sir John Maundevyle. So utterly ignorant were the scribes of the tenth and eleventh centuries of the form of a lion, that in some copies of the Gospels of that period, in the Bodleian Library, and the British Museum, the animal is represented with a head and neck like a crane! In regard to the Elephant, the earliest knowledge the Europeans had of it, must have been from the relations of pilgrims in the east, the settlement of the Arabs in Spain, and the intercourse maintained with Constantinople. The first instance, however, of an Elephant being brought to the west, occurs in the year 807, when one was sent as a present from the famous caliph, Haroun al Raschid, to the Emperor Charlemagne, and must have occasioned no small degree of astonishment. In England this animal did not make its appearance till a much later period, viz. in the year 1255, the arrival of which is thus commemorated by Matthew Paris, the historian.\* "About the same time (February, 1255) an Elephant was sent into England, presented by the

King of France to the English Monarch, as the most magnificent gift in his power. This, we believe, was the first ever seen in England, or, indeed, on the continent, [this is a mistake,] and on account of the novelty, crowds of people flocked together to behold it." This notice is curiously confirmed by some entries on the Clause Rolls of that date, one of which is a writ to the Sheriff of Kent, dated 3rd Feb. 1255, directing him to go in person to Dover, together with John Gouch, the king's servant, to arrange in what manner the king's elephant, which was at Whitsand, (the shortest passage from Dover) might most conveniently be brought over, and to find for the same John, a ship, and other things necessary to convey it: and if by the advice of mariners and others, it could be brought to London by water, directing it to be so conveyed. Another writ, dated the 26th of the same month, orders the Sheriffs of London to cause to be built at the Tower, a house, forty feet in length, and twenty in breadth, for the king's elephant.\*

We possess, however, still better evidence about this Elephant, for among the Cotton MSS. (Nero D. i.) is a drawing of it, made by Matthew Paris himself, taken, as expressly stated, from the living animal:—"ipso elephante exemplariter assistente." Another drawing of this animal on a smaller scale, occurs at the close of the chronicle of John de Wallingford, a brother monk in the Abbey of St. Alban's, which must have been done very soon after the arrival of the Elephant. (MSS. Cott. Julius D. vii.). An account of the beast is subjoined by both writers, from which we learn that it was ten feet in height from the sole of the foot to the top of the back, and ten years of age; and that its keeper, although a man of tall stature, could scarcely touch the highest part of the animal. The historians seem to regard it as a perfect prodigy,—"prodigiosum, gibbosum, et strumosum, imò potius monstruosum,"—and enter into a long detail of the elephant's habits when in a wild state, which, although mingled with absurdities, affords a good notion of the knowledge then possessed by Europeans of this beast. They tell us, that elephants are gregarious, and the oldest among them leads the herd; that in passing a river the youngest are sent in first, lest the weight of the larger ones should deepen the channel too much; that they will not cross a bridge; nor, when about to cross the sea, enter into the ship, until an oath is taken before them by their conductor, that they shall return; that if they meet a man in a desert, who has lost his way, they will very courteously conduct him to the

\* There is a tradition that the Elephant was first brought to England by the Romans; under Claudius.—Ed.

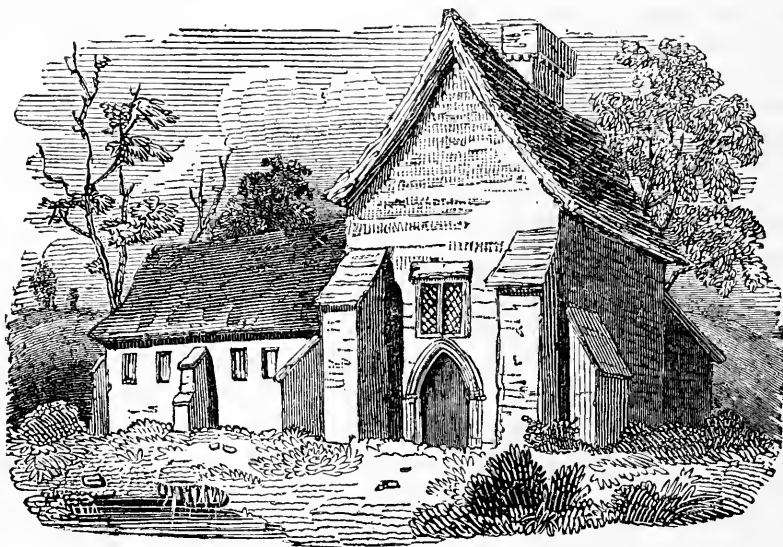
\* Rot. Liberat. de anno 39 Hen. III. m. 11;—et Rot. Claus. ejusdem anni, m. 16.—The Elephant was lauded at Sandwich.—Ed.

right path; that they live three hundred years, and increase in size to the age of thirty or forty; that their sexual intercourse only takes place during five days in the year, and for not more than two years: as regards the male, when he has attained his fifth, the female her tenth year; and that they carry the foetus two years, and produce only one at a birth. That they are impatient of cold, eat both trees and stones, love palm-branches as a bed, and are provoked to fight at the sight of blood or mulberry juice. The chameleon is poisonous to them, if swallowed by accident, and by way of antidote, they eat olives immediately afterwards. In their combats with dragons (to which they have a family enmity) the latter twists round the elephants' feet, and by throwing them to the ground, get the better of them;\* but

the elephant generally contrives to fall with his whole bulk on the reptile, so as to crush it. The blood produced by these combats when mingled with the soil, produces the earth called cinnabar. (!) In conclusion, that they have no joints in their limbs, are afraid of a mouse,\* and are captured thus: the hunter marks the particular tree against which the elephant rests at night, and then, taking his opportunity, saws it nearly through. The weight of the beast brings down the tree and its own unwieldy carcass to the ground;† and it is then secured or killed, according to the will of the captor. All the above is related with perfect conviction of its truth on the part of the writers, and was, doubtlessly, credited by all who lived at that period.

F. M.

## KILBURN, OR KILBOURN, PRIORY; MIDDLESEX.



A little lowly *Hermitage* it was,  
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side;  
Far from resort of people, that did pass  
In travaill to and froe; a little wyde  
There was an holy Chapell edifyde,  
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say  
His holy things, each morne and eventide:  
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountaine, welled forth alway,

KILBURN PRIORY was situated near the spot now occupied by the tavern, or tea-drinking house, called

\* Might not this be true, substituting the *Python* (the *Boa* of the old world) for the dragon?—ED.

*Kilburn Wells*, at the distance of rather more than two miles from London, north-westward, on the Edgware road. It derived its origin from a recluse, or hermit, named *Godwyn*, who retiring hither in the reign of Henry I., for the purpose of seclusion, built a cell near a little rivulet, called in different records *Cuneburna*, *Keelebourne*, *Coldbourne*, and

\* In the old romance of Alexander, the elephants are put to the rout by the squeaking of a herd of swine, brought "for the nonce."

† This story was told by Ctesias; but is refuted by Aristotle, in his History of Animals.—ED.



*Kilbourne*,\* on a site, surrounded with wood. Whether Godwyn grew weary of his solitude, or from whatever cause, it appears from documents yet extant, that between the years 1128 and 1134, he granted his Hermitage of *Cuneburna*, with the adjoining lands, to the conventual church of St. Peter, Westminster, "as an alms for the redemption of the whole convent of Brethren," under the same conditions and privileges with which "King Ethelrede had granted *Hamstede*" (to which manor Kilburn had previously appertained) to the same church.†

Almost immediately after this grant the abbot, Herbert, with Osbert de Clare, the prior, and the whole convent of Westminster, at Godwyn's request, and with the consent of Gilbert Universalis, Bishop of London, assigned the Hermitage and its lands to three Virgins, by name Emma, Gunilda, and Cristina, (and to all who should thereafter take up their abode in that place, for the purpose of leading a holy life;) who, according to Flete, were maids of honour to Matilda, or Maud, the Queen of Henry I.‡ Queen Maud was, herself, a Benedictine nun, and it was, probably, to obtain her favour, that the Cell of the Anchorite was converted into a Nunnery. It is recorded of this princess, that every day in Lent she went bare-footed and bare-legged, wearing a garment of hair, to pay her devotions in Westminster Abbey; and that she would, during that season, wash and kiss the feet of the poorest of her subjects. This practice is noticed in the "Chronicle" of Robert of Gloucester, as furnishing occasion for a reprehensive remark from an attendant courtier:—

"Madame, for Goddes love is this well idoo,  
To handle sich unclene lymmes, and to kisse so;  
Foule wolde the Kyng thynk if that hit he wiste,  
And ryght wel avyle hym er he your mouth kiste."

"Sur, sur, q<sup>d</sup> the Quene, be stille; why sayste thou so,  
Our Lord hymself ensample gaf so for to do."

\* This stream rises near West End, Hampstead, and after passing through Kilburn to Bayswater, it supplies the *Serpentine* reservoir in Hyde Park, and eventually flows into the Thames near Ranelagh.

† Vide, "Prima fundatio et Monialium de *Kylborne* per abbatem Westmonasterii Herebertum." Dugd. "Monasticon," vol. i. p. 336, and MSS. Cott. Faust. A. iii. f. 325-6, and Harl. 1604, p. 2.

‡ HERBERTUS, Abbas.---Iste fundavit cellam canonissarum Monialium de *KYLBORNE* ubi prius quidam nomine Godwynus heremiticam multo tempore ducebat vitam. Et hoc actum est vt Deo sacrate Virgines pro anima regis Edwardi [i. e. the Confessor] et pro statu abbatis et conuentus Westmonasterij

We may presume that the hermit, Godwyn, had been a person of some consideration, since, in the Ordinances first made for the government of the Nunnery, he was appointed its master or warden, and also the guardian of the Maidens as long as he should live; it was also appointed that, "after his death, the nuns should, with the advice of the Abbot of Westminster, elect some senior person capable of presiding over their church; that the abbot should not advance any one to that situation without their will and consent; that their chaplain should not interfere with matters relative to their temporal possessions, nor with the affairs of the church, except at their desire; and lastly, that all the possessions which i should please God to bestow upon them, they should enjoy as freely as St. Peter does his:"—that is, as independently as the Church of St. Peter, at Westminster, enjoyed its own estates and revenues.

Abbot Herbert gave two charters to the nuns of Kilburn;—by the first, after a devout aspiration, "that God, the Redeemer of mankind, might grant them perseverance until their souls find admittance among the saints in glory," the charter proceeds to state, that the abbot had bestowed, as an endowment, xxx s of that alms-gift which 'Sweno pater Rob'ti de Estsexa' gave to God and St. Peter, (the other moiety being appointed for distribution among the poor, at the ceremony of the *mandatum*, or washing of the feet;) and that Ailmer, the priest, had given a portion of land in *Southwercke*, which yielded ijs annually;—by the second, the abbot granted them a certain estate, held of the manor of Knightsbridge, (which still belongs to Westminster,) in the place called *Gara*, probably Kensington *Gore*. Succeeding abbots assigned allowances to the nuns, of provisions, kitchen-fare, (*coquina*,) wine, mead, and beer. In return for these various gifts, the vestals were enjoined to pray for the repose of the soul of St. Edward the Confessor, and the souls of the abbots and brethren of the church at Westminster; for the welfare of all the brethren of Feschamp, (in Normandy,) and for the redeeming the souls of their benefactors from torments.

That the nuns were subjected to the Benedictine rule (which was that of Westminster) may be inferred from existing documents respecting the disputed jurisdiction of the *Cell of Kilburn*, between Bishop

inperpetuum exorarent. Statuit eciam certas terras, annonas et corridia quedam cum redditibus de monasterio eisdem pro perpetuo assignari in quo loco sub honore Sancti Johannis Baptistæ consecrato statuit tres Virgines Deo sacratas domicellas, videlicet, camere Matildis bone regine Consortis regis Henrici Primi."---MS. Cott. Claud. A. viii. f. 40.



Gilbert and the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, which have been printed by Dugdale.\* On that occasion, however, the bishop granted and confirmed to the convent, for ever, the sole and entire jurisdiction, *in spiritualibus*, of the said cell, in consideration that it did from its first foundation belong to their church. This grant was attested both by the bishop's signet and the Convent Seal; yet, notwithstanding it being so ratified, and that the monks, in the year 1225, had obtained from Pope Honorius III. a bull of confirmation of their spiritual authority over the "Cell of *Keleburn*," their privilege was again disputed by Roger Nigel, the then Bishop of London. In the course of the litigation, that prelate died, but his successor continuing the dispute, the business was finally referred, by the supreme Pontiff, to the decision of the Bishop of Rochester, the Prior of Dunstaple, and the Rector of Maidstone; and, by them, in about three years afterward, an Award, or *Composition*, was made,—of which the following are the particulars:†

That the *Bishop of London*, for the time being, shall have free access to the Cell of Kilburn whensoever and as often as he will; and there, with procession, and with the ringing of bells, he shall be admitted by the *Prioress* and *Nuns* with all solemnity and reverence; that he shall enter their Chapter house, together with his attendants, to preach the word of God, to hear secret confessions, and to enjoin penances to the *Nuns*, who shall be willing to confess; although, for so doing, he shall not ever be entitled to demand any procuration. It is also conceded, that the secular Priest or Guardian who is set over the house by the Abbot, shall, upon his appointment, be presented to the Bishop, and pay canonical obedience unto him, who is thereupon to admit him without obstruction, unless any canonical disability prevent, but that he may be removed by the Abbot alone, whenever it shall seem expedient, and any other fit person be appointed in the same form. That the *Prioress* of the house, though appointed by the Abbot and his successors, shall be under obedience to the Bishop in all matters provided for in the present composition, saving in all things the canonical reverence and subjection which she owed of old to the Abbot. That, however, the entire ordering or regulation of the house, concerning matters and persons within its precinct, with the correction of excesses and reformation of its abuses, and the institution or destitution of the *Prioress*

and *Nuns*, shall belong to the Abbot and his successors for ever; provided that, in case any matters requiring correction among the *Nuns*, or other regular or secular persons abiding there, should be neglected by him for the space of a month, after warning having been given to him, (or, in his absence, to the Prior,) by the Bishop, then, upon clear evidence of such neglect of reformation, it shall be lawful for the Bishop himself to proceed towards correcting and reforming them, in such manner as to him, before God, shall seem expedient. Yet this must be so done as that nothing may be attempted against the person of the *Prioress* contrary to the present award. It is further ordained, that no Monk, but the Abbot,—or, in vacancy, or absence, or illness,—the Prior, shall go near the said *Nuns*, to hear their confession and enjoin penance. That the before-mentioned Bishop shall, when requested by the Abbot, perform the office of blessing or consecrating the *Nuns*; but that no other Bishop shall be, in future, introduced or admitted there, to perform any episcopal ceremony. Finally, that neither the Bishop, nor his Chapter, shall, by reason of this composition, challenge any jurisdiction, or subjection, over the Abbot and Monks of Westminster; nor, in any thing, derogate from the rights of the aforesaid *Nuns*, or their Cell. —*Acta in Capella apud Fulham anno Gratie, MCCxxxj.*

In the 27th of Edward III., the prioress and convent of Kilburn were acquitted of all tenths, fifteenths, and other taxations and tallages whatsoever, either ecclesiastical or temporal, for all lands and tenements which they then possessed, and all goods and chattels which they then, or thereafter, might belong to them.\* In the same reign, on the 20th of June, 1377, (only one day prior to the king's decease,) the church of Codam, now *Cudham*, in Kent,—or rather its dues and offerings,—was, under certain reservations, appropriated to Kilburn Priory, on the petition of the prioress and sisterhood, setting forth, that "their establishment was much decayed in its rents and profits, through the *infecundity* of past years; and from being situated near a much-frequented highway; and therefore inevitably exposed to the burthen of affording hospitality to a large concourse of people, both rich and poor, continually passing and repassing along the road; this, together with the necessary expenses of building and repairing the house, had, without any blame chargeable on themselves, so oppressed them with debts, that their resources were greatly inadequate to the maintaining the nuns serving God there, (whose numbers they wished to increase,) in a becoming manner." This representation having been substantiated by the oath of "certain creditable men, having full knowledge of the matters alleged," and further vouched by the Bishop of Rochester, (Trelleck,) himself, who had beheld "the wretched spectacle of their distress," the nuns had the prayer of

\* "Monasticon," vol. i. p. 361: "De jurisdictione in Cella Monialium de *Kylebourne*," &c. Vide "Cotton. MS." Faust. A. iii. f. 173.

† The original Instrument, in the Archives of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, has the letters *CYROGRAPHUM* cut through, in a straight line, and is thus endorsed, in an ancient hand. "*Keleburn*. *Composicio inter dominum Rogerum Episcopum London,' et Capitulum ejusdem loci, et abbatem et conventum Westm.' super Cella de Kyburne de jurisdictione ejusdem Episcopi in eadem Cella.*"

\* Rot. Pat. 27 Ed. III. p. 3. m. 2.

their application granted, as stated above. Shortly afterward, (6th Richard II.) in consideration of the poverty of the priory, its inmates were exempted, during the term of thirty years, from the payment of all levies upon the said church of Codam, so appropriated to their use.

On the dissolution of the smaller religious houses, in the 28th of Henry VIII., (anno 1536) the "*Nonre of Kilborne*" was surrendered to the commissioners, at which time its annual revenues were valued at £74. 7s. 11d. According to the *Inventory*, taken on the "xj day of May," in the above year, it appears that the buildings of the Priory consisted of the Hall, the Chamber next the Church, the Middle Chamber, between that and the Prioress's Chamber, the Princess's Chamber, the Buttery, Pantry, and Cellar, the Inner Chamber to the Prioress's Chamber, the Chamber between the latter and the Hall, the Kitchen, the Larder-house, the Brewhouse and Bakehouse, the three Chambers for the Chaplain, and the Hinds or Husbandmen, the Confessor's Chamber, and the Church.---We shall extract a few particulars which tend to correct some erroneous opinions respecting the state of our English bedding in Henry the Eighth's reign; there was *not* such a difference between the chamber furniture of those days and our own time as is generally supposed.

In the Middle Chamber :

"Itm' 2 bedsteddes of bordes, viijd.

Itm' 1 fetherbedd, vs. 2 matters, xxd. 2 old cov'lettes, xxd. 3 wollen blankettes, viijd. 3 bolsters, xvijid.

Itm' a syller of old steyned worke, iiijd.

Itm' 2 peces of old hanginges paynted, xd."

In the Prioress's Chamber :

"Itm' 4 peces of sey [serge made entirely of wool] redd and grene, w<sup>t</sup> a bordure of story hanginge in the seid chamber, iijs. iiijd.

Itm' a standinge bedd w<sup>t</sup> 4 postes of weynscot, xxd.

Itm' a trundle bedd under the same, iiijd.

Itm' a syller of yellowe and redd bokerame, and 3 curteyns of the same work, ijs.

Itm' ——— 8 pillowes of downe cov'ed w<sup>t</sup> fustyan, xijd.

Itm' an old cubbord w<sup>t</sup> 2 ambreys in it, xd.

Itm' 2 aundeyerns, a fyer ferkke, a fyer panne, and a paire of tonges, xxd.

Itm' 9 paire of sheetes, flaxen and canvas xiijs. iiijd.

Itm' 2 diaper table cloths, xjs. viijd. A pleyne clothe for the borde in the hall, xijd."

In respect to *Books*, the Nuns appear to have been lamentably deficient, the following being all which occur among the items.

Itm' 2 bookes of *Legenda Aurea*, the one in prynt, and the oder writen, bothe Englishe, iiijd.

Itm' 2 mas bookes, one old writen, and the oder print, xxd.

Itm' 4 p'cessions, in p'chement iijs. and paper, xd.

Itm' 2 legendes, viijd.; the one in p'chement, and thoder in paper.

Itm' 2 chestes w<sup>t</sup> div'se bookes p'teinyng to the chirche, bokes of no val'."

Among the articles within the Church, besides hangings, curtains, alter-cloths, chalices, copes, vestments, &c. were,

"Itm' a relique of the *holy crosse*, closed in silver, and gilt, sett w<sup>t</sup> counterfeyte stones and perls, worth iijs. iiijd.

Itm' a crosse w<sup>t</sup> certen other reliques, plated w<sup>t</sup> silver gilded, ijs. iiijd.

Itm' a case to kepe in reliques, plated and gilt, vd.

Itm' a clocke, vs."

The orchard and cemetery were valued at xxx. "by the yere:"—and "one horse, of the collar of black," at vs. The name of the last Prioress was Anne Browne. Almost immediately after the surrender of this house, the King, by an Indenture of bargain and sale, (dated 16th May, 28th Hen. VIII.)—which was enrolled in Chancery, and confirmed by an act of Parliament of the same year, intituled "An Act of Exchange betwyne the King's highnes and the lorde of Seynt Johns,"—assigned "the site, circuit, and precinct of the dissolved Priory of Kilborn, with the demesne lands of the same, and certain other lands in Kilborn, Hampsted, and Kilborn Wood," to Sir Wm. Weston, Kut. Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, in exchange for *Paris Garden*, in the County of Surrey, and other estates. The Knights of St. John were already in possession of the "*Shutup (or Shoot up) Hill*" estate, which adjoined the Kilburn lands, and had formerly belonged to the Knights Templars; and with a short intermission, that estate continued to be connected with them in proprietorship until the year 1773.

On the dissolution of the fraternity of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, in the 32nd of Henry VIII., (anno 1340,) their possessions were seized into the king's hands, and Kilburn Priory, with its immediate demesne, was granted to Robert, Earl of Sussex; yet this estate seems to have very soon reverted to the

crown, for Edward VI., in the year 1546, granted the priory and site aforesaid, to Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who immediately alienated them to Richard Taverner. After several intermediate ownerships, the Kilburn estate, about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, became the property (by purchase) of Arthur Atye, esq. who had been secretary to the favourite Earl of Leicester, and was afterwards engaged in the imprudent schemes of the equally favoured, yet more unfortunate, Earl of Essex. Through this participation he was compelled, in the year 1600, to withdraw from the kingdom; but after his return, he was knighted by James I., on the 11th of May, 1603. He died, probably at Kilburn Priory, on the 2nd of December, 1604, leaving the wardship of his son to the Earl of Devonshire. By the Inquisition *post mortem* he was found to have been seized of "one moiety of the manor of *Hamsted*, alias *Shuttup-hill*, (which he appears to have purchased in 1595,) held of the king *in capite*, by a fourth part of a knight's fee, and valued at £4. 2s.; and the site of the dissolved Monastery of Kilburn, with the demesne lands, held of the king *in capite*, by knight's service, and valued at forty shillings. From that time, both the Shuttup Hill and Kilburn estates were held in joint proprietorship, by the families of Atye, Roberts, Nelthorpe, Liddell, and Middleton, until the year 1773, when Richard Middleton, esq. of Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, made a separation of the property; conveying the Shuttup Hill estate, together with about forty acres of land at Kilburn, to John Powell, esq. of Fulham; and the remainder of the land at Kilburn, called the Abbey Farm, to Richard Marsh, gent., whose family were seated at Hendon in the reign of Edward IV.

The Abbey Farm, at Kilburn, which consists of about forty-six acres, and includes the site of the Priory, still belongs to the Marsh family, and is regarded as copyhold of the manor of Hampstead; for this property a quit rent of £1. 4s. is paid to the crown. The conventual buildings have long been destroyed, and no view of them is known to be extant except an indifferent etching, executed in the year 1722, from which the wood-cut attached to this article has been copied. The immediate precinct of the Priory is now used as a brick field, and excavations have been made around the foundations. Until within the last twenty-five or thirty years, there was a barn standing upon its ruinous walls, and the spot was afterwards distinguished by an irregular bank. The church was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. John Baptist; the latter of whom, in

his garment of camel's hair, was depicted on the Priory Seal, as delineated in the subjoined wood-cut.\*



\* This cut is taken from an engraving of the seal introduced in the late Mr. Park's "Topography and Natural History of Hampstead," to which work we are indebted for most of the preceding particulars of the Priory. The original Seal is affixed to a Release, from *Emma de Sancto Omero*, Prioress of Kilburn, to John Graunt of Everdone, and John Heywode of Daventre, of a Messuage called the *Bell on the Hoop*, and four shops adjoining in the parishes of St. Mary de la Stronde and St. Clement Dacons, or Danes.

The *Legend of Kilburn*. We have been favoured by a Correspondent with the following traditionary relation, as connected with Kilburn Priory; but have not been able to trace the story to any authentic source; nor is the name of Mertoun included among the benefactors to this foundation.

The Legend states, that at a place called Saint John's Wood, near Kilburn, there was a stone of a dark red colour, which was the stain of the blood of Sir Gervase de Mertoun, which flowed upon it a few centuries ago. Stephen de Mertoun, being enamoured of his brother's wife, frequently insulted her by the avowal of his passion, which she, at length, threatened to make known to Sir Gervase, to prevent which Stephen resolved to waylay his brother and slay him. This he effected by seizing him in a narrow lane, and stabbing him in the back, whereupon he fell upon a projecting rock which became dyed with his blood. In his expiring moments Sir Gervase recognizing his brother, upbraided him with his cruelty, adding, "This stone shall be thy death-bed." Stephen returned to Kilburn and his brother's lady still refusing to listen to his criminal proposals, he confined her in a dungeon, and strove to forget his many crimes by a dissolute enjoyment of his wealth and power. Oppressed, however, by his troubled conscience, he determined upon submitting to religious pen-

ON THE  
MYRRHENE VASES OF THE ANCIENTS.



THE above Wood-cut is a representation of one of those MYRRHENE VASES which were so highly valued in ancient Rome, and concerning which the modern antiquaries have so widely differed in opinion. Although it may be feared that the transitions of colour, the apparent myrr-stains and medullary markings, are so peculiar, and so delicate, that such Graphic Illustrations as the wood-engravers' art supplies, will scarcely enable our mineralogical readers to decide scientifically as to the substance of which these curious Vases consisted, yet curiosity may nevertheless be, in part, gratified, and some light be elicited from bringing together the sentiments and descriptions of the learned respecting them.

I have above written "consisted,"---I might have added, and *consist*, for the late Sir Joseph Banks

once; and ordering his brother's remains to be removed to Kilburn, he gave direction for their re-interment in a handsome mausoleum erected with stone brought from the quarry where the murder was committed. The identical stone on which his murdered brother had expired formed a part of the tomb, and the eye of the murderer resting upon it, the Legend adds, *blood was seen to issue from it!* Struck with horror, the murderer hastened to the Bishop of London, and making confession of his guilt, devised his property to the Priory of Kilburn. Having thus acted in atonement for his misdeeds, grief and remorse quickly consigned him to the grave.

discovered, that Myrrhene Vases still continue to be manufactured in the East, although they are not so highly prized, nor held in so great request as they were sixteen or eighteen centuries ago. The present Vase is from the cabinet of that distinguished Antiquary Mr. Francis Douce. Its form, though not uncommon, being nearly that in which glass drinking goblets are now manufactured, is beautifully simple; its texture and general appearance, semi-translucent; its colours, those of milk: the foot is a perfect chalcedony, which is gradually blended both in form and colour, into a bowl which is partially dappled like the medullary substance of the brain, and faintly and partially striped with those other tints which I shall presently quote from Pliny;---but the reader should bear in mind, as he reads the passage, that the *purple* of antiquity, was not the colour which we term purple, but the rich red of a ruddy vine-leaf.

Pliny, Scaliger, Raspe, and recently, Mr. Aiken, have treated of the Myrrhene Vases, of whom Scaliger and Raspe, appear never to have seen them. The latter was an excellent antiquary, and more particularly conversant in the sculpture and substances of antique gems; his non-inspection is therefore to be regretted. He says, "The celebrated *Vasa Murrhina* were first seen at Rome in the triumphal entry of Pompey, after his successful campaigns against Mithridates; and for which, afterwards, such extravagant prices were paid by the Romans, that it passes almost the conception of the warmest virtuosi, and the belief of the most credulous antiquarians. Three hundred talents!--no less than thirty thousand pounds sterling!--which Petronius paid for one single bowl of that kind, and which he broke to prevent Nero from seizing it, is really a price of such enormity, that antiquarians have been as it were bribed by it, as a premium to find out what these *Vasa Murrhina* possibly might have been made of. Pliny, who gives the most circumstantial account of them, seems to hint that they were looked upon 'as moist bodies hardened by heat under ground, and that they never were thicker than a common goblet.'"<sup>\*</sup>

This, and the "*Murrheaque in Parthis pocula coctat foci*" of Propertius, with the general report that they came from the East, from Parthia, and Caramania, persuaded some antiquarians of the first rank, that they were a kind of china-ware; for china formerly always came 'from the East.' But does that agree with the enormity of the prices for which they sold, at a time when the Indian trade,

<sup>\*</sup> Hist. Nat. xxxvii. 1, 2.

† Lib. iv. Eleg. 5. ver. 26.

by land and sea, was of old standing? and how can that opinion be reconciled with the characteristic description of Pliny, that they were held in high estimation on account of their various colour, their spots winding round into purple and milk-white; and a third bright, burning, reddish colour, arising from the different shades of their mixture?" We quite agree with our antiquary, that to assert of Pliny that this is his account of the porcelain of the Chinese, is tantamount to saying that the Roman naturalist was as unobservant as a barbarian or a brute.

"That Pliny and those he copied, were but very imperfectly informed of the country from which the Myrrha, Murrha, or Myrrhene Vases came, and that they were equally ignorant of the means by which art or nature produced their particular commendation of bright colours, appears upon the very face of his account. All that he, or they, learned from the merchants who brought these curiosities from the East, purely with the intention to levy contributions upon the fanciers of them, was only to keep that profitable trade to themselves, and in the dark, as long as possible. They might mislead his judgment with regard to all these points; but what he saw himself with his own eyes, and what every body at Rome might see when he pleased, we must allow him to have described, not as an idiot, not as an imposter, but as a sensible and honest man." If these Vases were of variegated agate, or sardonyx, consisting of stripes, or strata, of milk-white Onyx, Chalcedony, saturated Amethyst, or purple, bright red, and the different shades thence arising; and cut into the size and thinness which Pliny mentions, then they were indeed wonders of nature and art which extravagant epicures might fancy and buy at exorbitant prices. They would in our days be looked upon as very great curiosities; for great and extensive as our knowledge is of the wonders and productions of the mineral kingdom, where does nature produce Agates and Sardonyxes of that kind, sound and unblemished, big enough for bowls of the size which Pliny describes?—Even if such precious masses should be found, who would dare to scoop them out so thin as Pliny mentions?"

Among those who were persuaded that Pliny and Propertius must have meant to describe the porcelain of China,—extraordinary as it may seem, was the diligent, profound, and accurate Scaliger: and what may seem no less remarkable, Salmasius has adopted this opinion, and so has the late Dr. Vincent in commenting on the Periplus of Arrian!

Mr. Aiken accounts for the formation of Scaliger's *opinion*—perhaps I should rather write, *aberration*—

as follows. "Joseph Scaliger was appointed professor at the University of Leyden, in 1593, a date probably not long subsequent to the introduction of porcelain from China by the Portuguese. Indeed, in the very year of his appointment, a rich Portuguese prize from India was brought into London, containing a large quantity of porcelain, which Anderson in his History of Commerce, considers to be the earliest mention of the importation of that commodity. The beauty of this newly-introduced ware appears not only to have turned the heads of the ladies, but to have stimulated the fancy even of grave critics; and Scaliger, finding that Propertius describes the Murrine cups as having been baked in Parthian furnaces, and that Martial talks of sipping hot wine out of them, concludes, that they were unquestionably China porcelain,"—apparently overlooking the fact recorded by Pliny, that *unwrought* specimens of Murrha, as well as cups of the same, had been dedicated in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

Mr. Aiken's own account of the Murrha, is as follows.—"The description of the varying iridescent hues of this substance (to say nothing of unwrought specimens of it) is totally inapplicable to the intricate enamelled patterns of porcelain; and the murrha [myrrha] was in all probability, either the gem called cats-eye; or perhaps, more likely, one of the iridescent varieties of Adularia, known among jewellers by the name of moon-stone and sun-stone, and which come chiefly from Persia, Arabia, and Ceylon."\*

With regard to the prevailing colours of this occult substance;—namely that of milk, and a fiery-tinged purple; the latter is precisely that which the partial stains of *myrrh* would leave behind, on a thin semi-transparent, or translucent body; from which close resemblance it was doubtless originally denominated. Concerning the substance itself, and its mineralogical designation,—it is not cats-eye; and since Adularia, Chalcedony, Agate, and Sardonyx, are found to be so variously mingled and modified, in different parts of the earth, and occasionally bear such near chemical and even ocular resemblance to each other; and since they are all of the *felspar* genus, we run small hazard in inferring that the Myrrha belongs to this class;—and notwithstanding the doubt or denial expressed by Raspe, that nature ever produces her more precious substances, of such large dimensions as the dish or bowl of Petronius; criticism requires us to state, that Pliny has not mentioned its size. Yet large it must certainly have been, because a goblet

\* Transactions of the Society of Arts, &c. Vol. xlviii. p. 575

capable of containing three sextari (which is half a gallon and half a pint), was sold about the same time for seventy talents. Slabs, however, from which dishes might have been turned more than twelve inches in diameter, have within these few years, been brought from Siberia; and the enormous value set upon this superb ornament of the side-board of the elegant Petronius, shews that it must have been regarded as unique and wonderful in its dimensions.

J. L.

### THE SOMERSETSHIRE MAN'S COMPLAINT.\*

Gods boddikins, 'chill worke no more,  
Dost thinke 'chill labor to be poore,

No, no, ich have a doe: (*done*).  
If this be now the world and trade  
That I must breake and rogues be made,  
Ich will a plundring too.

'Chill zell my cart and eake (*also*) my plow,  
And get a 'zwird, (*sword*) if I know how,  
For I meane to be right;  
'Chill learne to drinke, to sweare, to roare,  
To be a gallant, drob, and whore—  
No matter tho nere fight.

But first a warrant that is witt (*fit*)  
From Mr. Captaine I doe gett,  
'Twill make a sore a-doo;  
Ffor then 'e'have power by my place  
To steale a horse w<sup>th</sup> out disgrace,  
And beate the owner too.

God blesse us what a worlde is heere,  
Can never last another yeare,  
Voke (*folk*) cannot be able to zow:  
Dost think I ever 'chad the art  
To plow my ground up w<sup>th</sup> my cart—  
My bease† are all I—goe, (*agone*.)

I'ze had zixe oxen tother day,  
And them the roundheads stole away,  
A mischief be theire speed;  
I had six horses left me whole,  
And them the cavileers have stole,  
Gods zores, they are both agreed.

Here I doe labor, toile, and zweat,  
And 'dure the cold, hot, dry, and wett,  
But what dost 'think I gett?  
Ffase, (*faith*) just my labor for my paines,  
The garrizons have all the gaines,  
And thither all is vett (*fetched*).

\* These Verses were copied from the Common-place, or Memorandum Book of one Thomas Davies, written, as appears from the dates scattered through it, between the years 1614 and 1648. It is a small oblong volume, in 18mo, preserved in the Lansdowne Library, in the British Museum.

† *Beasts*; cattle for the plough.

There goes my corne, my beanes, and pease,  
I do not dare them to displease,  
They doe zoe zweare and vapor:  
Then to the governor I come  
And pray him to discharge the some,  
But nought can get, or (*except*) paper.

Gods bores, dost think a paper will  
Keep warme my back and belly fill?  
No, no, goe burne the note;  
If that another yeare my veeld  
No better profit doe me yeeld,  
I may goe cut my throate.

If any money 'chave in store  
Then straight a warrant came therefore,  
Or I must plunderd be;  
And when 'chave shuffled by one pay  
There comes a new w<sup>th</sup> out delay;  
Was ever the like a zee (*seen*).

And as this were not grieffe enow,  
They have a thing called *quarter* too;  
Oh that's a vengeance waster!  
A plague upont, they call it *cree*;  
'Cham sure that made us slaves to be,  
And every rogue our master.

There is abundant evidence in the history of our Civil War, to prove that the evils complained of by the writer of these lines were by no means imaginary; and that the soldiers on both sides plundered the country people, whether friends or foes, indiscriminately. "There are few," says a modern writer, "who reap the supposed advantages of war, but millions feel the evils of its ravages!"

### ANCIENT ROMAN REMAINS FOUND NEAR SHEFFORD.

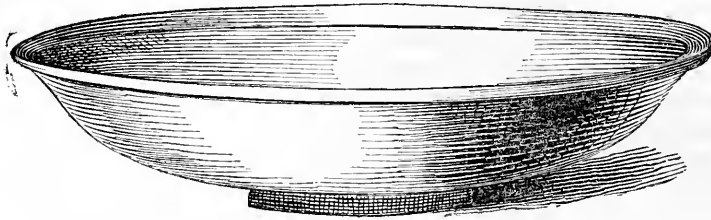
THE antique remains, of which representations are here inserted, were discovered in a field adjoining to the town of Shefford (in Bedfordshire,) where labourers were digging gravel, in the year 1826.\* They accidentally struck upon the deposit, which was eventually found to consist of Roman pottery, certain vessels of glass and of bronze, a few coins, and the remains of two implements of iron.

The vases of pottery, or *terra-cotta*, (baked earth, or clay) were much mutilated and shattered in the disinterment, with the exception of a single beautiful specimen, which, by the ignorant workmen, was thrown aside upon a heap of gravel,—and even this was damaged by a spade being carelessly cast upon it,

\* Within the last fortnight, some new and important discoveries have been made near Shefford,—of which we hope, shortly, to be enabled to give a full account.

which chipped a piece out. This dish and another, of which the diameter is ten inches, are all that were preserved of the fruit of that day's discovery. The latter is of an elegant, but not uncommon, form,---such as

would be suited to the dairy purpose of a cream-bowl or cream-dish, and it has the maker's name "*Offa-ger*" impressed in Roman capitals across the centre of the inner side.



A brief account of this discovery was inserted in the "*Times*" Newspaper, which excited some antiquarian notice; and, Mr. Inskip, a resident at Shefford, constantly visited the spot during all further excavations. The next discovery consisted of a small Roman urn, a jug, and an iron lamp, surrounded by eleven dishes; nearly the whole of which were disinterred without the slightest injury, and are still in a state of excellent preservation. A considerable quantity of broken glass was also found.

Some weeks afterward, the spot was again excavated, and a fresh deposit of terra-cotta cups, or vases, was brought to light, these, had their makers' names, "*Calvinus*," "*Maccius*," &c. impressed across the inner surfaces of their bottoms, from engraved stamps, such as were some years ago exhibited and discoursed of by Mr. Landseer, at the Royal Institution;\* several of which may be seen in the British Museum. A considerable quantity of the remains of

glass urns, so much broken as not to be susceptible of restoration, was also found here: of one of them the bottom is exceedingly thick, and is wrought in circles. It is seven and a half inches in diameter; and the neck one and a half; of a greenish colour, and one of the ears, or handles, is exquisitely wrought with the device of a fish's tail. The remains of this vase imply that it was used for a funeral purpose, and that its form and size were not dissimilar to those of the celebrated Portland vase.

This was a most important spot; and a very uncommon, if not unique, Roman vessel,---a sort of pan,---of brass, would here have been extricated whole, but for the eager cupidity of one of the workmen, who upon turning round and seeing his companions busily engaged in cutting and digging away, with due care, the surrounding earth with their knives, rudely snatched at the handle, and with a violent wrench broke it into pieces.



\* We have deemed it proper to extract the passage from Mr. Landseer's published volume of "*Lectures*," which is now out of print:---"Had the modern art of making paper been known to the ancients, we had probably never heard the names of Faust and Finiguirra, for with the same kind of stamps which the Roman tradesmen used for their pottery and packages, books might also have been printed; and the same engraving which adorned the shields, and pateræ of the more remote ages, with the addition of paper, might have spread the rays of Greek and Etrurian intelligence over the world of antiquity. Of the truth of this assertion, I have the satisfaction to lay before you the most decided proofs, by exhibiting engraved Latin inscriptions, both in cameo and in intaglio,

It has, however, been put together, and is delineated in the annexed cut. The circular part is eight and a half inches in diameter, and what I shall here term the *proboscis*, about five and a half in length. On one side is a grotesque, but not ill-drawn, lion's

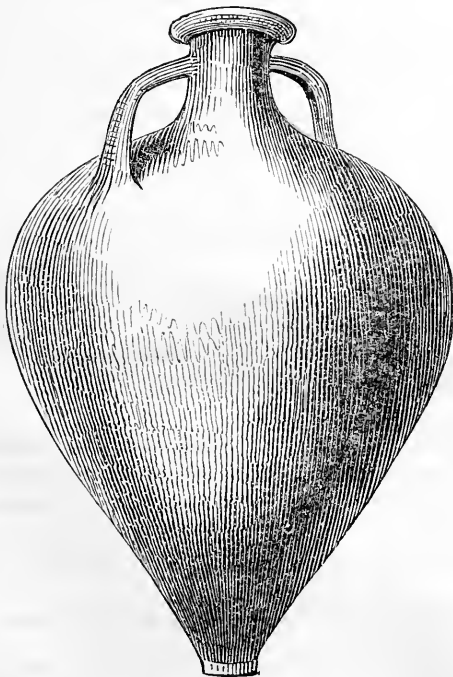
from the collection of Mr. Douce, with impressions taken from them but yesterday. One of them is an intaglio stamp, engraved on stone, with which an ancient Roman oculist was used to mark his medicines; the other, which is of metal, and in cameo, is simply the proper name of the Roman tradesman, by whom it has probably been used, "*Titus Valagini Mauri*."



head, attaching the handle to the upper rim, and at the other extremity of the handle, underneath, is the spread paw of a lion as if grasping.

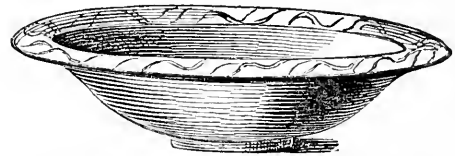
On the opposite side protrudes a straight, non-descript, limb, which, whether to term spout, or another handle, or what else; or why it has been thus fashioned, or for what use, it is difficult to determine. It is cylindrical; and terminated by the head of a ram. Its ornamental fillets and fastening are nicely executed, and the whole is in good taste. Was this *proboscis* employed to pour forth the liquid contents of the dish, or bowl, through the ram's mouth, during some mystic ceremony? \* It may perhaps corroborate this idea, that a lamp of iron was found near it; and at another visit, the remains of a knife was here picked up, which was apparently of the sacrificial form.

The bottom of the bowl is turned in circles, and within-side was found a coin of the first brass, the reverse of which bears the remains of an altar; and on the obverse is the head of a Roman emperor, apparently that of Vespasian, or Titus, with the inscription partly obliterated. Subsequently, two other coins were found near this spot: one of them, of the Emperor Constantine, is in good preservation; the other of Maxentius, as perfect as when it was first issued from the Roman mintage.

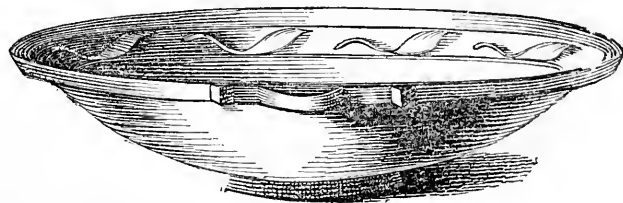


\* In Montfaucon's "L'Antiquité Expliquée," (tome sec. pl. 58, fig. 4.) a representation is given of a *Patera*, which nearly resembles the above vessel, except that the straight limb, ending

Some time afterward, Mr. Inskip himself, whilst engaged in digging, came upon an urn of large dimensions, or an amphora, whichever it be; and, though very careful, he accidentally struck it with his spade, and did it more mischief than it had received for a thousand years before, though lying very near the surface: perhaps, too, he spilled some of the remains of that antique Falernian wine, which in the time of Virgil was so famous for producing "stammering tongues and staggering feet." He, however, preserved every broken piece, and with considerable pains, put them together; and the vessel is now of a beautiful shape, tapering off very much towards the bottom. It is two feet in height; and, in the widest part, nearly one foot and a half in diameter.



Near this spot were also found three dishes, ornamented on their margins with leaves, which appear most to resemble the olive. These were disengaged from the surrounding earth and gravel, in a perfect state: they are of beautiful texture and elegant form.



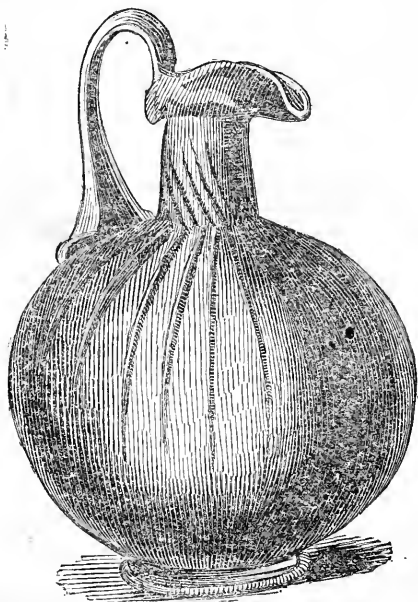
With them was a glass vase about the size of a modern sugar-bason, of very fine glass, and radiated from the mouth downward, with projecting ribs. It is of a yellow hue, nearly globular in shape, with a large mouth, and no neck, and is perfect, save a very small piece chipped out of the extreme edge.

A glass funnel of a small size, much like those now in use, but of inferior material, was dug out close by; and, also, a lachrymatory vase much broken.

Near one of the deposits was a hole, containing about a quart of charred seeds, which were probably an Offering to Ceres: and at a small distance from them were found some pieces of blue glass, which

with the ram's head, forms the *handle* in Montfaucon's print, and that it has no spout. *Pateras* were vessels used in ancient sacrifices, both to receive the blood of victims and to make libations. The projecting limb of the vessel described above, is perforated to within about half an inch of the end.---Ed.

when fitted and cemented together, produced a most elegant ewer: the neck, handle, and spout, particularly so. The spout is fashioned like some of the vases of Greece and Etruria, so as to throw forth the water, or whatever other liquid, in a full stream, without spilling it sideways: perhaps it is a libation vase. Its body, which is nearly spherical, is radiated from the bottom of the neck downwards; and the whole is, in point of colour and form, a most splendid and remarkable piece of ancient manufacture.



At various visits, scarcely fewer than three dozen of red dishes have here been disinterred, most of them bearing names, though these are not all legible. Those of the potters "*Luppa*" and "*Teneum*" are among them.

### ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF WALES.—No. III.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,  
When he comes back; you, demi-puppets, that  
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid  
(Weak masters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the moutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
Set roaring war:—*Tempest*, Act V. Scene i.

In the first paper of this series we briefly took occasion to remark on the coincidence which is exhibited

in the popular traditions of different countries and periods. We shall now proceed to consider the subject of Fairy Mythology, chiefly in reference to Wales, more systematically than in the hasty notice on a previous occasion.\*

The origin of these little beings, like everything else connected with the supernatural world, has been controverted with much zeal, but we are afraid with uncertain success. The name alone has been assigned by different English writers, to the Hebrew and Greek languages; to the Anglo-Saxon *þænan*, to fare, to go; to the Peri of Persia; to their fair complexion; and lastly to a celtic derivation. "It will afford entertainment," says Dr. Percy, "to a contemplative mind to trace the various whimsical opinions respecting fairies up to their origin." After speaking of the general belief in supernatural beings which prevails in Arabia and Persia,† he adds that it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed in the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called *Duergar*, or Dwarfs, and to whom with their characteristic love of the wild and the wonderful, they attributed marvellous powers and attributes.

The earliest account of English fairies was written by the Imperial Chancellor, Gervase, of Tilbury, who lived in the thirteenth century;‡ after which (with the exception of the descriptions in the works of the poets) a long period elapsed before any mention of them is to be traced, until Reginald Scot wrote his famed "*Discoverie of Witchcraft*," in which he observes, "The faeries do principally inhabit the mountains and caverns of the earth, whose nature is

\* It may be proper to mention that it is our intention to bring together in the course of these papers, as complete an illustration of Cambrian superstitions, manners, and customs, as our limits will permit; derived from the best authorities, and from personal observation during a residence of several years in the Principality.

† Sir Walter Scott is of opinion that the eastern superstitions bear no affinity to the Fairy Mythology of Britain, which appears evident on the slightest examination of the belief of the respective countries.

‡ He assures us that in his days, the lovers of the *Fadæ* or Fairies were numerous, and describes the rules of their intercourse with as much accuracy as if he had himself been engaged in such an affair. Sir David Lindsay also informs us "that a leopard is the proper armorial bearing of those sprung from such an intercourse, because that beast is generated from the adultery of the pard and the lioness." He adds that Merlin, the prophet, was the first who adopted this cognizance, because he was "borne of fairie in adulture, and right sua the first duke of Guyenne, was borne of a fee, and therefore the arms of Guyenne are a leopard."—*Border Minstrelsey*, vol. ii.

to make strange apparitions on the earth, in meadows, or in mountains, being like men and women, soldiers, kings, and ladies, children, and horsemen clothed in green, to which purpose they do in the night steal hempen stalks from the fields where they grow, to convert them into horses, as the story goes." Sir Walter Scott has well remarked that the fairy land and fairies of Spenser, had no connexion with popular superstition, being only words used to denote an Utopian scene of action, and imaginative or allegorical characters; the title of the Fairy Queen being probably suggested by the elfin mistress of Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*. Many witches were persecuted in Scotland, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, "for haunting and repairing with the gude neighbours and queene of Elfland," as the indictment of Alison Pearson, who was convicted of fairy-intercourse, expresses it; and in another instance, a female was found guilty in 1670, of "taking employment from a woman to speak in her behalf to the Queen of Fairie:" indeed, the Presbyterian clergy are stated to have long pursued with unrelenting rancour those suspected of intercourse with the fairy world. There is a remarkable instance recorded of the belief in fairies, little more than one hundred and thirty years ago, in the case of a person of rank and learning, Dr. Edward Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, who is stated by Morgan,\* to have written the following memorandum at the foot of the title page of the pamphlet which he reprinted concerning the Cornubian story of Anne Jefferies; "Recommended by the Right Reverend, to his friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Rye." Immediately subsequent to this, Bourne enlightens us on the popular belief of the time, by stating that a part of the winter-evening conversations generally turned on fairies. "These they tell you have frequently been seen and heard; nay, that there are some still living who were stolen away by them and confined seven years."† Mr. Keightley remarks a few years since, "the impression on our mind is, that the belief in fairies is by no means extinct in England, and that in districts, if there be any such, where steam engines, cotton mills, mail coaches, and similar exorcists have not yet penetrated, numerous legends might be collected."

The belief in fairies forms an important feature in the superstitious creed of Cambria, where there can be no doubt that it has existed from remote antiquity. It has been conjectured by Mr. Roberts,‡ that their

origin in Britain may be deduced from the period when the rites and ceremonies of the persecuted religion of the Druids (which "exhibited such a mingled character of barbarous bigotry on the one hand, and of elevated dignity on the other") were quivering to their fall. The popular belief in fairies dancing around trees, the necessity which existed for concealment, and the morality with which they are invested, are adduced as proofs in support of this supposition:—there can be little doubt, however, that the Celtic superstitions became progressively intermingled with those of the Gothic race, as the latter gradually conquered and partly displaced the original inhabitants; and it may be very probable that the Pagan creed of classic antiquity had previously in some measure influenced that of the Gothic nations; but to assign a classical origin to, and entirely exclude the aboriginal Celtic traditions, as some writers have attempted, or in other words, to affirm that no record has been transmitted to us of the belief of the early ages, (especially in a country like Wales, where every thing relating to the past is preserved with religious veneration,) is an argument which we think would require no little skill to substantiate. Mr. Keightley observes, that our knowledge of the original religion of the Celts is very limited, and chiefly confined to what the Roman writers have transmitted to us, and the remaining poems of the Welsh bards. Its character seems to have been massive, simple and sublime, and less given to personification than those of the more eastern nations. The wild and plastic powers of nature seem in it to have assumed the semblance of huge giants and ingenious dwarfs.\*

The opinion of Sir Walter Scott, which must carry with it great weight, is summed up as follows:—"In the traditions of the Gothic and Finnish tribes we may recognize, with certainty, the rudiments of elfin superstition, but we must look to various other causes for the modifications which it has undergone. These are to be sought first, in the traditions of the east; second, in the wreck and confusion of the Gothic mythology; thirdly, in the tales of chivalry; fourthly, in the fables of classical antiquity; fifthly, in the influence of the Christian religion; sixthly and finally, in the creative imagination of the sixteenth century."

The Celtic fairy mythology may be said to be diffused not only over Wales, but in Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and in Brittany. The Cambrian Antiquaries insist that the fairy tales of the Northmen, have been altered and adapted from

\* Vide "Phoenix Brit." p. 545.

† Vide "Antiquitates Vulgares," 1725.

‡ Vide Roberts's "Cambrian Popular Antiquities."

\* "Fairy Mythology."

the ancient traditions of the Cymry; on the other hand, it is asserted that there is no evidence in the Welsh poems and Mabinogion, the poems of Ossian, or the different Irish poems and romances, to warrant the conclusion that they were derived from an age prior to the conquests of the Gothic race, and that the latter introduced and communicated their belief in *Dwarfs* and *Kobolds* to their Celtic subjects and neighbours. We have formerly expressed our leaning towards the arguments for their Celtic origin; they are frequently mentioned very distinctly by the most ancient British bards, and both Taliessin and Merddin particularly describe the habits of the two principal varieties which still compose the basis of the system of Fairy Mythology in Wales. Among these ancient bards they were commonly designated, spirits of the mountains, which wild solitudes they are yet believed to fondly haunt.\* These circumstances, with those adduced in favour of their Druidic origin, seem to establish the superstructure of the Cambrian antiquaries on by far the firmest foundation.

The Itinerary of Giraldus Cambrensis, Archdeacon of Brecon, and author of many learned works, who in 1188, accompanied Archbishop Baldwin in a journey around Wales, with the design of arousing the feelings of the people, in favour of the projected crusade,—supplies us with some very valuable information on the superstitions of the period. We look upon the work of Giraldus, (which has been so ably translated and illustrated by Sir R. C. Hoare,) to be one of great importance and interest. It may be disfigured in the estimation of many, by the superstitious opinions of the writer; but at this lapse of time, such passages become valuable as illustrations of the belief of a remote period. He fully appreciated the picturesque beauty of his native land, and had a keen turn for observation on life and manners. He observes,—“In these parts of Penbroch, it has happened in our times that unclean spirits have conversed with mankind, not indeed visibly, but sensibly: for they manifested their presence at first in the house of one Stephen Wireit, and sometime after to William Not, by throwing dirt and such things as

rather indicate an intention of mockery than injury. In the house of William, the spirit used to make rents and holes in both linen and woollen garments, to the frequent loss of both host and guest, from which injury no care and no bolts could protect them. In the house of Stephen, which was still more extraordinary, the spirit used to converse with people, and when they taunted him, which they frequently did out of sport, he used to openly charge them with those actions of theirs from their birth which they least wished to be heard or known by others. If you ask the cause and reason of this matter I do not take on me to assign it, only this, that it, as is said, used to be a sign of a sudden change either from poverty to riches, or rather from riches to desolation and poverty. But this I think worthy of remark, that places cannot be freed from illusions of this kind by the sprinkling of holy water, not merely by the ordinary, but even of the great kind, nor by the aid of any ecclesiastical sacrament. Nay the priests, themselves, when coming in with devotion, and fortified as well with the cross as with holy water, were forthwith among the first defiled by the dirt thrown at them; from which it would appear that both sacramentals and sacraments defend from hurtful not harmless things, and from injury not illusion.”\* Such were the pranks of the *Ellyll* of the twelfth century.

The belief in fairies, although diffused throughout the Principality, prevails more particularly in the southern counties, but it is greatly on the wane everywhere. Though variously styled by the designations of *Y Tylwyth Teg*, the fair family; *Elod*, intelligences; *Ellyllon*, elves; *Bendith en mamau* the blessing of mothers; *Gwreigedd anwyl*, dear wives; and *Y Teula*, the family, &c., Cambrian fairies may be divided into two kinds, the first of which, or the *Tylwyth Teg*, from their friendly dispositions, may be said to assimilate to the Scottish brownie; whilst the other class, or the *Ellyllon*, are a “goblin crew,” in many cases hostile, and invariably wickedly, or spitefully, inclined to the human race.

Though the *Tylwyth Teg*, are almost universally considered the prototypes of the fairies of England, Dr. Owen, in his “Welsh Dictionary,” expresses an opinion that they are improperly so classed, on the ground of their not being of so diminutive a size as the legitimate fairy. But the attributes of each so nearly correspond, as to leave in our opinion, not

\* Speaking of the popular belief on this subject, Mr. Croker remarks, “They are supposed to be the *manes* of the ancient Druids, suffered to remain in a middle state, not worthy of the felicity of Heaven, but too good to associate with evil spirits, and therefore permitted to wander amongst men, until the day of doom, when they are to be elevated to a higher state of being; hence the adage, “*Byw âr dir y tylwyth teg*,” to live in the land of the Fair Family.” We believe Mr. Croker was indebted to that eminent and learned antiquary, Dr. Owen Pugh, for the preceding observations.

\* He observes on the very curious tale of Elidurus, (which we see has been imperfectly given by a writer in a recent No. of this work),—“This, and any such that might occur, I should place according to Augustine’s opinion, among those things which are neither to be strongly affirmed nor denied.

the slightest doubt on the subject.\* They are, in fact, the *Dynion mwyn*, or kind people of the Mabino-gion. The sequestered hollow, the lonely cave, the verdant hillock, or the grassy field, were the spots where the *Tylwyth Teg* loved to haunt and to dwell in. They caused the course of true love to run smooth, rewarded industry, and were the steady promoters of virtue and hospitality. "Grant that the sweet fairies may nightly put money into your shoes and sweep your house cleane," was one of the good wishes of the olden time. In Wales it was necessary not only to leave the hearth and floor well swept, but also to leave a pail of water, or milk, for fairy accommodation, to secure the favours of these nocturnal visitors; a superstition fraught with a useful and excellent moral: indeed, there are few of the traditions of the Cymry, but what are invested with a moral of some kind. If matters were to their liking they would dance throughout the night, sometimes removing to the barn-floor, and merrily singing the *Can y Tylwyth Teg*, or fairies' song.

Dowch Dowch, gyfeillion mân,  
O blith marwolion byd,

Dowch, Dowch, a Dowch, yn lan, &c. &c.

A few years since, an aged individual from Anglesea, solemnly affirmed to Mr. Howells, that in his youth he had frequently seen the *Tylwyth Teg*. One morning he went out very early to drive home his father's cows from a distant field. On entering it he beheld with a palpitating heart, in the grey and obscure light, a party of the little beings dancing in a circle, all around which, there shone a brilliant light which dazzled his eye-sight, like the glare of the sun. But he hastened homewards without further investigation, and on his return found a groat placed on a stone of Cymmunod bridge. He often saw the fairies afterwards, and a similar sum was always laid for him in the same spot. At last his father's curiosity became excited, by the apparent superfluity of money which his son possessed; who, one Sunday afternoon, was induced to confess the secret. Ever after which, though he often went to the field, and never failed to examine the stone as he passed by, he could never either see the *Tylwyth Teg*, nor find a single groat again. This is an illustration of the saying, that he who finds a piece of money will always find another in the same place as long as he keeps it a secret.

\* We are informed by Mr. Croker, that "the idea of fairies being diminutive, is only current in Pembrokeshire and the adjoining districts, where they are called *dynon bac teg* or the fair small people."

In many parts, especially in the south of Monmouthshire, a notion existed amongst the dairy maids, that the fairies sometimes visited their milk pans, skimming off the cream very adroitly; but of late years they have forgotten to leave a *silver penny* behind them, as was formerly their wont, in remuneration for the liberty. In the county of Brecon, where the *Tylwyth Teg* were frequently seen in the green fields after sunset, the peasantry often found in their kitchens, in the morning, what appeared to be loaves of bread, but which turned out to be fungi. In that district, with their usual love of cleanliness, they would frequently reward the clean servant by placing sixpence in her shoe whilst she slept, but those that were dirty, or negligent, were pinched without mercy by the elfin tribe, during the hours of darkness. In England a ring was generally left in the water-pail, as a reward to the industrious. Some *fairy money* was preserved in the Leverian Museum. It was thus described; "Orbicular sparry bodies, commonly called *Fairies money*, from the banks of the Tyne in Northumberland."

We find some excellent lines by Bishop Corbet on the subject, in an old political ballad:

"Farewell rewards and fairies,  
Good house wives now may say,  
For now fowle sluts in dairies,  
Do fare as well as they:  
And though they sweep their hearths no lesse  
Than maidens were wont to doe,  
Yet who of late for cleanlinesse,  
Finds sixpence in her shooe?  
Lament, lament, old abbies,  
The fairies lost command,  
They did but change priests babies  
But some have changed your lande."

The *Ellyllon* of Wales, seem to assimilate in their habits with the elves of other parts of the north. They love not the quiet and domestic habits of the *Tylwyth Teg*, but chiefly dwell amidst the wild and rocky scenery of the uplands, or on dreary wastes but seldom trodden by the foot of man. Here they follow their sprightly and mischievous propensities, keeping up the dance through the live-long night, and disappearing like the fairies of the bard of Avon, when Aurora first appeared at the gates of the east. During these nightly revels, particularly when the moon is obscured in a mist, the unlucky mountaineer or the hapless traveller, sometimes "came athwart" them suddenly. The following story will give some idea of their proceedings at these times. One evening, shortly after the moon had gone down on the hill-side, the attention of a youth who had lost his way

in his progress homewards, was powerfully excited by a wild though gentle melody which apparently proceeded from amidst some rocks, which lay in picturesque confusion on the slopes and levels of the mountain. After listening for some time, he again lost his track and suddenly found himself close beside a troop of Ellyllon, which were dancing round a mysterious circle of "stocks and stones." Before he had much time for thought, the elfin-troop surrounded him and quickly hurried him aloft, one of the party first asking the question, whether he would prefer to be conveyed with a high, a moderate, or a low wind? Had he chosen the first, or "above the wind," he would instantly have soared into the most elevated regions; but our poor bewildered farmer unwisely made choice of the low wind, thus rejecting (as is too often the case in life) the middle course, or "with the wind," where he would have enjoyed an easy and pleasant aerial excursion. The mischievous little spirits then hurried him along the surface of the ground, over bog and briar, thorn and ditch, until at last they threw him in a most miserable plight head foremost in the mire. We may give an amusing story or two on another occasion in further illustration of the pranks and frolics of the Ellyllon. They did not always, however, lead this secluded life, but frequently interfered with the concerns of man; and all the domestic disasters which arose from the inattention or idleness of servants, were set down to their agency. If the cows yielded little milk, or the corn look blighted, it was the work of the Ellyllon. The bells of the fox-glove are often called *menyg Ellyllon*, or goblins' gloves; and certain species of fungi bear the name of *Bwyd Ellyllon*, or goblins' meat.

The *Ellyllon*, like the English fairies described by Reginald Scot, were governed by kings and queens,\* princes and nobles, had a regular code of laws like any race of mortals, and also possessed armies, for wars are related to have sometimes raged amongst these little beings, which rivalled in ferocity some which have occurred in this lower world. There is a celebrated battle related to have taken place on a mountain between Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare, with two contending nations. The fairy armies, the officers of which were respectively dressed and mounted on black and white chargers, were posted on two opposite hills or hillocks, and the leaders (perhaps *Ellyllon* Wellingtons and Napoleons,) endeavoured by repeated charges, to dispossess each other from the van-

tage ground. The battle raged fierce and long, but at last one party succeeded in dislodging the other. All became riot and confusion, black knights were mixed with white, spears like needles were numerous as the leaves of Birnam wood, and swords resembling the blades of penknives glistened in the moonshine with a fearful effect. The black party rallied for a time, and numerous were the instances of chivalric bravery which were exhibited on either side; at last, the white army finally became masters, and the whole disappeared in the pursuit like a mist,---leaving "not a rack behind," to reward the curiosity of some bold individuals who beheld the affray from afar. This memorable battle is still popularly believed by many persons in that wild and mountainous district.

There are few mountains in Wales that are not invested with some fairy tradition or legend of the marvellous. Trichrug, in Cardiganshire, which derives its name from three united hills, is believed to have been a favourite resort, and, like Cader Idris, is also distinguished by a remote legend, which relates that this lofty elevation was once the seat or chair of a giant, whose grave is still pointed out. In a match at quoits which took place here, between the giants of Cambria, he of Trichrug is said to have thrown one across St. George's Channel to the opposite coast of Ireland, thus winning the contest triumphantly. His grave was fabled to possess such extraordinary capabilities, that it not only adapted itself to the size of any one that lay down in it, but also gifted the individual with great or, if weak, with renewed strength. All defensive weapons placed in this grave were either destroyed or swallowed up. The rocky fortification, or *carnedd*, on the summit of Cader Idris, is invested by the surrounding peasantry with a mysterious tradition respecting the giant Idris, which we shall illustrate in an early paper, on the ancient superstitions and histories of the mountains, lakes, and rivers of Wales.

We are informed by the author of the "*Hanafon Cymreig*," or Antiquities of Wales, who quotes Giraldus, that the fairies had their own language, which somewhat resembled the Greek. If they enquired for water, they said "*Udor Udorum*," and if for salt, "*Hulgein Udorum*." We beg to throw out a hint to some admirer of the tribe to endeavour to collect materials for a *fairy Dictionary*. Fairies once abounded in Monmouthshire, but they have generally deserted that county, in consequence of the inhabitants, it is said, having once paid much more attention to religion than their neighbours, for they are there reputed to dislike everything of a religious nature.

\* The fairy queen is called *Tywyssoges Yr Eloed*.



This differs from the belief in many other places: Lilly tells us, in his *Life and Times*, that they love "neatness and cleanness of apparel, a strict diet, and an upright life; *fervent prayers unto God*," he adds, "*conduce much to the assistance of those who are curious in these ways.*"

Aubrey informs us, that when fairies remove from place to place, they are said to use the words *Horse* and *Hatcock*. It was a charm against them in the old time to turn the cloak when assailed. If struck at by a mortal, they became instantly invisible. Mr. Pennant mentions, that there is a substance found at a great depth in crevices of limestone rocks in sinking for lead ore, near Holywell, in Flintshire, which is called *Menyn, Tylua, Teg*, or fairies' butter.

One of the most remarkable superstitions connected with the *Tylwyth Teg* of Wales, is the belief in fairy islands, which prevailed along some portions of the coasts of the counties of Carmarthen and Pembroke. These islands would sometimes appear quite plain in the distant horizon, but were only seldom visible to human eyes. Their appearance corresponded with the nature of the inhabitants;—rising in beautiful clusters on the bosom of the main, they looked like the abodes of immortals. The *Tylwyth Teg* were believed to constantly attend the markets of Milford Haven and Laugharne, and like their island habitations, were only occasionally visible. The meat was taken away by invisible hands, and the proper value, mostly in silver pennies, was invariably laid down in its stead. Sometimes, however, they came in an unquestionable shape, neither "dilated nor condensed," but they never spoke, and generally preferred to make their purchases of one particular butcher, who had probably attracted their attention from his superior cleanliness. One part of the tradition, *at least*, we hold to be fabulous, namely that these supernatural visitors came to the mainland, by a subterraneous passage from the islands; this is utterly at variance with the well-known aerial capabilities of the fairy tribe. There is something exceedingly interesting in these traditions of unknown islands, which seem to have prevailed from remote antiquity. It brings to mind, amidst a host of other recollections, the *Fata Morgana* on the coast of Calabria, and the shadowy islands so long descried from the Canaries, of which so wondrous an account is given in the old writers, and in Washington Irving's inestimable *Life of Columbus*.

Another very singular description of spirits, which closely assimilate in their nature, if they may not be classed as fairies, called *Knockers*, are believed to

haunt and exclusively dwell in the mines of Cambria; and the miners assert, with the greatest solemnity, that they may frequently be heard actively engaged in the most remote parts of the workings; and by their noise, or knocking, draw the attention of the workmen to the richest veins of ore. Passing a large portion of their lives far removed from the cheering light of day, amidst the murky recesses of the earth, and, from many causes, rude and uncultivated in the extreme, we can hardly wonder that our mining population should be unusually superstitious. Mr. John Lewis describes these aerial beings to be "little statured, about half a yard long;" adding, that there were miners, on the discovery of a vein of metal on his own lands, who could make oath that they heard these knockers in the day-time, in or near the mines. They were thought to be friendly disposed to the workmen, and never, unless provoked by some insult, to attempt to harm any one. The most curious account that we have seen is in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was written by Mr. Lewis Morris, a gentleman, who was "esteemed no less for his learning and benevolence than for his general good sense and integrity." We, for the present, select the following passage from the two letters which he published in that venerable periodical. "People who know very little of arts or sciences, or the powers of nature, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of Knockers in mines, a kind of good-natured impalpable people, not to be seen but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types or fore-runners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. Before the discovery of the *Esgair y Mwyn* mine, these little people worked hard through day and night, and there are abundance of sober honest people who have heard them. But after the discovery of the great mine they were heard no more. When I began to work at Lwyn Lwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they frightened away some young workmen. This was when they were driving levels, and before we had got any ore, but when we came to the ore they then gave over, and I heard no more of them. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, although we cannot and do not pretend to account for them. We have now (October 1754) very good ore at Lwyn Lwyd, where the Knockers were heard to work. But they have now yielded up the place, and are heard no more. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice and thank the Knockers, or rather God, who sends these notices."<sup>2</sup>

\* "*Gents. Mag.*" 1754.



In the coal districts of Wales, a couple of horse-shoes are generally nailed to the frame-work at the top of the coal-pit, to keep away witches, warlocks, and other mischievous beings; a superstition analogous to that which prevails in the navy, and very frequently in the merchant and coasting services. In the navy, we are told by Captain Glascock that a horse-shoe, always toe up, is nailed to the forepart of the foremast, as a specific against these unhallowed hags. There is also a popular superstition relating to the "divining rod," cut at a certain hour, which was supposed to possess the property of indicating the existence of undiscovered mines. In Staffordshire, there is a race of goblin miners, somewhat resembling the knockers of Wales, but who are represented to make themselves sometimes visible, and even to perform kind offices for the colliers, occasionally drawing up buckets of water, and performing their

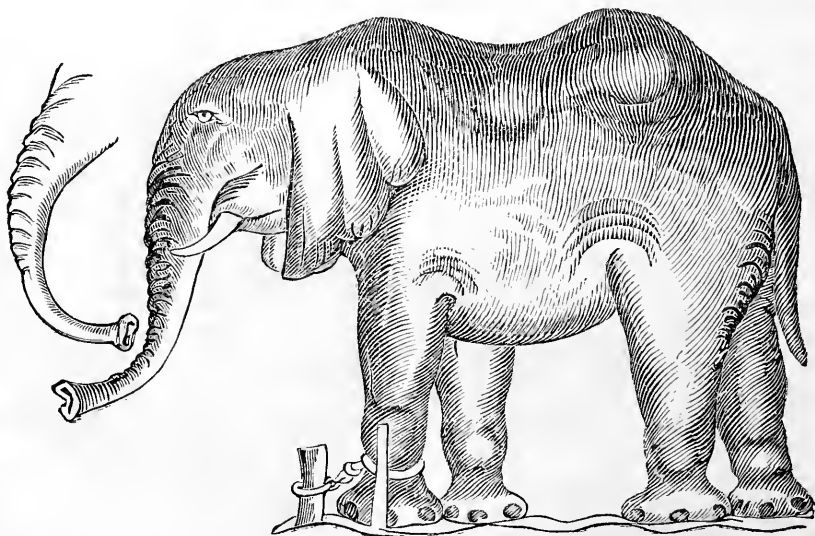
work underground. If pursued, they disappear like a flash of lightning. In that county, however, the appearance of these goblins is deemed to be, occasionally, either the forerunner of disaster, or to mark the unjust conduct of some parties connected with the works. These superstitions bear a resemblance to the "swarth fairy" of the mines of Germany, where there are two species, "the one fierce and malevolent, the other a gentle race, appearing like little old men, dressed as miners, and not above two feet high."

But here we must pause. In our next paper we shall endeavour further to illustrate the history and numberless curious legends connected with the fairy mythology of Wales, with such collateral circumstances from the popular belief of other countries, as may tend to confer additional interest on the subject.

VVVYAN.

### THE ELEPHANT;

AS DELINEATED BY MATTHEW PARIS.



In a preceding article, viz. "On the knowledge possessed by Europeans of the Elephant in the thirteenth century," (p. 335,) it is mentioned that both Matthew, Paris, and John de Wallingford, made drawings of the Elephant, which the King of France presented to Henry III., in the year 1255. From that by Matthew Paris, (occurring in the Cottonian MSS. marked Nero D. i. fol. 168. b.) a tracing has recently been made for our use,—from which, reduced to about one-fifth of the original size, the

above wood-cut has been executed. Although curious, it cannot be regarded as a correct representation of the Elephant, since neither the feet nor the hollow of the back could have been so proportioned, in the real animal, as they appear in the drawing. The dissevered proboscis was, most probably, introduced, to show the different inflections of which that member is susceptible. The drawing by Wallingford is a mere outline tinted of a reddish colour, and but very little larger than the annexed cut.

## REMARKS ON BURLESQUE TOURNAMENTS.

BY SIR SAMUEL RUSH MEYRICK, K.H.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of authors whose pens, dipped in ancient lore, have made chivalrous deeds the theme of their writings, it has scarcely been noticed that the TOURNAMENT, the darling delight of our ancestors, (that imposing spectacle, at which all that was gallant, noble, and courteous, assembled to vie in attraction, or prowess,) was often made the subject of *Ridicule*. Such conduct, in an age so jealous of punctilio and ceremony, is doubtless too anomalous to have been conceived by those who regard the days of chivalry as Utopian,—who, singling out the disinterested actions recorded in history, instead of regarding them as exceptions to the general rule, have, from the aggregate, systematized and endeavoured to teach the world that there once was such a state of society as, in reality, never existed. Yet so gross were the ideas in by-gone days, that the same persons could not only tolerate

the mummery too often attached to religious observances, but also its burlesque imitation. At one time they would enforce the strict and ceremonious regulations prescribed to insure obedience and respect, and at another admit of their deterioration by buffoonery and make-game:—at this moment giving respectful heedance to all the pomp and circumstance of feats of honour and knighthood, and at the next, allowing of their being made the butt of ribaldry and merriment to the most vulgar minds. It is true, that the *same* persons were not actors in these extremes, that the satires on the clergy (who living *secundum regulas* enjoyed the inevitable temptations of their wealthy institutions,) were the productions of their poorer secular brethren, or of the envious minstrels and troubadours; that the Lord of Misrule and his attendants were sometimes of the lower class, who performed the *saturnalia* of their day; and that the MOCK TOURNAMENTS were celebrated by those who were excluded from the privileges that admitted the high born to that envied amusement. But then these were permitted by the rest of society who shared in the enjoyment experienced by the others.



MOCK TOURNAMENT AT NUREMBERG, IN 1446.

The origin of what appears so unaccountable is however, of more remote antiquity, and must be referred to the early ages of Christianity, when the minds of men were still under the dominion of their prejudices for pagan customs; when, rather than endanger the maintenance of the new religion, the ecclesiastic rulers thought it more politic to permit the existence of some and to make alterations in others. The sports and fooleries, originally confined to the lower classes of the laity, were very soon imitated by the clergy,—no doubt, *originally*, with a view of ingratiating themselves, and thus having the power to check any of those excesses indulged in by the votaries of idolatry. This advantage of the priesthood was too palpable not to be wished for by the higher orders in society, and hence a *Lord of Misrule*, a *Prince de Plaisance*, a *Roi des Ribands*, and other like titles.

With respect to the Burlesque Tournaments, which are more immediately the subject of this communication, they were carried to a much greater extent on the Continent than in England, and yet they formed part of the splendour and shew of our own Lords of Misrule, for whom, as we find by records still existing, were provided “certain maskes with their furniture, and coates of canvas painted like shirts of mail, and bases, barbes, and caparisons, with trappours made, garnysed and sette out, and complete furniture for iiij challengers and their xx horses, well appoynted and prepared to use in and for the tryumphe and justes, with long fools’ cotes of white and red baudekyn.”—When these mock encounters first began is not easy to decide, they were known certainly as early as the commencement of the reign of Henry VI., and had probably grown out of the *Troy* game, and such like harmless sports; and it would seem that the *behourds* or mock lances, made of reeds, were used when actual armour was not worn for protection. My worthy friend Francis Douce, esq. (whose collections on all points relative to the interesting subject of manners and customs, shew his persevering and discriminating industry,) possesses a curious German engraving of a Burlesque Tournament, dated 1500, in which the salades of the combatants are ornamented with fools’ caps and bells instead of those insignia appertaining to knights.

There is on the ceiling of a long gallery in the town-hall of Nuremberg a representation in plaster, in very high relief, of a Mock Tournament, which

took place in what is now called the Herb market in that town; a large square, on one side of which stands the Catholic church of Notre Dame, and on the opposite one, a fountain. The parties who engaged in the contest were the Merchants and Burgesses who were attended by Fools with their batons made of bladder, while they themselves were guarded in the upper half of their persons with actual tournament armour. Among other occurrences represented as having excited merriment, is the act of a fool presuming to save an unhorsed combatant from his fall by holding out his baton. The initials of the artist’s name H. R., and the date 1621 are upon the work; but as the event happened on the 28th of February in the year 1446, of course this cannot be regarded as an authentic resemblance. The memory of this mock contest, however, seems to have been cherished at all times with great attachment, for in the library at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, is a Set of coloured Drawings very spiritedly done, fifty-six in number, of the time of Henry VIII., which commemorate this entertainment. I send you a copy of one of these, in which you will perceive that the housing of one of the horses is covered with fools’ caps, and magpies.\*

As these Drawings have never been engraved, I will close this paper with a description of them. A frontispiece, being the ancient and modern arms of the city of Nuremberg, with supporters, in front of an architectural arch. 1. Nine fanciful coats of arms and their crests. 2. A couple of fools with long bladders and wooden targets of a peculiar shape. 3. Four fools, having on their dresses the adopted armorial bearings of the combatants, with bells round their knees and to the lappets of their caps, carrying lances furnished with vamplates and cronels. 4. Two serjeants on horseback with lances. 5. A drummer and fifer. 6. Two trumpeters mounted. 7. The pretended Marshall and Constable. 8. to 27. Procession of the combatants on horses fully caparisoned. 28. to 55. The conflict by the parties in pairs. 56. View of the square, with the lists and tournament in the middle.

\* The attached wood-cut is about one-fifth of the size of the drawing forwarded. It will be remarked that one of the combatants has three hearts in pile for a crest,---which also appears on the housings of his steed, within a wreath,---and that the other has for his crest a shoe, or slipper. Each horse has a collar of bells,---Ed.

## AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF O. CROMWELL.

WRITTEN WHEN BESIEGING PEMROKE.

Ffor my noble freinds the  
Committee of Carmarthen, theise.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE sent this bearer to you to desire wee may haue your Furtherance and assistance in procuring some necessaries to bee cast in the iron furnases in your countye of Carmarthen, w<sup>ch</sup> will the better enable vs to reduce the towne and castle of Pembrooke.

The principall thinges are, shells for our Morterpeice, the depth of them wee desire may be of fourteene Inces and three quarters of an Inch. That

w<sup>ch</sup> I desire att your handes is to cause the seruice to bee performed, and that with all possible expedition, that soe, (if itt bee the will of God) the seruice beinge done theise poore wasted cuntries may be freed from the burthen of the Armye.

In the next place wee desire some D cannon shott, and some culveringe shott may with all possible speede bee cast for vs and hasted too vs alsoe.

Wee giue you thanks for your care in helpinge vs w<sup>th</sup> bread and . You doe herein a very speciall seruice to the State, and I doe most earnestly desire you to continew heerein accordinge to our desire in the late Letters. I desire that copies of this paper may be published thorough out your countye and the effects thereof obserued, for the ease of the countye, and to avoyd the wronginge of the cuntrie men. Not doubtinge the continewance of your care to giue assistance to the publicke in the seruices wee haue in hand, I rest,

*your affectionate seruant*  
*O Cromwell*

*The League before Lenbrook Jun<sup>th</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1648.*

\* The above Letter, (for the use of which we are indebted to Richard Williams, Esq. of Stapleton Hall, near Hornsey,) has every appearance of having been written in haste. Part of the seal, in red wax, remains attached, and exhibits a shield of arms of the Cromwell family, viz. Quarterly, 1st and 4th, a lion rampant; 2nd, three fleurs de lis; 3rd, three chevrons.

## THE DURHAM BOOK.

ON THE MANUSCRIPT COMMONLY CALLED "THE DURHAM BOOK," OR "THE BOOK OF ST. CUTHBERT," NOW PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AMONGST the manuscripts which the zeal and antiquarian taste of Sir Robert Cotton collected, and probably saved from destruction, there are few of which the history is more interesting than that which is usually termed THE DURHAM BOOK, and known by the mark of NERO D. iv. We propose to dedicate a few lines to a short account of this volume, in which it shall be our object to advance all which has presented itself upon the subject without entering into any lengthened discussion, or comment, leaving it to our readers to form their own conclusions.

In the early periods of Saxon history, the remote Island of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, situated off the coast of Northumberland, was the seat of a bishop's see. It was founded by Oswald, King of

Northumbria, about A.D. 635, and after having been occupied by seven bishops, (of whom Saint Cuthbert was one,) in 698 it was under the care of the pious and learned Eadfrid, who died in 721. Of this bishop a most splendid monument remains in the Manuscript of which we now write. It contains a copy of the four Gospels, most elegantly transcribed upon vellum, by his own hand, and is a volume, which, for beauty of execution, and completeness of preservation, may vie with any which can be produced in our own, or in any other country. There is every reason to believe that this work was undertaken when the scribe was as yet a simple monk, consequently that it is a production of the seventh century. After the death of Eadfrid, the

volume was not forgotten, and it was adorned with Illuminations, which are still splendid beyond expression, by the hand of Ethelwald, the succeeding bishop of Lindisfarne. It was then clothed in a binding of gold and silver, and inlaid with precious stones, by Bilfrid, a monk of the same establishment, and an interlinear translation into the vernacular language of the time and country was added by a priest named Aldred.\* A more detailed account of each of these portions of the volume will presently be given, but in the meanwhile, we proceed with its history.

The Manuscript continued in safety in its original depositary, until the ravages of the Danes, (who carried fire and sword with them wherever they went,) drove a succeeding bishop and his monks from the exposed island of Lindisfarne. In their flight across the narrow strait which separated them from the main-land of Northumbria, their boat was thrown so much on one side that the precious volume which they had carried away, (with the body of St. Cuthbert, and their other valuables,) was thrown into the sea. They arrived, however, in safety, on the opposite coast, but the loss of their Gospels was to them an object of so much regret, that they lingered upon the shore, although they knew, that, by doing so, they exposed themselves to the danger of being discovered by the Danes, who were hovering upon the coast, and discovery was certain to be followed by death. The waves having receded further than usual, they were enabled to advance a considerable distance beyond the ordinary low-water-mark, and to their great joy and surprise, they found their volume lying on the sand. Upon examination, it was discovered to have sustained but little injury from the action of the water, which, however, had left certain evident stains upon the vellum. Having thus repossessed themselves of their lost treasure, they journeyed to a place of safety, offering up thanks to St. Cuthbert, to whose especial care they attributed this miracle.

The authority upon which this point of history rests—for we do not hesitate to bestow on it the name of *history*—is respectable, being that of Simon of Durham, or rather of Turgot, as is more generally supposed.† It will be remembered, that both

of these men lived in the neighbourhood in which the event, here recorded, took place, and were likely to be well acquainted with the localities which they mention. Should the general love for the marvellous, and the proverbial superstition of the monk, be quoted against us, we reply that there was but little reason for either of these writers to forge the story, or to give their sanction to a fable which they believed to be false; for at the time in which the History above-mentioned was written, the volume was not in the possession of the establishment to which the writer belonged, and consequently there was the less inducement for him to invent or propagate a falsehood. The volume itself, to this day, gives a degree of confirmation to the story, by certain of its leaves exhibiting marks which do not resemble the effects of damp, or of mildew; but which, however, we cannot decidedly quote as proof of the legend, as we are not prepared to state the exact effect which salt-water would produce upon vellum, more especially when it is remembered that about a thousand years have elapsed since the immersion, from which these stains are believed to have originated. Moreover, the monkish relater of the history has taken some pains to make the facts appear less probable than they really must have been. Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, is divided from the land by a narrow strait of sea, the depth of which varies from six to seven feet, and the breadth does not exceed two miles. Twice a day the tide leaves this strait a flat of sand intersected by pools and quicksands, across which passengers and carriages can then easily pass and re-pass. Upon this beach, at low water, the monks found the manuscript; the event was what must have been a matter of certainty, and they knew that the result of

"Qua tempestate dum navis (Monachorum scilicet) verteratur in latera, cadens ex ea textus Evangelicus, auro et gemmis perornatus, in maris ferebatur profunda." II. xi.

"Pergentes ad mare, multo quam consueverat, longius recessisse conspiciunt, et tribus vel eo amplius milliariis gradientes, ipsum sanctum Evangeliorum codicem reperiunt, qui ita forinsecus gemmis et auro sui decorem, ita intrinsecus literis et foliis priorem præferebat pulchritudinem, absi aliqua minime tactus fuisset. Liber memoratus in hac ecclesia, quæ corpus istius sancti patris habere meruit, usque hodie servatur, in quo nullum omnino, ut diximus, per aquam læsionis signum monstratur. Quod planè et ipsius Cuthberti, et ipsorum quoque meritis, qui ipsius libri auctores extiterant gestum creditur: Eadfridi videlicet venerandæ memoriæ Episcopi, qui hunc in honorem B. [Cuthberti manu propria scripserat; successoris quoque ejusdem, venerabilis Ethelwaldi, qui auro gemmisque perornari jusserat; S. etiam Bilfridi Anachoritæ, qui vitam ejusdem manu artificis prosecutus, egregium opus composuerat. Erat enim aurificii arte præcipuus." Id. xii.

\* These facts are attested by Aldred in a note, in Saxon, added to St. John's Gospel. At the end of the Saxon follows this notice, "Eadfrith, Oethilwald, Bilfrith, Aldred, hoc Evangelium Deo et Cythberth construxerunt et ornaverunt."

† The following passages from Turgot, or Simon of Durham, are quoted for the satisfaction of the reader:

this search would necessarily be,—the recovery of the volume.

When Holy Island became a priory cell to Durham, it still retained the subject of our memoir, for in the rolls of accounts sent in by it to the parent establishment, the manuscript of the Gospels is mentioned. Thus, in the account for the year 1348, extracts from which are given by Raine, in his "*History of North Durham*," "one book of the Evangelists," is noticed; and this is mentioned in the following more satisfactory and explicit manner, under the year 1367, as the "book of St. Cuthbert, which had fallen into the sea."\* It is probable that had more of these rolls been printed, we should have had further notices of our volume; for a book of such value, when all books were the objects of much regard, must have been looked upon with especial veneration.

From this period, many years elapse before we find any notice of St. Cuthbert's book. At the time of the dissolution, it was still at Lindisfarne, and did not belong to the Cathedral Church of Durham; for that establishment, by virtue of a grant from Henry VIII., retained its books, and at this day possesses a collection of manuscripts which surpasses the most of our ecclesiastical libraries. We are not acquainted with the intermediate history of our volume, until we find it in the hands of Robert Bowyer, clerk of Parliament under James I., who, fortunately for us, gave it to Sir Robert Cotton, of whose noble collection it forms one of the noblest volumes. The destructive fire of 1731, which committed so much havoc amongst the Cottonian MSS., then at Ashburnham House, Westminster, did not extend its ravages to that portion of the library in which Nero D. IV. was placed; but, like its fellow-volumes, it then narrowly escaped a fate from which the power of St. Cuthbert could not have recalled it. Its present situation, in the Museum, is one which secures it from such dangers.

We now proceed to give some account of the nature of the contents. As already mentioned, the Latin text of the Vulgate, was written by the hand of Eadfrid. This version is according to the translation of St. Jerom, and is preceded by the prologue of the tables of the canons; the preface of St. Jerom; the preface of Eusebius, or rather, the letter written by him to Carpian, the object of which is to show the use of these canons, which he had composed according to the harmony of Ammonias Alexan-

drinus; ten tables of the canons of the gospels; and arguments prefixed to each gospel in its proper place. In the margin of the text are placed the numbers of these lessons, with a reference to the corresponding lessons in the other gospels. Of these there are eighty-five in Matthew, forty-three in Mark, ninety-four in Luke, and forty-two in John. There are also indices of feasts, with references to the service, and lessons peculiar to each. These, and the gospels, are written in a large, bold, and uniform hand, exhibiting the most beautiful specimen of Saxon penmanship, and surpassing by far, the execution of any other manuscript with which we are acquainted. The ink retains all its depth of colour, the vellum, also, (save in the few instances already noticed,) retains its purity, and the united effect produced on examining the manuscript, is mingled pleasure and surprise. The unvarying equality of the style of the whole is remarkable, we are at a loss to account for it if it be the production of a common pen; perhaps a reed was employed, and even granting that supposition, we can scarcely observe any variation in the thickness of the mark produced.

The Illuminations next demand a few sentences. The more important are drawings of the four Evangelists, each prefixed to his own gospel. The execution of these, it must be admitted by all, is much superior to the design, which is rude in the extreme. The faces and hands are out of proportion: the drapery, however, has much in it to redeem, by its elegant disposal. Over each of these figures is the name of the Evangelist, to which is prefixed Ο ΑΓΙΟΣ, and the symbolic animals, which were considered typical of the sacred writers, namely, the angel, the lion, the calf, and the eagle, accompanying them. There are also four pages, each of which is occupied by a most elaborate maze of traced and tessellated work, of which the details are minute and intricate beyond description, and of which the idea probably has been taken from a Roman pavement. The commencement of each gospel and each chapter is adorned with a line of large letters, which exhibit a similar style. The colouring of these ornaments is as vivid as on the day in which it was executed, and the ornaments are disposed with an evident desire to produce an effect by their contrast, a desire in which Ethelward has certainly succeeded.

The binding of gold and precious stones no longer remains to bear witness of the skill of Bilfrid, it probably was stripped off at the time of the dissolution, when the volume fell into the hands of the

\* "Qui demersus erat in mare." Raine, pp. 93, 105.



laity ; its place is supplied by a plain dress of Russia leather.

The interlinear Saxon version, however, is that which renders the volume doubly precious in the eyes of scholars. It is a singularly authentic and unique specimen of the language of our ancestors, a specimen of which we can fix the date and the locality, two most important points in etymological and grammatical investigations. No portion of the Saxon language can boast of such a high antiquity, and from the peculiar political circumstances in which the district of Northumbria was situated at the period when this version was written, we have in it the *only* specimen of the mixture of the Teutonic Saxon, with the Scandinavian Norse. It enables us to detect the principles upon which are formed many words and expressions, which, in the later eras of the language, are disguised beyond discovery without such a help ; it shews us, in fact, the language in an earlier and simpler form than we have it elsewhere. Possessing, as it does, these and other advantages and recommendations, it is a matter of equal surprise and regret, that this version has never been printed, and it is one instance, of the many, which may be quoted as proofs of our supineness in all matters relative to our national antiquities. With the exception of a few disjointed sentences which Hickes, from time to time, adduces in his "*Thesaurus*;" and the Lord's prayer, which is given by Camden, in his "*Remains*," and repeated by Chamberlayne, Percy, Boucher, and others, no portion of this inestimable version is in print. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we observe the prospectus lately issued by B. Thorpe, esq., in which he states his intention to publish the interlinear gloss of the Durham Book, along with the other remaining Saxon versions of the New Testament, and most heartily do we wish that the project may receive the patronage which it so well merits.

The present page is no place for the investigation of those peculiarities which render this version so valuable, but we do not hesitate, in conclusion, to give the following short specimen of the Latin and Saxon, beginning with the sixth verse of the first chapter of St. Luke.

6. Fuit in diebus Herodis, rex Judeæ, sacerdos quidam nomine Zacharias de vice Abia, et uxor illius de filiabus Aaron, et nomen ejus Elizabeth.

Wær in ðagum [þe 600] cyniger Iudea, sæcend sum mīth noma Zacharias, of Cunde Abia 7 wif þæm of dohterum ðhoner 7 noma him Elizabeth.

7. Erant autem justi ambo

Wærun watuð ƿoð sætæ

ante Deum, incedentes in omnibus mandatis, et justificationibus Domini sine querela.

8. Et non erat illis filius, eo quod esset Elizabeth sterilis, et ambo processissent in diebus suis.

boeƿe ƿone ƿrih, ferenðe in allum biþoðum 7 ƿoð-færtuſſe ƿrih buta gnoþnunga.

And ne wær ðam sunu ƿorðon wær Elizabeth unbenðe 7 boeƿe ƿifeollun in ðagum hoþra.

J. S.

Since the above remarks were put in type, the University of Cambridge has commenced an edition of this and the other Saxon versions of the New Testament, under the care of Messrs. Thorpe and Kemble, the editors of *Cædmon* and *Beowulf*.

## MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS

ON ENGLISH HISTORY AND MANNERS.—No. II.

REMARKS ON THE STATEMENT OF DIO CASSIUS, RELATIVE TO THE CAUSE OF THE INSURRECTION OF THE BRITONS UNDER BOADICEA.

AMONG the *Excerpta* of Xiphilin from the History of Dio Cassius, is a passage concerning the insurrection against the Roman government in Britain, in the reign of the Emperor Nero, which affords a curious instance of the superstition of the Romans, and is also remarkable on account of the accusation which is adduced against Seneca, of having by usury and oppression driven the Britons into rebellion.

"While these occurrences were taking place at Rome," says the Historian, "a grievous misfortune happened in Britain, two cities being destroyed, eighty thousand Roman citizens, or confederates, being slain, and the whole island in a state of revolt against the government. To heighten the disgrace of the Romans, this destruction was the work of a woman ; and its occurrence was preceded by supernatural presages. For in the courts of justice was heard a barbarian murmur, with much laughter ; and in the theatre a tumult, with great lamentation, when no human being there either spoke or lamented. Besides this in the river Thames were seen buildings as if made of water : and again the ocean between the island [of Britain] and Gaul, became of a blood-red hue, and overflowed the shores. The immediate cause of war was the confiscation of property, or levying of fines, which, when the first proceeds had been remitted by the Emperor Claudius, the procurator of the island Decianus Catus commanded to be renewed. In addition to this grievance Seneca,



when he had lent them [the Britons,] forty thousand pieces of gold [*aurei*] at a very high interest, insisted with great force and violence on the immediate repayment of the whole sum at once. But the people were chiefly excited and persuaded to make war against the Romans by Bonduica, or Boadicea, a British female of royal race, who not only governed with great dignity, but also presided over the conduct of the war throughout, and who displayed on all occasions the mind and courage of a man rather than of a woman.”\*

The charge of usury, and extortion, thus brought in direct terms against Seneca, does not appear to be countenanced by the authority of any ancient writer except Dio; but it is repeated from him by Du Chesne, and other modern historians. Mr. Petit Andrews, in a note to the introduction to his valuable “History of Great Britain, connected with the Chronology of Europe,” says, “That the philanthropic Seneca should have assisted in driving these poor barbarians to revolt, by exacting most cruelly exorbitant interest for sums he had lent them is hard to believe. It rests on the credit of Dion Cassius.” It may be questioned, however, whether there is any thing in this transaction inconsistent with the real character of the tutor and confidential minister of one of the worst and most infamous of the Roman Emperors. The philosopher Seneca (who has acquired by his writings the traditional reputation of a virtuous sage, qualified to be the stern monitor rather than the servile tool of the imperial monster of whom he at length became the victim,) was in fact a selfish voluptuary and mere man of the world, of whom it was said, even during his life, “that he was the general legatee and guardian of rich orphans at Rome; and that he exhausted Italy and the provinces of the empire by his exorbitant usury.”†

Dio Cassius treats the character of Seneca with peculiar hostility, and among the accusations which he brings against him, is his criminal connexion with Agrippina as well as with her sister Julia, his pænegyrics on the abandoned Messalina and the freedmen of Claudius, his accumulation of great wealth, amounting to 75,000,000 drachmæ, and the luxurious furniture of his habitations; to which the his-

torian adds his marrying in his old age, a young wife of illustrious birth; and he terminates the catalogue of Seneca's delinquencies with an accusation which does not admit of repetition.

But if it be granted that the attempt to defend Seneca against the imputation of having by his oppressions driven the Britons into rebellion, cannot be supported by any considerations drawn from his personal character, some palliative circumstances at least may be stated in extenuation of this part of his conduct. As he had accumulated immense riches, it is extremely probable that he endeavoured, by lending money on usurious interest, to increase his wealth. If he advanced sums in this manner to the great landholders, and territorial chieftains in the various provinces dependent on the Roman Empire to enable them to make up the amount of the contributions levied on them from time to time by the imperial procurators, he must have had agents in each province to transact such negotiations. These agents, in most cases, must have been entrusted with a great discretionary power; and it may easily be conceived that they were not scrupulous in the use of that power, so as to lay themselves open to the charge of oppression, extortion, and cruelty. Supposing therefore, that Seneca had an agent or agents in Britain, that he had advanced forty thousand gold crowns, or whatever the sum might be,‡ and that he transmitted directions to have the whole, with the accruing interest, speedily called in, he could not have foreseen the ultimate consequences that would result from taking this step, and to the violence and rapine of his agents and their instruments, rather than to his own purposes and proceedings, may be attributed the sufferings inflicted on the Britons, which drove them to rebellion.§

Dio is anything rather than a discriminating and impartial historian, and if his testimony in this instance against Seneca were not corroborated by the general accusation of Suillius, recorded by Tacitus, which has been already quoted, it could hardly be received as decisive; but it agrees so correctly with

‡ Dio's expression is *Χιλίας σφίσι μυριάδας*. “Est millio uncialium nummorum.” Don Reimar.

§ In opposition to this exculpatory statement, it may be observed that a man ought to be held answerable for the conduct of his agents and servants acting under his directions; and that here the maxim holds good—“quod fecit per alterum, fecit per se.” To this no satisfactory reply can be made; and if we admit the authority of Dio, and the authenticity of his text, we must consign Seneca to reprobation, as a sordid usurer, and ruthless oppressor, whose writings and actions present a contrast disgraceful alike to the individual and the age in which he lived.

\* *Historia Romana*, L. 62. Excerpt. Edit. Reimar. Tom. ii. p. 1002.

† “Romæ testamenta et orbos velut indagine ejus capi: Italiam et provincias immenso fœnore exhauriri.” Suillius apud Tacit. xiii. 42. Vide Senecam se defendentem, in Lib. de Vita Beata, c. 17, sq. et apud Tacitum xiv. 53, sq. Confer Lipsium, Lib. i. Manuduct. c. 18; et de Vita Senecæ, c. 6, sq.; aliosq. qui de Vita ejus commentati sunt, apud Fabricium, in *Bibliot. Latin.* Lib. ii. c. 9, § 6.

the assertion that *Seneca impoverished the provinces by his exorbitant usury*, that it would be unfair to defend the philosopher at the expense of the historian. As to the authenticity of the text in this place, it does not appear that there is any variation of manuscripts which can render it questionable; but there is something peculiar, and certainly deserving of observation in the expression itself, as will appear from the passage, which stands thus in the original: —*Διά τε οὖν τούτο*, (sc. renovation. publicationis bonorum,) *καὶ ὅτι ὁ Σενέκας χιλίας σφισι μυριάδας, ἄκοισιν ἐπὶ χρησταῖς ἐλπίσι τόκων δανείσας, ἔπειτ' ἀθρόας τε ἅμα αὐτὰς καὶ βιαίως εἰσέπρασεν*. The peculiarity here consists in the introduction of the definitive article, *ὁ*, before the name Seneca, without any apparent reason, if that name be correct; and therefore it has been necessarily omitted in the English translation given above, as it is also in the Latin version of Xiphilin's Abstract of the History of Dio Cassius, by Guil. Blancus Albiensis. The effect of the definitive article in Greek is like that of the English definitive article *the*, to point out or distinguish the person or thing, before the name of whom or which it is placed, with reference to something which has preceded. Now Seneca is here mentioned for the first time in the narrative, and therefore to style him *the*, or more correctly "*this Seneca*," would be manifestly inaccurate, as it would afford no means of discriminating him from any other person of the same name and family; and it would obviously have been more proper to have given his name at length, Lucius Annæus Seneca, and if his name had occurred a second time, the epithet *ὁ Σενέκας*, ille Seneca, *this Seneca*, would have indicated accurately the individual, already described and distinguished from others who also bore the appellation of Seneca.

It may be added, as a mere conjecture, that perhaps Dio, instead of *ὁ Σενέκας*, wrote *ὁ Δεκίανος*, referring to Decianus Catus, the procurator, mentioned in the foregoing sentence, and with regard to whom consequently the introduction of the definitive article before the name would have been perfectly correct. A transcriber of an old manuscript, in which the word was partly obliterated, might easily have mistaken *Δεκίανος* for *Σενέκας*, especially if written in uncial letters, and the error once introduced would derive credit from the manner in which Dio mentions Seneca elsewhere, and having been published in the first edition of the Roman History, it would readily be repeated and perpetuated in subsequent impressions.

It seems somewhat improbable that Seneca should have risked his property by lending it on interest in

a distant province, where he must have been wholly dependent on the honesty of his agents, while he doubtless had abundant opportunity for making secure loans on mortgages nearer home. The procurator, Decianus, was very differently situated, for being on the spot, and, from his official employment, likely to be intimately acquainted with the circumstances of the principal British landowners, he was perfectly able to judge of the nature of the security proffered by those who wished to borrow, and as he must continually have had large sums of public money resting for a while in his hands, he might naturally, if not endowed with the most scrupulous integrity, have been induced to employ them for his own advantage. This very circumstance likewise indicates a motive for hastily calling in the sums he had in this manner advanced, and for exacting payment with the most rigorous and unsparing harshness; for if the funds which he had thus applied were those of the public, it is plain that he might be so circumstanced as to leave him no alternative but that of ruining his unhappy debtors, to save himself from exposure and disgrace as a public defaulter.

#### CHURCH MEDALS. No. V.



THE foundations were begun July 19th, A.D. 1821, the coronation day of his Majesty, George IV. The first stone was laid the 28th day of August, in the same year, by the Venerable R. F. Onslow, M.A., Archdeacon of the Diocess, and Vicar of Kidderminster. The chapel and burial-ground were consecrated the 13th day of September, 1824, by the Right Reverend F. H. W. Cornewall, D.D. Lord

Bishop of Worcester. The expense of erecting this chapel was defrayed partly by a grant from Parliament under acts passed in the 58 and 59 years of George III., and partly by a voluntary subscription of £2000 from the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Kidderminster. It contains two thousand sittings, of which one thousand two hundred are appropriated to the accommodation of the poor; and it is built upon a site, which, together with a spacious burial ground adjoining, was provided at the expense of the parish. Francis Goodwin, architect.

### LEGENDIANA.—No. IV.

#### SAINT DUNSTAN.



SAINT Dunstan, says the legend, was born in England. A miracle preceded his birth; for, on a time, when all the people were assembled in the church, holding tapers in their hands, (query, on *Candlemas-day*?) every light went out, at once, save that which was borne by the saint's mother; at this "the congregation marvelled greatly, and were yet more

astonished when that lady's taper was suddenly quenched and immediately lighted again 'by hyt self;'—and a holy man then present prophetically exclaimed, that the babe which she then bare would become a light to England, by his holy life and sanctified conversation.

In due time the child was born. He received his education at the abbey of Glastonbury, and "within shorte tyme after, repaired to his uncle Ethelwold, Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom he was well received, and introduced to King Athelstan, (the reigning monarch) who made him Abbot of Glastonbury.—"And whan saynt dunston was wery of prayer thenne used he to werke wyth hys owne hondes for to eschew ydelnes, and he gave alwey almesse to poure peple for the loue of god. And on a tyme as he sat at his werke his herte was on Jhesu crist, hys mouthe occupied wyth holy prayers and his hondes besy on his werke," when the Devil paid him a visit, one evening, in the form of a pretty girl, and began to flirt with him, telling him many trifles which had "no manner (of) vertu therin." The saint, considering this conduct as evident a token of the rank of his visitor, as though the fiend had perfumed the place with livid brimstone, took up a pair of iron tongs burning hot, and applied them to the tempter's nose, who cried and roared demonically loud for the best part of the night, (for the saint "held him fast during several hours") but, at length, being let loose, he departed, ashamed at what had been done to him, and vowing vengeance.

Athelstan was succeeded by his brother Edmund, "to whome saint dunston was chyef of counsyl;"—and after him reigned his son Edwin, a profligate prince, who in return for the Abbot's advice and stern rebukes, expelled him the kingdom. He, consequently, retired to the convent of St. Amand, in France, and dwelt there until he was recalled by King Edgar, who reinstated him at Glastonbury. Dunstan soon succeeded to the bishopric of Worcester, and shortly after was translated to the see of London, retaining, at the same time, the revenues of Worcester. And after "thys deyed the archebysshop of Caunterburys;" on which the saint ascended the archiepiscopal throne, and performed the high duties of his office in so exemplary a manner, that there "was ioye and myrthe through the royaume of England;"—and when he discovered any "curates" who disgraced their sacred calling, he displaced them from their parishes, and put other and better persons in their room, "as ye shal fynde," says the

legend, "more playnly of thys matere in the lyf of saynt Oswolde." Once, while dining with a prince, he looked heavenwards, and beheld his parents seated there: at another time, as he lay on his hard couch, he saw the glory of heaven, and heard the angels chanting "*kyryeleyson*" to the tune of "*kyrye rex splendens*," which greatly comforted him. Again, when he sate musing in his chamber, his harp, which hung on the wall, spontaneously sounded melodiously, and the joyous saint "coude see this antheme was *Gaudent in celis anime sanctorum*." At length, one Holy Thursday, he sent for all his brethren, and craved their pardon, and forgave them all their sins; and three days after, his spirit returned to God, A.D. 988, and "his sowle was borne up to heuen with merry songe of aungels, al the peple heryng that were at his dethe; and his body lyeth at Caunterburye in a worshipful shryne where our lord sheweth for his seruauit saynt dunston, many fayre and grete myracles, wherefore our lord be praysed world wythouten ende, amen."\*

J. F. R.

## POPULAR ESSAYS ON CHIVALRY, ARCHERY, &c.—No. V.

### THE TOURNAMENT.

GORGEOUS pageantries, rich caparisons, knightly gallantry, and, above all, the beauty of high-born maidens, combined to grace and glorify the ancient TOURNAMENT. Our ancestors were weak or vain enough to believe, that this martial sport was derived from the funeral games celebrated by Æneas, in honour of his father, Anchises; yet few marks of similarity can be traced between them, and, as Mr. Mills justly observes, "the knights might have discovered in the nature and tendency of circumstances, and the practice of their known and immediate forefathers, sufficient matter for originality. War was an art in the middle ages, and a long and painful education preceded the practice of it. It was the delight as well as the occupation of the world; for fame, fortune, and woman's love could

\* For the proper biography of St. Dunstan, consult Dr. Southey's "*Book of the Church*," vol. i. chap. vi.; and Dr. Lingard's "*History of England*," vol. i.; and also his "*History of the Anglo-Saxon Church*."—The wood-cut prefixed to this article, has been executed from a drawing made by Mr. N. Whittock, from the figure of St. Dunstan, which occupies a niche in the upper tier of statuary on the north side of Henry the VIIIth's Chapel at Westminster.

only be obtained by gallant bearing. Hence we find that thoughts of war were not abandoned in times of peace, and that some softened images of battle formed the grace of festive solemnities."\*

The Tournament was admirably calculated to rouse and nourish the chivalric spirit of Europe; and while it trained the youthful aspirants for actual combat, it veiled the horrors of strife and bloodshed with the courtesies and amenities of peace.

On very solemn occasions the Monarch, purposing to hold "a Passage of Arms," dispatched his heralds to every Christian Court, who challenged every true and amorous knight to hasten to the place appointed, and break a lance for God and his Lady-love. To those who made long journeys for this chivalric purpose, safe conduct through hostile countries was always granted. The champions, who generally arrived some time before the Tournament, affixed their armorial bearings above the entrances of the tents assigned them, and placed their silken pennons beside their names, so that if any one of them had behaved unknighly, the delinquent might be judged by the presiding maidens, and (if proved guilty) his banner stricken down from its place.

"None," says Mills, "could tourney who had blasphemed God, or offended the Ladies; he who had been false to gratitude and honour; he who had violated his word, or deserted his brother in arms in battle, was unworthy of appearing in the splendid show; and the high courtesy of chivalry was maintained by the law, that no one could tourney who, without warning, assailed his enemy, or by indirect means had despoiled his territory."†

The above regulations, however, were frequently not complied with. We read of *Unknown* knights performing exploits at nearly every recorded Tournament. Some, who had just commenced their career of glory, concealed their names with the diffidence and timidity of novices. Sometimes *Kings* disguised themselves to make personal trial of the prowess of their knightly servants. Troops of warriors, in the garb of Arthur and his famous knights, plunged into the lists; and history informs us, that at a Passage of Arms, held A.D. 1428, at Valladolid, in Spain, the King of Castile was attended by twelve knights, who called themselves the Holy Apostles.‡

\* Mills's "*History of Chivalry*," vol. i. p. 260.

† "*History of Chivalry*," vol. i. p. 265.

‡ Croneca del Conde D. Pero Nino, p. 203. Quoted by Dr. Southey, in his very excellent notes to the preface of "*Le Morte d'Arthur*," p. 61. 4to. edit.

The place of combat was termed the *Lists*. It was surrounded by ropes, or railing, and splendid galleries, which were hung with velvet, gold, and silver cloths, and richly-woven tapestry. Prose is inadequate to describe their usual occupants.

“Lo! in those purple balconies  
Which line the way—what eyes!  
Black, hazel, blue, are brightly glowing,  
What glossy tresses, loosely flowing;  
What snowy bosoms!—have the skies  
To crown those glorious pagentries,  
(As in that blessed time  
When man was in his prime,)  
Sent seraphs down from their celestial clime?  
Ah no!—those canopies  
Let fall their rainbow shades  
On love-inspiring maids,  
Young creatures of the earth, can they be heirs of crime!”\*

These Maidens awarded the rewards and punishments, and were the supreme judges of the Tournament.†

On the morning of the eventful day, the proud and the brave, and the beautiful, repaired to the place appointed. The ladies wearing military girdles, overlaid with gold and gems, and leading the fiery steeds of the knights they loved; while martial music, and the song of the minstrel, floated merrily on the breezes. Froissart tells us, that in the reign of Richard II., on one of these occasions, there came out of the Tower of London, first, three-score coursers, apparelled for the lists, and on every one a squire of honour, riding at a gentle pace, and next issued three-score honourable ladies, mounted on fair palfreys, each lady leading by a chain of silver a knight, sheathed in jousting harness, and that they proceeded in this manner through London to Smithfield.

When they reached the lists, the constable was wont to examine the weapons of the assembled warriors, and the points were removed from their lances, or covered by broad pieces of wood, called *rockets*. Such precautions were not unnecessary, for Tournaments had so often terminated in real encounters, that an oath was imposed on every knight, that he would frequent the tourney solely to learn military exercises; he was only allowed the use of the broad

sword, and spectators were not permitted to bear any arms whatsoever. The tilting armour was light and costly, and their helmets and spears were usually decorated with the favours of the lady-loves of their possessors, and every courteous knight bore the device of the queen of his affections.

No sooner had the arms been examined, than the heralds shouted “*A l’ostelle, à l’ostelle*, to achievement, knights and squires, to achievement!”—and the knights having bowed to the ladies, retired within their tents. Again the trumpet sounded, and the cry of “Come forth, knights, come forth!” rent the air; the warriors simultaneously quitted their pavilions, and vaulting on their chargers, each awaited the signal for encounter, by the side of his banner.

The hum of the plebeian beholders, and the merry laughter of the joyous “*damoiselles*,”—nay, every sound was hushed, and the heralds anxiously expected the sign of the *Knight of Honour*: the moment it was given, “*Laissez aller!*” broke the silence, the ropes which separated the hostile bands were slackened, and with the speed of lightning, and the crash of thunder, the gallant champions met each other in full career. They were closely followed by their squires, who not only supplied them, in case of need, with fresh arms and horses, but were the bearers of encouraging words and favours from the lovely maidens present.

“One encounter,” says Mr. Mills, “seldom terminated the sport; lances were broken, horses and knights overthrown, and the tide of victory flowed to either end of the lists.” Each warrior invoked his dame, as though she were his patron saint, and, strange as it may seem to our female readers, this most dangerous scene of the Tournament afforded the greatest interest to the fair spectators, who, with sparkling eyes and glowing countenances, encouraged and enjoyed the mimic war. The ladies leant over the gilded balconies, waved their snowy kerchiefs, and called their knights to bear them bravely if they would win their love, and the elder swordsmen cried, “On valiant knights, fair eyes behold you!” At every noble achievement, the poursuivants-at-arms blended their acclamations “Honour to the sons of the brave;” the minstrels echoed them in the loudest notes of their martial music, and the chivalric spectators replied by the cry, “*Loyauté aux dames!*”\* When every knight had done some gallant deed,† or became disqualified for further

\* “The Knight and the Faery, a Legend of Love,” canto ii. p. 18.

† The ladies generally deputed their power to a knight, who, on this account, was called the *Knight of Honour*, and he bore on his lance a ribbon, or some other mark of female favour. See Mills’s “Chivalry.”

\* “History of Chivalry,” vol. i. p. 277.

† The old English ordinances, stating what feats of arms were most honourable, and the contrary, have been preserved; the

action, the lord of the tourney dropped his warder, and the heralds shouted "*Ployez vos banniers*,"—fold your banners,—and thus the tourney ended.

Then followed the festival :—divested of their armour, and robed in costly garments, with hawk on wrist, and attended by their faithful stag-hounds, the champions crowded round the festive board, which was sometimes a round table, in honour of Arthur and his companions, or else the long feudal table, with its raised upper end, or dais. Each sate by the side of his lady-love, and the minstrels chaunted spirit-stirring songs, in praise of valour and courtesy; "and when the merriment was most joyous, the heralds presented to the ladies the knights who had worthily demeaned themselves,—she who, by the consent of her fair companions, was called *La Roynne de la Beaulté et des Amours*, delivered the prizes to the kneeling knights," and addressed to each a few words of thanks and laud, concluding with the wish, that such a valiant cavalier would have much joy and worship with his lady. "The victory was entirely owing to the favour of my mistress, which I wore in my helmet," was the usual answer of the knight. "As Tournaments were scenes of pleasure, the knight who appeared in the most handsome guise was praised; and to complete the courtesies of chivalry, thanks were rendered to those who had travelled to the lists from far countries."<sup>\*</sup>

The prizes were not unfrequently bestowed on the listed field, and the conquerors rode slowly round the enclosure till they came before the throne of the Queen of the festival. The author above quoted does not omit the opportunity given him by this fact, to exalt his hero. Having described the beauty of the fair maidens, he adds,—

"They press to see the victor who advances,  
Youngest, yet bravest son of chivalry,  
Unrivalled breaker of a hundred lances,  
In single fight, with warriors bold as he,

following are extracts from them :— "First, whoso breaketh most spears, as they ought to be broken, shall have the price. Item, whoso hitteth three times in the helm shall have the price. Item, whoso meteth two times coronel to coronel shall have the price. Item, whoso beareth a man down with stroke of spear shall have the price.

How the price should be lost.—First, whoso striketh a horse shall have no price. Item, whoso striketh a man, his back turned, or disarmed of his spear, shall have no price. Item, whoso hitteth the toil or tilt thrice, shall have no price. Item, whoso unhelms himself twice shall have no price, without his horse fail him," &c. &c. "*Antiquarian Repertory*," i. 145, &c. and "*History of Chivalry*," vol. i. p. 280.

\* "*History of Chivalry*," vol. i. p. 284.

And lauded for his peerless courtesy;  
In every land, the dazzling sun shines on,  
Where feats of arms receive their meed of praise,  
And halls re-echo with the poet's lays,  
Or wandering minstrel's soul-entrancing song. \* \* \*

\* \* Still as he passes by  
Each stately gallery,  
And sees what forms are there, he bares his head,  
And all his auburn hair  
Floats in the breezy air,  
Like lambent flames from wings of angel shed;  
And in that single glance  
Of his proud countenance,  
His mind has concentrated all its meaning;  
So god-like 'tis---that none  
Behold unmoved, and with the will of one  
They shower down flowers, half o'er the gold-rails leaning."

The Tournament sometimes continued for three days: on the second morning, the squires encountered instead of the knights; these also were escorted to the lists, and rewarded by high-born ladies. On the third, there was usually a *mêlée* of knights and squires, to whom prizes were distributed, as on the first day. The festivities concluded with music and dancing, and the knights lavishly remunerated the heralds.

J. F. R.

## FUNERAL EXPENSES OF WILLIAM,

SECOND SON OF EDWARD III.

THE second son of Edward III. was born at Hatfield, in 1336, and was named William. He survived a very short time, and was buried at York. In these few words is contained all the information which we gather from the historians of the period; but a highly interesting and cotemporaneous memorial is preserved of the royal infant, in an entry in the "*Wardrobe Accounts*" of his father, where we have a copy of the expenses attendant upon the funeral.\* Abounding, as this entry does, in information upon the customs of our ancestors, more especially upon that lavish outlay attendant upon their funerals, which forms such a prominent feature in many of their wills, and was an abuse which was lashed by the early reformers of religion, a translation of it is here introduced, with such illustrations only as seem absolutely necessary.

\* MS. Cott. Nero, C. viii. fol. 213. b.



"Paid for different masses and expences about the body of Lord William, the son of the king, deceased, from the time of his death to the day of his burial, for the purchase of eight hundred and three quarters and eighteen pounds of wax, burnt around the foresaid corpse, at Hatfield, Pomfret, and York, where he was buried; for three cloths of gold diapered, to be placed over the said corpse and tomb; also for a hood for the face, webs, linen, and the manufacture of herse, including other necessary outlays, for the foresaid body, on the third day of March, in the ninth year [of Edward III.]..... 42 11 1½

"Paid for different alms given by the foresaid King for the soul of the said Lord William, in money, divided between Hatfield and York, masses celebrated for the same at Pomfret and York, and money allowed to Friars and Nuns celebrating the funeral services for the said soul, and for widows watching about the said body..... 99 12 4

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£ 142 3 5½

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In this account, we observe memorials of nearly all those peculiarities, which, at the present time, distinguish the funeral service, or rather the ceremonies preceding the funeral-service, of our Roman Catholics of the lower classes. The burning of candles, the cloth spread over the body, the female watchers are as well known, in certain districts, in our own day, as they were five hundred years since. In one particular there is a variation,—the women who watched the body were *widows*, a fact which the writer of this notice does not remember to have seen corroborated by any authority from ancient documents, or modern usage.

It should be remarked, that the original Latin for the word above translated by "a hood for the face," is "*cuido*," which is not found in Du Cange, nor Charpentier. Its present interpretation has been given, in the belief that it is a latinized form of the word "*cude*," as meaning, according to Jamieson, "a face-cloth for a child at baptism," and which is very frequently used by Sir David Lyndsay. In every other respect the interpretation is obvious, and no comment is necessary. J. S.

## REMARKS

## ON THE MODERN USE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL STYLES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—No. V.

IN directing our attention once more to this subject, we find that one remaining topic demands an especial consideration, as possessed of fundamental importance, viz. that of *Unity of character*. This point we are inclined to notice the last, as being a sort of consummating excellence, for the want of which, not a few productions that rise above the multitudinous heap of architectural abortions, fall short of that impressive effect which they were intended to attain. It should never be forgotten, that the object to be sought in the modern use of the pointed style, is not merely the development of the picturesque, the beautiful, the dignified, or the awful, but that it is, also, the production of a *complete illusion* upon the mind of the beholder—so that (if indeed the tinge of new workmanship have but passed away) he shall, upon the inspection of any given work in that style, be scarcely able to persuade himself that the structure in its every part was reared by other hands than those of a long bygone generation; whose labours have, however, happily preserved their original completeness and antiquated character. Reasonable as this view of the subject might seem to be, we are disposed to entertain a doubt whether the application of such a test would not prove fatal to the credit of a wofully-large proportion of what are called "modern gothic" edifices. We have indeed no desire to apply such a rule with that degree of absurd severity, which would banish from those edifices all the arrangements of late refinement and convenience,—which would be to follow blindly the precedents of our forefathers, without imbibing their spirit—but we would have all those matters which modern habits have rendered necessary treated (as they all *may* be) in such a manner as essentially to promote, rather than detract from the appropriateness of character and unity of feeling pervading every successful work in imitation of the ancient mode. Without this attention to subordinate accompaniments, as well as to consistency in superior parts, it will be in vain that a building is crowded with ornament, or that some features of a bold and striking form are transferred to the design; the attempt to obtain effect by such means alone, will appear to the eyes of men of feeling and of taste, contemptible in proportion to its eagerness.

Unity of character, then, indispensably valuable



as it is, is effected *directly* by the propriety of all those parts which belong to *constructive* architecture, and *collaterally* by the consistency of those matters of finish and of subsequent embellishment, of locality and of accompaniment, which in a secondary manner belong to the superintendence of the architect, and which possess withal a powerful influence upon our mental associations. We do not notice here, that popular and important application of the term "unity," which stands opposed to the idea of an unconnected and irregular distribution of architectural masses, but that use of it only which has reference to feeling and association; since there are many curious remains extant, which, on the one hand, exhibit nothing of entireness and uniformity, while on the other, the unity of feeling and truth of style therein are palpable and impressive.

If then we consider Unity of character, as it is more immediately affected by a sustained consistency in the members of constructive architecture, we may find not a little to animadvert upon in noticing the extent to which modern works exhibit this excellency. We are not indeed ignorant of instances wherein this unity is destroyed, at the very outset, by such strange combinations as those of an exterior in the pointed style with an interior in the classic, and vice versa. If however we could always secure, even in these extravagances, as much of judgment and of splendour as is exemplified in the management of the state-drawing room at Windsor Castle, we might be disposed at least to pardon, if we could not heartily approve. But, alas! the points of excellence that plead excuse in such a case, extend not to the many, nor to that more frequent instance of tastelessness, in which what is called a gothic exterior contains (as it does in some domestic and we might say collegiate edifices) an interior whose style is nothing at all. But from such palpable, and, for the most part, childish displays of the violation of the first principles of unity of feeling and association, we may turn to others of a less glaring character, gathering them, as we must, chiefly from the composition of our modern ecclesiastical structures. We have already noticed the general impropriety in Pointed architecture of such a feature as the flat or horizontal ceiling; this is, however, a feature not excluded from some of our later churches in this style. It should seem indeed a principle, sufficiently obvious, that in the pointed mode no mass is ever to be sustained in air without the support of an arch, (or at least of something analogous thereto, as in the instance of the ceiling or roof of two inclined

planes)—unless the space over which such mass is sustained be so small, as to give to the entire aperture the character of a mere *panel*, in which case it becomes subject to a different rule as a matter of detail. It is on this latter supposition alone, that the square-headed window for instance, can be considered justifiable when divided into compartments unfinished by arched heads. But, if the principle of the arch demand some sort of recognition in the treatment of a ceiling, it does so no less in the support of a feature so common to ecclesiastical architecture as the gallery. In this matter, however, we cannot help thinking the most praiseworthy of modern church-interiors generally imperfect and deficient in consistency, the ordinary practice being to make the gallery-fronts abut against the columns which separate the nave and aisles, without any attempt to disguise the straight line formed by their under sides. The introduction of the gallery has ever been an equal difficulty in the way of our best composers in the *Italian* style, who have tried numberless schemes, with varied success, to avoid the awkward interference of galleries with columns. We cannot help thinking, however, that in Pointed architecture, a facility is afforded by the clustered column to the attainment of this object greater than is possessed in the classic modes; and that in such a case, two of the shafts of a cluster might be reserved for the support of the gallery by the interposition of a flattened arch, being resumed afterwards above the gallery-front on a corbel. It is obvious that the series of arches thus developed, must be far more in unison with the spirit of the Pointed style, than are the straight lines of bearing now ordinarily observed.

But it is not in subjects of admitted difficulty alone, that consistency is sometimes sacrificed; for we have seen, in churches affecting the Pointed style, square-looking doors, differing little from those in every-day use—pewing and benches, whose character is in no way varied from what it would have been in company with Grecian features of architecture—staircases and railings on which not a thought seems to have been expended as to propriety—and joinery in all the minor matters of which, not a spark of feeling is exhibited—implying a disposition in the mind of the composer to be content with the most common-place forms, or absolute anomalies where not very conspicuous, rather than tax his imagination and judgment upon points which he willingly considers trivial. Much indeed of the character of old workmanship is now lost on account of the greater lightness of some parts of modern

construction. Thus, in a partition of ordinary substance it would be impossible to dress a doorway with deeply-moulded jambs, or to introduce much that is bold in what is technically termed an "inch-and-a-half" door. Yet propriety of character is attainable even here, without on the one hand, affecting an elaborate minuteness of decoration, or, on the other, having recourse to those abominations of "Carpenter's Gothic," an architrave after the classic manner, and tracery caricatured by mere profiling in flat surfaces. The artist who is possessed of that true feeling which takes the place of all rules in the practice of the Pointed style, will, in such cases, never attempt to make more of his subject than is warranted by ordinary authority; nor will he mistake ornament for character, by supposing that any number of common-place forms may be rendered appropriate by being closely overlaid with minute decorations. He will never forget that the object of detailed embellishment is to relieve and not to obscure; and that no feature which, when reduced to its primitive forms, is inconsistent with the spirit of our style, can be made a whit the less so by being crowded with ornament. Hence it becomes one of the greatest tests of his ability, correctly to produce a striking and consistent effect in Pointed architecture, when required to reject ornament to the utmost possible extent;—a circumstance not dissimilar to that noticed in the opinion of Haydn as affecting musical composition, "that to insert chords was easy, but that it required much more judgment to know how far to omit them with propriety."

But in turning to other matters of a collateral relation rather than of an immediately constructive character, we shall find various occasion for remark. In church architecture, for instance, wherein the old English mode is adopted, many suggestions offer themselves as to the character of monumental decoration. Survivors of these days, indeed, seldom find occasion, and still less frequently find means to perpetuate the memory of the departed by altartombs and recumbent effigies, much less by richly canopied cenotaphs and sepulchral chapels. Where these are not, however, much may be done for the group, the statue, the simple basso-relievo, or the simpler slab, by a regard to antique precedent, whether as forming an independant and finished subject, as stationed in a niche, as occupying a panelled compartment, or as placed in an arched recess slightly sunk within the substance of a wall. As for the clouds and cherubim, the scroll-shields and festoons, the fames, victories, and deities which

have prevailed in modern times,—we cannot imagine any apology for them in the event of their introduction into edifices of the style in question; except it be that, as specimens of a certain taste, they may in after times derive a secondary interest from the mere circumstance of remote antiquity. We cannot avoid thinking, also, that the use of monumental brasses might be revived to some extent, as superseding tablets in modern churches in the Pointed style. Though rarely admissible in the floors of those edifices, we have authority and example sufficient to direct us in affixing them to walls—where indeed they become more conspicuous and more durable, though ordinarily of a different and less elaborate character. In all such cases however, nothing like consistency or illusion can be attained without, at the least, the constant adoption of the old English character for matters of inscription. The same remark will equally apply to all other lettered subjects, whether of the chisel or the pencil, throughout such a structure as that in question; and we are at a loss therefore, to understand upon what principle of propriety the Roman character is introduced on the altar-pieces and gallery-fronts of some new churches professing to adopt the Pointed style. In an antiquarian point of view, indeed, we are almost tempted to regret the disuse, even for ordinary purposes, of the black letter, with its beautiful illuminations, especially when observing a kindred system yet perpetuated in the expression of the German language; and if therefore there be any situation in which we might especially hope to see the ancient mode revived and preserved, it is in those edifices that are nominally imitations of old English architecture. So indispensable in fact does this point appear, that we cannot profess satisfaction even with a dial-plate in or about such a building, unless its numerals follow the same rule.

Again, in the entire department of useful and ornamental *metal-work*, much is to be found affecting consistency and character. That cast iron, under the concealment of paint, is capable of being, and indeed frequently is, applied with economy and success to many purposes for which wood and stone were formerly used, especially in members of internal architecture, is certain; and that this application may yet be carried to a much greater extent is not improbable. With this, however, we have no present concern, our notice here being confined to metal-work as such. Thus in such matters as iron balusters and railings, there is a consistency of character to be attained, alike distant from that

plainness which is the result of indifference or neglect, and from that paltry style of frittered ornament which betrays the opposite extreme of affectation. True feeling in this, as in every other case, will impart to its objects a simple, bold, and expressive form, appropriate to the idea of utility, and subordinate to accompanying features of greater importance. On ancient doors, massive flourished hinges, long heavy knockers, drop-handles and rings, with large pierced plates or escutcheons, and sometimes even ample spreading patterns of foliage and flower-work in iron, are all characteristic and ornamental adjuncts; and though we see no reason for making a retrograde movement in art by sacrificing modern improvements in principle to the imitation of less perfect antique inventions, yet the judicious composer will find no difficulty in uniting a modification of the old forms with the use of the newer fitments, wherever the introduction of the former may contribute to the general air of consistency. Stoves and grates, with their accompaniments, are matters with which much more might be effectively done, than usually is, if less were attempted, and if redundancy of equivocal ornament were not mistaken for force and propriety of design. We are disposed to make the same observation with regard to the generality of what are called Gothic lamps, chandeliers, and candelabra, and indeed with reference to almost all the ordinary instances in which metal-workers affect the decorations of the Pointed style.

We have on former occasions anticipated that part of our subject which relates to consistency and character, as promoted by the judicious use of ornamental painting, and of stained glass; in domestic edifices, however, the same effects of colour may be promoted by the productions of the loom. The decorations of tapestry are of course highly appropriate for this purpose, and the more so, if the subject thereby illustrated favour the end of illusion, by introducing to notice, historical scenes from the reigns of Plantagenet or Tudor. Nor should an architect consider even the pattern of a carpet beneath his attention, under the same circumstances, though a luxury for which our forefathers left no example. He will, accordingly, be as much opposed to the ready-made Gothic of the carpet-warehouses, as he is solicitous to form a design for the purpose, upon the principle either of the old tile-paving, or of the diapers and grounds so richly displayed in antique painting, whether of glass or of walls. From many of the same beautiful examples of diaper,

he will also be able to select materials of design for the papering of walls in apartments, which may be of so unassuming a character as to admit of such a decoration.

It would carry us beyond our allotted limits to attempt a lengthened notice of the many objects of furniture, and of moveable finishing, which may have a tendency to promote unity of effect in modern interiors in the Pointed style. We will remark, however, in general, that where the architect has a voice in the introduction of such matters, he will be very tenacious of the admission of the cut-and-dried Gothic, "so neat and so reasonable," which abounds in the shops and shew-rooms of upholsterers. He will not indeed be able to furnish his apartments with the identical relics of chairs and tables fabricated in the glorious days of the seventh Henry; but, by a regard to force of design, and a detestation of gimcrack, he will find it no hopeless task to equal such in propriety, while surpassing them in convenience. Or if he can meet with furniture (rare as it becomes in this curious age,) wrought in the times of Elizabeth or James I., he may fairly admit it, assured that what is lost in strict consistency will be gained in the interest connected with antiquity, and that furniture, after all, forms no integral part of architecture. It would be exceeding his license, however, were he to admit any other than *identical* remains in the latter case; since, if imitation become necessary, it will be much better to follow the forms of the fifteenth century, which have both style and age to recommend them, than those of subsequent periods, which have only the latter qualification in their favour.

Beside those matters which we have now briefly noticed as collaterally affecting architectural propriety, there is another subject which deserves a moment's attention, as relating in general to peculiarities of detail. There are, indeed, not a few instances in which the excessive desire of novelty that actuated our predecessors in art, some three or four centuries since, betrays itself in their works, with a prejudicial effect. In the embellishment of tracery, for instance, even at an earlier period, this eagerness for variety produced sometimes an intermixture of angles with curves,—sometimes, instead of a regular cusp or feathering, it finished the point with a kind of hook,—sometimes, (for extremes meet,) ran into the primitive error of using tracery in trefoil, quatrefoil, and cinquefoil compartments, without inscribing it in a general curve or frame,—forgetting that the office of tracery is to enrich and

relieve a mathematical figure, and not to subsist independently of it. Following another pernicious and fanciful precedent, we could name a new collegiate building of notoriety, and of much general excellence, in the exterior of which, nevertheless, the tracery-moulding, in almost all cases, has its inner edge shaven off,—a conceit to a great extent destructive of that sharpness of shadow, and clearness of ornament, which constitute the chief beauty of tracery. The canopies to the stalls of Henry the Seventh's chapel exhibit further instances of taste run wild in the pursuit of novelty; and even in the stricter and earlier works of the age of William of Wykeham, may occasionally be seen some matters of detail, which it would not be wise to imitate. In fact, for the composition of parts at all prominent it is not enough that an architect have one or two precedents to support his design; his precedents should be sufficiently current to be acknowledged by our associations, and sufficiently just to be supported by taste and correct feeling. Were it indeed enough to have precedent on our side, we might safely pledge ourselves to put together an extended and elaborate design, for every member of which we could produce authority, and yet whose total effect should be so ambiguous, and destitute of character, that an ordinary observer would find himself altogether at a loss to apply to the subject a term of classification. The truth is, that as, physically, a resemblance between any two material bodies can result only from a similarity of character and arrangement subsisting between their component particles, so the distinctiveness of all architectural styles depends upon the individual consistency, as well as fit application of their appropriate details; and hence, we conceive, arises an irresistible reply to those composers whose ignorant indifference, or whose lawless affectation, would every now and then prompt the question, "What is the importance of such *little things*?"

That such a disposition has not been without exemplification in the history of modern Pointed architecture, is a fact of which we have painful proof on all hands; and it might, perhaps, be expected, from the title of our present article, that we should specify some of those structures which oppose, as well as of those which conform to, the principles of taste developed in the ancient buildings to which we have, heretofore, referred as standards of art. Such an unpromising, and, apparently, invidious task, we must, however, decline: at the same time, we may venture to say, that of the comparatively

new churches with which we are familiar, attempting the Pointed style, there are more than one or two calculated, we should think, to excite in the dullest boor a feeling of dissatisfaction, if contrasted with such architectural gems as those three with which the parish of Islington has of late been enriched,\* or any other of the numerous designs from the same master-pencil with them. Nor is the distinction one of degree, but a total difference in kind,—a difference the less excusable in an age when information is so fully provided (even for such as are too inert to study original subjects for themselves,) by the invaluable researches, and exquisite delineations of men whose labours are above praise. That the judgments of such artists as Jones and Wren should have been warped by the prejudices of their times in favour of classic composition,—that the open field before them should have irresistibly invited their occupation,—and that the multiplicity, and successful character of their eventual engagements should have prevented their giving to the principles of Pointed architecture that attention, without which they cannot be understood,—are circumstances which, though they may excite our regret, do not altogether awaken surprise. But these considerations cannot with propriety be urged as palliatives in the case of more recent failures, now that a taste for the old English style has been in some degree revived among us, and that certain judicious composers have led the way in its imitation with such happy success. Nor can we consider the spurious works which occasionally make their appearance, as affording matter merely for the just censure of the critic, or the contempt of the well-informed architect. They must have, unfortunately, a baneful effect in forming the taste of the multitude, whose judgments are too often captivated by the sight of newly-wrought material and clean paint, rather than by the time-worn graces of the purer antique. And if again these fictitious productions should, (as it is to be feared some of them will,) be transmitted to future generations, they may then obtain from the uninformed some credit on the score of antiquity; and it may be, that their precious resemblances shall thence be propagated throughout the land, in a style of (if possible,) yet more hideous deformity than that of the originals. If then, there be this danger to be apprehended from such imperfect works, (a danger neither slight nor imaginary,) it may not be amiss to suggest to the general observer, some characteristic

\* Those by Mr. Barry in Cloudesley Square, Balls Pond, and at the bottom of Highgate Hill.

particulars of a style against which he will do well to be on his guard.

Of the pseudo-pointed system, (if, indeed, the term "system" may be allowed,) a frequent mark is an external air of unrelieved squareness. A building of this class, for the most part, looks low and flat, displays much of horizontal line, and, if a church, is finished above by a sort of high square box rather than a tower. Its buttresses are so meagre, that they want little to reduce them to pilasters; and the pinnacles, if any, with which they are terminated, are not unfrequently purfled with crockets of Grecian foliage in the extreme of diminutiveness, or of long overgrown bulk. The windows, though perhaps of large dimension, may not be divided by mullions at all, but filled in with common sashes, and finished with an ordinary sill at the bottom; or, if mullions be introduced, the manner in which they are ramified in the window-head, exhibits often the most pitiable poverty of idea, and unconnectedness of line. The tracery, when any is attempted, sometimes has no cusps or featherings, being composed of stunted curves rarely exceeding the sweep of a semi-circle; at other times, when the curve is greater, the point or cusp is still shaven down to an edge. As for doors, they may be made precisely in the same way as those in an ordinary room, except with this special observance, that the architrave at the top be distorted into a pointed arch, which at once makes the thing "Gothic;" or if a label be deemed an advisable decoration, it may, for a little variety, spring from a pair of Ionic volutes. Thus, as far as an exterior is concerned, we have fronts composed throughout, both in mass and in detail, upon the hostile principles of classic architecture; and if, in particular instances, we escape without obelisks, balls, and balusters, we may felicitate ourselves upon not seeing the worst. Then proceeding to the interior,—that of a church, for instance,—we perhaps meet with a huge and clumsy attempt at a plaster-groined ceiling, intersected with ribs, and studded with knots, that only serve to shew how effectually details of classic origin may be misapplied and spoiled by dint of effort. To support such a ceiling, perhaps, upspring certain things called clustered columns, formed of four heavy semi-cylindrical shafts, without any mouldings to separate them, and finished with a stiff capital and base, worthy of such a feature. As for matters of detail in general, these are frequently expressed with a feebleness, betraying a doubt in the mind of the composer as to their correctness; or at other

times are so perfectly common-place, as to shew that no thought was ever entertained by him about them. Occasionally, indeed, he so entirely forgets his subject, as to introduce members in which there is not the most distant recognition of the principles of the Pointed style, such as a common square-headed door, or a round "bull's eye" aperture. These, and a thousand further inconsistencies, are to be found in many modern works, called Gothic; and even in other examples, where the more gross of these errors do not discover themselves, there are often numberless faults discernible to the correct eye, which, though not easily admitting of verbal description, are fatal to the pretension of genuine character. The notice of such anomalies, however, we willingly leave, in the hope that ere long they will cease to be multiplied, if not to exist.

It has thus been our object, in the present as well as in the former observations on the modern imitation of old English architecture, to point out the style most worthy of adoption, the characteristic varieties of the principal features of that style illustrated in the finest ancient remains, the principles of composition to which the system in question is indebted for its most powerful effects, the manner in which propriety of character is affected by matters secondary and collateral, and the necessity of feeling and discrimination, which may neither follow precedent to an injudicious extreme, nor, by the neglect of it, run into the opposite and far worse error of making up a style wholly unknown to our forefathers. If, in noticing these points, it should appear that our attention has been chiefly directed to ecclesiastical architecture, we think that sufficient reason can be adduced for the preference, in the considerations that our old English art is richest in ecclesiastical remains,—that it is modern ecclesiastical structures that the Pointed style is most frequently attempted,—and especially, that it is in sacred edifices alone, that architecture can attain its highest achievements; since, while such works admit of great external display, they afford, at the same time, an opportunity for the production of *internal* effect to an extent unattainable in other compositions, though of palatial splendour,—an effect in which the mind is often overwhelmed by the solemn grandeur and harmonious beauty of art.

We have as yet offered no direct observations upon the subject of *castellated* architecture. It is not, however, our present intention to enter upon the consideration of this department; nor indeed would it afford to our investigation much that is

new, as treated with reference to modern imitation. To follow the inconvenient arrangement, and gloomy closeness of our *early* fortified remains, would be to preclude every idea of domestic comfort; and when, on the other hand, we turn to the more suitable castellated compositions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we see in them the usual features of Pointed architecture so universally prevailing, as to leave few points for notice beyond those which we have heretofore enumerated. The difference between castellated and other edifices, is less that of detail than of bold irregularity of outline, massiveness of construction, largeness of parts, and the distinctive character derived from the finishing of the stern battlements and machicolations. The best possible illustration, however, of this species of architecture, would be easily and fully derived from a visit to the fine remains at Warwick, and at Thornbury, Gloucestershire, the ruins at Kenilworth, and especially, the splendours (latterly so much and so ably enhanced,) of the truly royal residence at Windsor.

In conclusion, we cannot do otherwise than observe with heartfelt satisfaction the felicity with which the beauties of Pointed architecture have been revived of late years, by some able minds, after nearly three centuries of contemptuous and tasteless neglect. To their further cultivation, and general comprehension, we look forward with anxious desire; at the same time with a hope that the science may never be allowed to destroy itself by over-refinement, as it is to be feared it would have done in the reign of Henry the Eighth, but for the interference of the Italian style, to which, after all, we may confess ourselves indebted for a paradoxical preservation in the very act of overthrow.

E. T.

#### GLEANINGS.

THE following are from Le Strange's translation of Quevedo's Visions, 7th edit. 1689.

Speaking of Barbers, he says, "Every one of them had a *Cittern* about his neck, and upon his knees a *Chess-board*; and still as he reacht to have a touch at the *Cittern*, the instrument vanisht; and so did the *Chess-board*, when he thought to have a Game at *Draughts*:—a *Cittern* is as natural to a Barber as milk to a Calf." Guitars are also noticed as part of a "Barber's furniture." Guineas ("seises the Guineys,") are also mentioned; as well as "a *Bartlemy Puppet*," the "*Bear at Bridge-foot*," and—"common as *Ratcliff Highway*."

#### ORIGINAL LETTER

OF MR. THOMAS BEWICK, THE CELEBRATED  
WOOD-ENGRAVER.

THIS letter was addressed to Mr. Summerfield, the engraver. The portrait alluded to, is finely executed; the engraving from it is also an excellent specimen of the art.

Newcastle, 3 Jan<sup>y</sup>. 1814.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just been with Mr. Busby, who informs me that he will pack up his parcel which is to contain this & the Portrait of me, by Mr. Murphy, this Evening.—I fear the portrait of me, which he has in hand, will not be finished to send along with the other—but I don't know whether or not,—he has, however, promised me to send you his remarks upon Mr. Murphy's—which he examined & compared with the Original,—and considering the length of time it has been done, (12 or 13 years,) he thinks it very like. I hope you will do it to please yourself, & that you will reap sufficient profit by it in the sale as a frontispiece to my Books.—Mr. Kidd's was so very unlike, that it was almost universally condemned by my London Friends, & of course fell into neglect. An eminent Bookbinder here, who bought Kidd's Plate, has however sold a great number of them. I shall ask him for one, and inclose it, if I have time on hand to get it. I have told my very old friend, Mr. Pollard, the Engraver, Holloway, that you were going to Engrave the Portrait, & have requested him to give you a call. I hope you will take care of the Painting, & return it to me in some of Messrs. Longman's Parcels, which they have frequently to send to Mr. Charnley, the Bookseller here. The Portrait was presented to my Wife by Mr. Murphy,\* & she does not know that I am sending it to you—she sets a great value upon it.

I am, Dear Sir,

with best wishes, yours,

*Thomas Bewick*

\* This gentleman is father to that delightful authoress, Mrs. Jamieson.



## OCKHOLT MANOR-HOUSE, BERKSHIRE.



THIS mansion is situated about one mile, westward, from the village of Bray, in Berkshire,—a parish which has been immortalized by the temporizing policy of a former vicar. It was commenced by John Norreys, or Norris, esq., in the time of Henry the Sixth, and finished early in the reign of his successor, Edward the Fourth, but not during the lifetime of the founder, who had been “esquire of the body” to both the above sovereigns, and also “master of the great wardrobe” to the first-mentioned king. Mr. Norreys, by his will, which was made in the year 1465, though not proved until 1467, directed that xlii. should be paid, “to the full building and making uppe of the chapell, with the chamber adjoining, within my mannor of Okholt, in the parish of Bray, not yet finished.”\* He also directed the sum of 20 marks to be expended on his tomb in Bray Church; and bequeathed 100*l.* “for the new-building of the north-aisle of St. Nicholas’ Chapel” in that edifice, together with 100*l.* for the endowment of a chantry-priest, and 50*l.* for a new bell: to the Lord Wenlock, whom he appointed supervisor of his will, he devised “for his labour in that behalf, to be had, a gilt cup, covered, called the *Housewife*.”†

The manor of Ocholt, or Ockholt, was originally granted by Henry the Third, in the year 1267, to

Richard de Norreys, cook to Queen Eleanor, (Henry’s consort,) subject to a fee-farm rent of forty shillings; and the grant states it to have been an encroachment from the forest.\* In the possession of this high-spirited and warlike family, (the ancestors of the Lords Norreys of Rycote, in Oxfordshire,) who had likewise two other manors in Bray parish, Ockholt remained until the early part of the fifteenth century; and in 1507, Sir William Norreys, who had commanded the king’s army at the battle of Stoke, died seized of this estate. In Henry the Eighth’s reign, it was the property of the *Fettiplaces*; but the mansion is traditionally said to have been inhabited by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the great favourite and brother-in-law of the above monarch. About 1679, the Finch family of Hertfordshire became owners, and continued its possessors until 1786, when Ockholt was sold to the late Penyston Portlock Powney, esq. M. P. for Windsor, in whose representative, Major Powney (now resident in India,) it is at present vested. But the estate for many years has been tenanted as a farm, and called *Ockwell’s*.

The above cut represents the east front of Ockholt Manor-house, with its picturesque wooden gables, and that venerable simplicity of aspect, which marks its character.† The bay-window, with five lights in

\* Vide Pat. Roll. 52. Henry III.

† A view of this exterior was given in Lysons’s “*Magna Britannia*,” *Berkshire*, 1806; but some alterations have been since made in the gables and other parts.

\* Dugdale’s “*Baronage*,” vol. ii, p. 403.

† Ibid. The testator had been sheriff of the counties of Oxon and Berks, in the 36th of Henry VI.



two divisions, is that of the Great Hall, which is a noble apartment, forty feet in length, thirty feet wide, and twenty-eight feet in height to the present ceiling: this ceiling, however, has been introduced at a later date, and conceals the more

ancient roof, which is sustained by a framework of fine arches, springing from sculptured corbels, &c., in nearly a similar style to that at Crosby Hall. In the subjoined cut, this apartment, as it now appears, is accurately represented.



The interior is surrounded with oak-paneling, and in the windows are various coats of arms, coeval with the edifice, in distinct and vivid colouring. Among the arms, which are depicted, (one in each window,) on a ground of diagonal stripes, containing flowers, and mottoes in the old text hand, "are those of King Henry the Sixth, with the Antelopes his supporters; his Queen, Margaret of Anjou, with her supporters, the Antelope and the Eagle; the Norreys, with Beavers for supporters; the Abbey of Westminster; Beaufort, Duke of Somerset; Edmund, last Earl of March; Henry, Duke of Warwick; De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk; Sir William Beauchamp, Lord St. Amand; Sir William Lacon, of Bray, Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the Lord Wenlock; Sir Richard Naufan; Captain of Calais; Sir John Pury, knt., of Chamberhouse Castle, in the parish of Thatcham, Berks; and of Bulstrode, quartering Shobingdon:"\* the latter was, probably,

intended for Richard Bulstrode, esq., one of the builder's executors. The royal arms are surmounted by highly-bowed crowns; the others by crests and lambrequins. The mottoes, *Dieu et mon droit*; *Humble et loyal*; and that of Norreys, *Ffeythfully serve*, are several times repeated. On one side is a handsome marble chimney-piece, fronting a capacious chimney; on the left of which is a concealed opening, large enough to admit a person, and leading, between the walls, to the upper story. There is, also, a Gothic gallery, with two doors, one of which led to the chapel; but the latter was nearly destroyed by fire, between fifty and sixty years ago, and its ruins have been converted into a pigeon-house. A pair of large iron boots, some swords of a peculiar shape, and the remains of a chain jacket, are preserved here. The flooring is of red tile, shewing, in some parts, traces of figures.\*

\* Lysons' "Berkshire," viz. further additions, p. \*705. In the same work are two coloured plates shewing the arms, &c. of Henry VI, and his queen; and those of the Norreys, and of the Duke of Somerset. The Norreys' arms, as here delineated, are, arg. a chevron between three birds' heads, erased, sable; impaling, quarterly, 1st and 4th, or, two fesses,

gules, over all a bar, azure; 2nd and 3rd, within a border, gules, barry of ten, or and azure.

\* For the use of the original drawings from which the wood-cuts for this article were executed, the Editor is indebted to Mr. W. A. Delamotte, Jun. of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

# TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1634.

*Continued from p. 335.*

PROCEEDING towards Gloucester,—“In that Afternoone wee trauell'd through part of the famoussest, and best wooded fforest in all England, [Deane fforest,] w<sup>ch</sup> lately hath beene much cropt, lying betweene those two sweet Streames, [Severne and Wye;] and in that dayes journey we had not the will to goe out of o<sup>r</sup> way, to be bit by the Nose at Tewksberry, but left it on o<sup>r</sup> left.

“W<sup>th</sup> in halfe a mile of the Citty, is the Bishops Seat, [Winard Castle] vpon Severne, w<sup>ch</sup> flowes ouer, and makes fertile his L<sup>ps</sup>. rich Pastures; and as that sweet streame enricheth them, so doth his L<sup>ps</sup> Charitie streame & flow, in most bountifull manner to the Poore vallies about him, for he maintaines a Head of 30. or 40. Kine, mostlie for the sustenance of the Poore; w<sup>ch</sup> is a religious, pious, and worthy Goodman's example.

“At last wee entred the City of Gloucester, ouer a very faire archt Bridge, crossing that famous, broad-channell'd, swift-stream'd River Severne, w<sup>ch</sup> glides close to the Towne, by that little Iland, [Alney,] where the first Danish King got the best, and vnhors'd o<sup>r</sup> selues at the new Inne, a fayre House, and much frequented by Gallants, the Hostesse there being as handsome, & gallant as any other. She was the sole commaundresse at that time, both of her Selfe & House, for her Husband was travelling, at the charge of other Travellers, and there we payd soundly for his absence.

“This Citty wee found gouern'd by a Mayor, w<sup>th</sup> his Sword and Cap of Maintenance, 4 Maces, 12 Aldermen, and a worthy and learned Recorder, [Sir John Bridgman,] & 4 Stewards. It is wall'd about, except onely that part of the Towne that is securely & defensibly guarded by the Riuer; in the wall there is 6 gates, for the Ingresse and Egresse of Strangers and Inhabitants. It is a County of it self, and of a great command, haueing 30 Townes vnder her Jurisdiction about her. In the midst of the City is a fayre Crosse, whereto from the 4 Cardinall Windes, the 4 great & principall streets thereof doe come. In her is 12 Churches, whereof the Cathedrall called the College Church is one.

“In the Cathedrall, to w<sup>ch</sup> we march'd wee tooke an exact view of the ancient and Royall Monum<sup>t</sup> wee found therein.

Ffirst, in the Ladies Chappell, aboue the whispering place, is the Mōument of Bishop Godfrey Goldsborne.

The Monument of Mr. Thomas Fitz-Williams. Another for Abbot Handlacy, who built the Chappell 600 yeares since.

On the South Side of the Quire, the Monument of Butler, Earle of Ormond.

One for Abbot Seabright, who built that fayre high Steeple, and rays'd the Roofe of the Quire.

The Monument of Humfrey Bobun, E. of Hereford, and his Countesse.

Ouer against the Abbots Tombe, on the North Side of the High Altar, lyes a Saxon King, in plaine ffree stone, bearing the old Church vpon his breast.

Also Abbot Parker lyes in his Robes, in Alabaster, who was the last at the suppression.

By him a Bishop, stiled Dux Templi, who excommunicated King John.

Abbot Eldred, one of the first founders of the Church.

But more especially & remarkably there lyes in this Fabricke the Bodies of 2 famous Princes of the Land: The one, of that vnfortunate Prince Robert D. of Normandy, eldest sonne of W<sup>m</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Conquer<sup>r</sup>, whose eyes were pluckt out in Cardiff Castle, after he had endur'd a long & tedious imprison<sup>t</sup> there: his Portraiture lyeth loose vpon the Marble Monum<sup>t</sup>, and is of Irish wood painted, w<sup>ch</sup> neither rotts nor worme-eats. Hee lyeth crosse legg'd, w<sup>th</sup> his Sword, and Buckler, & soe as any man may w<sup>th</sup> ease lift vp this his wooden Statue; this is in y<sup>e</sup> midst of y<sup>e</sup> Chancell.

The other not far from him is that of as vnfortunate a King, Edward y<sup>e</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>; his body in Alabaster in his Kingly Roabs, the ffounda-tion Marble, & the Workemanship ouer head curiously cut in ffree stone. He was murder'd at Berkley Castle, by a burning hot spit thrust into his fundament vp into his bowels, w<sup>th</sup> consent, and by practise of his cruell Queene.

“But a thing most admirable is that strange & vnparallell'd whispering place of 24 yards circular passage, aboue the high Altar, next to the Lady Chappell, the relation whereof I leaue to such as haue beene (like us) both Spectato<sup>rs</sup> and Audito<sup>rs</sup> of that miraculous worke, and artificiaall deuise:

and as it is strange soe we heard strange carry'd Confessions there made.

"Heere were we admiring and whispering till the Cathedrall voyces whisper'd vs away to prayers, and so soone as wee heard those voyces and Organs, and had view'd their fayrely glass'd and caru'd worke Cloyster, wee hastned away for o<sup>r</sup> that dayes Journey from our new fayre Inne, and deare neat Hostesse to Berkley Castle.

"In that Afternoones short Journey there did appeare to our eyes some sweet & pleasant Seats of noble Gentlemen of that Country. [Elmer, Sir W<sup>m</sup> Gyes; Standish, Raphe Duttons; Sir George Huntley's, and the Lady Duce's.]

"Berkley, though it be a small Towne, yet therein is a Market, and grac'd it is like-wise, w<sup>th</sup> a strong, old, spacious and habitable Castle, and a fayre Parke adioyning to it, and it is the Seat of a most noble Lord, [the Lord Berkeley.]

In a Chappell adioyning to the Church, betweene that and the Castle built by the old L<sup>d</sup> Berkley, is a fayre and rich Monum<sup>t</sup> of white Alabaster, whereon lyeth the body of the sayd ffounder, S<sup>r</sup> Henry Berkley, Lord Berkley, Mowbray, Segrave, and Brews, L<sup>d</sup> Lieute<sup>nt</sup> of Glocestershire; and by him, his vertuous Lady Katherin, Sister to that great Statist, and high-borne Peere, Thomas Duke of Norfolke: His Portraiture is richly & lively cutt in Alabaster, in his Marshalls weeds, barcheaded; She in her Princesse garment, w<sup>th</sup> a Coronet at her head, and the Lyon at her feet; their Son S<sup>r</sup> Thomas, and his two Sisters, Mary and Frances kneeling by.

Also there is an old ancient Monument and very plain, of free stone, of his Predecessors in the Church.

"The Castle is large, and very strong, w<sup>th</sup> many ancient Towers of seuerall formes, & Buildings: before wee entred the inner Court, we pass'd through 3 large strong Gates, w<sup>th</sup> Portcullises. Here was the dismall place where that unfortunate Prince, whom we left interr'd at o<sup>r</sup> last visited Cathedrall, was most barbarouslie & cruelly depriu'd of his Life.

"Ffrom thence the next day we march'd on toward a second London, through Thornberry, that day being Market day; There wee saw a ruined, stately, large, old Castle, where ouer the Gatehouse, now the cheife habitable place thereof, is engraven, in ffree-stone, Letters thus: The Castle Gate at Thornberry was begun 5<sup>o</sup> H. 7. by Edward D. of

Buckingham, E. of Hereford, Stafford, & Northampton. The circuit and ruin whereof shew'd it to haue beene a stately, & princely Building; & close to itt stands a fayre, large Church, & Steeple, wherein is the Monum<sup>t</sup> of the old Lady Stafford.

"This Morning, assoone as we came forth from Berkley, we pass'd by & through 2 large & fayre rich wooded Parkes, of that noble Lords; [Whitton Parke, & new Parke:] And in the midst of one of them, stands a neat & fayre built Lodge, on a mounted Hill. At Thornberry Townes end, there is a most pleasant Seat of a Gentlemans vpon a neat ascent; [Mr. Stafford's;] and a House & Parke of another Gentlemans, [Ambersley, M<sup>r</sup> Chester's,] plac'd likewise on a Hill, commanding ouer Seuerne into Monmouthshire, w<sup>th</sup> in 2 or 3 Miles of the ferry, the first common passage ouer that spacious, goodly Riuer Seuerne betweene England and Wales.

"A little before we came thither, wee left on o<sup>r</sup> left hand two Knights Seats, within 2 or 3 miles of the City, [S<sup>r</sup> Richard Rogers, and S<sup>r</sup> Roger Poynes;] and on the same hand another Knights place, [S<sup>r</sup> Maurice Barkleys:] and soe wee early ended o<sup>r</sup> fifth weekes trauell, with the finit of that Sheere, at the noble City of Bristow, & at Gilliards Inne there wee tooke up o<sup>r</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> weekes Sabbath dayes rest, w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Hobson, a graue, proper, honest, and discreet Hoste, lately a bounteous, gentile, free, & liberall Mayor of that sweet & rich City; Indeed a man more fit for such a place then such a House: There were wee well & happily billeted, and no way molested, but by one of his hungry domesticke Servants, who no sooner saw vs every meale, but scar'd vs into an eating ffleauer.

"This City stands sweetly in a pleasant Cockpit valley, yet w<sup>th</sup> an ascent to the heart thereof, where stands a fayre Crosse in the middst between both Bridges; lately and richly beautify'd, and not much inferiour to that in Couentry: To it comes 4 large & fayre Streets, from the 4 cheife Quarters of the City, viz<sup>t</sup>. High Street, w<sup>ch</sup> is the fayrest, from the great Bridge, in Somersetshire; Broad Street, from the Key Bridge in Glocestershire; Wine Street, from the Castle; and Corne Street, from the Marsh.

"This parcell of ground, the Marsh, is a very pleasant and delightfull place, & w<sup>th</sup> as much Art added thereto, as can conueniently bee, both for walkes, a Bowling ground, & other recreations for the rich Merchants and gentile Citizens, adorn'd with many fayre Trees, wherein constantly the City

Captaines drill, and muster, & exercise the City forces: neere 3 parts thereof is surrounded by the Riuer, w<sup>ch</sup> deuides it selfe from the maine Streame, att the very point of the Marish, w<sup>ch</sup> causeth a sweet and pleasant Eccho of their martiall Musicke, Drums, Fifes, & volleys of Shot; y<sup>e</sup> one arme whereof [the Froome, which ebbs 40 feet] runneth downe betwixt that and y<sup>e</sup> Minster, next Gloucestershire, w<sup>ch</sup> is the principall Key, & Wharfe, where all their fayre & rich Shipping lye, euen to that Bridge: The other Streame [the Avon] runs through the City, next Somersetshire, downe to Bath, ouer w<sup>ch</sup> is built a fayre stone Archt Bridge, w<sup>th</sup> hansome neat Houses, (and Ships on either side thereof,) like a Street, w<sup>ch</sup> may for its length compare w<sup>th</sup> London.

"The City is very sweet & cleane, in respect of the quotidian Tydes that wash, and cleanse her lower parts, & y<sup>e</sup> Vaults & Sewers, that are vnder all, or most of the channells of her vpper parts. In her wee found (besides that fayre and strong ffabricke of the Cathedrall w<sup>ch</sup> was newly finish'd) 18 Churches, w<sup>ch</sup> all are fayrely beautify'd, richly adorn'd, & sweetly kept and in the maior part of them, are neat, rich, & melodious Organs that are constantly play'd on. Their Pulpitts are most curious, all w<sup>ch</sup> the Citizens haue spared no cost, nor forwardnesse to beautify & adorne, (a pious, & religious example for all o<sup>r</sup> kingdome) ffor they dayly striue in euery Parish, who shall exceed other in their generous, & religious bounty, most to decke, & enrich, those sanctify'd Places, & Heauenly Mansions, heere on Earth, to God's glory, & good example of others.

"Although this City cannot challenge Antiquity, as others may doe, yet for her sweet Scituation, rich Marchandising, faire buildings, & gentile p'uident Gouvernm<sup>t</sup>, She comes not far short of any in this Kingdome: for her Scytuation is in a pleasant, holsome, sweet, & rich valley, hauing 2 Armes from y<sup>e</sup> maine Haven, gliding through the Bowells, w<sup>ch</sup> cleanse and wash her euery 12 Houres, from all noysome filth and sent: ffor her Marchants they are rich & numerous, vsing Traffique to most parts of Christendome; they haue a commodious Custome House, and a kind of Exchange, where they constantly meet euery day; They haue much enrich'd themselues & their City of late, by Letters of Mart: ffor her Buildings, especially the Churches, they are most strong, and sumptuous.

"And for her Gouvernm<sup>t</sup>, it is regulated euery way answerable to the rest, by a prudent, graue and wise Mayor, w<sup>th</sup> his comāding Sword of Justice,

a Cap of Maintenance, 8 Maces, 12 Aldermen 2 Sheriffs, and an able, tryed, and Learned Recorder, Mr. Glanville: who to order and settle the Affayre of the City, meet constantly att a fayre spacious Counsell Chamber, close by the Exchange and at a great fayre Hall, where they keep their quarterly Sessions and annuall ffeasts; And to make her still more sutable to the Metropolis of o<sup>r</sup> Nation London, She hath for euery Company a seuerall Hall.

"To grace and add to her beauty, she maintaine 3 ffoot Companies, besides a voluntary Company of gentile, proper, martiall, disciplin'd men, who haue their Armes lodg'd in a hansome Artillery House newly built vp in the Castle yard, where once in a yeare, they inuite, and entertaine both Earles and Lords, & a great many Knights, and Gentlemen of rank and quality, at their military feast; And this yard affords them a spacious, and large place to drill & exercise in.

"The Castle is of great extent, and hath formerly bene a most fayre and strong hold, but now it is almost quite demolished: not far from the Key, and the Marish, next Gloucestershire, in a neat and pleasant Ascent, is seated the Cathedrall Church which is vnfinish'd, and so much as is was begun and intended onely for the Quire and High Altar and may (as much as is of it) compare for strenght and beauty w<sup>th</sup> any other: neere it is a fayre and large Colledge Yard, beautify'd w<sup>th</sup> many shady Trees and most delightful walkes, about w<sup>ch</sup> stand many stately buildings (besides the Bishops Pallace, the Deanes, the Chancello<sup>r</sup>s, and the Prebend<sup>ar</sup> Houses) wherein many Gentlemen, and gentlewomen of note and ranke doe Liue: [Bishop Cooke, Dr. Chetwin Deane, Dr. Greene, Subdeane, and 4 Prebends more; Dr. Jones, Chancellor, 10 Singing Men, whereof 4 in orders, and 6 Boyes.]

"In her [the Church] are rich Organs, lately beautify'd, and indifferent good Quiristers.

Many fayre Monum<sup>t</sup>s: amongst the rest are these

On the South Side of the Church in Newton Chappell is the Monum<sup>t</sup> of S<sup>r</sup> Henry Newton in Alabaster, in Armour, w<sup>th</sup> his Lady, and 2 Sons, & 4 Daughters. This Knight tooke y<sup>e</sup> King of Morocco, and brought him captiue into England, who kneeleth in his Mauritanian Royall habit w<sup>th</sup> his Crowne off his head, holding the point of his Sword, and offering it vp as a Trophie to his Conquero<sup>r</sup>.

On the other side of the Church is Berkley's Chappell, where the L<sup>d</sup> Berkley, and his Lady lieth plaine vnder Free Stone.

On the South Side of the Quire is another plaine Monument of free Stone of the L<sup>d</sup> Berkleys, in his Coat of Maile, Armour, and Targett. Also the seuerall Monuments of S<sup>r</sup> Charles Vaughan, and S<sup>r</sup> Robert Young; in Armour, w<sup>th</sup> their Helmetts and Gauntlettts.

In the Chancell is the monum<sup>t</sup> of a naked Bishop, in Alabaster; And 3 Abbots that were good Benefactors to the Church.

“ And for the rest wee referre you to our Table Bookes. In the Cloysture is a fayre Conduit of freestone, and leade, w<sup>th</sup> many Spouts w<sup>th</sup> continually runs, & waters all the Colledge, w<sup>th</sup> that sweet Rock water.

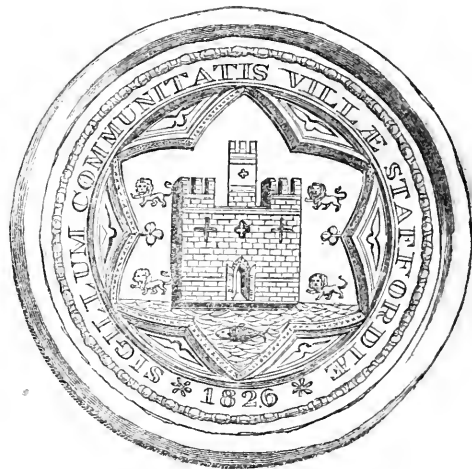
“ Opposite to this Cathedrall, on the other side of the Riuers Marish, & City in Somersetshire side, on the like Ascent standeth another strong and curious Building, Ratchliffe Chappell, the w<sup>th</sup> indeed more properly might be call'd the Cathedrall: for it is a fayre, and a large piece of Architecture, w<sup>th</sup> an artificial imbow'd Archt Roofe, all built of freestone, at the onely charge and great cost of a rich Citizen, who had bene 5 times Mayor of this City; after that to prevent the Kinges Iniunction, and to auoyd matching w<sup>th</sup> one of his Concubines, he tooke vpon him the Order of Preisthood, for w<sup>th</sup> he was inforc'd to pay a great Summe of Money for to purchase his peace: Hee dyed Deane of Westbury, and built there a Colledge for Cannons. Hee maintayn'd many Ships at Sea, and was an exceeding rich Marchant, as the Story engrauen on his Monument, w<sup>th</sup> his Aldermans and Sacerdotal Habits, in that high, fayre Structure sets forth at large.

“ Another Monument there is in this Chappell of one Captaine Langton, whose Corps were enwrapped in one of those 5 Colours he tooke at Callice, and heere interr'd.

“ When wee had taken a full & contentiue view of this sweet City, and of her Compasse fenc't in w<sup>th</sup> a strong Wall and Gates, wee then desir'd to know what was neere vnto her remarkable: w<sup>th</sup> in a mile & a halfe of her, by the Haeuns Channell wee found a strange hot well, [St. Vincent's Well] w<sup>ch</sup> came gushing & pouring out of a mighty stony Rocke, into the streame so nigh thereto, that euery Tide it ouerflows it: To it wee descended, by a rocky & steep winding and craggy way, neere 200 slippry steps, w<sup>ch</sup> place when y<sup>e</sup> Tide is gone, neuer wants good store of Company to wash in this well, & to drinke of that warme & midicinable water, & for its rarity, diuerse carry some of it away w<sup>th</sup> them.

(To be continued.)

## SEAL OF THE CORPORATION OF STAFFORD.



STAFFORD is a county town, of Saxon origin. At the period of the Domesday survey, it had attained to considerable importance, but it was not regularly incorporated until the 7th year of the reign of King John, (anno 1206;) which, according to the very erroneous assertions of several writers, (each following in the others wake,) was one year prior to the incorporation of the city of London!\*—the Stafford charter was confirmed by different sovereigns, and additional privileges were granted; but at length, from the fillingup, improperly, the vacancies in the body corporate, the charters became forfeited in the year 1826, and from a singular coincidence the corporation seal was, by some means, lost about the same time. A new Seal, of which the above is a *fac-simile* impression, was in consequence, engraven; the only variation from the old one being the insertion of the date 1826, and the substitution of modern capitals for the more ancient forms. In 1827, the town of Stafford was re-incorporated, on petition, by George the Fourth, when all its previous rights and privileges were restored, and the inhabitants exempted from serving on juries for the county.

\* Stow quotes a charter of King Edward the Confessor as being extant in the "Book of St. Alban's," which is directed to Alfward, the Bishop of London, and to Wolfigare, the *Port-reve*, and the *Burgesses* of London.—King John's Charter to Stafford is still in a very excellent state of preservation.

# ANCIENT ROMAN REMAINS FOUND NEAR SHEFFORD;

AND IN ITS IMMEDIATE VICINITY, AT  
STANFORD BURY.

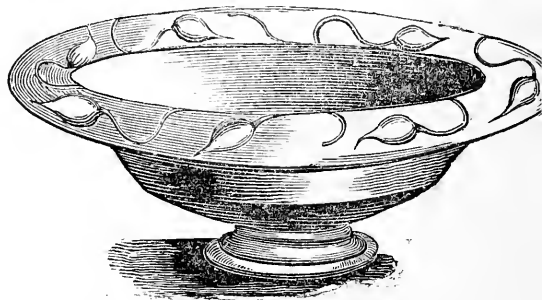


SINCE the discovery of the remains recorded in a preceding article, (vide p. 343—346) and of which the above representation of a Glass Vase is an example, a fresh supply has been obtained from the same field at SHEFFORD, although at some distance from the former site.



Several urns were dug out in a mutilated condition containing for the most part nothing more than earth, ashes, bones, &c. but at the bottom of two of them, were some pieces of lead and several nails.—A few days after, three smaller urns were found, entirely perfect: two of them are formed of a coarse bluish clay,—the other, of much finer material, and more elegant shape, is ornamented with a beautiful scroll round the centre, very highly relieved.

A small brass serpent was next discovered, which, if not one of the lares, might have been attached to some utensil as an ornament. These, with a small brass weight, a curious bronze ornament, and two gilt fibulæ, are all that have recently been found at Shefford; possibly, for the sole reason that the work-people have ceased digging gravel on this spot. From the number of square pavings that have been discovered, and from other circumstances indicative of the fact, there is little doubt but that a Roman Temple stood where the first relics were found. Among them was a vessel of the form and character represented in the subjoined wood-cut.



The discoveries at STANFORD BURY were as follows.—In the spring of 1832, Mr. Hale, a Farmer in the neighbourhood of Shefford, whilst looking at his labourers making a hollow drain in his field, observed the spade of one strike (what he thought must be) a piece of iron, and desiring the man to take it up, he attempted to do so, but found it descend much deeper into the earth than was expected, it was set in perpendicularly, and it was not until having dug four feet downwards, that the relic could be brought to light. When taken from the ground, it was found to be an iron camp Tripod, consisting of three curved legs turning on a swivel at the top, on which was fixed a massive iron ring. Mr. Hale, conjecturing its use, had the laudable curiosity to make the workmen dig deeper, when they found a chain and pot-hooks, which being attached to the ring at the top of the Tripod plainly indicated its purpose.—This curious

main was afterwards presented by W. H. Whitbread, Esq. (the lord of the soil) to Mr. Inskip, of the Efford; to whose friendly communications we are indebted for the following particulars of other discoveries, as well as for the use of the sketches from which the annexed wood-cuts have been executed.

"Feeling assured that the Tripod could not be a solitary deposit," says our correspondent, "I employed two men, in the autumn, to dig in the same spot; and my conjectures were soon confirmed, for on the site and adjoining to the same place, was quickly found an iron fire-dog of simple construction, and doubtless used by the Roman soldiers like the tripod for cooking their victuals in the neighbouring encampment. After this, we met with a stout iron bar, one end of which was curved somewhat like a lamp-sweep or handle, having a hole through it at the ends:—for this I could at first assign no apparent use,—I dug further, and found a second fire-dog, a duplicate of the former one; they were both in a small degree mutilated; yet I was led to admire the grace and spirit with which all articles of Roman manufacture (at least all those which I had seen) were executed,—their designs are still more striking, and even in these homely utensils, the imitations of nature are of the boldest order, the graceful turn of the Stag's neck and the outline of the head which form the ornamental part of each end, are singularly effective. It must be acknowledged that the Romans combined the *utile in dulci* in an eminent degree, and it is a matter of admiration, the simplicity of contrivance in these fire-dogs, for cooking the greatest quantity of victuals at one and the same fire. To effect this, the bar before alluded to was laid longitudinally on one side of the Stag's head, betwixt that and one of his horns, another bar lay parallel on the opposite side, from both which descended two rows of hooks to supply the means of boiling or roasting, the curved ends of the bars having holes through each of them, into which might be thrust pivots of iron, so contrived, that upon necessitous occasions they would form four bars, and thus multiply the means of making the most of one fire, the end of each bar also, turned up gracefully as a hook from which might depend additional pots and kettles.

"Not far from these was found a considerable quantity of pataræ, black and red, of great variety of patterns, I preserved two or three with the makers' names across them, viz. *SILVVS* and *OFCOE*, safe from the wreck that attended the rest in the excavation. The first name is very legible; the other nearly so, but not quite.

"Nearly adjoining were found six immense sized

urns, but all of them mutilated; the one least so, and of the most elegant pattern, I had great success in arranging and cementing together: its shape is nearly cylindrical, excepting its neck and foot; it is two feet eight inches in height, and would contain several gallons. These six urns were lying contiguous and were of various colours; the necks of the whole and the *ansæ* are of enormous size. In exploring further I found the remaining curved ends of the fire bars, also the remains of a large brass pan in a thousand pieces, and almost adjoining two brass saucepans, one contained within the other, the outer one having a handle highly ornamented. These had been placed originally on a piece of wood, which crumbled to earth immediately on its exposure to the air.

"Another brass pan, or rather the shadow of a brass pan of very large size was next discovered, probably from two to three feet in diameter, (as its iron rim appeared to indicate) but this article was so much decomposed, that I did not attempt to preserve an atom of its form, it has therefore vanished.

"I had nearly forgotten to mention, that within-side or close to a red vase, I found four very white stones that had been wrought into the exact shape of peppermint drops, save that the tops were round and raised, instead of being flat like the bottoms. One also was found, a duplicate in size and shape, but perfectly black and made of jet.—These little stones were used to play some Roman game, and it was probably this game that Medea's children were playing when the infuriated mother meditated their murder, as the painting found at Pompeii seems plainly to indicate.

"The next article discovered was a brass Jug capable of holding about a pint or more,—this was placed invertedly in the earth, the bottom and handle having corroded off, were lying close by. The handle is a model of elegance, and represents a female with extended arms grasping the outer rim; she has a beautiful face, and her hair is twisted up into a knot behind, like that on the coins of the younger and beautiful Faustina; some of her locks however are left to fall carelessly over her shoulders, from whence the handle tapers downwards till it joins the bottom, where it fancifully diverges, and shews two faces or masks one below the other; the upper one is an old Momus in a paroxysm of laughter, the lower one has a more mild and placid though cheerful countenance: they both appear in a different degree moved at the recital of some tale, and may be considered as appropriate emblems of the jovial pitcher.





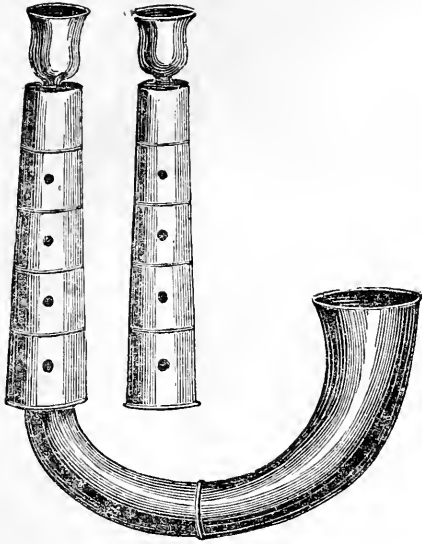
Both sides of this handle, together with a vase discovered near the same spot, are delineated in the annexed cut. The Jug itself is peculiarly formed; the lower half swelling out gradually from the bottom, the neck narrow, and at its upper part pinched up as almost to touch; whilst the mouth bulges forth both to the front and back, so as nearly to form a figure of eight.

"At the bottom of the largest urn was a large black ball of pitch or some bituminous matter, which was found to emit an aromatic smell, after being held sometime in the hand.

"Amongst the various deposits found, were four separate joints of what most closely resembles a flute, each joint or piece having a cylindrical hole cut through it, as well as a hole for the finger to stop: they have palpable marks of the original workmanship, and present traces, at the ends, of the lathe and chissel, each end being turned concave, though not in any way adapted for the purpose of being joined together, or, as I (*then*) conjectured, forming one instrument. Nevertheless it appeared as if made to

"discourse sweet music;" for I have since learned that a copper or brass tube, with an embouchure at top, passed down the centre, the bottom dilated somewhat like a keyed bugle, and curving like an instrument called the serpent. The joints are in excellent preservation, two of them are exactly one inch and one quarter in length each; the other two exactly one inch and one eighth each; they were made of ivory, and have been originally stained and clouded red and black to resemble tortoise shell.

There can be no doubt but that these remained part of a Tibicinal instrument resembling the representation attached to this article, which has been reduced from Professor Brontie's copies of "Ancient Monuments," Etruscan, Greek, Roman, &c.; but it should be remarked that the small apertures in the joints have been altered from a square to a circular form, so as more strictly to accord with those recently found. Two of these instruments were preserved in the Villa Albani, at Rome.



"The vault in which these precious relics were discovered, was paved at the bottom with Roman bricks; and had not the soil been so unpropitious to their preservation, they would probably have been pronounced some of the most valuable specimens of Roman manufacture;—as it is, the large urn appears as perfect as though never broken, and the whole of these ancient remains are sufficiently entire to excite the most lively interest."

T. T.

## THE OLD ENGLISH STAGE.—No. II.

### NOTICES OF SCENE-PAINTERS FROM THE REIGN OF JAMES I. TO THAT OF GEORGE IV.

HAVING in our former paper given a brief history of Scene-painting, we now proceed to sketch a record of the ingenious fraternity of SCENE-PAINTERS, as far as a most careful research has enabled us to discover their names and qualifications.

Amongst those who practised in this department at the times of James the First, and of his son Charles, *Janiel Mytens* is the earliest on record; he, as already observed, provided designs for the stage at Whitehall house, prior to the accession of James to the English throne.

*Inigo Jones* designed the scenes for the masques

played at the court of James I., under the auspices of his queen, Anne of Denmark, and also for the superb little stage at Whitehall, for the masques in which Charles I., his queen Henrietta, and the young nobility of the court performed. *Nicholas Laniere*, the celebrated composer of music, painted scenery also for certain masques, in the reign of James I.

It is somewhere recorded, that *Wincellaus Hollar* designed the scenery for the public stage in the time of Charles I., although he did not paint them. No contemporary practising the graphic art in England in his time, was more completely qualified to excel in this department, as we owe almost all we know of the topographical features of old London before the great fire in 1666, and of the ancient state of Westminster, to his etchings and engravings. It is no small compliment to his talent, to observe, that our two distinguished scene-painters, Messrs. Stanfield and Roberts, have availed themselves of his topographical remains, to add splendour to the scene in our day, at the two most magnificent theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

In the time of Charles II., two foreigners, invited hither by Sir William D'Avenant and Henry Killigrew, painted the scenery for the theatre in Black-friars, one an Italian artist, *Signor Fideli*, the other a French artist, *Monsieur l'Abbé. Robert Aggas*, reputed a good landscape-painter, was also employed as scene-painter to Black-friars, and the Phoenix theatres. *Streater*, a landscape-painter, worked likewise in the scene department. This artist was honoured with the personal regard of Charles II., and had the reputation of being a wit. Becoming sadly afflicted with the stone, *Streater* was obliged to discontinue his profession, when his royal patron commiserating his sufferings, sent him, at his own expense, to Paris, where the most skilful surgeons successfully performed an operation upon him, which restored his health. There is a curious and most interesting picture in the royal collection, representing the old mansion, "*Whiteladies*," at Boscobel, Charles the Second's hiding-place, after the battle of Worcester. In this are small portraits of the King, Colonel Carless, and the Penderill family, painted by *Streater*.

The painted scenic department was much improved under the management of the celebrated *Betterton*, on the stage of the theatre in Dorset-gardens. Much praise was bestowed on the machinist department too, at the same period, at the cost of the performers, who manifested great discontent thereat,

—the proprietors taxing their salaries for the furtherance of these stage improvements.

It was left, however, for Rich to shew what could be effected by the aid of scenery and machinery, in the pantomimes which he projected for his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, himself being the best harlequin that ever tripped upon the magic field of these fascinating exhibitions, which, notwithstanding wondrous Shakspeare, and all that appertains to sober judgment and superior taste, have maintained their popular influence with old and young, with gentle and simple, with all tempers, and all ranks. Yes, in spite of wisdom, or its counterfeit, gravity, the grotesque and the picturesque, the eccentricity, the frolic and the fun of the ever-varying scene of magic pantomime, which passing *presto* before the mind, to the captivating transitions of a well ordered band, has continued, and perchance will still continue to excite wonder, and provoke the joyous laugh, at due times and seasons, for ages yet to come.

Rich invited hence, a celebrated foreign scene-painter, a *Signor Servandoni*, whose taste in this department was highly extolled; another foreigner, *Monsieur de Voto*, was employed as an occasional assistant; so was also that prime spark, dramatic author, musician, painter, engraver, and joyous convive, *Jack Laquerre*, a son of the worthy who assisted Signor Verrio in painting the plafonds at Windsor Castle, and other royal palaces; to whose works, see Pope's satirical allusion:

"Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laquerre."

But the principal fabricator of scenic splendour was the still more joyous convive of those mirthful days, *George Lambert*, so long the principal scene-painter to this enterprising manager. When Rich removed to his newly-erected and more splendid theatre in Covent Garden, he prepared a capacious scene-room for the ingenious worthy, in which, so the genii of good fellowship decreed, amidst all the crowded arcana of this wholesale manufactory of magic, was established that Beefsteak-club, which has continued to perpetuate its founder's fame, and will continue as long as national feeling shall endure to acknowledge a becoming taste for genuine native landscape, and a corresponding relish for unsophisticated British rump of beef.

Rich, who was unsparing in expense to render his new theatre superior in splendour to all others, employed *Signor Amiconi* to paint the ceiling, which represented a magnificent display of Apollo, the Muses, and a galaxy of the immortal beauties,

Venus, Juno, and other heathen heaven-born inhabitants of the clouds. Old *Oram*, occasionally scene-painter, assisted Amiconi in painting the proscenium of this stage, which was universally admired for splendour of effect.

This Italian artist owed the great practice which he enjoyed in England, for he designed and, in part, painted the magnificent plafond and walls of Buckingham-house, to the friendly exertions of his countrymen, the Signors *Popora* and *Farinelli*, who on being invited hither to join the renowned music corps at the Italian opera, the painter made one of the party. This triumvirate played into each other's hands; hence, it was stipulated, that Amiconi should be employed to paint the scenery at the great theatre in the Haymarket, then in the zenith of its splendour.

*Frank Hayman*, another bon-vivant, the very counter-part of George Lambert, designed the scenery for the theatre of Drury Lane. Fleetwood, the manager, and the worthy painter were inseparable until Death, who from early time has broken up good fellowships, divided them; when Fleetwood, a widow, the prescribed time for wearing the weeds being terminated, became the wife of her late husband's colleague, and died Mrs. Hayman, leaving him in possession of a considerable addition to his property. *Thomas Dall*, a native of Denmark, painted some admired scenes for Covent Garden theatre.

*Hogarth* designed and painted a camp-scene for the private theatre of his honoured friend, Dr. Hoadley, the dean of Winchester; he, moreover, attempted to play a part in one of the dramatic pieces performed therein; but such was his abstraction, or the deficiency of his memory, that he could not proceed. That Hogarth was well acquainted with the arcana of the scene-room, is evident from the *materiel* which he has displayed in his incomparable picture, "Strolling actors rehearsing in a barn." The scene exhibited in his humorous print, entitled *Southwark-fair*, on the outside of "Bullock's-booth," was copied from a stage-scene painted for the theatre in Well-close Square, by his early friend and convive, Jack Laquerre.

*Richards*, secretary to the Royal Academy, was subsequently, for many years principal scene-painter to Covent Garden theatre; his coadjutors, Messrs *Bowles* and *Carver*, were also employed there in the same department. Two designs, by Richard, painted for Covent Garden stage, for the "Maid of the Mill," are perpetuated by two line engraving

by Rooker; and serve to shew the state of the scenic art coeval with the days of Garrick. It is a subject of regret amongst the amateurs of topographical design, that so very few sketches of the respective scene-painters have escaped the wreck of time; for doubtless many a beautiful, interesting and romantic scene must have been exhibited, when it is considered that so great a congregate of talent had been almost exclusively employed in designing pictorial decorations for the stage.

*Michael Angelo Rooker* was for several years principal in this department to Colman's theatre in the Haymarket. No contemporary English painter was better fitted for this appointment, as he is justly entitled to the credit of being one of the founders of our native topographical school of art. The prints, which for so many years consecutively appeared as graphic ornaments to the Oxford Almanac, were painted and engraved by his ingenious and masterly hand. In no coeval theatre, were the scenes rendered more pictorial or effective, than those displayed on the stage of the little theatre in the Haymarket.—*Walmsly, French*, and the younger *Catton*, were also scene-painters at various theatres.

Coeval with Richards, flourished *Signor Novosielski*, who for several years was principal scene-painter at the Opera-house, when the scenic display on that stage was, not unfrequently, very grand and imposing. He was an architect, and designed the new eastern front of that theatre, after the fire which consumed the interior in 1790.

*Hodges*, the pupil of Wilson, was appointed principal scene-painter to the Italian Opera stage, when the company opened the theatre in the Pantheon, after the destruction of the old King's Theatre in the Haymarket by fire. His scenic labours, like those of *Novosielski's*, were also doomed to destruction, as they were consumed by the fire which so soon converted into a ruin that master-work of modern architecture, the Pantheon of the illustrious James Wyatt.

It was, at length, reserved for that prince of scene-painters, *Philip James de Loutherbourg*, to shew the amateurs of stage-effect, what his art was capable of effecting: his genius created a new and splendid epoch for the stage.

The fame of this great landscape-painter had travelled to England, before his arrival here. Garrick, though then within a short period of his having made up his mind to quit the stage, determined to invite De Loutherbourg to preside over the scenic department, which being accepted, the whole economy of the painted scene, and the costume of

the stage, on the re-opening of the theatre, underwent alteration and improvement. The first display of his superior skill in stage spectacle, for Garrick was unsparing in expense, was in the representation of the *Winter's Tale*, which admitted of all that scenic art, and machinery was capable of producing, the scenes being entirely of the romantic or terrific cast; tremendous rocks, caves, wild woods, and the diabolic regions of fire, peopled with devils, demons, dragons, and all that could combine to excite the imagination in this species of dramatic exhibition. The spectacle produced, delighted and astonished the audience, for every change, by the effective assistance of transparencies, and reflections rendered the scene illusive.

Previous to this period, little attention had been bestowed on the *costume* department of the stage; hence, the anachronisms and anomalies that offended good taste, and excited the displeasure of the advocates for propriety. The most grave could not but smile at the personification of Alexander or Julius Cæsar, attired in the costume of a beau of the court of Queen Anne; or Othello, in a Ramillies' flowing wig, and the uniform of a colonel in George the First's body-guard. Garrick had long contemplated a reformation of these glaring improprieties, and De Loutherbourg was deputed to the office of reformer; who, being skilled in all the characteristics of costume, set about the business in earnest, when some of the favourite stock plays were prepared and performed to the satisfaction of the public, with becoming attention to historical propriety. Garrick quitted the stage, and De Loutherbourg lost his appointment; and what they had jointly done in this work of reformation, was left for John Kemble to improve, which, by successive years devoted to that important desideratum, he achieved almost to completion.

Many other artists, of various grades of merit, have practised in this department of painting at the several minor theatres in the metropolis and environs, as well as in the provincial theatres; amongst others, *Charles Dibdin*, the celebrated lyric composer; his son, the distinguished dramatist; *Robert Dighton*; *Lampe*, the dramatist and musician; and last of all the departed worthies, our ingenious and esteemed old friend, *William Capon*, who had studied under Novosielski; he of all the fraternity was the most deeply skilled in the topography of the ancient metropolis. His architectural scenes, painted for Covent Garden Theatre, when under Kemble's management, were strikingly characteristic,

## GROUP OF HEATHEN DIVINITIES :



*From the Museum of Sir John Soane.*

THE worship of "Graven Images," had its origin in the East,—which was alike the cradle of religion, the nurse of superstition, and the inventor of allegory and fable. The eastern nations were so strongly addicted to the personification of abstract ideas, that not a quality of creation, nor an attribute of the mind, was suffered to remain unrepresented by some arbitrary form, or combination. The vast mass of mythological tradition thus engendered, at length overflowed the continent of India, and thence pervaded almost every part of the ancient world. Hindostan and China, Egypt and Phœnicia, and, in later ages, Greece and Rome, were most prolific of their deities; but happily for mankind, Judaism and Christianity arose "with healing on their wings,"

and intervening to arrest the progress of idolatry, directed the erring sense to the contemplation of the worship of the ONLY ONE AND TRUE GOD.—

In the collection of antiquities made by Mr. Soane, the "time-honoured" and venerable architect, who has so nobly devoted his invaluable Museum to national purposes,—are a number of small bronze figures, representing the divinities or idols of Hindostan, Egypt, the Gold Coast, and other countries. The objects delineated above, which have been thus picturesquely grouped by the artist, were selected from those half-human and half-animal monsters, which the benighted understanding first designed in the dark spirit of abstract association, and afterwards worshipped from ignorance and fear.

### AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM THE REV. HENRY WHITE,

FORMERLY SACRIST OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

[This letter was addressed by Mr. White to the Editor, at Derby, in the summer of 1802, while the latter was on a Tour through Derbyshire, and into the Northern Counties.]

Lichfield Close,

Thursday, September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

It is about twelve months since, that Mr. Greene follow'd his worthy Father with *sic non passibus æquis* as to sell the bulk of the Lichfield Museum

to Honeywood Yate, esq. Gloucestersh.; (now to be re-sold) having previously received from Sir John St. Aubyn 100 G.s for the Fossils,—50 for the Armoury from Bullock of Liverpool,—much the same for the Organ, which is now placed in the Church of Hamstall Ridware,—and 70 for the contents of the interior closet from the grandson of the Collector, Richard Wright. This worthy and ingenious young Surgeon, aided by my indefatigable Applications

m, will soon open within the Ecclesiastical Register office in the Close, such a Phœnix Museum as will long recompense the city for its late extreme loss, and renew the fame of his beloved grandfather. The last edition of the catalogue in 1785 I assisted to compile, and wrote the preface,—it is so scarce that I do not possess one myself, but Wright's will, I am sure, be at your service, though I dare not say that of his possession. So near is Derby to us, that I earnestly entreat you to come, if only on your

return;—we shall abundantly amuse and interest you, and our self-taught Artist, Glover, shall supply you with some drawings for your work of almost matchless beauty.

My eyes, though in middle life, so fail me, that I cannot *write* what I could *say*, confidently therefore do I expect you—I now proffer the *hand* of friendship and you shall then have the *heart*.

Pray recollect that I write in the heat and hurry of the *racés*, though a "*Spectator tantum*."

Most truly Yrs Henry White.

# ROUSHAM HOUSE, OXFORDSHIRE.



ROUSHAM, in the parish of Steeple Barton, and hundred of Wooton, Oxfordshire, was for several centuries the seat of the *Dormers*, and it continued in their possession until the decease of General APRIL 19, 1834.

Dormer, in the year 1750. That gentleman bequeathed the mansion and estates to his cousin, Sir Clement Cottrell, knight, (Master of the Ceremonies to George II.) who annexed the name of Dormer to

his own, and in whose family this property has ever since remained. Rousham is now the residence of Lady Cottrell Dormer. The situation is extremely fine; and the grounds, which were laid out by Kent, during the life-time of General Dormer, afford a variety of picturesque and pleasant views.

The mansion was erected by the Dormers in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but a few alterations were made at subsequent periods. Its present aspect will be fully comprehended from the annexed view, which has been executed from a drawing obligingly communicated by Mr. W. A. Delamotte, Jun. The walls are embattled, and the doors are all perforated with holes, (with slides to cover) so as to admit of muskets being pointed through them. Most of the locks are ancient; and the keys are of the form subjoined below. There is a large hall and a fine library, containing many old and valuable authors. A very excellent Collection of Paintings, (about 180 in number) and of busts and other figures in bronze, (amounting to fifty-five) has also been formed here.

#### PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS.

Portrait of Rembrandt, by himself.  
 Head of a Man. Cornelius Jansen.  
 A Farm Yard, with Horses, &c. A. Vanderveelde.  
 Lady Salkelde. Dobson.  
 Landscape and Cattle. Berghem.  
 Sir Charles Cottrell, Master of the Ceremonies to James I. Dobson.  
 Lady Cottrell, wife to Sir Charles. Dobson.  
 A Venetian Nobleman. Raphael D'Urbino.  
 Portrait of a Girl. Rembrandt.  
 Angels appearing to the Shepherds. Bassan il Vecchio.  
 Moses found by Pharaoh's Daughter. Spagnuolo di Bologna.  
 Landscape. Salvator Rosa.  
 Holy Family. Andrea del Sarto.  
 Alpheus and Diana. Julio Romano.  
 Vanity and Vengeance. Carlo Maratti.  
 Cows on the Banks of a River. Cüyp.  
 Cows, Pigs, and Landscape. Vanderdoes.  
 Lucretia. By old Stone; copied from Titian.  
 Venus. do. do.  
 Portrait of Cæsar Adelmars. Date 1538. Antonio More.  
 Lady Cottrell Dormer. West.  
 James I. Vandyck.  
 General Dormer. Vanloo.  
 Queen Elizabeth, full length portrait. Zuccherro.  
 Sir Henry Adelmars Cæsar. Vandyck.  
 Lady Adelmars Cæsar. Vandyck.

Sir Julius Adelmars Cæsar, Master of the Rolls.  
 Queen Elizabeth. Date 1597.  
 Lady Adelmars Cæsar. Date 1658.  
 Lord Falkland. Cornelius Jansen.  
 William III., Prince of Orange. Cornelius Jansen.  
 John Dryden. Sir Godfrey Kneller.  
 Lord Dorset. do.  
 Sir Clement Cottrell, Groom-Porter to Queen Elizabeth. Vandyck.  
 Sir Robert Dormer. Sir Peter Lely.  
 Landscape. Rembrandt.  
 The Holy Family. Giotto.  
 A Landscape, and Water Mill. Ruysdael.  
 A Smith's Forge. Rembrandt.  
 A Landscape, Horses and Figures. Cüyp.  
 A Landscape. Wynants.  
 The interior of a Gothic Church. Steenwyck. D. 1617.  
 Ecce Homo. Callot.  
 A Landscape: Hobbima.  
 Sir Charles Cottrell Dormer. West.  
 Sir Clement Cottrell Dormer. Hudson.  
 Sir Clement Cottrell Dormer. West.  
 Sir Charles Ludowick Cottrell. Sir G. Kneller.  
 A Venus. Rubens.  
 Edmund Waller. Vandyck.  
 Anne, Wife of Robert Dormer, esq. Sir P. Lely.  
 Dutchess of Richmond. Sir Peter Lely.  
 Sir Thomas Spencer, bart.  
 Dutchess of Norfolk. Sir G. Kneller.  
 Landscape. N. Poussin.  
 Countess of Shrewsbury. Vandyck.  
 Sir Robert Dormer. Riley.  
 Our Saviour delivering the keys to St. Peter. Poussin.  
 Sir John Dormer. Vandyck.  
 Joanna Dormer, Maid of Honour to Queen Mary.  
 Lady Cottrell Dormer. Sir Joshua Reynolds.  
 Landscape. Paul Brill.  
 George Morley, Bishop of Winchester. Sir P. Lely.  
 The Four Kings of France: Henry IV. Henry I.  
 Charles IX. and Francis II.—An Allegorical Piece. Dobson.

#### BRONZES, ETC.

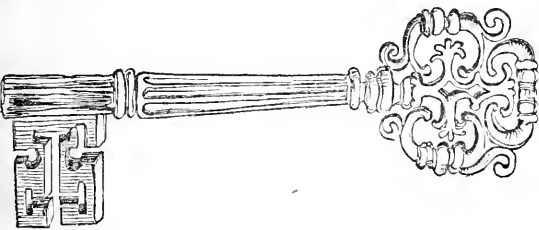
The Emperor Albinus, an antique bust larger than life, the shoulders covered with the imperial ornaments in Oriental Alabaster.  
 The Emperor Hadrian, antique, with naked shoulders and chest, larger than life.  
 A Colossal Bust, an antique, the hair gilt.  
 Head of Seneca, rather larger than life.  
 Socrates, a Bust.  
 Alexander the Great, a marble bust.



Leda and the Swan, a bas relief, by Camillo Ruporei. The Gladiator of the Villa Borghese. The Archer. The Rape of the Sabines, from John di Bologna. Young Papius and his Mother. The Apollo Belvidere. The Venus de Medici, from the Tribune in the Gallery at Florence. Antinous, from the Belvidere in the Vatican. A Venus, Moderne Antico. The Laocoon, from the Vatican. A Marble bust of Cicero. A Bust of Adonis. Hercules slaying a Dragon. Galba, Vitellius, antique busts. Diana Venatrix. Venus, a Bust. Marcus Aurelius, an equestrian statue. Two Vases of the Etruscan shape.

Horace Walpole, in his Letters to George Montagu, has thus spoken of Rousham. — "But the greatest pleasure we had, was in seeing Sir Charles Cottrell's at Rousham: it reinstated Kent with me; he has no where shewn so much taste. The house is old, and was bad; he has improved it, stuck as close as he could to gothic, has made a delightful library, and the whole is comfortable. The garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river, imaginable: all the scenes are perfectly classic. Well, if I had such a house, such a library, so pretty a place, and so pretty a wife, I think I should let King George end to Herenhausen for a master of the Ceremonies."

The pleasure grounds are beautifully shaded by very large and flourishing beeches: they are also ornamented by several statues, in stone, all of which throw up water, except a very fine one of the Dying Gladiator, and a group of the Lion tearing the Horse, by Sheemacher.



## OLD LONDON BRIDGE.—No. II.

(Continued from p. 226.)

WHEN the last Bridge of timber was erected across the Thames, at London, in the year 1163, it was probably not unforeseen, even then, that a new structure of stone was particularly desirable,—the instability of a wooden bridge over such a wide and rapid part of the stream, and the necessity for such frequent repairs as had been made within memory, must indeed have rendered the fact obvious

to every one. It is an extraordinary circumstance however, that PETER of COLE-CHURCH, the builder of the *last* timber bridge, should also have been the architect of the *first* bridge that was constructed of stone. According to Stow, (who probably acquired his information from the "*Collections*" made by Leland on the Antiquities of London, which had come into his own possession), Peter commenced the foundation of the new structure about the year 1176, (23rd of Henry II.) "neere vnto the bridge of timber, but somewhat more towards the west." That the above was the exact date, is substantiated by the "*Annals of Waverly*," in which is this entry. "Anno 1176. In this yere, the Stone Bridge at London is begun by Peter, the Chaplain of Colechurch." King Henry the Second, continues Stow, "assisted in the work," yet in what manner we are not informed;—although from the popular saying, "London Bridge was built upon Woolpacks," it has been inferred, that it was by contributing (towards its erection) the proceeds of a tax on wool, which had then been newly imposed. One thousand marks, or pounds, for it is uncertain which, were also given in aid of the expense, by Cardinal Hugo di Petraleone, the Pope's Legate, and Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The new Bridge was thirty-three years in progress, and there appears to have been some change in the management of the work prior to its final completion in 1209;—for King John, in April 1201, in a Letter Missive, dated from Molinel, in France (vide patent rolls, m. 2. n. 9.) to the Mayor and Citizens of London, recommended a "worthy clerk," named Isenbert, Master of the Schools of Xaintes, (who had constructed the bridge of Xaintes and Rochelle) to *finish* the new Bridge at London. "We have directed and enjoined him," says this record, "to use his best endeavour for building your Bridge, for your benefit, and that of the public: for we trust in the Lord that this Bridge, so requisite for you and all who shall pass the same, will, through his industry and the divine blessing soon be finished. Wherefore, without prejudice to our right, or that of the City of London, we will and grant, that the *rents and profits* of the *several houses* which the said Master of the Schools shall *cause to be erected* upon the Bridge aforesaid, be for ever appropriated to repair, maintain, and uphold the same." It seems probable, that the King's recommendation had no effect on the "sturdy citizens," and as we learn from Stow, that "this Work, to wit, the arches, chapel, and stone bridge over the Thames at London, having been thirty-three years in building, was in the

year 1209, finished by the worthy merchants of London, *Serle*, mercer, *William Abmaïne* and *Benedict Botewright*, principal masters of that work."

In the mean time in 1205, five years previously to the completion of the bridge, its original architect, Peter of Cole-church died; and he was buried with due and appropriate distinction, within the *centre pier* in the crypt of a large Chapel, (dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket) which had been erected there, at the sole charge of the master mason, as we gather from the following passage in Leland's "Itinerary," vol. vii. "A Mason being Master of the bridge house, buildyd *a fundamentis* the Chapell on London Bridge, *a fundamentis propriis impensis*;"—but the name of this last benefactor to science has not descended to us.

The precise period at which the *Gates*, or *Towers* were first erected upon the Bridge, is involved in some obscurity; yet there can be little doubt, but that their origin was almost as early as that of the fabric itself. Even the *Wooden Bridge* appears to have had some defence of this kind, for the Danish writer, Suhm, informs us, that when Canute removed the body of St. Elphage, from St. Paul's to Canterbury, "warriors, clad in armour, were stationed on the Bridge, and along the banks of the river; and others, by order of the King, raised a riot at the *Gate*, to divert the attention of the citizens." The original Towers were built at the extremities of the Bridge, the one on the Southwark, and the other on the London side: but in 1426, a third Tower was erected at the north end of the draw-bridge, which crossed the intervening space between the sixth and seventh piers from the south side, and was occasionally raised up to admit the passage of vessels to and from Queenhithe, which had long been the principal wharf for lading and unlading within the city.

There is extant a very curious view of this Bridge, executed by Norden, about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, but not published till the latter part of that of James the First. From the descriptive eulogy attached to that delineation, the following is an extract:—

"This famous Bridge is adorned with sumptuous buildings, and statelie and beautifull houses on either side, inhabited by wealthy citizens, and furnished with all manner of trades, comparable in it selfe to a little citie, whose buildings are so artificially contrived, and so firmly combined, as it seemeth more than an ordinary streete; for it is as one continuall vaute or rooffe, except certain void places, reserved from buildings, for the retire of passengers from the

danger of carres, carts and droues of cattle, vsual passing that way.—The vaults, sellers, and pla in the bowels, as it were, of the same Bridge, many and admirable, which arte cannot discover the outward view."

The erection of a Bridge at Westminster between the years 1739 and 1750, led to a great improvement in the state of London Bridge; for the Corporation, under an Act of Parliament, obtained in 1756, were empowered to remove all the buildings enlarge the avenues, and generally to make such alterations as should be deemed requisite. The condition of the Bridge, at that period, is thus described by Harrison, a contemporary writer.

"Nineteen disproportioned arches, with sterline increased to an amazing size by frequent repairs supported the street above. Across the middle of the street were several lofty arches, extending from one side to the other, the bottom part of each arch terminating at the first story, and the upper part reaching near the tops of the buildings. The arches were designed to support the houses on each side of the street, and were therefore formed of strong timbers bolted into the houses, which, being covered with lath and plaster, appeared as if built with stone. The back part of the houses near the Thames had neither uniformity nor beauty, the line being broken by a great number of closets that projected from the buildings, and hung over the sterlings. The deformity was greatly increased by the houses extending a considerable distance over the sides of the bridge, and some of them projecting farther over it than others, by which means the tops of almost all the arches, except those that were nearest, were concealed from the view of the passengers on the quay, and made the bridge appear like a multitude of ruins, with only an arch or two at the end, and a rest consisting of beams, extending from the tops of the flat piers, without any other arches, quite across the river."

The new improvements were conducted by a Committee, and between 1755 and 1762, all the houses and gates were removed; two of the middle arches were taken down, and a large single arch constructed in their place; a regular balustrade was erected on each side the Bridge; foot-paths, of seven feet wide each, were laid; and a carriage-way formed of the width of thirty-one feet. Another most essential improvement was made about the same time, in opening a foot-way through the tower of St. Magnus Church; in prosecuting which, the solid judgment and penetrating foresight of Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of the church, were demonstrably shewn

that great architect had contrived and executed his work with such prescient skill, that but little more was necessary to be done, to effect the desired improvement, than to clear away the fillings up of the arched recesses in the basement story, the arches themselves, and their abutting piers being of sufficient strength to sustain the entire weight of the superincumbent mass. Sir Christopher had erected the body of St. Magnus' Church between the years 1376 and 1680, and the steeple about 1705.

The Bridge Chapel was pulled down in the autumn of 1760, but the workmen had much difficulty in demolishing it, the cement being of extreme tenacity, and the stones strongly clamped together with iron. The upper chapel was converted to apartments; but the crypt had been used as a warehouse many years: and though the floor was always from eight to ten feet under the surface of high-water mark, yet the masonry was so good that no water ever penetrated.\* From the crypt was a winding staircase, descending to the river; and in front of the bridge pier was a square fish-pond, formed in the sterling, into which the fish were carried by the tide, and there detained by a wire grating placed over it.

Since the alterations in the early part of the reign of George the Third, the history of this fabric presents but little interest, it being chiefly confined to the frequent necessity of repairs, and other measures adapted to its preservation. The passage of water-way beneath the arches, or *locks*, as they were technically called, (and with much propriety, as the free course of the tides was always obstructed by the sterlings,) was progressively deteriorated by

\* Independently of this structure, the most remarkable building upon London Bridge was the famous *Nonsuch House*, which, from the arms over the archway, appears to have been of the Elizabethan age, and, from other circumstances, to have been erected here a short time prior to the year 1585. This singular and very curious building was constructed in Holland, entirely of wood, and being brought over, was put together with wooden pegs only, not a single nail being used in the whole fabric. It stood to the north of the drawbridge, over the seventh arch from the Southwark end of the Bridge, overhanging the river on each side. At each of its corners was a square tower, crowned with a Kremlin spire, and in the centre, a rich, elaborately-carved gable. It was four stories in height; the whole was richly ornamented with carved panels, and gilded and jasper-coloured columns. In the front was a profusion of transom casement windows, with carved wooden galleries before them. Over the arch-way, which was the middle of the drawbridge, were placed the arms of St. George, the city of London, and those of Elizabeth, viz. France and England, quarterly, supported by the Lion and Dragon.—*vide Thomson's "Chronicles,"* pp. 344-347, in which the description is illustrated by wood-cuts.

those reparations; and the stability of the Bridge itself, for any extended term of years, became, in the opinion of several experienced engineers, extremely questionable. The subject, in the end, engaged the attention of the House of Commons; and, at length, after much enquiry, and many previous arrangements, an application was made to Parliament for the necessary powers to erect a new Bridge, improve avenues, &c.; and on the 4th of July, 1823, (4th of George IV.,) the Act for those purposes received the royal assent. Under the provisions of this statute, the site of the new Bridge was fixed at the distance of about thirty-four yards westward from the old Bridge, which was to remain open as a thoroughfare until the former was completed.

The *first pile* of the *coffer-dam* for laying the foundation of the first pier of the new Bridge, (which was designed by the late celebrated engineer, John Rennie, Esq.,) was driven, on the Southwark side, on Monday, March the 15th, 1824, and the *first stone* within that coffer-dam was laid, with great ceremony, on the 15th of June, 1825, by the Lord Mayor, (John Garratt, Esq.,) in presence of the late Duke of York, and many other persons of distinguished birth, rank and eminence. In little more than six years from that date, the new Bridge was completely finished; and on the 1st of August, 1831, (the anniversary of the Accession of the House of Hanover to these Realms,) it was first opened to the public. The ceremony was honoured by the presence of their Majesties, William the Fourth, and Queen Adelaide, who, accompanied by a royal suite, went in procession, by water, from Somerset House, and partook of a banquet on the Bridge, within a splendid pavilion, which had been erected for the occasion by the Civic authorities.

About two millions, sterling, are computed to have been expended in the erection of the new fabric, and in forming the approaches to it on either side of the river; but of that sum, a very considerable part was paid in compensations for houses and property destroyed in the immediate neighbourhood.

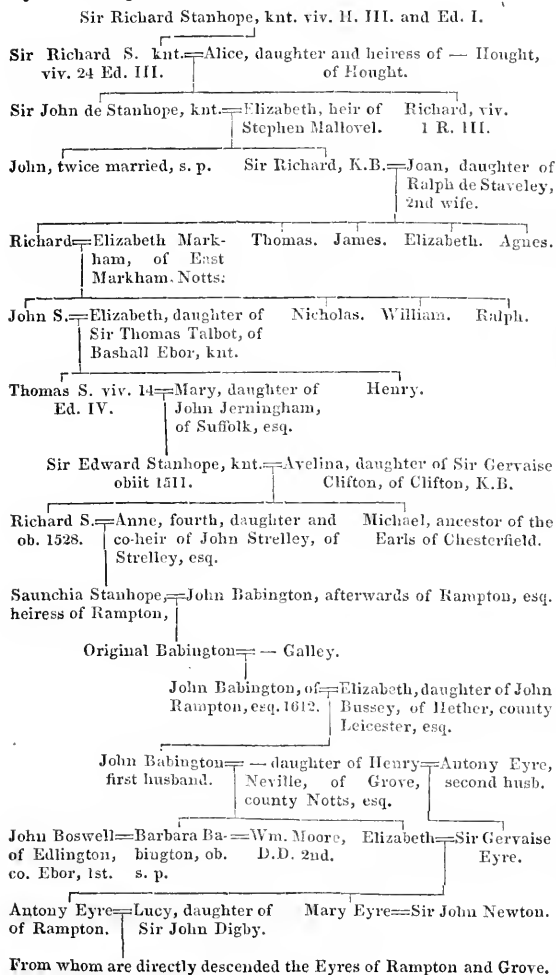
The demolition of the old Bridge was soon proceeded with after the opening of the new structure; and at the present time scarcely anything remains of the massive fabric that bestrode the flood for so many centuries, except a sort of platform adjacent to St. Magnus' Church, which it has been proposed to convert into a landing-place.—During the progress of the demolition, the mouldering bones of Peter of Colechurch were dug up "from under the

floor of the Chapel Pier;" but that attention was not paid to their preservation which a due respect for the memory of the venerable architect demanded. The late Mr. William Knight, the principal acting engineer of the New Bridge, told the writer of this article, that the bones in question were not preserved, but thrown into the barge, alongside the pier, which received the rubbish.\*

\* For additional particulars of the Old Bridge, see Brayley's "Londiniana," vol. ii. and Thomson's interesting "Chronicles of London Bridge."

### RAMPTON, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

THE descent of the above estate, of which some particulars have been given in a former article (vide p. 149.) will be best understood by referring to the following pedigree, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent.



### OLD ENGLISH STAGE.—No II.

#### MEN WHO PLAYED FEMALE PARTS ON THE STAGE

CURIOSITY might naturally lead to the enquiry of,—what sort of men, in personal appearance at least, were those who played the female characters in the drama before custom permitted lady actors to appear upon the public stage? The question, however simple, is not easily answered, having neither painting nor written description to guide us in the research, unless indeed we are to give credit to a well painted youthful head, from which there is a print, inscribed *Richard Kynaston*; but even admitting this to be authentic, it does but represent a lad seemingly not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age; whilst we know that *Dick Kynaston*, as he was familiarly designated, personated female characters in many stage-plays after he had become a man; otherwise D'Avenant, the manager, could not have assigned as an excuse, as he did to King Charles II., when his majesty expressed impatience for the drawing up of the curtain,—“Sire, the scene will commence as soon as the queen is shaved.” Kynaston that night was to play the queen.

It has been supposed that these gentlemen ladies were effeminate in appearance, and that their voices were naturally pitched in a high key, but there is no authority for these suppositions. It is not unreasonable, however, to imagine that they might by practice have obtained the faculty of speaking in *falsestto*.

Dick Kynaston was a dissolute spark; perhaps he was behind his time, or the barber might be in his cups, which caused the delay in the scene; however these circumstances may or may not have occurred, it is plain that Kynaston had a beard.

Garrick and his friend, Dr. Arne, were of opinion that these male actors of female parts were selected from amongst the counter-tenors, and even then that they spoke in *falsestto*; as there is no physical reason for supposing that the fair sex did not then, as well as now, prattle an octave higher than our gruff progenitors.

Besides *Kynaston*, several other male performers personated female characters, *Burt*, *Clun*, *Hart*, and *Goffe*,\* at the Blackfriars theatre, and *Robert*

\* During the Commonwealth, all the public theatres being closed by order of the parliament, the nobility and gentry used

*Stafford, Richard Godwin, John Wright, Richard Fouch, Arthur Savill, and Samuel Mannery.* The latter six were part of the dramatic corps sanctioned by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. These performed *Marmyon's 'Hollands Leaguer'* at the Whitefriars theatre.

Some of these worthies, whatever they might have appeared in petticoats, as "mimic players," acted noble and manly parts in that real tragedy, the "Civil Wars" of King Charles I., the friend and patron of the stage, for whom they loyally took up arms. Hart had a troop of horse in prince Rupert's regiment. It was known that this was a fighting corps. Burt was a cornet in the same gallant troop, and exhibited uncommon bravery in the field.

Shattersell, another player, served two or three campaigns in the capacity of quarter-master. Mohun, a celebrated performer, had a majority in one of the king's regiments, and fought gallantly. D'Avenant the play-wright, player, and subsequently manager of the Duke of York's theatre, entered the service for his royal master, and was knighted for his bravery upon the field. Allen, an actor also, and of high repute, was a major in the king's army, and quarter-master general.

Many others of the dramatic corps were known to have borne arms for their sovereign, whose names have eluded modern research, some of whom fell in the royal cause: indeed it was generally asserted, that such was their reverence for the King, as a patron and protector of the arts, that not one of the players, high or low, were known to have joined the Parliamentarians. Amongst those who fell in the civil war, the fate of no one was more lamented than that of Robinson the comedian, who being surrounded by a strong party of the republicans, after surrendering his arms, was basely put to death by Colonel Harrison, who justified his perfidy by a text from holy-scripture, exclaiming—"cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!"

It is from a patent granted to Sir William D'Avenant, soon after the Restoration, that we are to date the introduction of females as performers on

the boards of the public theatres. The substance of the clause is as follows:—

"That whereas the women's parts have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women."

Those who had hitherto played the women's parts in the drama, having played the heroes in the field of battle, might well give place to the fair. Kynaston was not one of the martial corps, being at the period of the civil wars too young to take up arms. He became a celebrated actor of men's parts, personating some of the first-rate characters in the most esteemed plays, with great applause.

The advantage derived to the drama by this admission in favour of the ladies was great indeed, as might have been foreseen. An interest was thrown into scenes of tenderness which was pure and genuine, exciting in the audience feelings very different to what had been experienced before; for in some passages, the more the actor displayed his skill in the discrimination of the female character, the less was sometimes the applause, and nothing short of the allowance of custom, nor even that at all times, could prevent the manly feelings and encreasing good taste of an audience from occasionally revolting at the representation of scenes even of the purest sentiment and of the strictest moral tendency.

There can be no reason for doubting, but that the aforesaid actors must have felt relieved from this odious department of their profession devolving upon the sex; and it may further be supposed, in respect to their memory, that they were the first to hail the ladies upon the stage in *propria personæ*.

Who, amongst the play-goers in this age, can fully conceive the delight of the first audience, at the exhibition of a dramatic piece graced by the genuine attractions of delicacy and female beauty.

It is a curious coincidence, that the two greatest tragedians should happen to unite in husband and wife. Betterton, and his fair lady, who was one of the two female performers who first appeared on the stage, were acknowledged the greatest to the end of their days; this lady, whose maiden name was *Saunders*, and Mrs. Davenport.

These were succeeded by other ladies of celebrity in the *histrionic* art, of the names of *Davies, Long, Gibbs, Norris, Holden, and Jennings*. The celebrated *Eleanor Gwyn*, too, was one of the early female performers, whose reputation was injurious to

occasionally to have plays privately performed at their houses in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Holland House, near Kensington, encouraged these *secret dramatics*, when the auditors to remunerate the actors, most of whom were destitute of means to obtain a living, each contributed a broad piece. Alexander Gough, the late woman-actor at *Blackfriars*, ("who had made himself known to persons of quality," used to be *jackall*, to give them notice of time and place.

the profession of her compeers;—many of them no less beautiful than she, though estimable for those virtues without which wit loseth its charm, and beauty is nought but shame.

It is a circumstance not generally known, that about this period some plays were performed entirely by women, one in particular which is said to have drawn large audiences,—*The Parson's Wedding*.

It is universally known that Queen Henrietta, the wife of Charles I., and the young ladies of the court performed characters, and danced in the masques exhibited in the royal palaces; which gave great offence to the puritans, insomuch that William Prynne, a barrister, wrote a violent philippic against the Queen and her ladies, for what he considered in them a gross violation of female decorum, and abused them in such scandalous terms that he was tried in the star-chamber for the offence, and punished with the utmost rigour of that obnoxious court.

That this upright but querulous barrister was unsparing in his abuse, on every occasion which offended the majesty of his opinion, as to moral conduct, is proved by the attack which he made upon some French actresses, who performed for a short season in certain of our metropolitan theatres.

This occurred in the year 1629, when French dramatic pieces were played at the Black-friars theatre, and, according to the custom on the continent, the female parts were played by the sex. This is considered to have been the first attempt which had been made to introduce female actors on our public stage.

Prynne's animadversions thereon are given in a note to his *Histriomastix*, in these words. "Some French-women, or monsters rather, on Michaelmas Terme, 1629, attempted to act a French Play, at the Play-house in Black-friers: an impudent, shamefull, unwomanish, gracelesse, if not more than whorish attempt."

Prynne, however, was not the only self-elected moral reformer who felt the age scandalized by such heathenish doings, for a *Thomas Brande* took up his pen, in "ink-pot malice," against these actresses, and thus stigmatized them in an address, as is supposed, to Bishop Laud. "*Furthermore you should know, that last daye (November 8) certaine vagrant French players, who had beene expelled from their own contrey, and those women did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all vertuous and well-disposed persons in this town, to act a certayn lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tongue, at the Black-fryers.*" It is amusing to observe how the

complainant chuckles with satisfaction at the reception these poor foreigners experienced, for he adds, "*Glad I am to saye they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so that I do not thinke they will soone be ready to tric the same againe.*"—Prynne, on the contrary, says "*there was great resort*" to the play.

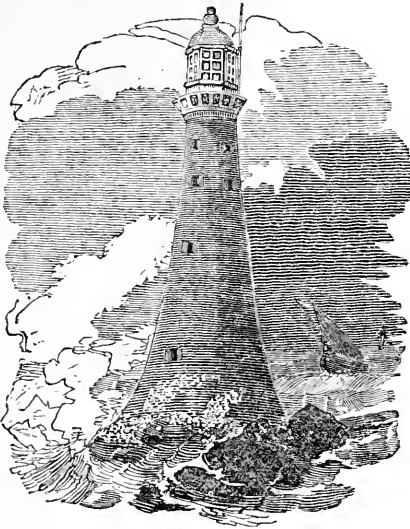
### CROSS OF CHARLEMAGNE.



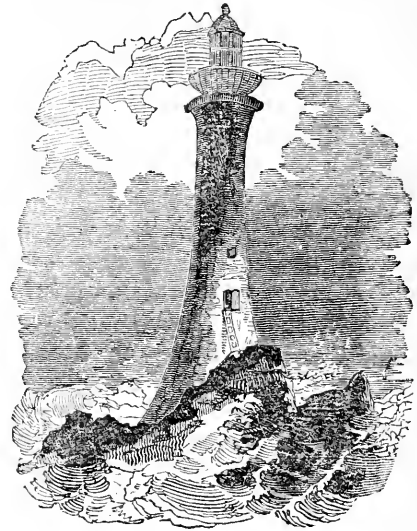
THIS Cross is interesting from the event which it is said to commemorate. It was erected in the year 783, in consequence of the victory of Charlemagne over the German Saxons, when he compelled them to renounce idolatry and become Christians. Great numbers were baptized near the spot in the Weser, and the village which subsequently was formed close to it, was then called Dorf Weibeke; or, the village of the Sanctifying stream. It is somewhat curious, however, that the river no longer runs in this place, but has altogether changed its bed, as is singularly attested by the bridge at Oldendorf, under which it no longer passes.

The height of the Cross above ground is about five feet, and the breadth about three. It is formed of hard sand-stone, similarly sculptured on both sides, and covered with white moss. Its date is fully corroborated from the strong resemblance it bears to crosses of the same character in Wales, in the north of England, and in Scotland.

## EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.



## BELL-ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.



BETWEEN the Eddystone and the Bell-rock Lighthouses, there is a considerable degree of similarity; it is acknowledged, indeed, that the idea of the latter was derived from the EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE, which had been erected by the celebrated Civil Engineer, John Smeaton, esq. in the latter part of George the Second's reign. Upon the Eddystone rocks, which are situated in the English Channel, at about fourteen miles S.S.W. from Plymouth, and directly fronting the entrance of Plymouth Sound;---there had been two Lighthouses built prior to that which now breasts the waves on the same reef. The first was designed by Mr. Henry Winstanley, a gentleman of Littlebury, in Essex; whose genius for mechanism had been displayed by various ingenious inventions. His was a polygonal building of stone, about 100 feet high, which was commenced in the year 1696, and finished in 1700. That edifice was entirely swept away by the waves, during the tremendous storm which desolated the shores of Great Britain, on the night of the 26th of November, 1703, together with its ill-fated architect, who was then within it superintending some repairs. He had been heard to say, when going off with his workmen, but a short time before, that "he was so well assured of the strength of his building, he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the Heavens, that he might see what effect it would

have upon his structure.\* Unhappily, his confidence proved most misplaced; for not a vestige of his labour was ever found, except some iron cramps, and part of an iron chain. Mr. Smeaton conceived, after examining the spot, that the Lighthouse had been "overset altogether," and had "torn up a portion of the rock itself along with it."

The next Lighthouse on this spot, was erected between the years 1706 and 1709, by Mr. John Rudyerd, a silk-mercier, on Ludgate-hill; who was a Cornishman, of very humble parentage. In scientific abilities, however, he appears to have been exceedingly well qualified for this undertaking. His building was altogether unlike the preceding one, both in form and material; for its shape was the frustrum of a cone, and it was entirely constructed of strong planks, and other timbers, caulked with oakum, and bolted and clamped with iron. Its height was ninety-two feet; the work being terminated by an octagonal balcony and light-room, surmounted by a cupola. But this, like its predecessor, after enduring several severe tempests, was finally doomed to suffer, though by a different agent; for on the morning of the 2nd of December, 1755, it was totally destroyed by fire,—which by some unknown means had kindled in the cupola,

\* Vide Smeaton's "Narrative," &c. of the building of the "Eddystone Lighthouse," fol. p. 17.



and in the course of five days burnt downward to the very foundations, and nothing remained except the iron cramps and branches which had been fixed into the rock.

After a considerable time passed in arrangements and preparations, the first stone of the present Eddystone Lighthouse was laid on June 12th, 1757; it was completed in October, 1759, and on the 16th of that month, its beacon-light was seen streaming over the waves.

In order to expedite the erection of this Lighthouse, the stones were hewn, and dove-tailed, and fitted to each other on shore, at Mill-bay, adjoining the Hoo, at Plymouth, and thence conveyed to the rock by yawls and other vessels. Every practicable effort to attain duration, was sedulously made, as the work was carried on. All the lower courses of stone are joggled and morticed into the rock itself, which was hewed for that purpose, into a series of six steps; and every surmounting course of masonry is likewise so ingeniously dove-tailed together, as well as into each other, and strengthened with oak-trenails, iron cramps, and chain-work (the latter embedded in lead), that the whole may be regarded as constituting one solid mass. The basement and exterior are entirely of Cornish Moorstone, or granite, (from the quarries at Constantine, near Falmouth), but most of the interior work is of Portland stone. The light-room is an octagonal frame-work, of cast and wrought iron, with copper window-sashes, strongly glazed with plate glass; the whole is surmounted by a cupola (weighing about 11 cwt.) and a gilt-ball. Below the light-room, there are two store-rooms, a kitchen, and a bed-room. On the course of granite under the ceiling in the upper store-room, is the following verse from the 127th Psalm, wrought in by a pick.

EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE,  
THEY LABOUR IN VAIN THAT BUILD IT.

There are in all fifty-two courses of stone-work to the top of the masonry; of these forty-six courses are contained in the main column, the height of which, to the floor of the balcony, is seventy feet. The height of the light-room to the top of the ball, is twenty-four feet; the entire height from the foundation of the lower course of stone is ninety-four feet. Notwithstanding this elevation, such is the force of the sea in great storms, that the rolling waves sweep up the sides of the Lighthouse in one immense column, which rises to more than double its height, and then breaks over it in an arch-like cataract of spray and

foam: at these times, the building is wholly enveloped by the water.

Originally, the light was shewn by means of chandeliers; but in the year 1807, when the lease of the duties and the property of the Lighthouse reverted to the Trinity-House Board, of London, the chandeliers were removed, and their place supplied by a frame-work, fitted up with Argand burners and parabolic reflectors of silvered copper, to the great and essential improvement of the light.

#### THE BELL-ROCK LIGHTHOUSE

is situated on the Inchcape rock, (in the German ocean) about eleven miles south-west from the promontory, called the Red-head, in Forfarshire, North-Britain. The Scape rock, to use the name by which it is distinguished in the olden charts, lies in the track of all vessels making for the estuaries of the Friths of Forth and Tay, from a foreign voyage, and being a sunken rock, is consequently extremely dangerous.\* Tradition states, that the Abbots of the ancient monastery of Aberbrothock, or Arbroath, caused a bell to be so fixed upon the rock by machinery, that it was rung by the motion of the waves, and thus warned the mariner of impending danger; it also adds, that a Dutch captain carried away the bell, and, as in retribution for his offence, was afterwards lost upon the rock with his ship and crew.

The necessity of erecting a Lighthouse upon this rock was powerfully shewn in the year 1799, when about seventy vessels were wrecked on the coast of Scotland in a dreadful storm. From the strong sensation occasioned by that calamity, the attention of "the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses," was immediately directed to the above object, and after many important preliminary arrangements, Mr. Stevenson, the scientific engineer of the Lighthouse Board, erected the present edifice from his own designs, but on the principles of the Eddystone Lighthouse, between the years 1807 and 1811. The work was commenced upon the rock on the 17th of August, in the former year, and on the 1st of February, 1811, the light was first seen to extend its auspicious beams from the summit of this majestic column. All the stones were shaped and prepared in the work-yard at Arbroath; and the several courses having been dove-tailed, and connected together by joggles of stone and oaken trenails, the

\* This rock is about 430 feet in length, and 230 feet in breadth: at the ordinary height of spring tides it is about twelve feet under water.

whole building, when erected upon the rock and properly fixed and cramped, was constituted into one solid mass from the centre to the circumference.

This Lighthouse is of a circular form, and built of granite and sand stone; the former being used for the foundation and exterior casing, and the latter for the interior work. The masonry is 100 feet in height; and including the light-room, which is of cast iron, the entire height of this pillar is 115 feet. Its diameter at the base is forty-two feet, and at the top thirteen feet. The ascent from the rock to the entrance door, which immediately surmounts the *solid* part of the building, (which is thirty feet in height) is by a kind of trap ladder; and thence to the first apartment, which contains the water, fuel, &c. of the light-keepers, by means of a circular stair-case. There are five apartments above the water-room, namely, the light-room store, the kitchen, the bed-room, the library, and the light-room itself. All the windows have double sash frames glazed, with plate glass, and are protected by storm-shutters; for although the light-room is full eighty-eight feet above the medium level of the tide, and is defended by a projecting cornice, or balcony, (with a railing of cast-iron formed like the meshes of net-work,) yet the sea-spray, in gales of wind, is driven against the glass so forcibly, that it becomes necessary to close the whole of the dead lights to windward.

The light-room is of an octagonal form, measuring fifteen feet in height, and twelve feet across: it is covered with a dome roof, surmounted with a circular ball. The frame-work is of cast iron, and the glazings of plate glass; each plate being about one fourth of an inch in thickness, and measuring two feet six inches, by two feet three inches. The light is obtained from Argand burners, (supplied with oil,) placed in the focus of silver-plated reflectors, most accurately hollowed to the parabolic curve, by the process of hammering. Each reflector measures twenty-four inches over the lips. These reflectors are ranged upon a frame with four faces, or sides, two of which are fitted up with shades of plates of glass, stained red. The frame, by means of a train of machinery, is made to revolve upon a perpendicular axis, and it thus exhibits in alternate succession, a red-coloured light, and a bright light of the natural appearance: both lights are so powerful as to be readily seen at the distance of six or seven leagues, when the atmosphere is clear. During storms, or in foggy weather, the machinery which causes the reflectors to revolve, is made to ring two large bells, (each weighing about 12 cwt.) in order to warn the

seaman of his danger, when too nearly approaching the rock. The cost of the whole pile, including the first year's stores, is understood to have amounted to nearly £60,000.

#### AUTOGRAPH OF LADY JANE GREY.

AMONG the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, there is a little volume on vellum, (No. 2342) which once belonged to Lady Jane Grey,—and which Sir Harris Nicolas, the talented author of a “Memoir” of that illustrious woman, has characterized as “the most interesting relic of misfortunes extant.” It is in fact a Manual of Prayers, (thirty-five in number) which is conjectured by the compiler of the Harleian Catalogue, to have originally belonged “to some English Protestant of quality, who was cast into prison wrongfully, according to his own opinion,”—and it was afterwards used both by Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, whose respective *Autographs* are contained on its pages. This small volume, which is bound in red morocco, ornamented, and in very fair preservation, is about four inches long and nearly two inches in thickness. The autograph notes of Lady Jane and her husband are written below the prayers, along the bottom of different pages; and not more than three lines occur on the same leaf. There are three notes in all; the two first of which were evidently addressed to the Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane's father:—the following are copies:

Your louying and obedyent son wischethe unto your grace long lyfe in this world, with as muche joye and comforte as euer I wyshte to my selfe: and in the world to come joy euer-lasting. Your most humble son tel his dethe.

G. DUDDELEY.

The Lorde comfort your grace, and that in his worde whearein all creatures onlye are to be comforted. And thoughe it hath pleased God to take awaye 2 of your children, yet thincke not, I most humblye beseech youre grace, that you haue loste them; but trust that we, by leafige this mortall life, haue wunne an immortal life. And I, for my parte, as I haue honoured your grace in this life, wyll praye for you in another life. Youre gracys humble daughter.

JANE DUDDELEY.

But the most interesting autograph of this estimable and pious lady, was written immediately before

her decapitation, at the request of Sir John Brydges, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was solicitous to obtain some memorial of his amiable prisoner;—and it would seem, from the following passage in Holinshed's "Chronicles;" that she carried this little Manual of devotion with her to the scaffold, upon which she suffered, which had been fixed "vpon the greene ouer against the white tower."—

The "Ladie Jane came forth, the lieutenant leading hir, with countenance nothing abashed, neither her eies anie thing moistened with teares, with a *booke in hir hand*, wherein she *praied* vntil she came to the said scaffold." After a short speech, "kneeling downe, she said the psalm of Miserere mei Deus, in English, and then stood vp and gaue hir maid (called mistresse Ellin) hir gloues and handkercher, and *hir booke* she also gaue to maister Bridges, [brother of] the lieutenant of the tower, and so vntied her gowne."—From the beginning lines of the autograph it may be inferred, that she had promised Sir John Brydges that her book should become his after her execution.

Forasmuche as you haue desired so simple a woman to wrighte in so worthy a booke, gode mayster Lieutenante, therefore I shall as a friende, desyre you, and as a Christian require you, to call vpyon God, to encline youre harte to his lawes, to quicken you in his waye, and not to take the worde of trewethe vtterlye oute of your mouth. Lyue still to dye, that by deathe you may purchase eternall life; and remember youe the ende of Mathusael, whoe, as we reade in the Scriptures, was the longeste liuer that was of a manne, died at the laste. For, as the Precher sayethe, there is a tyme to be borne, and a tyme to dye; and the daye of deathe is better than the daye of oure birth.

*youne as the lord knoweth the assa  
friende Jane Dollye*  
JF

#### ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS OF WALES.—No. IV.

From grassy blades and ferny shades  
My happy comrades hie,  
Now day declines—bright Hesper shines,  
And noon invades the sky.

From noon-day pranks and thymy banks  
To Dolydds dome repair;  
For our's the joy that cannot cloy,  
And mortals cannot share.

\* \* \* \* \*  
When morning breaks, and man awakes  
From sleep's restoring hours,  
The flock, the field, his home we yield  
To his more active powers.  
While clad in green, unheard, unseen,  
On sunny banks we'll play,  
And give to man his little span,  
His empire of the day.

*Can y Tylwyth Teg, or the Fairies Song.*

SHAKSPEARE is said to have derived a portion of the materials for the "Midsummer Night's Dream" from the Fairy Superstition of Wales. Richard, the son of Sir John Price of Brecon Priory, was a friend of the Bard of Avon, and we have little difficulty in recognising the Welsh *Bwcci* or *Pwcca* (a variety of the Ellyllon) in the pranks of Puck, the Robin Goodfellow of that drama. A romantic gorge in the county of Brecon, still called *Cwm Pwcca* (the *Pwccas* Valley) was long supposed to be the haunt of one of these mischievous little sprites; many of the tales concerning whom, were of course familiar to Mr. Richard Price, in the sixteenth century. An iron-work, with its smoke and noise and bustle, (what enemies to fairy superstition!) has however broken into the quiet and seclusion of this wild little solitude, (a portion of the romantic vale of the Clydach,) and at last fairly driven the unfortunate *Pwcca* from his ancient habitation. He is however still said to revisit the valley, but at periods "few and far between." Woe to the luckless wight who meets with him on these occasions! filled with rage towards the human race, he scruples not to revenge himself with more than ordinary malignity. For instance:—

A few years ago, a solitary individual was returning one very dark night along the side of the mountain to his dwelling on the borders of *Cwm Pwcca*. Familiar as the path had long been to him, from the extreme darkness, or some other cause, he wandered onwards in doubt and perplexity. Suddenly a light arose at a short distance before him on the waste, apparently like that of a lantern carried by some person going homewards like himself. Taking it for granted that any one thus provided would be enabled to keep on the right track much better than he could, he continued to follow its course, quickening his steps with the expectation of overtaking it. At last he rapidly neared the moving figure, who, he could not help thinking, carried his

lantern preposterously close to the ground. He was on the point of hailing him, when the roar of waters boomed on his ear through the silence of the night; he suddenly stopped, and had just time to save himself from being precipitated over the lofty rocks which confine the awful gulf of *Cwm Pwcca*, at the foot of which, the torrent was rushing onwards with tremendous fury. At this instant the bearer of the lantern took a flying leap to the opposite side of the gorge, where he had no sooner landed, than the wicked little being, lifting the light over his enormous head, burst into a scornful though wild and unearthly peal of laughter, and then vanished from the gaze of the affrighted countryman.

The malicious spirit of the *Pwcca* of Wales was evidently well known to Shakspeare, for Falstaff says, "Heaven defend me from that Welsh Fairy, lest he should transform me into a piece of cheese!"—It is however thought, that many supposed tricks are laid to the charge of the *Ellyllon*, or the *Pwcca*, which might, with greater probability, be ascribed to the potency of Cambrian ale. Dr. Owen Pughe mentions a story of this kind which befel a man of the law, who, whilst returning home one night rather top-heavy, fell as he asserted amongst the *Ellyllon*. He certainly returned in a woful plight, and this circumstance, says Dr. Pughe, "had such an effect upon my boyish mind, that if I walked in a mist, I took good care to walk on the grass, in case there should be need to catch hold of a blade of it, which the *Ellyllon* have not the power to break."

Fairies were popularly believed to have the power of shooting at those who had offended them with arrows, headed by a hard yellowish-substance resembling flint. These arrow-heads are called Elf-bolts, and are more frequently found in Scotland than in this country. They are of various sizes, and often shaped like a heart, with the edges indented in the manner of a saw. "The naturalists of the dark ages," it has been remarked, "owed many obligations to our fairies; for whatever they found that was wonderful or unaccountable, they easily got rid of by charging it to them." The Scotch fairy was reputed to rarely miss his aim; and the moment the bolt struck the object, it went to the heart, causing the instant death of either man or beast. The possession of an elf-bolt secured the possessor from similar ills. In England and Wales, the fairies seem to have been content with laming the cattle, and the peasantry believed that it was a favourite pastime to shoot at them in the moonlight with these infernal arrows. In order to cure the animals affected, it

was necessary either to touch them with an elf-bolt, or to make them drink the water in which one of them had been dipped.

An old man named Shone, who lived among the Glamorganshire hills, being desirous in his younger days of seeing the *Tylwyth Teg*, applied to a gipsy, or "weird woman" for that purpose; the result as related by himself to a "fair correspondent" of Mr. Croker's, was as follows: "Ah Shone!" said the old gipsy, "it is not to every one it is given to see the *good people*,\* but I have the power, and can dispense it to you, if you follow my directions. Go and find a clover with four leaves,† (*meillionen pedair ddlen*), and bring nine grains of wheat, and put them on this leaf in this book," handing me a book which she took out of her pocket. I did as the gipsy told me. "Now," said she, "Shone, meet me by moonlight to-morrow night on the top of Craig y Dinas."—I did so.—She took a phial and washed my eyes with its contents, and as soon as I opened my eyes, I saw at a short distance thousands of little people all in white, dancing in a circle to the sound of at least a score of harps. After dancing for some time they left the circle, and formed a line on the brow of the hill, and the one next the precipice squatted down, clasped her hands under her knees, and tumbled, tumbled, tumbled head over heels all the way down the hill; the rest following her example until they were lost in the dark wood of the valley beneath. After this adventure I was in the habit of seeing them continually."

In a curious work intituled a "Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth," written by the late Rev. Edmund Jones of the Trench, we meet with what we may term an excellent way to get rid of a fairy. *ex. gra.*—"E. T. (a person of strict veracity) travelling by night over Bedwellty mountain towards the valley of Ebwy Fawr, was surrounded by fairies, many of whom were dancing, and heard the sound of a bugle horn like persons hunting. He then began to be afraid, but recollecting having heard that if any person should happen to see any fairies, if they draw out their knives they will vanish directly. He did so, and he saw them no more."

In order to favour their love of seclusion, the

\* There is a striking similarity between the Irish and Welsh superstitions. The *Dina Mah*, or *good people* of Ireland, may be identified with the *Dynau* or *Dynion Niad* (*Mwyn*) of Wales.

† This superstition is somewhat analogous to that of the four-leaved shamrock of Ireland.

fairy-dress was generally supposed to be green, but in Wales we very frequently hear of their appearing in white or scarlet attire, and also in blue with something of a feathery texture fluttering in the wind. At Moyddin, an old encampment in Cardiganshire, where they appeared in great numbers in the month of May only, they were always attired in green. Though they seem to have exhibited the common dislike of the genus to being seen by mortals, yet they were nevertheless continually making themselves visible in Wales. "Tradition notes" says Mr. Roberts, "that to attempt to discover them was to incur certain destruction. 'They are Fairies,' says Falstaff, 'he who looks on them shall die.'" This tradition is not, however, by any means general. "It is a very remarkable fact," adds the same writer, "that the tradition of a fairy putting out the eyes of a man who recognised him, which is in a note to the Lady of the Lake, told as a Scottish tradition, is told in Wales with no other difference than that of the change of place. Forty years ago, the writer of this was told the tale, and that the scene of the transaction was Wrexham. The probability is that the tale came into Wales with the Strathelwyd Britons, and that the narrator, as Corporal Trim took the year, took the place nearest in his recollection."—The *Tylwyth teg* and *Ellyllon* of Cambria were frequently visible to human eyes. They were driven from Pencarreg mountain, once a favourite resort, in a curious way. A numerous body of young men having observed a party of them dancing early one Easter Monday on the hill side, surrounded them boldly several times, and at last the *good people* vanished, and never more appeared in the neighbourhood.—The entrance to their habitations was frequently supposed to be below a tree, from their frequently preferring to dance around its trunk. There is a story told of a young man in Carmarthenshire, who went out early one morning to the fields, but had not gone far before he was greatly attracted by the singing of a bird in a sycamore tree, near the way-side. He rested under its shade, and after waiting as he thought, for a few minutes till the bird had finished its warbling, was about to proceed on his road. But to his extreme astonishment, the tree, which had only just been in the most flourishing beauty, was already scathed and leafless. He went a little further, and the house he had left had disappeared with all its inhabitants, and a new structure rose in its stead, which was in the possession of an old man, an entire stranger. He went up to him and told his story, and

the old man, after enquiring his name, replied, "Do you think you have been only absent for a few minutes! why, I remember when I was a child hearing my grandfather speak of your disappearance one day many years before I was born, and that after searching for you far and wide, he learnt from a wise woman that you had fallen amongst the *Tylwyth Teg*, and that you would only be released when the sap ceased to flow in you aged tree. But you are welcome home at last." The old man had scarcely uttered these words when he beheld his long-lost relative, to his great terror, fall away to a heap of dust. Mr. Pennant has given an engraving of one of these "fairy trees" in his history of Whiteford and Holywell, indeed the hollows of North Wales are believed to contain many of the abodes of these little beings. "Above the ruins of the Abbey of Molendina," says Mr. Pennant, "is a spreading oak of great antiquity, size, and extent of branches; it has got the name of the fairy oak. There are some gigantic oaks near it, which seem to have almost existed from the times of the Druids. In this very century a poor cottager who lived near the spot had a child who grew uncommonly peevish. The parents attributed this to the fairies, and imagined that it was a changeling. They took the child, put it in a cradle, and left it all night beneath the tree in the hope that the *Tylwyth Teg*, or fairy folk, would restore their own before the morning. When the morning came, they found the child perfectly quiet, so went away with it quite confirmed in their belief." Stories of this nature were once extremely common, and are still popularly believed by the superstitious cottagers in the more retired districts. Shakspeare and Spenser allude to this subject, particularly the latter,—

"And her base elfin breed there for thee left,  
Such men do *changelings* call, so changed by fairies theft."

There was a venerable oak in Nannau Park, Merionethshire, the property of Sir Robert Vaughan, which was called by the peasantry *Ceubren yr Ellyll*, or the elves hollow tree. It was supposed to be the haunt of evil spirits, and became celebrated from the discovery of the supposed bones of Howel Gele, the lord of Nannau in ancient days, who disappeared very mysteriously, and it was handed down, had been murdered by Owen Glendwr, and hid within the capacious trunk of this tree, which measured 27½ feet in girth. Certain it was that a gigantic skeleton was discovered in its interior. It was long believed that a huge form armed with a ponderous

sword and shield haunted the spot at nightfall. This aged monarch of the leafy world fell in a gale of wind, said to have been raised by the *ysbrydion*, (spirits), on the 13th of July, 1813; but the vicinity is not yet altogether divested of its former terrors.

The peasantry assert at the present day, that the *Tylwyth Teg* may frequently be seen near the romantic waterfalls of South Wales. *Gewyd yr Rhyd*, one of the beautiful cataracts which adorn the county of Glamorgan, is said to be one of their favourite bathing places. In the neighbourhood are several caves, the reputed abodes of these wild little sprites. Many marvellous traditions are afloat in the principality regarding caves; one in North Wales is supposed to extend for an endless distance under ground, and was invested with a character of so fearful a nature, that it was reputed that any person venturing within five paces of its mouth would infallibly be lost. In consequence, the immediate vicinage remained untrodden by the foot of man for a long series of years: and it was said, that animals had also so great a dread of approaching it, that a fox with a pack of hounds in full cry at his brush, has been known to turn short round with his hair bristling with terror, and run into the midst of his canine enemies, rather than encounter the horrors of that wild and yawning recess: and that the dogs shrunk away and could not be prevailed upon to touch him in consequence of the infernal odour which he had imbibed from his near vicinage to the powers of darkness. Several human beings were believed to have been lost within its "ponderous and marble jaws," one of whom was an old minstrel, who fell a victim to a rash bet on the subject. He danced towards the cave, till he came within the limits of its charmed circle, when he was suddenly seized by an invisible power, and hurried away for ever from the gaze of man.

There is much curious matter to be collected on the subject of *changelings*, in the more wild and secluded districts of the Principality. It was supposed by many that the power of fairies only extended over unchristened children; they frequently, however, were believed to carry off full-grown persons, and we are told, that they sometimes endeavoured to gain possession of a woman who was near lying in, and as in the case of child-stealing, they substituted a fictitious and illusive being. In Scotland it was necessary in order to protect a child against fairies, for the mother to tie a red thread round its throat with a cross, or to let its head hang down for a short space whilst she was dressing it in the morning. Mr.

Roberts remarks, "if by any chance their society was thinned, they appear to have stolen children, and changed feeble for stronger infants. The stolen children, if beyond infancy, being brought up in their subterraneous dwellings, seem to have had a soporific given to them, and to have been carried to a distant part of the country; and being there allowed to go out merely by night, mistook the night for the day, and probably were not undeceived until it could be done securely." The superstition of their carrying off grown people is one of great antiquity, for Hollingshed says that the Cambrians (vide "*Chronicles*," 1577. B. V. C. 14.) "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but carried away by *Faeries* into some place where he would remaine for a time and then returne againe, and reigne in as great authority as ever." It was believed in Wales that those who had once been living with the fairies never again looked liked other people. Sir Walter Scott has some curious remarks on this subject. "Full grown persons, especially such as in an unlucky hour were devoted to the execration of parents and of masters, or those who were found asleep under a rock, or on a green hill belonging to the fairies after sun-set, or finally those who unwarily joined their orgies, were believed to be subject to their power." Though there are many examples to the contrary, yet "it is a common opinion that persons falling under the power of the fairies, were only allowed to revisit the haunts of men after seven years had expired. At the end of seven years more they again disappeared, after which they were seldom seen among mortals. The accounts they gave of their situation differ in some particulars. Sometimes they were represented as leading a life of constant restlessness and wandering by moonlight. According to others they inhabited a pleasant region, where however their situation was rendered horrible by the sacrifice of one or more individuals to the devil every seventh year. This is the popular reason assigned for the desire of the fairies to abstract young children as substitutes for themselves in this dreadful tribute." Persons could be occasionally recovered from the fairies, but the enterprise was difficult and dangerous, though not always so. It Scotland it could only be accomplished on Hallowe'en, at the great annual procession of the fairy court. When it was a *changeling*, it was necessary to lay it before nightfall in a place where three lands or three rivers met; and in the night the stolen child would be brought back, and the fairy-brat taken once more to its own "kith and kin." In Moray, in Scotland, we are told, that "a persuasion prevails among the

ignorant, that in a consumptive disease the fairies steal away the soul, and put the soul of a fairy in the room of it." This was averted by a singular practice of Druidical origin.

Iago ap Dewi, a learned man, and eminent bard of Carmarthenshire in the last century, who translated the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Welsh, once disappeared suddenly from his home, and was believed to have been carried off one night whilst intently engaged in astrological researches, near his dwelling in the woods of Llangwly. After the expiration of about seven years he again appeared amongst the haunts of men, but never gave any information as to how or where he had been engaged during that period, though often pressed to do so. His learning and studious habits were thought by the country people to have arisen from his supposed connexion with fairy-land, and the belief is still said to exist amongst many in the neighbourhood.

The romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of Neath, in the County of Glamorgan, seems to have especially attracted the notice of the fairy tribe. It was the scene of Elidurus' celebrated adventure related by Giraldus. Within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant" of that district, a child named *Gitto bach* (or little Griffith) was carried off by the *Tylwyth Teg*. He had been in the habit of wandering out amongst the mountains; where he met with what he called "little children," who used to play with him, and give him many coins, resembling crowns, but in reality composed of curious paper of a very white texture. At last he disappeared. About two years elapsed without any tidings of *Gitto bach*, but one day he returned to his home unchanged in size, but with his clothes torn and ragged. He brought under his arm a bundle which contained a dress without seam, made apparently of the same sort of paper as the coins; and all that could be elicited was that the "little children of the mountain gave him the dress for playing their harps." He thought he had only been absent for a single day. Shortly afterwards a young woman who lived at Millencourt, a few miles from Neath, was greatly annoyed for a considerable period by the *Ellyllon*, who carried her away one night from before her home, over mountain and moor, and after an aerial voyage, during which she nearly lost her senses, landed her safely back again at her door.

Amongst many similar stories current in the Isle of Anglesea, we find the following:—the *Ellyllon* once attended the *accouchement* of a poor woman, who bore twins, which were, shortly after their birth,

adroitly carried away, and two of the Elf-folk substituted in the cradle in their room. Many months passed on without the mother suspecting anything, but her babes having neither increased in size nor in flesh, but on the contrary assuming a very withered appearance, she at last determined on consulting a "cunnynge man" who lived in the district, who advised her to place two egg-shells filled with wort and hops near them, on her return, and then to step aside and secretly observe what passed. She did so, and shortly afterwards observed the children stirring, when they said to each other, "we were born before the acorn which produced that tree was set in the ground, but we never beheld a person brewing in egg-shells before this time." The secret was now out, and the poor woman exasperated at the loss of her children, fell on the changelings with the utmost fury, and with so good an effect, that it procured the restoration of her true offspring without delay.\*

The Welsh peasant has always had a great dread of FAIRY RINGS, and as many of his most curious legends relate to the wondrous effects of these "green-sour ringlets," he might exclaim with the poet,—

"Some say the screech owl, at each midnight hour,  
Awakes the Fairies in yon ancient tow'r.  
Their nightly dancing Ring I always dread,  
Nor let my sheep within that circle tread;  
Where round and round all night in moonlight fair,  
They dance to some strange music of the air."

In the last century they were considered enchanted ground, and we have often been told of the danger

\* This story as far as regards the egg-shells resembles a very amusing Welsh tale forwarded to Mr. Croker, intitled the "Egg Shell dinner," which is too characteristic to be omitted. Here it is.—"My mother lived in the immediate neighbourhood of a farm house that was positively infested by fairies. It was one of those old-fashioned houses among the hills of Cambria, constructed after the manner of ancient days, when farmers considered the safety and comfort of their cattle as much as that of their children and domestics, and the kitchen and cow-house were on the same floor adjoining each other, with a half door over, which the good man could see the animals from his chimney corner without moving. My mother and the farmer's wife were intimate friends, and she used often to complain to her that the fairies annoyed her and her family to that degree that they had no peace. That whenever the family dined, or supped, or ate any meal, or were together, these mischievous little beings would assemble in the next apartment. For instance, when they were sitting in the kitchen, they were at high gambols in the dairy, or when they were yoking the cows, they would see the fairies in the kitchen, dancing and laughing, and provokingly merry. One day, as there were a great number of reapers partaking of a harvest-dinner, which was prepared with great care and nicety by the housewife,—when they were seated round the table, they heard music and dancing,



of treading on them in Wales; and the fair correspondent of Mr. Croker says, "Many old persons have told me that when they were young, and had occasion to go to the mountains to look after their sheep, or to fetch the cows, their parents always cautioned them to avoid treading near the Fairies Ring, or they would be lost." Mr. Waldron, in his curious work on the Isle of Man, observes, "As to circles in the grass, and *the impression of small feet amongst the snow*, I cannot deny but I have seen them frequently; and once I thought I heard a whistle as tho' in my ear, when nobody that I could make out was near me." In Sweden we have a coincident superstition, for if the peasant sees a circle marked out on the morning grass, he attributes it to the midnight dance of the Fairies.

The effects produced on those who incautiously entered these charmed circles vary much in the popular Cambrian tales. In one instance a person would imagine that he had been absent only for a few minutes, or hours, with the Fairies, when he had in reality been away perhaps for a century; and *vice versa*, another would suppose he had been a lifetime amongst them, when he had been only so many minutes absent. In our first paper will be found a curious story in illustration of the former. A tradition of Pembrokeshire, the ancient Demetia, that stronghold of the Fairy race, will illustrate the latter.

A faint blush of light was scarcely visible in the eastern horizon, when a little boy, driving before him a flock of sheep, issued forth from his fathers'

and laughing above, and a shower of dust fell down, and covered all the victuals which were upon the table. The pudding in particular was completely spoiled, and the keen appetites of the party were most grievously disappointed. Just at this moment of trouble and despair an old woman entered who saw the confusion and heard the whole affair explained. 'Well,' said she in a whisper to the farmer's wife, 'I'll tell you how to get rid of the fairies. To-morrow morning ask six of the reapers to dinner, and be sure that you let the fairies hear you ask them. Then make no more pudding than will go into an egg-shell, and put it down to boil. It may be a scanty meal for six hungry reapers, but it will be quite sufficient to banish the fairies; and if you follow these directions you will not be troubled with them any more.' She did accordingly, and when the fairies heard that a pudding for six reapers was boiling in an egg-shell, there was a great noise in the next apartment, and an angry voice called out,---'We have lived long in this world. We were born just after the earth was made, but before the acorn was planted, and yet we never saw a harvest dinner prepared in an egg-shell. Something must be wrong in this house, and we will no longer stop under its roof.' From that time the disturbances ceased, and the fairies were never seen or heard there any more."

APRIL 21, 1834.

homestead near the hills. He was as hardy as the mountain-goat, and day after day he peacefully tended his flock on the steeps of Brynnau Mawr. Its lofty summit was enveloped in mist, but, as he proceeded, it gradually cleared away towards the Pembrokeshire side, a sure sign, saith the Demetian peasant, of a fine day. Our shepherd felt all the elevation of spirit, which youth and the early dawn of a day in the "leafy month of June," might be expected to produce. Whilst trudging on his way gaily up the steep, he discerned the extraordinary spectacle of a party of persons brilliantly dressed, in active movement near the summit of the mountain. He gazed for some time before he could be convinced that what he saw was real. He climbed farther and farther, forgetting his sheep and all else in the world at the apparition of so many bright beings at that desolate spot. At last he drew very near the party, whom he was now convinced were either the *Tylwyth Teg*, or some kindred sprites, concluding their nightly revels. Bursts of gentle music, like the melodious murmuring of an Æolian harp, ever and anon entranced him with delight. They were comely little beings to behold, and seemed very merry; their habiliments of white, or green, or red, glistened with more than earthly beauty. The male-sex sported red bonnets, and their fair companions flaunted in head dresses outrivalling the gossamer in their texture; and many either galloped about on tiny white steeds, or pursued each other with the swiftness of the breeze. The greater portion of the party, however, were intently engaged in their favourite sport,—dancing in the circle. Our shepherd did not know how it was, but he felt an irresistible inclination to make one of this joyous group, and growing bolder as the actors in the scene became more familiar to him, he at last ventured forward, and being encouraged by the friendly signals from all around, he advanced one step within the ring. The most exquisite melody now filled the air, and in an instant all was changed. Brynnau Mawr with its well-known scenes were seen no more. He was suddenly transported into a gorgeous palace radiant with gold and precious stones. Groves of odoriferous shrubs, intermingled with flowers unknown in this world, which might have rivalled those of the Valley of Gardens in Lalla Rookh, shed around a fragrance excelling that of the "spicy East." Here did our shepherd wander from day to day amidst porphyry halls, and pavilions of pearl. Time sped away, but years seemed insufficient to explore all the wonders of

that veritable Fairyland. He was attended in his wanderings by kind and gentle beings, who anticipated every want, and even invented sports and pastimes to amuse him. In the midst of the gardens there was a well of the most pellucid water, filled with many rainbow-coloured fish. There was but one limitation affixed to his movements and his curiosity; he was forbidden to drink of this well, in pain of having all his happiness blasted. It might be thought that surrounded as he was, with all that he could desire, that there would have been no danger of his violating this command, but the result proved that he had not yet "whipped the offending Adam," or rather Eve, out of him. One day he cautiously advanced towards the forbidden spot, and placing his hand within the well, drew forth some water in his palm, when suddenly a shriek of many voices filled the air; the fishes, the well, the enchanted gardens and palaces disappeared like a dream, and the luckless shepherd found himself on the summit of Brynнан Mawr, with his sheep quietly grazing around in the early dawn, as when he first entered the Fairy ring. It was sometime before he fully recovered his senses; but it was evident that though years had apparently passed away whilst under the influence of the spell, yet that in reality he could not have been many minutes absent from the surface of this lower world.—Some parts of this little tale remind us of several of the stories in the "Arabian Nights."—A popular Carmarthenshire story relates, that two peasants were one night walking amongst the hills, when one of them having lingered behind to listen to some melodious music, separated from his friend, and could not afterwards be found. His friends consulted a Seer, who ascertained that he had fallen amongst the *Ellyllon*, and directed them to go to a certain place on the first anniversary of the day on which he had disappeared, where they must pull him out of a Fairy-ring. They did so, and advancing boldly, discovered the lost man in the midst of an immense number of little people, about the height of children of four years old, dancing round a circle with their hands joined. They pulled him out, but he died shortly afterwards, having danced without intermission for twelve months, though he was not aware that more than a minute had elapsed.

We have previously alluded to the similarity between the Welsh and Irish legends; and the following little story reminds us of part of the "Wonderful Tune," and "Maurice O'Conner, king, and that's no small word, of all the pipers of Munster," in

Crofton Croker's inimitable book.—There was a certain Cambrian, named Morgan ap Rice, a doughty soul, and like his Hibernian friend, "no ways particular in what he drank, barring *raw* water." If Morgan went to bed one night in the year sober, it was a thing to talk of. He was a skilful man with his harp, and therefore in great request in mountain and in valley at festive times. One night whilst sitting alone by his turf-fire, musing probably on nothing, but in mighty good humour with himself and all mankind, there came a sudden knock at the door. Bolts and bars he had never heard of, so he sung out that the knockers might enter, and in walked three comical little gentlemen, who made a profound bow to our friend, and told him plump that they were in want of something to eat. Morgan made them welcome to the best he had, namely bread and cheese. The little gentlemen seemed pleased with their hospitable reception, and after stowing away some of this humble fare in a bag that they carried, the tallest of the three asked Morgan what he would at that moment like best to have in the world. Now this was a puzzling question. Morgan scratched his head---his cellar was very low; but then his harp was now on its travels for certain reasons;—ay, a good harp and a merry tune were the things he liked best in the world. Morgan had scarcely given utterance to this thought, when he jumped up from his chair, for the three little gentlemen had vanished, and in their stead, a goodly harp jostled beside his elbow. But the old harper being rather "oblivious," and his wife and a party of neighbours entering at the moment, the remembrance of his comical friends and their visit passed away like moonshine. Before Mrs. Rhys had time to make any enquiry respecting the addition to their furniture, up strikes Morgan a merry tune on its strings, and a properer tune was never heard from that day to this in Merioneddshire. At the first note all present seemed as if they were set on springs; away rattled Morgan, and now they began to dance like the leaves in an autumnal blast; in short such a jig was never before seen in the whole country-side. The pericranium of one luckless wight came in contact with the beams of the roof; another seized hold of the tables, chairs, and other moveable furniture, which were whisked about the room from dancer to dancer, as if they were so many drunken Bacchanals, indeed there appeared to be some chance that the old cottage itself would join in the fray, for the walls seemed in a reeling condition. All this while old Morgan kept up a

running accompaniment, or roar of laughter, at the unexpected results of his music, which only ceased after the sore delapidation of men and timber, with the discontinuance of that devilish melody. A terrible personage was Morgan after this, when he was elevated; but one night the three comical little *Ellyllon* carried off their harp again, but not before broken heads and broken bones were as rife as rocks on Cader Idris.

In the singular book called "A relation of Apparitions of Spirits," previously noticed, we read, "W. E. of Hafodadel, going a journey upon the Brecon mountains very early in the morning, passed by the likeness of a coal race, where really there was none; there he saw many people very busy, some cutting the coal, some carrying it to fill the sacks, some raising the loads upon the horses' backs, &c. This was the agency of the fairies upon his visive faculty, and it was a wonderful extra-natural thing, and made a considerable impression upon his mind. He was of undoubted veracity, a great man in the world, and above telling an untruth. The power of spirits both good and bad is very great, not having the weight of bodies to encumber and hinder their agility."—This passage, written by a clergyman, is a curious exemplification of the superstitious creed which existed until a comparatively recent period.--- Many of the peasantry believe that the *Tylwyth Teg* comb the beards of the goats every Friday night, and that this causes their glossy look on the last day of the week.

In a singularly wild and remote spot on the coast of the western portion of Glamorgan, an aged castle rears its shattered wall, amidst a waste of sand-hills. It looks almost supernatural, and is reputed by the surrounding peasantry to be the haunt of the *Ellyllon*; they assert it was never the work of human hands, but raised by the *Ysbrydion* (spirits), in one night, and he must be a bold man who will venture near it at nightfall. We shall conclude this subject with a few remarks from the pen of the "fair correspondent," of Mr. Croker, to whose intelligent observations we have already referred. They form a valuable and graphic record of the superstitious belief existing in South Wales, at the present day. After stating that the improvements of modern days have almost banished the "Fair family," she adds, "however, I have the good fortune to inhabit a romantic valley in Glamorganshire, and am acquainted with some old secluded mountaineers, who speak no language but their own, and who inherit the superstition of their ancestors. They see the

Fairies, they hear their enchanting music, and sometimes join in their merry dances. They are also familiar with ghosts and strange noises, behold supernatural lights, and always foretel death by certain signs. I am sorry to add too, that my country folk have frequently communications with the "old gentleman," who visits them in all possible shapes and places. A favourite spot is near a Roman road, on one of the hills behind this house, where it is supposed treasure is hidden. Mama remembers a meeting of twenty preachers assembled on a hill not far from this, to combat the wicked spirit, which had enticed so many to sinful practices, by tempting them with bars of gold, which were dug up near a Roman causeway, called Sarn Helen. A farmer, a tenant of ours, was commonly supposed to have sold himself to the evil one. Many of my friends are highly respectable in their line of life; farmers and farmers' wives, of strict veracity on all other topics save supernatural agencies; and they relate these stories with an earnestness and an air of truth, that is perfectly confounding. Some have actually seen the fairies, and among this number is old Shone of Blaenllanby, in the vale of Neath. She says, "that several years ago, she saw the fairies to the amount of several hundreds. It was almost dusk, and they were not a quarter of a mile from her. They were very diminutive persons, riding four a breast, and mounted upon small white horses, not bigger than dogs. They formed a long cavalcade, and passing on towards the mountain, at a place called Clwydau'r Bauwen, they disappeared behind the high ground, and seemed to be traversing the Sarn, or ancient Roman road, which crosses that mountain.---An old woman, in the neighbourhood of Aberpergwn, states, that her father often saw the fairies on horseback, in the air, on little white horses, but that he never saw them descend. That he heard their music in the air, and that she heard of a man who had been twenty-five years with the fairies, and who when he returned thought that he had only been five minutes away."\*—

\* In our previous paper we have noticed the fairy-language given by Giraldus; Roberts thinks it leads to "interesting historical information;" and after proving that the said language is a "mixture of Welsh and Irish," builds an ingenious hypothesis upon it, and comes to the conclusion that the belief in fairies must have originated in the real existence of some people in Wales, at a remote period, who were obliged to live in secret. They might have been a remnant of an Irish invading party. He adds, "that the manner in which the supposed existence of Fairies, as supernatural beings, is accounted for here, is not destitute of probability, the following extract from

These records of a rude, but sober and intelligent people, are rendered the more interesting, from the probability that in another generation there will be little to recall the belief of the past, amongst the peasantry of Cambria;---but we must ourselves say farewell to these "merry wanderers of the night."

Y Y Y Y A N .

## ON THE EARLY USE AND DIFFERENT FORMS OF THE BAG-PIPE.

HOWEVER discordant and unpleasant the sound of the Bag-pipe may be to our modern ears, it seems to have been a favourite instrument with our ancestors. It is intitled, moreover, to a classic veneration, for it was in use amongst the Romans. Pennant in his *Tour to Scotland*,\* mentions a beautiful basrelievo discovered at Rome, which is of the highest antiquity, and upon which is sculptured a musician playing upon an instrument which bears the strongest resemblance to the Bag-pipe of the Highlanders. Nero has also left us the representation of one used by the Romans; the reverse of one of his coins exhibiting it as formed of a bag and two long pipes, and it appears to have been inflated by an instrument much like a pair of bellows.† But the most interesting proof we have of the Roman Bag-pipe is from a bronze figure dug up at Richborough; and engraved by King.‡ The whole equipment of the figure, says that writer, is most curious; on it we observe the exact form of the bag and the pipes, the manner in which they were held and used, the helmet, the purse or ancient script on one side, and on the other the short Roman sword or dagger. But the annexed wood-cuts from King's plate of the front, back, and side view of the bronze, will enable the reader to judge for himself.

the "Border Minstrelsy," (vol. ii. p. 176) will shew:—"Perhaps in this (Gyrting) and similar tales, we may recognize something of real history. That the Fins, or ancient nations of Scandinavia, were driven into the mountains by the invasion of Odin, and his Asiatics, is extremely propable. It is therefore possible that in process of time the oppressed Fins may have been transformed into the supernatural *Duergar* (Elves). A similar transformation has taken place among the vulgar in Scotland, regarding the Picts, or Pects, to whom they ascribe various supernatural attributes.

\* Vol. ii. p. 348.

† Montfaucon, *Antiq. Suppl.* iii. 188. tab. 73. fig. 2.

‡ *Munimenta Antiqua*, vol. ii. pl. 20.



The Italian peasant at this day uses an instrument which differs very little from the Roman, and it is well known by the name of the "piva," or "cornamusa."

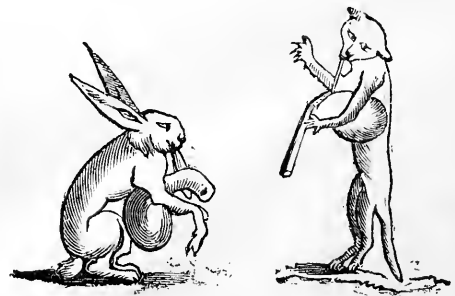
As a confirmation of what has been already advanced upon the use of this instrument during the middle ages of English History, we may quote Chaucer, who thus describes the Miller in the Prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*.

"Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries,  
And yet he had a thombe of gold, parde,  
A white cote and a blew hode wered he;  
A bagge-pipe wel could he blow and soune,  
And therwithal he brought us out of toune.

Accordingly, in Stoddart's admirably characteristic and correct "*Pilgrimage to Canterbury*," we find the jolly Miller playing most lustily upon the Bag-pipe.

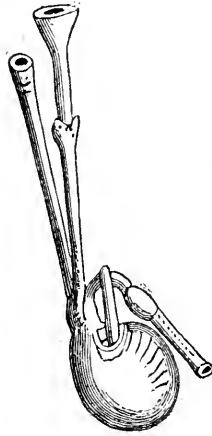
It is unnecessary to remind our readers of the manner in which our instrument is alluded to by Shakspeare, or to give quotations from more modern authors in which the Bag-pipe is mentioned.

We proceed to offer cuts of several forms of the ancient Bag-pipe, which have occurred to us in illuminations and early engravings. The figures immediately subjoined, of a musical Rabbit and Cat, are from a MS. of the xiv century.\*



\* MS. Harl. 6563.

In these, it will be observed, the instrument is inflated by the breath, which being expelled by the action of the arm of the performer upon the bag, it passes through a lower pipe perforated with holes, by which the notes are produced. Of the same construction are the three instruments, represented below. The first and second are from the English translation of the "*Stultifera Navis*," by Barclay.†



The third is from the editio princeps of the original of that work.‡ It will be observed, however, that these forms have two long pipes passing over the shoulder of the performer.



† Edit. Pynson. ff. 131<sup>b</sup>, 177<sup>b</sup>.

‡ Basil, 4to. 1497. fol. 62.

The first and third figures in the preceding illustration, are from a MS. of the xiv century,<sup>§</sup> and exhibit the instrument in a greater degree of perfection, inasmuch as it is inflated by some contrivance resembling a pair of bellows. The middle figure is from an illumination in the celebrated Manasse Codex, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. In addition to the short lower pipe, which it has in common with those shewn in the second cut, it possesses a long upright one; and displays the instrument in an intermediate state between the simple form in the second cut, and the more perfect one observed in the cuts from Brandt's *Stultifera Navis*, which, it may be observed, represent the Bag-pipe as it is at present.

J. S.

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### WALTHAM CROSS. No. II.

THIS Cross stands upon the spot where the procession which had conveyed Queen Eleanor's remains from Lincoln, diverged from the high road to deposit the body for the night in the Abbey Church of Waltham Holy Cross. Its design, which is very elegant, is conceived in the chastest style of Pointed architecture; and it is deserving of remark, that one of the statues of the Queen in the second division very nearly resembles the effigy which lies upon her tomb at Westminster; the figure being arrayed in long flowing drapery, and regally crowned, whilst the right hand has borne a sceptre, and the left is represented as in the act of holding a crucifix suspended from her necklace.

The *wood-cut* attached to our former paper, represents the Cross in the dilapidated state in which it appeared in the summer of 1832; when a subscription was entered into for renovating the whole in exact conformity to the original work. Although many parts had suffered, as well from the effect of time as from wanton defacement, yet the sculptural details (particularly where sheltered by the Falcon Inn, the building seen immediately behind the Cross,) were sufficiently obvious to be fully understood, and of course to be correctly restored; except as to the crowning finial, of which nothing but the central shaft remained. During the last year, the restoration was proceeded with under the direction of Mr. W. B. Clarke, assisted by a committee of the

subscribers; and it is now completed to the commencement of the upper story. The lower story has been only new-faced, where necessary, but that above it, which is of open pointed work, was entirely rebuilt; the three statues of the Queen, however, have been left unrepaired.

This structure is hexagonal in form, and independently of the plinth and basement steps, consists of three stories, or compartments, decreasing progressively at each stage. Each story is finished by an embattled frieze, or cornice, and at every angle is a graduated buttress, enriched with foliated crockets and finials. Within the panelled tracery of the lower story, are shields boldly sculptured with the arms of England, Castile and Leon, and Ponthieu, apparently suspended from knots of foliage. There are two shields on each face of the octagon, the spaces over which display quatrefoil and trefoil mouldings bounded by acute pediments, crocketed, and surmounted by finials of leaves, which expand into and form the chief feature of the lower frieze; the adjoining spandrels are charged with rosettes, in small diamond-shaped panelling, bearing a close resemblance to the ornamental facings of the eastern interior walls of Westminster Abbey Church. The second story is even yet more elegant, both from its rich pyramidal assemblage of open pointed arches and sculptured finials, and from the graceful statues of Queen Eleanor which enrich its open divisions. The panelled tracery and pediments of the upper story are accordant with the other parts; and the whole, when considered as in a perfect condition, forms one of the finest examples of the science and genuine taste of our forefathers, which is now extant.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF EMINENT MEN IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

No. II.—JOHN GOWER.

—“whose sententious dewe  
Adowne reflareth, with fayre golden beams.”  
*Howes's Pastime of Pleasure.*

THE materials for any biography of the Poet GOWER, are extremely vague and unsatisfactory, and we are alike as ignorant of the place of his birth, as we are of the family from which he sprang. Leland conjectured, that he was descended from the ancient family of the Gowers of Stibenhams, in Yorkshire, (of which noble house the Marquis of Stafford is now

<sup>§</sup> MS. Reg. 2 B. vii. ff. 192, 197.

the head,) and later writers have given his suspicion as a positive fact; but the researches of the indefatigable Sir Harris Nicolas, have proved the contrary.\* Caxton and Barthelette, the printers of his "*Confessio Amantis*," have stated on the title-page to that work, that he was a native of Wales, but Weever, with greater probability, has in his "*Funeral Monuments*," affirmed that he was of a Kentish family. The exact time of his birth is involved in obscurity; yet it would seem not to have been long anterior to that of his friend Chaucer, who was born in 1328. Some writers assert that he was matriculated at Merton College, in Oxford; but this is questionable, though he still might have enjoyed a University education. That he studied at one of the Inns of Court,—the Inner Temple, and made great progress in the mazes of law learning, is more certain; not however to the neglect of the flowing paths of poesy. Here he first became acquainted with the "English Homer," Geoffrey Chaucer, an acquaintance which ripened into the warmest friendship, and how greatly they esteemed each other may be gathered from the words of Leland, who observes, that the only real dispute between them was, "*which should honour the other most.*"

Chaucer, for instance, at the end of his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, writes

O moral Gower, this boke I directe  
To the, and to the philosophicall Strode,  
To vouchsafe there nede is for to correcte  
Of your benignities and zelis gode.

And Gower on the other hand, in his *Confessio Amantis*, introduces Venus speaking to him, thus:

Grete well Chaucer, when ye mete,  
As my desciple and my poete,  
For in the flours of his youth  
Insondries wise, as he well couth  
Of detees and of songes glade  
The which he for my sake made,  
The londe fulfilled is over all;  
Whereof to him in speciall  
Above all other I am most holde.

The Poet's fame appears to have spread rapidly; he not only acquired the praise and good will of the common people, but his name was mentioned in kings' palaces in terms of the highest commendation. In his earlier years, Gower had written some French ballads, which are more elegant than any of his subsequent compositions in his own language; these probably recommended him to the notice of King

Richard, Edward's unfortunate successor, who, one day, while diverting himself on the Thames, observing our author seated in a boat near him invited him into the royal barge, honoured him with a long conversation, and ended by requesting the Poet to "book some new thing" for his Majesty's instruction and solace. The "*Confessio Amantis*," was the fruit of this command; Gower composed it when past fifty. This poem is written in English verse, and is divided into eight books. It consists of a long dialogue between a *lover* and his *confessor*, (a priest of Venus,) and proceeds upon the presumption that since all vice is unamiable, it will naturally ensure the disgust and indignation of the ladies, and that every lover who wishes to be fortunate, must of course behave like a sincere Christian.

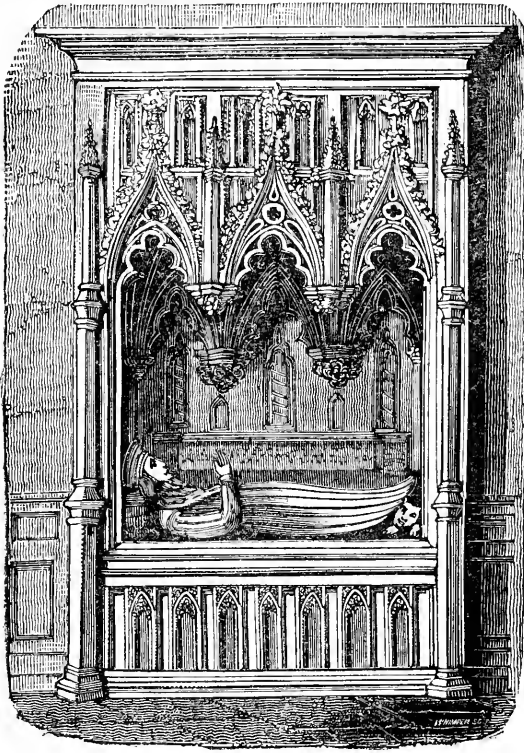
Some writers have asserted that Master Gower was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, but this is altogether unwarranted, although it is not unlikely that he was the Chancellor, or chief lawyer, of Thomas of Woodstoke, first Earl of Buckingham, and then Duke of Gloucester, to whom he was particularly attached. This Prince was in 1387, imprisoned at Calais, and afterwards murdered by the King's order for an alleged conspiring against Richard and his favourites. Our Poet, who was deeply affected at the death of this nobleman, lamented him in his "*Vox clamantis*," (which exists only in MS.) and "*Chronica Tripartita*," and severely reproved the monarch for his weakness in surrendering his mind to the evil influence of factious and wicked counsellors.

In the first year of the reign of Henry IV., this excellent Poet lost his eyesight. That he deeply felt the deprivation is evident, from his poem in "Commendation of Peace," in which he takes leave of literature and human kind, in terms apparently prophetic of an approaching end. His death, however, did not occur until the year 1408, when his remains were interred "under a sumptuous tomb in St. John's Chapel, on the north side [in the north aisle] of the Church of the Convent of St. Mary Overy," which he appears to have prepared for his own sepulchre. Gower was a sincere christian, and appears to have been more enlightened in theological matters than the bulk of his contemporaries: he regarded ceremonies only as the means to an end, and valued them only as they tended to the preservation of order and the outward decency of devotion. Besides the works above mentioned, Gower wrote the *Speculum Meditantis*, in French, and several latin pieces, epigrams, verses, and treatises, (one

\* Vide "Retrospective Review," (2nd series,) vol. ii. p. 103.



upon the philosophers' stone, an erudite and eloquent defence of alchemy) none of which have yet been printed.



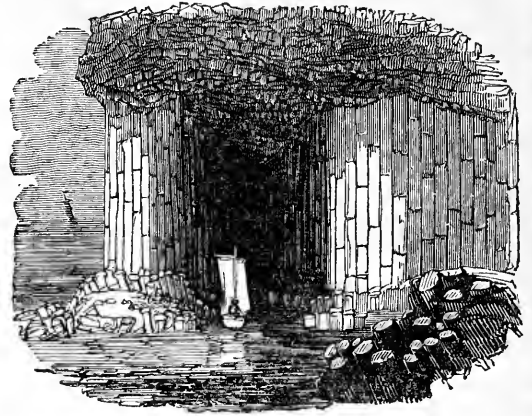
GOWER'S MONUMENT.

His personal appearance can only be inferred from his Effigy in St. Saviour's, Southwark. Stow, who saw it before the hand of time had injured its beauties, says, that the image represents the Poet with long *auburn* hair reaching to his shoulders and curling up, a small forked beard, and upon his head a chaplet of red roses, four in number, an habit of purple slamask reaching down to his feet, a collar of S S gold about his neck, and under his head the likeness of three books which he compiled, *Speculum Meditantis* in French; *Vox Clamantis* in Latin; and *Confessio Amoris* in English.\*

J. F. R.

\*Those who wish for fuller particulars of the "Moral Gower," will refer to the "Biographia Britannica," fol. vol. iv.; Todd's "Illustrations;" and the "Retrospective Review," before quoted;—and particularly to the last, as to all that has been ascertained of the Poet's family and lineage.

## THE CAVE OF FINGAL: ISLE OF STAFFA.



STAFFA, which is one of the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, is remarkable both for its basaltic columnar formation, and for its several surrounding caves, which since the visit of the late Sir Joseph Banks to this Isle, some seventy or eighty years ago, have obtained much celebrity. The CAVE OF FINGAL, in particular, as it is now popularly called, but of which the Gaelic name is *Uaimh birm*, or the *Musical cave*, (a term probably derived from the echo of the waves within it) has excited great admiration, as well from the romantic, yet natural regularity of its supporting columns, as from its general form and unusual character. In Pennant's "Tour to the Hebrides," and in Macculloch's "Description of the Western Isles of Scotland," such a full account is given of this cave, that any extended particulars are here unnecessary.

## TOPOGRAPHICAL EXCURSION IN THE YEAR 1634.

(Concluded from p. 377.)

"Right ouer against this well on ther side of the Riner, & out of as high a Rocke as the other, there falls at that height into the same streame another spring as cold, w<sup>ch</sup> is a strange contrarietie in soe small a distance, for one single Ship in that narrow Passage, at full & high water, may safely saile into the Harbour which is betweene those two high and rocky perilous Hills, w<sup>th</sup> a skilful and expert Pilot.

"When wee had felt & tasted the rare excellency of these waters, wee mounted vp againe, & for the space of an houre or two lay'd aside o' Comaunding Postures & turn'd Pioneers, to dig & delue for some

glittering bastard Diamond stones, which that Hill plentifully afforded.

"Att o<sup>r</sup> returne into the City againe, in the mid wee was tasted of a cleere spring water, w<sup>ch</sup> is kept sweet & cleane to refresh Trauellors.

"And now it was time for vs to speed away for another City, and so w<sup>th</sup> a Cup of Bristow milke, wee parted w<sup>th</sup> o<sup>r</sup> honest and grave Hoste, and bad this sweet City adieu, yet w<sup>th</sup> such happiness as halfe o<sup>r</sup> way ouer huge Stones, and dangereous Lead Mines, wee did troop away w<sup>th</sup> a Troop of these gentile Artillery Citizens, for whose good Companie and freindly conduct in those dangers wee had iust cause to thanke the Captaine and his Bride.

"At last (after wee had satisfy'd o<sup>r</sup> sight with the sallying Postures of the besmutterd Sow-blowers and Smelters in those Mines) though wet, yet well, wee came to Wells, w<sup>ch</sup> is another Cock-Pitt City, for neere about a mile before wee came att Her, we plainly did discouer her whole Scytuation, all along in a plaine & deepe Valley, about a mile long, and neere halfe as broad.

"This City, [Wells,] though ancient is poore, and is much curb'd by the Bishop and Churchmen, for in that famous fountaine building of King Inas his founding doth the entire glory of the Towne consist.—And now I am entered into this place, the Cathedrall, giue me leaue to tell you that her entrance is fayre and gracefull thorough a spacious greene yard; vpon her large and lofty ffrontispiece are 2 stately fayre Towers, about w<sup>ch</sup> are 10 Arches, and 2 in the middst of the entrance, on euery Arch are 3 Setts one aboue another of 4 Statues a piece, in height & proportion of a reasonable man, curiously caru'd, & and artificially cut in ffreestone, of the Patriarkes, Prophets, Apostles, ffathers, and other blessed Saints of the Church, frō the Creation, in their admired Postures, and vnparrell'd antique workemanship, a singular goodly piece.

"After wee had pass'd w<sup>th</sup> admiration this admire'd entrance, the neat & stately ffabricke w<sup>th</sup>in was answerable to her outward view, beautify'd & adorn'd w<sup>th</sup> ancient fayre & curious monuments, rich Organs, a strange and vnusuall Cloeke & Dyall, a neat Chapter-house, a stately long Vicars Colledge, large Cloyster, Library and free schoole; w<sup>th</sup> the Bishops, Deanes, Chancello<sup>r</sup>s & other stately buildings adioyning, & belonging to her, as being w<sup>th</sup>in her Selve a little sweet City." After briefly noticing the principal monuments, the narrative continues thus:—

"But though plac'd last heere, yet not the least Benefactor to this Sacred Place, is the

Monum<sup>t</sup>. of that famous Bishop Raphe of Shrewsbury in Alabaster, 1363, who was the ffounder and Builder of y<sup>e</sup> rare Colledge for the Vicars; their neat Chappell, faire Hall, Buttry and other Offices: These curious compacted Buildings of 160 Faces in length, are contriued and hansomely order'd into 2 large vniforme ffles, euery entrance guarded w<sup>th</sup> a pleasant little Court and Gate most delightfull to the Spectator: At the one end of this long streight Colledge, they pforme their Deuotions, at the other end they receive their Sustenance, so as they that are neerest to the Chappell for their Soules food had furthest to the Hall for their Bodyes food: ffor both w<sup>ch</sup> this pious end zealous Bishop provided.

"Next wee tooke a view of the neat Chapter House of 8 Squares, and many fayre Windowes curiously painted w<sup>th</sup> the History of the Bible: The large & spacious Cloyster, w<sup>th</sup> faire great Windowes of ffreestone, w<sup>ch</sup> stands betweene the Minster and the Pallace, & strong and richly arch'd: ouer w<sup>ch</sup> on one side is their fayre & rich Library; and ouer the other side the spacious free Schoole.

"The Bishops Pallace, w<sup>ch</sup> is on the South Side of the Minster, is a most stately Place, and is a strong built Castle, part double moated, & strongly wall'd round about, w<sup>th</sup> a fayre Court w<sup>th</sup>in, a Bowling Ground, Gardens, &c: there we receiu'd from some of his Gentlemen, a curious entertainm<sup>t</sup>, & had a full view of his Lo<sup>p</sup>s neat and rich Chappell and Organ, his great Chamber richly hang'd, and other faire Chambers and Roomes, furnish'd w<sup>th</sup> rich ffurniture: His Cloyster & in his Lo<sup>p</sup>s 8. square Buttry, archt ouer head, wee tasted exceeding good Wine, and strong Beere.

"From hence wee hastned to the noble Deanes faire mansion, (w<sup>ch</sup> was built for K. Henry 7<sup>th</sup>) from whose Gentleman, by his owne generous Comānd, we were freely entertain'd, & had a ready & full sight of his pretty, little, neat Chappell and Organ, his faire, rich & large Roomes, not much inferior to y<sup>e</sup> Bishops, & had also a hearty, & free entertainm<sup>t</sup> in his Buttry. Hee is a worthy Gentleman, & a brave Scholler, & of a good & fayre Church Revenue, being a Parsonage in the Isle of Wight, worth 300<sup>lb</sup> per Ann. w<sup>ch</sup> he worthily deserves.

"In the Cemetery betweene the Bishop's Pallace and the Quire, are those strange Wells and Springs w<sup>ch</sup> water & supply the whole City, running from thence in a pretty Channell to Mayo<sup>r</sup>, & so into the Sea, w<sup>ch</sup> is some 8. or 10. Miles frō her. The most

remarkable of these wells is St. Andrews, to the memory of w<sup>ch</sup> Saint that stately Cathedrall was dedicated: It may well be called ffontanensis Ecclesia, for the rare Wells and Springs that w<sup>th</sup> in her large Camery aforesayd breake forth.

"Two of o<sup>r</sup> senses were much satisfy'd in hearing and seeing a whole Masse of so fayre, rich, neat, & sweet Organs, as the compasse of this fayre ffabricke afforded.

"There need not many other Churches in soe poore a Citty where so rich & spacious a Cathedrall stands: One more there is called St. Cuthberts, and it is at the other end of y<sup>e</sup> Towne: Where there is a Monum<sup>t</sup> of ffreestone as you enter into the Chancell, of the first fruitfull Mayor that y<sup>e</sup> Towne pduced, w<sup>th</sup> his 10 Sonnes, and 9 Daughteres, a crue of fruitfull Ashes in so barren a Country, sprung from one Plantation. And close unto this Church a fayre Hospitall stands, built by a pious Prelate [Bishop Bubwith] and a settled maintenance thereunto belonging for 24 poore aged People.

"The next Morning we were pswaded to take a gentle houres walke ouer pleasant Hills & Dales, to see a strange admired Rocke there, such, (as they told us) no Traueller would omit to see, being a miraculous worke of o<sup>r</sup> chiefe Architect, for Artificiall Workeman could neuer haue accomplish'd it. In o<sup>r</sup> Mornings march to o<sup>r</sup> view did appeare not farre from vs, that most ancient and once famous flourishing place of Glastenbury, her Tower still standing, and mounted on y<sup>e</sup> summit of a Hill of that Height that it comaunds a great part of the Country, & some part of the Sea, and some of the Walls & ruines of that rare demolish'd Abbey, to which wee had a good desire to haue gone, if wee had beene sure to haue met w<sup>th</sup> the truth of what was reported to vs, viz<sup>t</sup>. either the Sepulcher of Joseph of Arimathea, or of King Arthur; or if it had beene the day, on w<sup>ch</sup> wee might haue seene the miracle of the flourishing White-Thorne, in that nipping cold Season.

"*Okey Hole*. When wee were come into the side of that huge Rocke, we saw a vast hollow Caue in it, w<sup>ch</sup> had an entrance into it, of y<sup>e</sup> bignesse & height of a great Church doore, further in, wider & higher, and euery step somewhat descending, yet passable enough, w<sup>th</sup> out any great danger, wee entred, and in this our subteranean trauels, hauing no light nor guide, but those lights onely which o<sup>r</sup> Guide carry'd, we pass'd many vast and strange Places: one was like a spacious high Church; another was a long passage like an arch'd Cellar, some were like Buttrys, some like Kitchens, & some like Halls: Some

Roomes were very strong and like wee know not what, & w<sup>th</sup> the continuall dropping & distilling of the waters, such strange shapes, & seuerall formes were congeal'd, as there did palpably appeare to o<sup>r</sup> fancies, Men, women, & other Creatures, in that glittering, Diamond-sparkling hollownesse, as made vs gaze and wonder.

"After wee had try'd & tyr'd o<sup>r</sup> leggs more then a furlong in an vncouth, stony & desperate march, & had gone y<sup>e</sup> furthest period of our rock-journey, vnlesse we would skip into Ouens mouth as the desperate Scotch-man did (the way likely enough to Purgatory) we there rested o<sup>r</sup> Selues, being (as o<sup>r</sup> guides affirm'd, & as it partly appear'd to vs afterwards) 80 fathoms deepe, if not more.

"Many sweet, little Springs, & cleare, shallow, standing Pooles we pass'd by, and ouer, and of some tasted, & heere at the furthest of o<sup>r</sup> vnder-ground trauell, being weary, we sate downe and rested, by a murmuring deepe, & spacious River, y<sup>e</sup> breakes out of that rocky Mountaine, & so not farr off falls into Mayor. Heere wee could not discover any Boat to waft vs to Purgatory, no other way was there, but in at the Ouens mouth, they that will venture into it may find fyre or Water enough to decide the controversy, if the sight onely will not satisfy, as it did vs.

"As fast as wee could wee hastened out, & well it was wee made that speed, for o<sup>r</sup> Lights were all neere spent, & then might wee as soone found it Purgatory indeed, as the way to light out of that spacious, winding, dismall, strange, craggy and darksome Cell.

"Musicke doth sound & re-echo sweetly & maliciously in those hollow Cauernes & passages, and wee had a full tryal thereof by a Recorder, w<sup>ch</sup> was there more tunable, sweet & pleasant to o<sup>r</sup> Eares, then (as we heard) was the Recorder of the City to theirs, who was the cause of that disagreeem<sup>t</sup> between the Church and them; and deerely may the Citizers rue it, if they tune not a vnison in time.

"Well, wee arriu'd againe to the welcome naturall light of the Sunne, & soe well ayr'd wee lightly and nimbly countermarch'd back to o<sup>r</sup> Inne, where wee found o<sup>r</sup> Hoste not yet recouer'd of the Mayors farewell ffeast which was the day before, onely wee make a shifte w<sup>th</sup> o<sup>r</sup> Hostesse for a Breakefast while, & so mounted for this Citty's Sister, Bath: in these 2 Dayes trauell, few Castles, Parkes, or noted Seytuations did appeare to o<sup>r</sup> view; neither doe I remember that wee pass'd through any Towne of note, betweene those 3. Citties, but onely mountainous, rocky, and some champion wayes.

"*Bath City.* To this City wee came late and wet, and entred stumbling into a third Cock-pit City, ouer a fayre archt Bridge crossing Auon: She may well be twin w<sup>th</sup> her Sister Wells, both for her Seytuation, & her Governm<sup>t</sup>; and heere wee billeted o<sup>r</sup> Selues at the 3. Tuns, close to the Kings Bath.—And now prepared wee, w<sup>th</sup> the skillfull directions of our Ancient, to take a Preparatiue, to fit o<sup>r</sup> jumbled weary Corps to enter & take refreshm<sup>t</sup> in those admired, vnparralel'd, medicinable, sulphurous hot Bathes: There met wee all kinde of Persons, of all Shapes & fformes, of all degrees, of all Countryes, & of all Diseases of both Sexes: for to see young and old, rich and poore; blind & lame, diseas'd & sound; English & ffrench, Men & Women; Boyes & Girles, one w<sup>th</sup> another peepe vp in their Caps, & appeare so nakedly & fearefully, in their vnconth naked Postures, would a little astonish & put one in mind of the Resurrection. ffor o<sup>r</sup> parts, wee found the pleasure of it, and the better it was for vs, through the great care of our diligent attendant, more indeed then any benefit wee found, for ayling nothing, it pduc'd neither good nor harme to vs, yet sure to such as stand in need of this place, & the Sulphurous Waters, it brings exceeding great ease to such, and much content too, for that the like is not to be found in Christendome, if there bee, let foreigne Travellors decide it for me.

"To leave them, let vs speake a little of the Towne: it is gouern'd by a Scarlet Mayor, & his 11. Brethren, 2. Maces; & is seated in a deepe bottome, & neere 3. quarters thereof inuironed w<sup>th</sup> that sweet gliding Streame, [the Avon] that comes from Malmesbury, & runs to Bristow, wall'd most about, (except that part that the Riuer hems in) w<sup>th</sup> as many Gates to enter her, as her Inhabitants haue Churches for them to enter, & iust see many rare Bathes springing vp in her.

"The great Church w<sup>ch</sup> is by the King and Queens Bath was founded by Bishop Oliver [King:] a Cathedrall, I must not call her, although in a City: her famous ffontaine Sister wee last left haue left her destitute of that Pontificall Title. But thus far I dare auouch her to be a fayre, neat & light-some Building, the Roofe stately, lofty & curioslie fretted, the windowes large and fayre, though plaine without painting. She is adorn'd w<sup>th</sup> a reasonable rich Organ, fayre Seats, most curious and very neat though lately erected.

"The entrance of this goodly ffabricke is grac'd and sett out in curious workmanship, w<sup>th</sup> Jacob's Ladder, the Angells ascending & descending thereon, w<sup>th</sup> the liuely Statues of o<sup>r</sup> blessed Sauour on the

the top, with the Statue of St. Peter the Apostle on the one side, and that of St. Paule on the other.

"Close to this Church are 2 curious Bowling Grounds, one of them is curiously and neatly kept, where onely Lords, Knights, Gallants, & Gentlemen, of the best ranke and qualitie doe dayly meet in seasonable times to recreate themselves; both for pleasure and health: And likewise neere vnto her there is situated a fayre Building retayning still the venerable Name of an Abbey.

"By this it was high time to depart from this deare place and indeed here we parted, for the Captaine and Ancient tooke their way ouer the Bridge againe to that famous City of Salisbury, (the Scituation of that sweet & cleare water'd City, her delicate Buildings, her magnificent & beautifull Cathedrall, w<sup>th</sup> as many Chappells, Doores, Windowes, and Marble Pillers for her Handmaids & Attendants to grace her as y<sup>e</sup> Yeere hath of Moneths, Weekes, Dayes & Houres; The braue, sweet Champion about her; The miraculous vntellable Stones that are in that plaine; The gallant Gouernm<sup>t</sup> of that City, & her Gentile Inhabitants, w<sup>th</sup> their noble and free entertainm<sup>t</sup>, I leave them to relate) and on went the Lieuten<sup>t</sup> alone toward the ancient old vnconquer'd maiden Towne of Malmesbery, out at the North Gate, whereon stands King Bladud's Statue, who first founded these precious Bathes, 900 yeeres before o<sup>r</sup> Sauours Incarnation, through that Street where that fayre ffree Stone Crosse of 20 Pillars standeth.—

"Three miles on this side of Bath in the high Road, on a high hill, are 3 stone Dooles, that part 3 great shires, and there tooke I my leaue of one w<sup>th</sup> my left Leg, possession of another w<sup>th</sup> my right Leg, & shaking the third w<sup>th</sup> my left hand all at once, w<sup>th</sup> one mouing Posture.

"So on I posted into a new Shire, through a little nooke of her, & by that time it was night, I got into that ancient, sometimes famous & flourishing City: [Malmesberry] but ffortune long since turn'd her face from her, so as now there is little left, but the ruines of a rare demolish'd Church, & a large fayre & rich Monastery; So much as is standing of this old Abbey Church promiseth no lesse, (for it rep<sup>s</sup>ents a Cathedrall) to have been of that largenes, strength & extent, as most in y<sup>e</sup> kingdome.

"Her old strong Basis is answerable to her Coat. The two great Towers at her West comming in, are quite demolish'd, & her great High Tower, at the vpper end of the high Altar much decay'd & ruinated: The Angle there cleane decayd. At the

West Doore, w<sup>ch</sup> was her entrance, are curiously cut in freestone, the severall postures of the Moneths : At the South side of this ancient ffabricke, at the entrance of a fayre Porch, there is curiously cutt, and caru'd in ffreestone in 3 ouall Arches, Statues representing the Creation, the Deluge, & the Natiuity, w<sup>ch</sup> in their artificiall Postures, I may compare to Wells, though not in number soe many, nor in bignes so great. And w<sup>th</sup>in the same Porch on either side, are equally plac'd the 12 Apostles, & right ouer the Doore entring into the Church, is Christ in his Throne between 2 Cherubims, w<sup>ch</sup> are most artificially cut, and carv'd.

*On the first Arch.*—1. Defac'd quite. 2. Light from Chaos. 3. The Sea from the Land. 4. The Lord sitts & beholds. 5. Hee makes ffowles. 6. Hee makes ffish. 7. Hee makes the Beasts. 8. The Spirit mouing ypon y<sup>e</sup> Water. 9. Adam made. 10. Adam sleeps, & Woman made. 11. Paradise. 12. Adam left there. 13. Diuell tempts Eue. 14. They hide themselves. 15. God calls to them. 16. God thrusts them out. 17. A Spade & Distaffe given. 18. Adam digs, Eue spins. 19. Eue brings forth Cain. 20. Abell tills y<sup>e</sup> Earth. 21, 22, two Angells for keepers. 23. Abell walks in y<sup>e</sup> ffeild. 24. Cain meets him. 25. Cain kills Abell. 26, 27, 28. Demolish'd quite.

*On the second Arch.*—1, 2. God sitts and beholds the Sins of the World. 3. Cain is a fugitiue. 4. He comes to Eue. 5. An Angell. 6. God deliurs Noah y<sup>e</sup> Axe. 7. Noah workes in the Arke. 8. Eight Persons saued. 9. Abraham offers Isaac. 10. The Lamb caught in y<sup>e</sup> Bush. 11. Moses talks w<sup>th</sup> his father. 12. Moses keeping Sheep. 13. Moses & Aron strikes y<sup>e</sup> Rocke. 14. Moses reads y<sup>e</sup> Law to y<sup>e</sup> Elders. 15. Sampson tearing the Lion. 16. Sampson bearing y<sup>e</sup> City Gates. 17. The Philistins puts out his eyes. 18. David rescues the Lamb. 19. David fights w<sup>th</sup> Goliath. 20. Goliath slaine. 21. An Angell. 22. David rests himself. 23. Defac'd quite. 24. David walks to Bethoron. 25. Dauids entertain' there. 26, 27. Demolish'd quite.

*On the third Arch.*—1, 2. Defac'd quite. 3. John y<sup>e</sup> forunner of Christ. 4. Michaell the Archangell. 5. The Angells comes to Mary. 6. Mary in Childbed. 7. The 3 Wisemen comes to Christ. 8. They find him. 9. Joseph, Mary & Christ goes into Egypt. 10. Christ curses y<sup>e</sup> fig-tree. 11. Hee rides on an Asse to Jerusalem. 12. Hee eats the Passouer with his twelue Apostles. 13. Hee is nayl'd to the Crosse. 14. Laid in the Tombe by Joseph. 15. Hee riseth againe. 16. Hee ascendeth

into Heaven. 17. The Holy Ghost descending on the Apostles. 18. Michaell ouerthrowes y<sup>e</sup> Deuil. 19. Mary mourning for Jesus. 20, 21, 22, 23. Demolish'd quite.

Within this Ancient Church are some Monuments.

On the South side of the High Altar, vnder a very ancient Tombe of ffreestone, Lyeth K. Athelstan, a royall Benefactor, & rich endower of that famous Monastery : Hee gave order his body should be there interr'd, & to rest, for the good successe he receiu'd from that Towne, ag<sup>st</sup> the Danes : and for the sake of holy St. Adelm the Hermit, who was Maidulphs Scholler.

Another Monum<sup>t</sup> there is of S<sup>r</sup> George Marshalls Lady, Daughter of S<sup>r</sup> Owen Hopton, sometimes a Lieutenant of the Tower of London.

"The present sad ruins of that large spacious, strong and famous Abbey, on the North side of the Church, did manifest what her beauty was in her flourishing time.

"After I had weary'd myselfe in beholding these sad and lamentable Ruines, and dismall Downfalls, I a little obseru'd the Scytuation of that small handsome, vnconquer'd Mayden Towne, & found it strongly seated on a Hill, and invironed w<sup>th</sup> diuerse small but sweet Riouletts.

"From thence the next day, I set forth for Burford, leauing many fayre Houses & Parkes on both handes w<sup>th</sup>in ken. first, w<sup>th</sup>in a Mile of Malmesbery, a fayre House, and a goodly & large wall'd Parke of the Earle of Berkshires, [Charlton Park] and further on the Seats of diuerse worthy Knights, [Oxey, i. e. Oaksey Park, S<sup>r</sup> Neuill Pooles, and Ashley, S<sup>r</sup> Theobald Gorges] as I troop'd along neere the princely Bridegroomes Spring-head of all Riuers, [Isis] in this our Island ; And at Old Cicester where I bayted, I saw two stately fayre Buildings of freestone ; the one sometimes the Noble Earle of Danby's ; the other the neat Abbey. [S<sup>r</sup> William Masters's.]

"There I view'd a stately old built Church, with an entrance of 15 Paces, a fayre long Porch, and in her very neat and handsome Seats, for those two head Houses of that Towne : and another for S<sup>r</sup> Anthony Hungerford.—

"My Afternoones trauell presented to my Eye many more places and Seats of noble Knights, and worthy Gentlemen, [S<sup>r</sup> Geo. Fettiplace, S<sup>r</sup> Tho. Saxfeild, Mr. Pleadwell, Mr. Butcher,] all of them most richly wooded, and most sweetly, and richly Scytuated : but more especially one stately, rich,

compacted Building all of freestone, flat, and couer'd w<sup>th</sup> Lead, w<sup>th</sup> strong Battlemen<sup>s</sup> about not much unlike to that goodly & magnificent Building the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

"This stately House [Sherborn Park] is mounted on a High Hill, in the Champian; [Mr. Duttons] commaunding, & ouertopping her owne Shire, & some neighbouring Shires adiacent to her, plac'd w<sup>th</sup> in a wall'd Parke, that is well stor'd with good Venison: This stately Lodge was lately built at y<sup>e</sup> great Cost and Charges of a noble true-hearted Gentleman, more for the pleasure of his worthy friends then his own profit: It is richly furnish'd to entertaine them to see that kingly sport and pleasure admirably performed in that rare Paddocke course of a Mile in length, and wall'd on either side. There I spent a full houre, w<sup>th</sup> the good favour of the Keeper, in viewing that neat, rare Building, the rich furnish'd Roomes, the handsome contriu'd Pens and Places, where the Deere are kept, and turn'd out for the Course; and the manner and order of the Paddock sport.

"From that delightfull pleasant Seat, I hastened, and spur'd ou<sup>r</sup> a fayre Race way, & w<sup>th</sup> in 2 or 3 Miles of Burford, my that nights lodging, I entred into a new Shire, [Oxfordshire] w<sup>th</sup> the Euenings beames, but before I got thither, the Gentleman my friend I intended there to visit was gone out of Towne, to his late new country remouall.

"There I rested my selfe for that night, and the next day tooke my friends place at Church, where appear'd to my view, in a neat Chappell, a fayre rich Monum<sup>t</sup> stately built, with sixe Pillers of Touchstone, & 4 Pillers at the 4 Corners of white Marble, curiously cut and engrauen, & thereon lying y<sup>t</sup> quicke & nimble Lawyer & Learned L<sup>d</sup> Cheife Baron of the Exchequer, [S<sup>r</sup> Lawrence Tanfield] & his worthy & virtuous Lady: Hee in the Robes of a Judge, & shee in her rich Garments. At their Head their only Daughter, who was marry'd to that Lord [Faulkland] late L<sup>d</sup> Deputy of Ireland. At their feet, the now young Lord, the Grandchild, who, w<sup>th</sup> his Lady representes his liuing Personage that day at Church: And to reside in, he hath 2 fayre Buildings the one whereof is in y<sup>t</sup> Towne, & the other is not far off, but far richer. [at Tew]. Many witty verses and Inscriptions are about the sayd Tombe, which are too long to insert into o<sup>r</sup> almost finish'd relation.

"Although I was here w<sup>th</sup> speciall good friends well, merry, & excellently billeted, yet could not these powerfull inducem<sup>ts</sup> win me to stay any longer there, but away must I hasten my march

(as was fore-resolv'd) to that famous University of Oxford, to meet my fellow Soldiers, that place being our appointed Rendezvouz.

"By the way as I went, I made a little bold to transgresse my rank to face that famous Court & Princely Castle & Pallace, [Woodstock] w<sup>ch</sup> as I found it ancient, strong, large, and magnificent, so it was sweet, delightfull and sumptuous, & scytuated on a fayre Hill.

"After I had first entred into her first, spacious, fayre Court, & through a large, strong & fayre Gatehouse, the She gentle Keeper of that Royall Castle commaunded her Daughter, a pretty, young and modest Mayden to be my Guide, who as quickly & willingly obey'd her Mother's Iniunction as I embrac'd itt. So vp wee mounted many fine steps of freestone (at the further side of the great Court) into a spacious Church-like Hall, w<sup>th</sup> 2 fayre Iles, w<sup>th</sup> 6 Pillers, white & large, parting either Ile, w<sup>th</sup> rich Tapistry Hangings at the vpper end thereof, in w<sup>ch</sup> was wrought the Story of the Wild Bore.

"On the left hand of the Hall wee entred a neat and stately rich Chappell, w<sup>th</sup> 7 round Arches, w<sup>th</sup> 8 little windowes above the Arches, and 15 in them: A curious front there is in the midst of it, and all the Roofe is most admirably wrought; the entrance thereunto correspondent to herself is neat and lofty, with many curious windowes on both sides thereof.

"And having pform'd my Deuotions in that Princely Chappell, I nimblely ascended w<sup>th</sup> my nimble Guide into the Guard-Chamber, w<sup>ch</sup> look'd big enough, though the Keepers were absent; by this means our entrance was free & vninterrupted into the Presence Chamber, the Priuy Chamber that lookes ouer the Tennis Court into the Towne, the withdrawing Chamber, and the Bed Chamber, both w<sup>ch</sup> have their sweet prospect into the Priuy Garden.

"After w<sup>ch</sup> I presum'd to rest my selfe awhile with my She Wayter, in the Wayters Chamber, for wee were both of vs hot, as the season then was. And after a small time of reposing to refresh our Selves, She gently conducted me (crossing the Priuy Chamber) into the Queens Bed Chamber, that where o<sup>r</sup> late vertuous & renowned Queene was kept Prisoner in; The Withdrawing, Priuy, Presence & Guard Chambers for her Ma<sup>tie</sup>. Out of the Wardrop Court she comes vp into a fayre Hall for her Ma<sup>ties</sup> Guard: There is also a Counsell Chamber, curiously archt, & a neat Chappell by it, where o<sup>r</sup> Queene heard Masse; and diuerse other fayre & large Roomes, for the Nobilitie and Officers of the Court.

"On the large high Leads, which is ouer the



goodly fayre Gatehouse, I had a full prospect of that great and spacious wall'd Parke, y<sup>e</sup> brave Lawnes, & waters; The neat and finely built Lodge, for his Ma<sup>ties</sup> cheife Ranger to inhabit, sweetly seated on a Hill neere to this sumptuous Court, & many other old handsome Lodges, wherein many Gentlemen keepers of quality doe reside.

"One thing more I desired my pretty willing Guide to conduct me to neere to this place, The Labyrinth where the fayre Lady and great monarchs Concubine was surpris'd by a clew of Silke. Her obsequies were celebrated in solempne manner, w<sup>th</sup> a Herse for her.

"I found nothing in this Bower, but ruines but many strong & strange winding walls, and turnings, & a dainty cleare square pau'd well, knee deep, wherein this beautifull Creature, sometimes did wash & bath her Selfe: By this time I had taken a full suruey of this sweet place, much to my content, onely my taske was now to depart, w<sup>th</sup>, and from my curteous Guide, and to please a second Rosamond, w<sup>ch</sup> I cheerfully did, and so mounted my Palfrey for that famous Academy, Oxford, to meet w<sup>th</sup> & tell my fellow Trauell<sup>rs</sup> their this dayes losse.

"There wee met, & noe sooner vay'd o<sup>r</sup> Bonnetts to each other, but I was summon'd by my noble ffriend, the Gentleman whom I parted with this Morning, to a briske Cup of the Muses Liquor. Whither also speedily came a free, & true-hearted Scholler (one that had a neere Relation to the generous, noble & graue Lord Bishop) who at o<sup>r</sup> setting out promis'd to meet vs heere; indeed hee is one, who is so kind & valiant, to fill vp a military Messe, and to be yeleept Chaplain in o<sup>r</sup> Travells, by whose good meanes, & for his noble Lords & Tutors sake, wee found a free curteous, and generous entertainm<sup>t</sup> in a superlatiue manner, all the time of o<sup>r</sup> abode there, both in the Colledges, and in the Towne; & kindly did they spend their labour & 'precious time, in shewing of vs, all the sweet vniforme seats of their glorious built Muses; their rich and neat Chappells; and their rare, admir'd, & vnparrell'd Library, most stately built for publike vse, w<sup>ch</sup> was erected by that pious, learned, & worthy Knight of renowned Memory; [S<sup>r</sup> Thomas Bodley] and also euery particular Collegiate Library; Their goodly large Halls, Cellars, and Buttryes, and in the last a fre lasting taste of their generous and free-hearted dispositions, whereof if I should relate all the particulers, with the pleasant Scytuation of that famous Abbey, &c. would add another taske thereto; therefore wee shall leaue it to iudicious Men, of worth and quality

who haue beene the like p<sup>t</sup>icipants w<sup>th</sup> vs, from these generous and free-hearted Academicians, & Brittish Muses, rightly & duely to iudge and relate. Wee had but small time to walke the sweet City, for spending some time in their dainty walkes, the Organs, voices, Monuments and Windowes, both of the Cathedra<sup>ll</sup>, and euery other Collegiate Church, and Chappell were soe fayre, sweet, rich, & glorious, as w<sup>ch</sup> exceeded each other wee were not able to iudge."

From "this sweet ffontaine of Literature" the travellers proceeded rapidly across the country to Cambridge, where they "somewhat late in the Night, obtayn'd that famous Habitation, where wee had not much time to spend; Butt that small time wee had to spare, wee spent it to o<sup>r</sup> best aduantage to see the nocturnall care & Governm<sup>t</sup> of this Place: Heere wee were not affraid to bee weary'd w<sup>th</sup> the tediousnesse of the Howers, for euery Minute wee could not misse of o<sup>r</sup> old acquaintance, and louing ffriends and Countrymen, who clos'd vp o<sup>r</sup> tedious & wearisome Trauells, w<sup>th</sup> a noble true-hearted welcome, as her curteous Sister did, who in euery respect is equall with her, and strives to giue the same generous entertainm<sup>t</sup> to all, as all Persons y<sup>t</sup> knowes them both can tell.

"The next Day, to finish o<sup>r</sup> 7 Weekes peregrinating Trauells wee all of vs trauell'd to o<sup>r</sup> owne places of Residence, (thanks bee to God, for his gracious ptection) safe, and in good health, & w<sup>th</sup> Ore enough left to make o<sup>r</sup> Selves merry withall: And it was some comfort to vs, that it was soe with vs, after wee had marched 800. and odd Miles; quarter'd safely in, and pass'd through 26 famous Shires, and Countys; billeted handsomely in 15 fayre and strong Cityes; sally'd through about 40. neat and ancient Corporations; fac'd and scal'd as many strong, goodly, and defensible Castles; doubled and offer'd vp o<sup>r</sup> Deuotions in 13 ancient, rich, and magnificent Cathedra<sup>lls</sup>; view'd in them, and in other handsome, neat Churches, aboue 300. rich, sumptuous Tombes, and monum<sup>ts</sup>, troop'd ouer most of the largest Bridges, and sweetest Streames of this Kingdome; rounded and wheel'd in three quarters of the same; Rang'd in, by, and through many spacious, braue wooded fforrests, chases, and Parkes; ported in and out at diu'se strong, fayre, large Gates and Porteuillisses; And clos'd in the reare w<sup>th</sup> the two Vniuersities: we safely lodg'd our Colours at o<sup>r</sup> owne fayre, spacious, and most sweetlie scituat<sup>d</sup> Citie of Norwich."—There is a long but unimportant poem in the MS. attached to the above interesting journal.

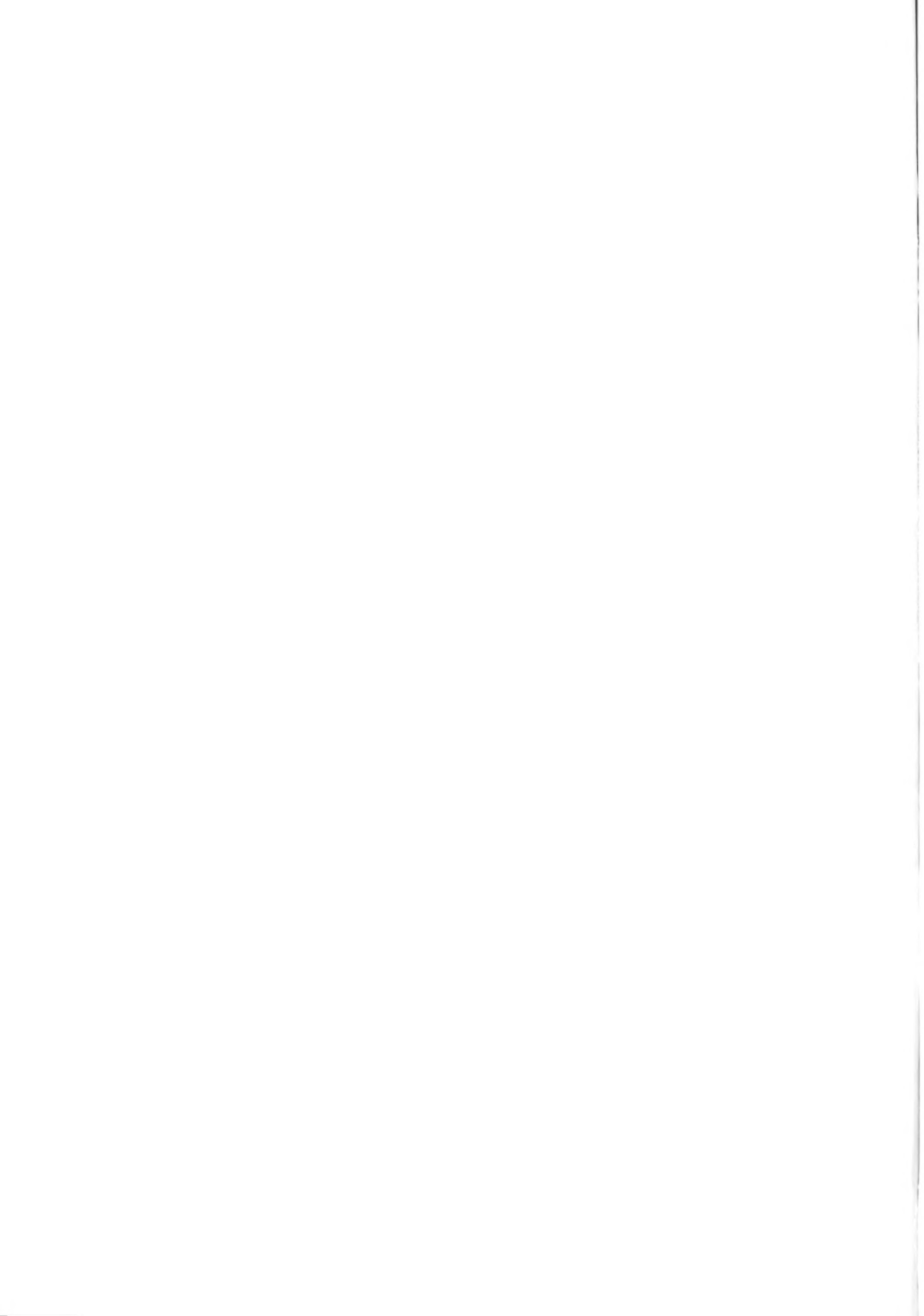


## GENERAL INDEX.

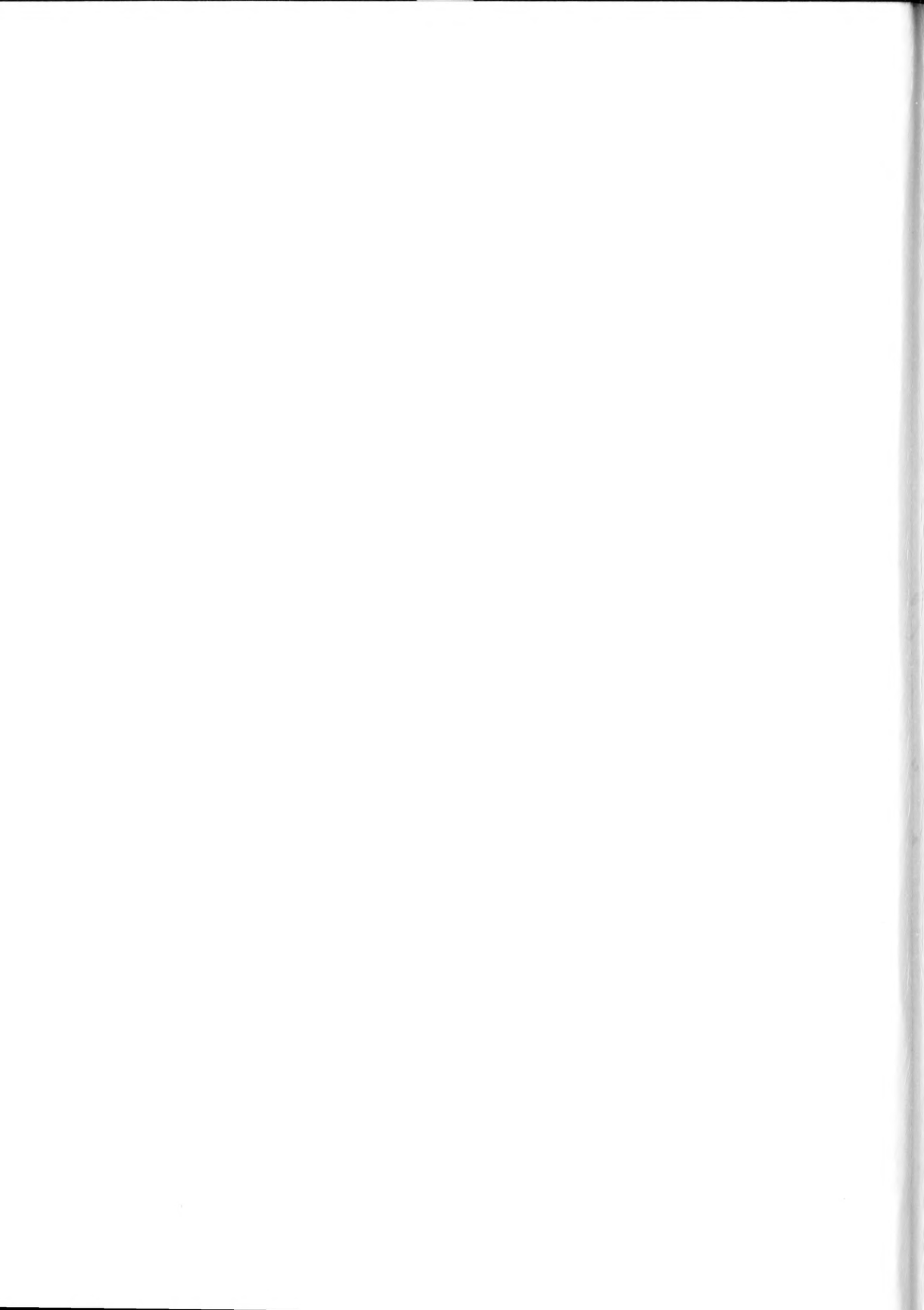
- ALFRED, King, 106, 214  
 Alfred's Jewel, 216  
 All-Saints, Pontefract, 47  
 Antiquity, on the study of, No. I. viz. Druidical Vestiges, 33 ;  
   No. II. Pillars and Altars, 71 ; No. III. Druidical Remains,  
   Abury, &c. 113 ; No. IV. Stonehenge, Judicial Circles, 192—  
   196 ; No. V. Kit's Cotty-House, Cairns, Tolmen, &c. 276--283  
 Architecture, Ancient, Domestic, 196  
 Archaeology, Architectural, 34  
 Architecture, Observations on, 3 ; Contingencies of, 37 ; Affecta-  
   tion in, 274  
 Architectural Style in the Middle Ages, Remarks on, 203, 210,  
   250, 329, 365—370  
 Arthur's Stone, 29 ; 75  
 Autographs, viz. Rev. Mark Noble, 49 ; Oliver Cromwell, 96  
   and 355 ; Lord Orford, 235 ; Dr. Samuel Johnson, 239 ;  
   Anne of Denmark, 248 ; George Heriote, 248 ; Thomas  
   Bewick, 371 ; Rev. Henry White, 385 ; Jane Dudley,  
   (Lady Jane Grey) 396  
 Bagpipes, various, 404—406,  
 Bell-rock Lighthouse, 394  
 Ben Bond, the Idleton, 42  
 Betsy Cains Yacht, 255  
 Bevis, of Southampton, 84  
 Blarney Castle and Blarney Stone, 304  
 Boadicea's Insurrection, causes of, 258  
 Book of St. Cuthbert, or Durham Book, 355-358  
 Borstall Tower, 1  
 Bradgate, Leicestershire, 311  
 British Marriages, 236  
 British Superstitions, 235  
 Burlesque Tournaments, 353.  
 Capitals, ancient, at Westminster, 87 ; at Adel Church, 232 ;  
   at Wells, 272, 328  
 Castleton Castle, 293  
 Chair, an antique one, 9  
 Charlemagne's Cross, 392  
 Chatsworth Hunting-tower, 328  
 Chess-men, ancient, 144  
 Chivalry, &c., Essays on, Nos. I. and II. the Ancient Knight,  
   25—28, 83—87 ; No. III. Hawking, or Falconry, 185—188 ;  
   No. IV. Superstitions of the Ancient English, 226—232 ;  
   No. V. The Tournament, 362  
 Church Medals, No. I. Christ Church, West Bromwich, 24 ;  
   No. II. St. Peter's, Birmingham, 77 ; No. III. Trinity  
   Church, Bordesley, 96 ; No. IV. St. George's, Leicester, 121 ;  
   No. V. St. George's Chapel, Kidderminster, 360  
 Churchyard, Thomas, his Ballad of Jane Shore, 58—62  
 Civil War, its Destructive Results, 175, and Miseries, 271  
 Clegg Hall, Lancashire, Legend of, 153—168,  
 Cloak Buttons, ancient, 124  
 Cockade, National, 70  
 Coeton-Arthur, a Cromlech, 208  
 Compton Castle, 273 ; Stanzas on, 303  
 Costume, French, 139  
 Crosby Hall, 78—83  
 Crosby, Sir John, 81  
 Cross, ancient, 138  
 Cross, Waltham, 176, 406  
 Doorways, Anglo-Norman, at Kirkstall, 168 ; Adel Church,  
   200, 201 ; Bardsey Church, 209  
 Doctor Cox, a Blanscuc, 172  
 Dryburgh Abbey, 235  
 Dunnow, Little, 7  
 Eddystone Lighthouse, 393  
 Edward I., Anecdote of, 136  
 Eleanor, Queen, 176 ; her tomb, 233  
 Elephant, ancient accounts of, 335, 352  
 Elizabeth College, Guernsey, 169, 202  
 Eltham Palace, 320--323  
 Ethandun. Battle of, 106  
 Exeter, See of, its property alienated, 30  
 Fingal's Cave, 408  
 Forth and Bargo, Baronies of, 244  
 Font, at St. Nicholas, 15 ; at Hereford, 121 ; at Kirkburn, 148 ;  
   at Porchester, 262  
 Funeral Expenses of William II. Son of Edward III. 364  
 Gavelkind, 537  
 Gentlemen Pensioners, 171  
 Gleanings, 371  
 Gower, District of, 74  
 Gower, John, Account of, and Monument, 406—408  
 Heathen Divinities, 384  
 Heather, of Waterloo, Lines on, 201  
 Heriot's Hospital, 246  
 Highland Dress, 22  
 Holy Cross, its history, 263-266  
 Holy Thorn, 124  
 Houghton Chapel, 283  
 Iron Crown of Lombardy, 120  
 Jane Grey, Lady, 311, her Autograph, 395  
 Jane Shore, Memoirs of, 49—64  
 Jedediah Buxton, 302

- Kilburn Priory, 336  
 Kilburn, Legend of, 340  
 Knights' Templars, 317  
 Krafft, Adam, a German sculptor, 16  
  
 Ladies Town, a Poem, 316  
 Legendiana, No. I. St. George, 137; Nos. II. and III. St. Christopher, 189, 212; The Seven Sleepers, 213; No. IV. St. Dunstan, 361  
 Lewis, Prior of, his Hostelry, 44, 184  
 Library, on the formation of one, by Dr. Johnson, 237  
 London Bridge, Old, 224, 387—390  
 Logan Stone, Dartmoor, 284  
  
 Maid Marian, or Matilda Fitz-Walter, 8  
 Malvern Hills, and Adjacent Country, No. I. 4—7; No. II. Herefordshire Beacon, and Malvern Priory Church, 178—182; No. III. Great and Little Malvern, Geology and Springs, 306—310  
 Michelham Priory, 269  
 Myrrhene Vases, 341  
  
 Naseby, Battle of, 96  
 Nigel's Horn, 1, 2  
 Northmen, Ancient, their Legal Usages, 35  
  
 Ockholt Manor-House, 372  
 Old English Stage, No. I. Jesters and Painted Scenery, 296—301; No. II. Scene-Painters, 381; No. III. Male Performers of Female Parts, 390  
 Orford, Lord, his Letter to the Rev. W. Beloe, 234  
  
 Painting, On Historical Propriety in, 13  
 Peak Cavern, 39—42  
 Porchester Castle and Church, 257—263  
 Portsmouth Church, 243  
 Portraits, false ones, 28  
 Pronouns, Anglo-Saxon, 91, 122, 301  
  
 Rampton Gateway, 149  
 Rampton, Notts, Genealogy of its owners, 390  
 Richard Cœur de Lion, 223  
 Richard II., Dissertation on the Manner of his Decease, 17—22  
 Richard III., Contract for his Daughter's Marriage, 37; His Letter concerning Jane Shore, 55  
 Rodeley Temple, 317  
 Roman Antiquities found near Sheffield, 343—346; and Stanford Bury, 378—381  
 Rousham House, 385  
 Rudstone, The, 73  
  
 Salutation, Ancient Custom of, 24, 70, 182  
 Scenery, its influence, 5  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 217  
 Sculpture, Remarks on, 134  
 Shields of Edward the Black Prince and John of Gaunt, 128  
 Shoreditch, Origin of the name, 64  
 Silbury Hill, 115  
 Skelton, John, 150  
 Somersetshire Dialect, Examples of, 91, 122, 172  
 Somersetshire Man's Complaint, The, 343  
 Spy, how regarded, 111  
 Spy, a female one, 183  
 Stafford Seal, 377  
 Stained Glass, Remarks on, 9—12  
 St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, 249, 250  
 St. Ethelbert, 220  
 St. George's, Woburn Square, 129  
 St. Margaret, Westminster, Churchwarden's Accounts of, 25  
 St. Nicholas, Hospital of, and Font at, 13  
 St. Saviour's, Southwark, 17, 117  
 Succession, On the Early Rules of, 311  
 Superstitions, Popular, of Wales, No. I. Elves, Fairies, &c. 141; No. II. Wraiths, Omens, &c. 267; No. III. Fairy Mythology, 346—352; No. IV. Fairy Mythology, 396—403  
  
 Tartan Cloak, the, 32  
 Tissington Festival, 30, 283  
 Titles, Anglo-Saxon, &c. 110  
 Topographical Excursion in 1634, through Twenty-six Counties, 46, 93, 125, 191, 205, 289, 333, 374, 408  
 Traveller's Portfolio, Extracts from, No. I. South Wales, 73. No. II. Bishop's-Stortford, 115; No. III. Greenwich, its Hospital, &c. 130—133; No. III.\* Shooter's Hill, Severndroog Castle, Charlton, 221; No. IV. Eltham Palace, 320—328.  
 Tudor Architecture, 13  
  
 Verses, curious, 87  
 Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, assassinated, 240  
 Union Flag, 65—70  
  
 Waltham Holy Cross, Abbey, and Church, 96—106  
 Waltham Cross, 176: 406,  
 Wardrobe Accounts, 88  
 Wardrobe, a Country Gentleman's, in 1573, 12  
 Well-Flowering, 29; at Tideswell, Derbyshire, 30, and 283  
 West Shene Priory, 15  
 Winchelsea, Landgate, 32  
 Witch, how initiated, 76  
 Witchcraft, Absurdities of, 219  
  
 Yeomen of the Guard, 170









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